

cer, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entrust of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept, then taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of what was all my inheritance, she made swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming—Go, my son, I consign you to God, we shall not meet until the day of judgment.

I went on till I came near Hammandnai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow had asked me what I had got. 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed in my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking no doubt, I was joking with him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he.

'I have told two of your people already,' I replied, 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garments.'

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

'And how came you?' said he, in surprise, 'to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?'

'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised I never will tell a lie.'

'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand innocent boy!' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path to virtue.' And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

PLAINS OF RUSSIA.

The vast-ports of Tarakanova gave the distance of 9663 from St. Petersburg, and 5450 from Moscow. The inhabitants are thus as our traveller remarks, but a trifling distance farther from the centre of the earth than they are from their own capital. The trains of sledges laden with tea, which had been a frequent sight along the whole road from Tobolsk, became now more numerous, each train comprising from 50 to 100 one-horse carriages, with tea sewed in hides. Only a few drivers sufficed for the convoy, and the reason is, that they make it the interest of the horses to follow in line, by placing a bundle of hay on the hinder part of each of the sledges. Relays are hired from station to station, and thus the merchandize may be carried at full speed from Kiakhta to Moscow, and in the wild part of country we are now traversing, it is curious to see the headlong troop bound out of the way like a flock of sheep when they meet a carriage.

These are guided by Russian peasants, and as we approach the frontiers of China, we are more interested in the native Siberian Tartars. The Buraets live in tents constructed with poles at the top, and felt hangings. Notwithstanding the usual projection of the cheek-bones, and the oblique and elongated eye, their jet-black hair expressive eyes, and teeth of great whiteness, give them a pleasing look, and the cheeks of the women, notwithstanding the darkness of the skin, are tinged with ruddy hue. Their dress is extravagantly rich, and their hair descends from the temples in two thick braids, and is confined round the forehead by a fillet studded with mother-of-pearl, Uralian malachite, and polished coral. Although the fire-place of their tents is nothing more than a place dug in the earth, with the felt mats and cushions on which they sleep ranged around it, some of their utensils exhibit the refinement of civilisation.

LAKE BAIKAL, SIBERIA.

An inland sea, 360 nautical miles in length, and from 50 to 70 broad, and vexed by such terrible storms, as render it dangerous for vessels to carry topsails. The most violent wind that visits Lake Baikal, as it is called, is the north west, which sweeps down from lofty and rugged mountains, but squalls almost as perilous are frequent from every point of the compass, the waves in these inland waters are often seven feet high. The avenue of the Chinese trade is carried round the lake in zig-zags over the mountains, but the safest traffic is over the ice of the Baikal in winter. By this route our author pursued his strangely diversified journey. 'Thick mists' says he rose like smoke over the water, and seemed to float onward with the torrent while beyond it we had the surface of the frozen lake glimmering in the distance. Listvenishaya takes its name from the splendid woods of larch which extend over both sides of the spacious valley. We continued our journey by moonlight, and came to a rugged projection of the hills on our left, which formed a landmark between the Angara and the lake, and then struck into a narrow tract, hemmed in between its waters and the rocks which confine them. The jagged and shattered outline of these gigantic heaps was sufficient proof that the sandstone must have already given place to another formation. An open space now extended for some yards along the shores of the Baikal, and after some time, we came upon a wide extent of ice which we availed ourselves of, keeping close to the shore till we arrived at the post house of Kadinaya. At this point we turned off to the western coast directly

across the sea, till we made Poleskoi, on the opposite side. There was no snow upon the ice, so that its surface shone like a polished mirror in the moonlight. The horses that were put under our sledges in Kadinaya had to be held on each side till the very moment of starting, when they broke at once into full gallop, which they kept up till we landed on the further shore. We completed seven German miles in two hours and a quarter, this is the most extraordinary as well as the most speedy stage upon any route in Russia. The smoothness of the way, however was hardly more in our favour than the speed of the Buraet horses, which are supplied at the coast station. The regular and steady tread of our horses' feet rang over the wide and lonely plain, interrupted now and then by the creaking of the sledges, as they yielded to the draught, or by duller noise emitted from the ice under the increasing severity of the frost.

From Hogg's Instructor.

VOICES OF THE WAVES.

By the brink of ocean fell
The glory of a summer eve,
Such as that where spirits dwell
When this changeful earth they leave.
Ever in song the waves were keeping,
Singing the winds' low lullabies;
And on the beach wild flowers were
Sleeping,
Or waked up by the gentle breeze,
Softly upon their slumbers creeping,
Told all its summer mysteries.

Even then a voice like that which lingers

A moment round some tuneful lute,
But lately touched by minstrel fingers,
Or like the breathings of a flute,
Or tinkle of a sheepfold bell,
Upon my ear in murmurs fell:

'Merry, ever merry,
On the sounding sea,
Merry, ever merry,
In its depths are we!
Swinging on the far waves
Chapleted with foam,
Or banqueting in spar caves—
The ocean is our home;
And a lovelier home than the deep, deep sea

There is not in the wide world's boundary.

When the sun is up and the smooth
Sands glow
Then away to the shadowy grotto we go;
And at night when the nautilus spreads
His sail,
And his bark with the breeze is reeling,
We sit on the spars,
And watch the stars,
In their viewless orbits wheeling.

When mortals hear soft music ringing
From the bosom of a shell,
An ocean peri then is singing
Sweetly in its inmost cell.
When the western light is dying,
And the winds are gone to rest,
In a filmy foam-bellied lying—
Say, what spirit is more blest?

Pays of earth I ween your flowers
Are not more bright than these of ours,
That, from gaze of mortal hid,
Wave the coral trees amid.

With the green sea for a sky
To the seaweed groves we hie
To bold our moonlit revelry;
And when the gloom of midnight falls,
The phosphores beam
With meteor gleam,
Is the lamp that lights our festive halls;
And sure the turf, though fresh and green,

Hath not half such wondrous sheen
As the floors whereon we dance,
Where pearl-heads glisten and diamonds
Glance—

Spirits of earth your home is fair,
But the carms of ocean are not less rare,
For there's beauty and loveliness every-
where!

I sighed when the dear voice was gone,
So truthful did its teaching seem,
And sorrow'd as the night came on,
To know 'twas but a twilight dream.

H. H. O.

From the Christian Treasury.

CONSISTENCY—WHAT IT CAN DO.

Lord ——— was a man of the world. His pleasures were drawn from his riches, his honors, and his friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended on her education, and well did she repay in her intellectual endowments the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners. They were both strangers to God.

At length Miss ——— having attended a dissenting meeting in London, was deeply awakened, and soon happily converted. Now she delighted in the service of the sanctuary and social meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overflowing. She frequented those places where she met with congenial minds animated with similar hopes.

The change was marked by her fond father with painful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated, was to him an occasion of deep grief, and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of

the real pleasure and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she would be induced to go into the fashionable and extravagancies of others of her birth, and leave the meetings. But she maintained her integrity. He took her long journeys, and conducted himself in the most engaging manner, in order to divert her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Saviour.

After failing in many projects which he fondly anticipated would be effectual, he introduced her into company, under circumstances, that she must either join in the recreation of the party, or give offence. Hope lighted up the countenance of this affectionate but misguided father, as he saw his snare about to entangle the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends that several young ladies on the approaching festive occasion, should have a musical entertainment.

The hour arrived; the party assembled. Several had performed their parts to the great delight of the party, which was in high spirits. Miss ——— was now called on for a song, and many hearts beat high in hopes of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced; would she comply, their triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate! With perfect self-possession she took her seat at the piano-forte, and ran her fingers over its keys, and commenced playing, and singing in a sweet air, the following words—

'No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.

'No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy,
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?'

She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. One by one left the house. Her father wept aloud. Lord ——— never rated until he became a Christian. He lived an example of Christian benevolence, having given to benevolent Christian enterprises, before his death nearly half a million of dollars.

MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.

EXPLORATION OF THE PYRAMIDS, &c OF YUCATAN.

We copy the following letter from the New York Sun, of the 10th August. If there be no imposition, we may expect to hear something still more interesting from the English traveller alluded to:

CAMPEACHY, July 26th, 1848.—About twenty miles north-east of this place, are some extensive ruins of ancient temples and palaces, which, though very rich in carvings and ornamental pillars, have never been visited by foreigners until lately. They were explored by an English party, who have now gone to Europe, and left behind them the most extraordinary rumours. Our Padre, who is an antiquary in his way, has a relation at the Hacienda of St Juan, near the ruins, and he gave the Englishmen a letter of introduction to him. Don Mateo, like his cousin the Padre, is too fat, lazy, and good tempered to be inquisitive; but when these reports had excited my Yankee curiosity, they consented to make an inquest in the doings of the Englishmen among the ruins.

The plain on which they stand is covered with a dense forest, so tangled with undergrowth, that one must cut his road from one edifice to the other, hatchet in hand. The first we come to was a tall pyramid, about one hundred feet square at the base, and in good preservation on the east and north sides, but broken, jagged, and overgrown with shrubs and vines on the south and west, by which, with much difficulty we made our way to a level space, not far from twenty feet square on the top. From this point we counted eight large edifices of noble and correct proportions, though much hid by the surrounding trees, and due north at half a mile's distance, the special object of our search. Like nearly all those majestic palaces of unknown history, which covers the rich plains of Yucatan, it stands on a vast platform of solid masonry work—or if not solid, at least destitute of any means yet discovered of penetrating the interior.

The pyramids and temple platforms of Yucatan—as happened for centuries with those of Egypt—are generally supposed to be crusts of stone work filled with earth and rock; but in this before us had certainly been found caverns and treasures. Manuel, the head servant of Don Mateo, who was with the discovering expedition, now led the way as we wound through the narrow paths over-arched with verdure to the 'Casas de la Reyes,' as he styled the principal view. A flight of steps still in very good order, led us up to the top, which we estimated at two hundred feet long by sixty wide, and something more at the base as the walls incline inwards. As we stood at the foot of the steps, we observed that a band or cornice of fine sculpture encircled the building, and upon an often and more accurate examination we found it represented a chain of serpents with grotesque heads. The height varied, from the accumulation of rubbish around the foundations, which were covered up, but from fifteen to twenty feet still towers above the ground in defiance of climate and vegetation. The platform is so crowded with pillars standing and fallen, with carved mouldings and elaborate ornaments, call sculptured out of fine hard stone, that we

could hardly clamber over these monuments of a forgotten people to get at the object of our search. This was an altar built in the form of a cross at the east end of the platform, and completely covered over with rich carvings and hieroglyphics, resembling to my eye those copied by Gliddon from the interior of the Egyptian pyramids.

This altar is rather a crescent traversed at right angles through the centre by a long and narrow table of stone work than a regular cross. The crescent is formed by two walls also of elaborately carved stone work, ending at either point in an image, and enclosing a space four feet wide at the centre, where it is, or was the topmost stone was removed, a foot higher than the cross table, and as much lower than the rest of the crescent. This centre stone, which now lay broken and defaced by the side of the altar it had sealed for centuries, had the edge carved with figures in plumed crowns dancing hand in hand in some mystic rite. The Englishmen conjectured this stone to have been the pedestal of the idol of the temple, and thought it possible to take with them a fragment of the carving. To effect this the stone was broken, and to their surprise revealed below it an entrance to a chamber under the platform. Rope and lights were obtained, and through the help of Manuel and his assistants, the foreigners descended, but none of the Indian laborers would enter but Manuel, and, as soon as he tells the story, they would not let him touch anything.

We also descended by ropes under the same guidance, and found a hall about thirty feet long and not more than ten wide, running north and south, the walls of smooth polished stones, from which projected rings of stone about a foot in diameter, from one of which was suspended a fragment of something like decayed clothes or thick paper, but it fell to dust in our hands. A wide bank of polished stone surrounded the hall, and there was no sign of door or access in any place except the aperture in the centre of the ceiling. The ceiling was composed of squared stones of enormous size, fitted and polished with extreme neatness. It was easy to understand that this secret hall, with its outlet through the altar and hidden by the statue of its divinity, was connected with the service of the priesthood, and perhaps the treasury of the sacred ornaments and wealth of the temple, but Manuel's account was absolutely marvellous.

He said that the bench of stone is hollow, and contains untold quantities of precious things, which the 'witchcraft' of the English enabled them to discover; that he held a torch in each hand and looked on while the three strangers forced off one of the stone plates, and took out an image of silver with hands, feet, and crown of gold, and circles of glittering stones on its neck, wrists and ankles, that they also took out vases shaped like men and animals, that were full of sparkling stones, and that they had replaced the large image and vases, but carried away the beautiful gems and some smaller matters. On the stone bank lay ranged, when they entered, what resembled ears of corn on their stalks, but when the English handled and rung them together, Manuel saw the ears of corn were made of gold, set with leaves and stems of silver. He was not permitted to examine any of those surprising relics, for he was despatched to San Juan for provisions and assistance, while the Englishmen remained on the spot three days, and when they departed they left no traces to encourage others to pursue their investigations.

The mysterious hall is there, and the stone bank remains smooth and intact. Don Mateo, the proprietor of the Hacienda refused to sell the place to them at any price, and will not have it disturbed until he explores it himself. There is no danger of Manuel or the Indians for they believe the whole concern is the legitimate property of the evil one, and can only be made to approach it under the express commands and guarantee of the priest.

The Politician.

The Colonial Press.

From the Kingston British Whig.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

The Americans are, proverbially, a sympathetic people. No sooner do they learn that some one of the continental nations has rebelled against royalty, and shown a determination to set upon its own hook, than they rise as one man, the abettors of revolution and bloodshed, to prove their hatred to everything monarchical. This is a very natural failing, for which we might feel disposed to forgive our sympathetic neighbors, did they not, in their vain desire to better the condition of Europe—nay, of the world—meddle with things with which they had not the least right to interfere, and in doing so either commit the most egregious blunders, or willingly traduce the government of Great Britain.

Threats, the most empty and American are vented against England; and the most direful prophecies indulged in, having for their end and aim the complete overthrow of the 'most wicked, atrocious, and diabolical government' that ever ruled a nation. There is so much of the farcical mixed up with these tragic threats and predictions, that we know not whether the American journalist are merely pandering to the credulity of their readers, and satisfying their love for the sympathetic, or whether they are sincerely enlisted in the cause which they profess to espouse. The