

with a noble resolution, worthy of all honor, sacrificed her own love to that sister's happiness; and when they married—that elder sister and that youth—she was the first to wish them joy, though her own poor heart was breaking.

Upon her grave the grass is waving now, and the fresh flowers grow, and the breeze is gently blowing. Blessings on her noble heart. And, when the children of that elder sister—cherubs in innocence and beauty—sit upon the grassy mound in the sweet summer time, and make chains and necklaces of the yellow dandelion stems, and weave wild flower chaplets for each other's hair, their voices are most hushed, and their mirth less boisterous, and their steps lighter and more slow; for they have been taught to believe that the quiet spirit of her who was once a child like them, lies gently asleep beneath the warm and sunny sod.

Oh, was there ever sacrifice and love, so great, so noble? Aye, many a time—for woman's love is a great mystery, which the rough spirit of her protector, man, scarce ever knows, and very, very seldom properly appreciates. Peace be to thee dear one; thou wert worthy all the kindness and affection his nature could bestow; for man's love is so different to yours—so much a thing of principle and calculation. Men love with their heads, women with their hearts.

And yet, methinks, it were better that it should be so; for without that sweet, confiding gentleness—that sacrificing of self which belongs peculiarly to women—our children would be untaught in the affections; they might be clever, and dutiful and good natured, and kind to each other; but they would never learn the sweet principle that keeps them pure through all their lives—the love that fosters them at home.

And this preamble brings us to the picture, which is an exquisite specimen of the engraver's art. There is little else to say; it speaks for itself—and speaks in language plain and unmistakable. There was a good man once, who said that he was never so happy as when in the bosom of his family; and there was a great king, who, when his prime minister surprised him in the midst of a romp with his children, with one little rogue on his back, and others crawling round him on the floor inquired if the intruder was a father; and when he found he was—'Then,' said the king 'you can wait till my romp is over, and excuse me, I am certain.' In these little traits of humanity there is more truth and nature than in the ambitious efforts of men who know the world is looking on.

From Carr's History of Greece.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "WOOD-EN WALLS."

The Persians were moving towards defenceless Athens, the principal object of their vengeance. The oracle at Delphi had already warned the Athenians 'to fly to the uttermost ends of the earth; for, from the crown to the sole, no part of Athens should escape the fire and sword of the barbarians'; but, upon a second application, the oracle spoke mysteriously about the 'the divine Salamis making woman childless,' and promised that 'when all beside was lost, a wooden wall should shelter the citizens of Athens.' Themistocles, who was in all probability acquainted with the framing of this oracle, contended that the 'wooden wall' evidently pointed to the fleet as their future safeguard, and that a Grecian oracle would never have called Salamis the divine, if it had been destined to become the scene of their destruction.

Canada Temperance Telegraph.

GROWTH OF NEW YORK.

New York is increasing with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled, and bids fair soon to be among the first cities in the world. New York, Brooklyn, Williamburgh, Jersey City, and Hoboken, are essentially one city, as much as London, with its conglomeration of towns, is one city. These multitudes gathered round the magnificent harbor at the mouth of the Hudson, are spreading rapidly on both sides of the East River and of the North River, and within five years, will probably number one million of people. The marts of merchandise are crowded into the lower part of the Manhattan Island, extending one or two miles up the island, and from river to river; while the dwellings of the merchants are rising like spring vegetation, in long lines of princely streets, on the shore of the Jersey's, upon the Long Island shore—where they receive the name of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh—and along the magnificent avenues of Bloomingdale and Harlem. Greenwich and Chelsea, on the North River side, and Yorkville upon the East River, forming thriving towns four or five miles from the city, are already swallowed up by the swelling inundation. But in addition to this horizontal growth, there is a vertical growth, which is very important, though but little thought of. New York is daily rising into the air, as well as spreading along the ground. The roofs are daily torn from the houses and from the stores, and two or three additional storeys added. Thus a new city is being rapidly built upon the top of the old ones. Decayed buildings, two or three storeys high, are replaced by massive structures, rising seven or eight storeys into the air.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest

of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The great mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration; and in the nobles parts of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy seat. Life itself is but a shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and the light but the shadow of God.—Sir T. Brown.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE DEBTOR'S CHILD.

BY A. STEWART.

She brought him flowers—she brought him

flowers—

His love, his only child;

She cheer'd the old man's care-worn heart

With looks both sweet and mild.

Her gentle voice was dear to him

As the balmy breath of spring,

That thrills the soul when the green leaves

bud,

And the woodland warblers sing.

She brought him flowers—she brought him

flowers,

With morning's earliest ray;

Hers was a love no fate could blight,

And time could not decay.

She clung to him as the ivy clings

Around the summer bowers;

And her plaintive sigh was the evening

breeze,

As it kisses the drooping flowers.

She brought him flowers—she brought him

flowers

To cheer his prison's gloom,

But day by day he saw that grief

Had mark'd her for her tomb;

Her low-toned voice grew fainter still,

And her brow was damp and cold;

And her bosom seem'd to nurse a grief

That slumbered there untold.

She brought him flowers—she brought him

flowers:

Where is that loved one gone?

The old man mourns within his cell—

He pines, he weeps alone!

In vain he scans the well known path,

With looks so strange and wild;

She sleep where wild flowers sadly wave—

The debtor's only child.

From the New York Tribune, October 9.

THE MORMON VALLEY, ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

From the overland emigrants to California we have later news, which is, however, much of the same purport as that before received. A great deal of sickness is reported among them; and for 500 miles, as we are told, the road over which they pass is strewn with the bodies of dead beasts of burden. Our last letters are dated from the Great Salt Lake, where the Mormons are established. One of the correspondents of the Tribune gives a minute and curious account of this singular sect, and the results of their industry in their new home. We give it a place here, confident that our readers will find it interesting. Our correspondent writes under the date of July 8:—

"The company of gold-diggers which I have the honor to command, arrived here on the 3d inst., and judge our feelings when, after some twelve hundred miles of travel through an uncultivated desert, and the last one hundred miles of the distance through and among lofty mountains, and narrow and difficult ravines, we found ourselves suddenly, and almost unexpectedly, in a comparative paradise.

"We descended the last mountain by a passage excessively steep and abrupt, and continued our gradual descent through a narrow canon for five or six miles, when, suddenly emerging from the pass, an extensive and cultivated valley opened before us, at the same instant that we caught a glimpse of the distant bosom of the Great Salt Lake, which lay expanded before us to the westward, at the distance of some twenty miles.

"Descending the table land which bordered the valley, extensive herds of cattle, horses, and sheep were grazing in every direction, reminding us of that home and civilization from which we had so widely departed—for as yet the fields and houses were in the distance. Passing over some miles of pasture lands, we at length found ourselves in a broad and fenced street, extending westward in a straight line for several miles. Houses of wood or sundried brick were thickly clustered in the vale before us, some thousands in number, and occupying a spot about as large as the city of New York. They were mostly small, one story high, and perhaps not more than one occupying an acre of land. The whole space for miles, excepting the streets and houses, was in a high state of cultivation. Fields of yellow wheat stood waiting for the harvest, and Indian corn, potatoes, oats, flax, and all kinds of garden vegetables, were growing in profusion, and seemed about in the same state of forwardness as in the same latitude in the States.

"At first sight of all these signs of cultivation in the wilderness, we were transported with wonder and pleasure. Some wept, some gave three cheers, some laughed, and some ran and fairly danced for joy—while all felt inexpressibly happy to find themselves once more amid scenes which mark the progress of advancing civilization. We passed on amid scenes like these, expecting every moment to come to some commercial centre, some business point in this great metropolis of the mountains; but we were disappointed. No hotel, sign-post, cake and beer shop, barber pole, market-house, grocery, provision, dry goods, or hardware store distinguished one part of the town from another, not even a bakery or mechanic's sign was any where discernible.

"Here, then, was something new: an entire people reduced to a level, and all living by their labour—all cultivating the earth, or following some branch of physical industry. At first I thought it was an experiment—an order of things established purposely to carry out the principles of 'Socialism' or 'Mormonism.' In short, I thought it very much like Owenism personified. However, on inquiry, I found that a combination of seemingly unavoidable circumstances had produced this singular state of affairs. There were no hotels, because there had been no travel; no barber's shops, because every one chose to shave himself, and no one had time to shave his neighbor; no stores, because they had no goods to sell, nor time to traffic; no centre of business, because all were too busy to make a cent.

"There was abundance of mechanic's shops, of dressmakers, milliners, tailors, &c.; but they needed no sign, nor had they time to paint or erect one, for they were crowded with business. Beside their several trades, all must cultivate the land or die; for the country was new, and no cultivation but their own within a thousand miles. Every one had his lot, and built on it; every one cultivated it, and perhaps a small farm in the distance.

"And the strangest of all was, that this great city, extending over several square miles, had been erected, and every house and fence made, within nine or ten months of the time of our arrival; while at the same time good bridges were erected over the principal stream, and the country settlements extended nearly one hundred miles up and down the valley.

"This Territory, State, or, as some term it, 'Mormon Empire,' may justly be considered as one of the greatest prodigies of the age, and, in comparison with its age, the most gigantic of all republics in existence, being only its second year since the first seed of cultivation was planted, or the first civilized habitation commenced. If the people were such thieves and robbers as their enemies represented them in the States, I must think they are greatly reformed in point of industry since coming to the mountains.

"I this day attended worship with them in the open air. Some thousands of well dressed, intelligent looking people assembled; some on foot, some in carriages, and on horseback. Many were neatly, and even fashionably clad. The beauty and neatness of the ladies reminded me of some of our best congregations in New York. They had a choir of both sexes, who performed extremely well, accompanied by a band who played well on almost every instrument of modern invention. Pews of the most sweet, sacred, and solemn music filled the air, after which a solemn prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Philadelphia. Then followed various business advertisements, read by the clerk. Among these I remember a Call of the Seventeenth Ward, by its presiding Bishop, to some business meeting; a Call for a meeting of the 322 Quorum of the Seventy, and a meeting of the officers of the 2d Cohort of the Military Legion, &c. &c.

"After this came a lengthy discourse from Mr. Brigham Young, president of the society partaking somewhat of politics, much of religion and philosophy, and a little on the subject of gold, showing the wealth, strength, and glory of England, growing out of her coal mines, iron, and industry, and the weakness, corruption, and degradation of Spanish America, Spain, &c., growing out of her gold and silver, and her idle habits.

"Every one seemed interested and pleased with his remarks, and all appeared to be contented to stay at home and pursue a persevering industry, although mountains of gold were near them. The able speaker painted in lively colors the ruin which would be brought upon the United States by gold, and boldly predicted that they would be overthrown because they had killed the prophets, stoned and rejected those who were sent to call them to repentance, and finally plundered and driven the church of the saints from their midst, and burned and desolated their city and temple. He said God had a reckoning with that people, and gold would be the instrument of their overthrow. The constitutions and laws were good, in fact, the best in the world, but the administrators were corrupt, and the laws and constitutions were not carried out. Therefore they must fall. He further observed that the people here would petition to be organized into a territory under that same Government—notwithstanding its abuses—and that if granted they would stand by the constitution and laws of the United States; while at the same time he denounced their corruption and abuses.

"But, said the speaker, we ask no odds of them, whether they grant us our petition or not! We never will ask any odds of a nation who has driven us from our homes. If they grant us our rights, well—if not, well; they can do no more than they have done. They, and ourselves, and all men, are in the hands of the great God, who will govern all things for good, and all will be right and work together for good to them that serve God.

"Such, in part, was the discourse to which

we listened in the strongholds of the mountains. The Mormons are not dead, nor is their spirit broken. And, if I mistake not, there is a noble, daring, stern, and democratic spirit swelling in their bosoms, which will people these mountains with a race of independent men, and influence the destiny of our country and the world for a hundred generations. In their religion they seem charitable, devoted, and sincere; in their politics, bold, daring, and determined; in their domestic circle, quiet, affectionate, and happy; while in industry, skill and intelligence, they have few equals, and no superiors on the earth.

"I had many strange feelings while contemplating this new civilization growing up so suddenly in the wilderness. I almost wished I could awake from my golden dream, and find it but a dream; while I pursued my domestic duties as quiet, as happy, and contented as this strange people.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From the London Times.

THE COLONIES.

The news from Canada is deeply interesting, rather than painfully alarming. Those who exult in every development of colonial difficulties, and every fresh cause of vexation to the Colonial Office, will be delighted by the record of a movement which to less hostile minds must supply matter for grave reflection and philosophical investigation.

The movement to which we refer is one that tends to the dissolution rather than to the disruption of the British Colonial Empire in North America. It is neither inspired by vindictiveness nor fraught with violence. It is earnest in its tone, but its earnestness partakes of the character of deliberateness; it reasons, even though it may reason wrongly, and proceeds from incorrect premises to erroneous deductions. It is on this account that the Montreal address is entitled to a patient, and—were we almost saying—a respectful attention at our hands. It breathes no hostility against the British Crown and people; on the contrary, it emphatically records the cordial and kindly feelings of the Canadian people to both; it makes no vehement protestations of affection for a democratic form of Government; but simply rests its preference of republican institutions upon local and peculiar conditions; it advises separation from England, as it suggests annexation to the United States, from the motives by which communities, not less than individuals, are impelled—motives of self-interest and self-advancement.

There was a time when so singular a document as this would have exposed its authors to the penalties of high treason, and the colonial in which it was broached to the calamities of civil war; when every Englishman would have boiled with indignation at the presumption which complained of English dominion, and at the temerity which proposed to carry the presumption of language into action. But those days have passed away. We have been taught wisdom by experience; and the most valuable as well as the most costly of our lessons has been taught by the barren issue of a precipitate conflict with a province, which from remonstrance proceeded to rebellion, and crowned rebellion with independence. We should not go to war for the sterile honor of maintaining a reluctant colony in galling subjection; we should not purchase an unwilling obedience by an outlay of treasure or of blood. If, indeed, with colonial dependence or independence there were indissolubly bound up metropolitan prosperity or decay; if it were tolerably clear that the preservation of colonial empire would ensure the preservation of metropolitan greatness, and that the latter would wane with the extinction of the former,—then such suggestions as the Montreal address contains would find no place in the discussions, no sympathy in the feelings, of people in England. They would one and all identify their own interests and prosperity with that which their forefathers were content to regard for and by itself, viz., the supremacy of English power. But the difference between them and their forefathers is that they will count and ponder on that more vulgar balance of profit and loss which was forgotten by the generation which hailed the commencement and lamented the conclusion of the great American war. Is the retention of Canada profitable, will its loss be hurtful to England? is the question which Englishmen of the present day will put to themselves, as the converse of this question is that which Canadians are already discussing on their side.

It must be admitted that the latter have grievances, though not all equally oppressive nor all of the same origin. They have been planted and thriven under protective laws. Those laws are now abrogated; and abrogated—as the people of Canada have sense to see—without a chance of compensation. So far they suffer, in common with all our colonies, the effects of a bad and obsolete colonial system. The change, however, is made. The colonists know that what has been done will not be undone, and that the grain crops of Western Canada must compete in the markets of England with the grain crops of the United States, of Poland, and of the whole world. They are suffering from the revolution. It has struck at their enterprise, their capital and their energies. They say that they have lost all the advantages, while they still offer the burdens of colonists. Again, they complain of that which is to them a grievance in common with all other colonies. They are nobodies; they have no voice in the councils of the world.