

athletic sports, which not only afforded pastime but invigorated health. There was then an equality of plenty among all classes. The shocking disparities of condition now observed were unknown. Kings and nobles slept on straw, though now they sleep on down; but too many of the working classes stretch their wearied limbs on the uncovered plank, with but scanty accessories of bed furniture.

From the London People's Journal.

GARDENS.

BY JOHN EMMET.

Few things in this world are more interesting and beautiful than a good old garden—a really English garden. The loves of Paradise there re-appear; and, as we walk among them, we dream of Eden and the happy pair. One wonders sometimes if the flowers of our parterres are such as bloomed in the Oriental sunshine? Did Adam notice the purple bell which hangs upon my summer house; did Eve cull the floweret that scents my bower, and make her primeval nosegay of such beauties as yet grow with us? It may be so. One thing we know, the love of flowers is inherent to good natures, and our great mother loved them as we. Gardens and flowers become more beautiful as they are associated with childhood and happy days. The flowers which then pleased us in the green fields and valleys, the primrose and cowslip, the daisy and wild violet, are dearer to us than the eastern exotic. The guileless amusements of the past, the memories of old, hallowed smiles cling to them; in every petal comes a voice, and in every stem there is a song; and, as we twine them into bunches, they seem as old friends to us, and the groves grow greener, and the sun-beam more brilliant, and the heart shakes off its rust, and the smile comes again, and the rose covers the cheek as of yore. After communing with the flowers, we could lie down in our cradle, or play with our hoop again. Show me the lover that recollects not the clustering woodbine, or the hawthorn spray which he pulled as the remembrancer of some happiest moment of all. Never was flower like the woodbine, which, like a thing of life, listened to the beat of his heart; and never a bloom like the hawthorn, that told his tale to the moon and summer winds. Beautiful flowers—no man can help loving them! The soul of poetry abides in them. Whole histories are chronicled in their opening blossoms. They can think with us, and speak to us, and no voice is like theirs, so gentle, so consolatory, so sweet—their voice is like their own aroma. Everlasting flowers! they are wreathed with all seasons and affections. When we recur to some forgotten scene, when we trace the woodland in its shadowiness, or the mountain, green with overhanging woods, or the rivulet where the stock dove dipped its wing, then come the flowers associated; for the moorland grew the bell which it had been no moorland without. We recollect the furze gracefully laughing with us on the mountain top; and with every thought of the rivulet comes the water-lily that never forgot to bloom there.

Allowing our fancy to help us, there is much to be known in a garden apart from its botanical interest. The laurel hedge there is composed of the shrub which has high claim upon our veneration. Poetic shrub of antiquity! with thee opens the vista of centuries, and away we go to the arenas of Greece and Rome; and, while the reverie holds, we crown, amid triumphal shouts, the genius of olden days. The bay-tree in its greenness brings David's proverb to the mind; and as it waves before us, we chant the psalms, and think of the tree planted by rivers of water that never fades; and of the green pastures and still waters of the spiritual landscape. As we saunter along, now embosomed with eglantine, or smelling the perfume of the flowers; while seated on the wicker seat in the old bowery enclosure, or stretched upon the green sward, we behold the lily in her innocent vestment, the praise of all lands: and with her comes the rose, with a delicate blush on its summer cheek, the queen of all posies; with these two we intertwine our bay and our laurel, and form a wreath which perpetuates everything we can desire of glory or loveliness!

Give me a downright English garden—no patchwork from Teutland,—and I'll be happy as long as I live! for though fortune be sulky, and my friends prove unkind, the sunshine of heaven will fall warm on the heart that is rendered peaceful by the flowers. Flowers have the strange power of making their admirers like them. Have you never felt to grow better as you saw the snow-drop appearing, and raising, day after day, its white head above the snow. Where were your repining and fretfulness, your hopes and fears, and doubtings; your dark bodings about futurity; your distrust of Providence, when this thing of the earth came in its appointed season to chide you, and bid you look again to our common Creator. And when you've been peevish and bad-tempered, did you feel no warmer sympathy for your fellows when you saw the wall-flower blooming in the dry chinks of your shrubby wall? It's a blessing to be right-minded, and right-tempered towards our fellow-men—and the flower inculcates this spirit. Shaken by the gale, withered by the frost, it reiterates the philosophy which teaches that a contented mind is one of the greatest boons of heaven. Let me live among the flowers then, and you may rave about the coldness of the world, and grumble about its miseries; and having the flower bed within ken, I'll concentrate those miseries, and they shall evaporate with the first dew-drop that wends its way from the harebell to the clouds. Care cannot abide long in a garden—it never did. When care first came to see the new world the Creator had been

forming, it found its way into Eden. It sneaked among the fig leaves and blossoms of Paradise. But it made so unfortunate an appearance, and was so ill at ease with itself, and did so much mischief, that it was immediately expelled the sacred enclosure. There in the cool of the day God walked, and the footsteps of Deity were too holy to be followed by the print of the cloven hoof. Care saw no beauty in the curling tendril and trailing vine; and when it had fulfilled its mission, it planted the thorn and thistle to chronicle the day of its appearing among us. Oh, no! flowers and a contemplative spirit, that looks to Heaven for its happiness and poetry, and turns backward on all the earth holds save its necessities—these are the inhabitants of the garden. There warms the feeling, and there grows the intellectual fancy, and, dancing waltzen upon the lilac and rosebush, it finds itself a home. It is in your garden that the sunset streams in its crimsonest glory; and there it is that the upper blue blends in the most inimitable outline with the tree tops; there it is that the song thrush brings her progeny to carol all day. In your holly she hides her palace and her blue eggs; and above your lawn it is that the skylark warbles; and among your brushwood along the gravel walk. When the toad has left his hole, and the owl his covert, and the moon peeps from the cloud, and the trees, the garden, and distant stream seem to be all sleeping quietly together, then Philomel begins her lullaby and sings you to repose; and last, when she discontinues her notes, the silence should awake you, she continues her lay till the morning dawns again, and the flowers come forth, refreshed by the dews for another day of glory in the garden.

When the idea of a garden first struck our old gardeners as something practicable, in the shape of a new scheme, one may imagine with what originality the idea would be hailed. Among our primitive forefathers no garden was needed; for if there was herbage for the goat, and a nosegay by the way, it was enough. They had no time to continue in one spot, watching the expanding germ or the developing flower. There would be much of art, one thinks, in these old primal gardens, and a collection not so much of rare plants as of curious combination of everyday blooms—for where was the prow that dared venture to bring the rhododendron or the pine-apple to our shores? I can just see one of these gardens—a cultivated spot, that brought the whole neighborhood to see it, fenced and garnished, and probably made as unlike Nature as possible. It would not suffice in those days to make gardens like nature. Oh, no! they had Nature enough, our rascal forefathers; and the greatest possible artifice would be required to make this 'new thing under the sun' uncommon, as we call it. And so things went on, better and worse, till our Amsterdam friekers brought gardening to a climax, and formed every bed into mathematical squares and triangles, more resembling the diagrams of Euclid, pencilled with flowers, than anything to which we can liken them. We still see the taste of those days in those long lines of forest trees which lead the way to our ancestral halls. Their shaggy forms, crusted with lichen and grey antiquity, make a peculiarly rich show; and we wouldn't have a tree removed out of its place by any means: nevertheless we have abolished that system, and formed the clump, and, as in Nature, the shrub and the flower rejoice together, wreathing their pendant stems with each other. We don't altogether condemn the old style, however, for the appliances of Art are very often only Nature somewhat differently arranged.

[To be concluded.]

From a work on the Moral Education of Italian Women.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Guides and guardians of the rising generations, mothers chosen by Providence for the grand ministry of preparing in our children brave and upright citizens for our country—it is for us to provide the rule and guide; it is for us to present to Italy in our sons magistrates of integrity, generous writers, men of activity, firmness and justice, lovers of the beautiful and of the ancient virtues. Let us, then, examine means by which we may attain so noble an object; let us endeavor to comprehend with clearness and precision what is the character of true civilization, what are the vices and errors which oppose its progress, what are the thoughts and ideas by which they are most particularly favored; what are the wants of our age, the virtues necessary to it, the inclinations and usages which contend with and impede their advance. And when we shall have renewed and reformed our own education, which in these respects, and among so many women, has been so unworthily neglected, let us strive to quicken in the hearts of our children the desires, the affections, and the hopes which, rendering man good in himself, render him also useful to others, and fitted to accomplish his social duties with facility, fervor and firmness. Let us believe that in acting otherwise we shall be unable, without untruth to declare our love for our country; and thus, by the effects of our own errors and negligence, a name formerly so dear to the world, and so much honored, would remain unworthily buried in corruption.

MINOR CUSTOMS OF THE TURKS.

They abhor the hat, but uncovering the head, which with us is the expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent; no offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold: the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from write to

left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee drinkers; they take the wall and walk hastily in sign of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of throwing it towards them; they cut the hair from the head, they remove it from the body, but leave it on the chin; they sleep in their clothes; they look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they deem our close and short dresses indecent, our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy or servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance only to be looked at, and not mingled in except by slaves; lastly their mourning habit is white; their sacred colour green, their Sabbath day is Friday, and interment follows immediately on death.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A little, meek-faced, quiet village child Sat praying by her cottage door at eve
A low, sweet Sabbath prayer. No human ear Caught the faint melody—no human eye Beheld the upturn'd face, or saw the smile That wreathed her coral lips, the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the prayer—
"Praise God—praise God!"

A seraph by the throne In the full glory stood. With eager hand He smote the golden harp-strings, till a flood Of harmony on the celestial air Came rolling forth. Then, with a mighty voice,
He sang the "Holy, holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty," and the eternal courts Thrill'd with new raptures, and the hierarchies,
Angel and rapt archangel, throbb'd and burn'd With deeper adoration. Higher yet Rose the majestic anthem, without pause:
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength: and still the infinite heavens Rang with the "Holy, holy, evermore,"
Till, trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank before the throne
With a mute hallelujah. But even then While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in a silvery voice—a voice that seem'd To upward steal from some lost world afar—
A meek and child-like voice—faint, but how sweet!—
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roll Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance—smiles of joy, that Grew more joyous still, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of that prayer:
"Praise God! praise God!" And when the seraph's song
Had reach'd its close, and o'er the golden lyre Silence hung, thoughtful,—when the eternal courts
Rung with the echoes of his chant sublime,—
Still through the abyssal space that wand'ring voice
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmur'd sweetly, on the heavenly air,
"Praise God! praise God!"

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

A CANVASSING SKETCH.

HOW TO OBTAIN SUBSCRIBERS.

In the year '36 we published a semi-weekly journal in the city of Detroit, and at the commencement of our career 'out there,' we employed a local travelling agent, one John D—, a fellow of infinite tact in his business, and ordinarily one of the merriest, happiest, best natured bipeds we ever met with. John had a way of obtaining subscribers, however, peculiarly his own; and his success was proverbial. If he undertook to get a man's name and subscription money, he got it—there was no doubting the issue, where he had resolved upon the thing.

John was a large, powerful man, standing six feet three in his socks—and he feared nothing in the performance of his duty; at times, when a resort to the tricks of his trade was necessary, he 'was at home,' and his mimicry, smiling countenance, and capital address, made him scores of friends, almost at first sight. But John occasionally encountered a tough customer.

'You call that a paper?' exclaimed a rough, big-fisted fellow, derisively, one morning, in a coffee-house where John was canvassing.
'Well, I do,' said John, quietly.
'O, git out,' responded the bully.
'Not as you know on,' continued the other, sneeringly. 'It's a humbug.'
'What's a humbug?'
'That paper o' yours.'
'Come now, my fine fellow, that won't do,'

added our agent, not a little piqued. 'That kind o' talk aint just the thing, my friend,' continued John, for there were several persons present.

'I say it is a humbug,' persisted the fellow, an' you are another.

As the stranger got off this last remark, he approached the canvasser instantly, and offered some unmistakable demonstration of a belligerent character.

John measured his customer a moment as he advanced, and drawing back, he coolly knocked the insolent fellow down. Then grasping the rowdy by the throat—

'Is my paper a humbug?' asked John.

'Yes—cuss your pictur!'

'It is, eh? bringing the fellow a rap on the side of the sconce, which astonished him immensely—It is, is it?' and again he cuffed the him vigorously—and then again, until the bully began to believe he had commenced operations on the wrong individual.

'Is my paper a humbug?'

'N—n—no,' shrieked the fellow at last.

'What kind of a paper is it?'

'I dun' no!'

'Yes, you do,' said John, raising his huge mauler over the other's head, in a threatening attitude, and grinning a ghastly smile—'yes, you do.'

'Wall, le' me up,' said the victim.

'I'll let you up when you answer me.'

'I tell you I dun' no.'

'I say you do,' responded John, and again he raised that fearful fist and showed his glistering teeth.

'Y—y—yes!' shouted the sufferer.

'What kind of a paper is it then? Tell me, or I'll smash every bone in your ugly skin.'

'It's a—n—it's a—'

'Quick!'

'It's a goo—good—fuss rate one. Now le' me up?'

'Now, you must subscribe, old fellow.'

'I wont!'

'You won't,' exclaimed John, looking daggers at the prostrate hero, while he grated his teeth like a mad catamount—and thrashed him violently upon the floor once more.

'I will.'

'For a year?' asked the agent.

'No.'

'What then?'

'Six—six months.'

'That'll be two dollars,' said John; 'fork over the tin—there's no trust in this trade.'

'Le' me up, I say.'

'Not till you've paid your subscription.'

'Wall—git off er me!'

'There,' said John—who was naturally very accommodating—and at the same moment he turned, so that his 'subscriber' could get his hand into his pocket. The latter actually drew forth his purse, counted out two dollars in silver, and the agent released him.

John took his address, and then invited his new made friend to take a drink. The other, nothing loth, joined him at once, for fear of giving further offence.

Then, getting up his specimen papers and other fixins, our canvasser turned towards his new subscriber, and with a bland smile of good nature, remarked—

'I think you'll like my paper, friend.'

'Yes—yes,' responded the other.

'It's a capital paper.'

'Yes,' said the subscriber.

'And you'll recommend it to your friends?'

'Yes,' added the victim.

'It's a good paper.'

'Yes—'

'I may say a very good paper.'

'Yes.'

'Good day, Sir.'

'Yes,' continued the patron, abstractedly, as the canvasser departed; 'but if you aint one of the agents we read about, then I aint no judge of beenwax!' and rubbing the side of his crown, which had been but slightly damaged in the melee, he disappeared, resolved never again to interfere with the 'power of the press.'

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MUSIC OF THE WILD.

In the summer of 1846 we were riding along the ridge of Celyn Bryn, a mountain which extends from north-west to south east across the peninsula of Gower in Glamorganshire; it was one of those still bright summer days in which the vibrations, or, more properly, the modulations of the atmosphere may be seen playing along the surface of the ground—when I became gradually aware of a faint Eolian-like sound, which I at first attributed to imagination or the hum of insects. My companion, however, soon remarked on it; and as it became louder and more distinct, the ponies, by their uneasiness, and the restlessness of their eyes, showed that they too heard the strange sound, which continued whilst we passed over about two miles of ground; but on commencing the descent on the eastern side we lost it.

The nearest thing to which we could attribute this unearthly music was the vibration of air which is sometimes heard and felt during some peculiar states of the atmosphere, if a steamer is letting of her steam at eight or ten miles distance; but neither this nor any other material thing will give a just idea of this sound, which even in its exquisite beauty was most distressing from its universality (I find no other word which will at all express the feeling which it conveyed). I afterwards heard that others had been astonished by this remarkable phenomenon, which fully enabled me to understand the feeling with which the ignorance of superstition has always regarded sounds such as these, or indeed any which it could not understand.