

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

A SABBATH MORNING IN OCTOBER.

BY HENRY SEYMOUR CHASE.

SERENELY wakes the morn;
Her cloud-fringed eyelids glow with silver light,

From the bright orb they guard.

The azure depth

Of heaven's calm bosom holds one little cloud,

Star-lit, which feels the first warm kiss of Day,

And blushes. Then over the emerald hills
With glory flushes the ruddy light

From her soft-beaming eyes, and autumn woods,

Clothed in bright rainbow-dews, in one sweet concord

Sing out a hymn to God.

Like maiden coy,

Wooing the glance of him she loves, the Queechee,

When she sees the Day King out of his glowing

Bath of beauty step, dripping with glory
O'er the pavement of the skies, doth gently

Cast aside her veil of mist, and murmur
Back a soft 'Amen.'

Mountain, plain, and glen,

Through night's cold tears of glistening dew,
oft shed

For absent daylight, smile.

In grateful praise,

All nature worships God.

This lofty mount,

Whose rugged bosom feels the power that
Thunders in the storm, and rocks the eagle

In her dizzy nest, and yonder fruitful
Hills, whose lowing herds enjoy the genial

Sun, the universal concert join
The

Wood embosomed lake, whose calm blue eye,
in

Its clear depth, reflects the fairy shores around,
Sends up its note of joy, and heavenly look
Of love.

Sweet-smelling herbs, and fragrant buds,

Pure incense offer, too. My rose within
The casement, feels the inspiration of

The hour, and heavenward breathes its rich
perfume.

Hushed is the sound of daily toil. Man
goes

Not forth to-day, to sweat for cursed gain,
But praise and pray.

Behold the Sabbath!

O sacred morn, that saw the rock-closed
tomb

Where Jesus lay, by shining angels oped
O blessed Christ! roll thou away the stone

From this cold heart, where lie entombed
good

Resolves. Breathe strength once more their
stiffened joints

Within, and bid them rise, come forth, and
live.

The church-bells chime; to weary souls how
sweet

The sound harmonious. Through the bra-
cing air

Their pleasant voices ring; invading, with
Their call to prayer, each quiet nook and
dell.

Mount Tom, with joy, the merry peal re-
ceives

Amid its cavern'd rocks, and, dwelling there,
The fairy, echo, flings it gaily back

O'er distant hills.
The farmer's wife looks glad

When faintly falls upon the listening air
The far-off worship-call.

Each humble cot,

And prouder mansion, send the opening buds
Of youth, the ripen'd fruit of manhood's
prime.

And wither'd leaves of cane supporting age,
To form an offering meet for God's own
house

Of praise. In by-paths through the solemn
woods—

Through meadows, dressed in autumn's later
green—

Beside the brooks where truant school boys
rove—

And down the dusty road, they flocking
come.

Around the church door gathered, friendship
grasps

Th' extended hand, and greets, in tones and
smiles

Subdued, the motly throng around. This
past,

With humble mein they walk the sacred
aisles.

Bend low your heads and hearts ye pious
souls,

For God's own presence fills this sacred
place,

And opens the narrow gate that leads to hea-
ven.

* * * * *

With careful steps across the village green,
See yonder couple take their 'customed
way.

Each Sabbath morn, an aged mother, blind
With age, doth lean upon a gray-haired
son's

Most willing arm. With love and duty
strong

Imbued, he leads where she may praise in
wed's

Own temple. After 'service,' ere the hours
Of twilight pass, once more with cheerful
steps

He goes, and reads to that old mother,
blind

And poor, sweet words of truth and grace,
from that

Illumed page where Mercy pardon breathes
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O fragrant flowers

Of human hearts! there do you meekly
dwell,

And bless, with summer's bloom, the wintry
soul

Of dying age.

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AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

A SLIGHT TIFF.

'WELL, Aunt Tabitha,' said Mrs Carver,
as she seated herself in a comfortable rocking
chair before the ruddy fire—'well, Aunt, I've
just been in to see Mrs. Lincoln, the new mi-
nister's wife.'

'Do tell,' said Aunt Tabitha. 'But do
take off your things. It don't look sociable
to set with 'em on.'

'No, thank you; I can stop only a few mi-
nutes. As I was saying, I have been to call
on the new minister's wife; and, to confess
the truth, I was downright disappointed in
her. Call her handsome? Why, she cannot
hold a candle to Lizzie here, nor to either of
my daughter's—Lucretia, in an especial man-
ner.'

'But you know,' said Aunt Tabitha, 'that
handsome is that handsome does.'

'Well, I didn't see that there was anything
so very genteel in her manners; nothing, at
least, that was particularly overpowering.
Before I called, I expected that I should feel
myself to be a mere cypher in her presence,
a nonentity, as you may say—I had heard her
cried up so by Mrs. Page. But I can tell you
that I not only lived under it, but didn't feel
a mite more put down than I do this minute.
I might have remembered that Mrs. Page is
one of them kind of women that always
thinks there must be something marvelous
about the squire's wife, the doctor's wife, and,
above all, the minister's wife; and I believe,
as much as I believe I am alive, that, if Mrs.
Lincoln should go to meeting next Sunday
with her husband's boot on her head, instead
of a bonnet, the same as I once heard a cer-
tain woman did, because somebody made her
believe 'twas the fashion in Boston—she and
her five daughters would appear out the Sun-
day afterward in the same ridiculous style.'

'We all have our failin's and weaknesses,'
said Aunt Tabitha, 'and Miss Pege, of course,
has hern; but accordin' to my mind, it is bet-
ter to think too well of our feller critters than
not well enough; and, if you and I and others
have such inquiring minds as always to be
searchin' into our neighbor's conduct and
affairs, it is better to hunt up their good
qualities than their bad ones.'

'To hunt up the good qualities of those it
has been my fortune to have for neighbors
would, in a general way, be like hunting for
a needle in a hay mow. The truth is, with
the exception of you, and Lizzie, and Paul,
there isn't a person in the whole parish I have
any great opinion of. As for Mrs. Lincoln, if
she is to be held up as a pattern for the female
part of the parish to follow, I, for one, shall
take good care not to follow the pattern.'

'Well now, Mrs Carver,' said Aunt Tabitha,
'I kind o' mistrust that I shall like Miss Lin-
coln rightdown well; for I'm always tickled to
death—in my element, as 'twere—when I
come across a woman of good education that's
free and sociable, and ain't starched up. For
my part, I think 'tis the greatest sign of a
real lady in the world when a woman, who
is somethin', is able to make them that have
no grea' pretensions—such as you and I, Mrs.
Carver—feel easy and at home, as 'twere.'

'I don't know what you call great preten-
tions,' said Mrs Carver. 'I calculate that
Ezekiel Carver's wife can hold her head as
high as any other woman in the parish, let
the other be who she will. I except neither
the doctor's wife nor the minister's wife.'

'I say so, too. Mr Carver is a purty nice
sort of a man in most things—equal to the
general run, I should say.'

'The general run! What am I to under-
stand by that, Aunt Tabitha?'

'Why, jest as I say. Mr Carver, in my op-
inion, is on a par with the rest of the neigh-
bors; and, take 'em all in all, they are all
good neighbors. They ain't perfect, and we
don't expect perfection in this world.'

'Well, I must say, if my husband is to be
placed on a level with every poor, mean fel-
low in the place, that he has got down to a
pretty low notch. One thing is certain, and
that is, he pays the highest tax of anybody in
the parish, and has always held some kind
of office ever since we were married. Some-
times he has been first selectman, sometimes
constable, sometimes deacon, sometimes cap-
tain, sometimes one thing, and sometimes
another.'

Aunt Tabitha smiled, but did not speak.
There was something in the smile which did
not suit Mrs. Carver, though to Lizzie it ap-
peared quite a commonplace kind of smile.

'I don't know what I am to understand by
your laughing at what I say,' said Mrs. Car-
ver, reddening. 'If there is any hidden mean-
ing in it—anything which you would meanly
insinuate, yet have not the courage to
speak out, I say 'tis false; for, if ever there
was a zealous, wide awake man, that man is
Ezekiel Carver.'

'Well, I guess nobody disputed it. I'm
sure I don't.'

'What did you laugh for then, when I was

enumerating the responsible offices he has
filled?'

'Oh, nothin' in particular—nothin', only
some nonsense that dopped into my head.'

'You needn't try to make me believe you
were not laughing at anything in particular;
for that is what you nor any other living
person can do, if you should try till you were
blind. Nothing in particular! I know what
you were thinking of; but there isn't a word
of truth in it. What if he did fall off his
horse coming home from training last fall?—it
was because the horse stumbled; for Ezekiel
Carver never allows himself to drink anything
stronger than tea and coffee. You wouldn't
believe such a scandalous story, if you didn't
owe him a grudge.'

'Laud o' massy, Miss Carver! what should
I owe him a grudge for?'

'You pretend you don't know, do you?'

'I sartainly don't.'

'Well, it is as plain as the nose in your
face, I should think.'

'Well, that's purty plain to be seen, I'll
allow; but, large as it is, I can't smell out
why I should owe Mr Carver a grudge.'

'Why, when we were girls, he happened
to take a fancy to me instead of you.'

'You think that's the reason, then, do your
Well, all I can say is, you are mistaken; for
I never seed the day that I'd 'ave had Zeke
Carver, if he'd been made of Guinea gold.'

'I've heard of sour grapes before to day.
He was above your reach, Ezekiel Carver
was, and the whole parish ought to be thank-
ful that he was. A pretty deacon's wife you
would have made!'

'About as purty as the general run, I mis-
trust. But there, Mrs Carver, we won't
quarrel about it.'

'Aou needn't be afraid. You are too mean
for me to quarrel with.'

Without taking any notice of this last re-
mark, Aunt Tabitha turned to Lizzie, and
asked her if Paul, before he went out, told her
where he was going?

'He said,' replied Lizzie, 'that he and a
number of young men were going to meet at
Franklin Hall this evening, to decide whom
to vote for, for town officers and representa-
tives next year.'

'Oh,' said Aunt Tabitha, 'they are holdin'
a kind of caucus, then.'

'Do tell if there's a caucus this evening?'
said Mrs. Carver. 'I don't believe that Mr
Carver knew a word about it.'

'None, except some of the young men were
going to meet,' said Lizzie. 'There, that is
Paul's step; they've got through in good sea-
son.'

Paul, the next moment, entered, with a
smiling countenance. He shook hands with
Mrs. Carver, and appeared quite glad to see
her.

'You have been holding a caucus this even-
ing, I understand?' said she rather gloomily.

'Yes; a few of us young men, just 'out
of our time,' thought we should assert our
dignity by meeting together, and agreeing
whom to vote for at next town meeting; for
several have been talked of who are so grossly
ignorant that they would be a disgrace to
the place; and we found that, by combining
together, we could turn the scale in favor of
those who are better qualified.'

'It appears to me,' said Mrs Carver, 'that,
for such youngsters, you are taking rather too
much upon you.'

'Perhaps; though your husband is not of
your opinion.'

'Why?'

'We are thinking of him for one of the
representatives; and, when Sam Barton and
I called to consult him about it this evening
he didn't appear to be at all opposed to it.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Carver, 'I always said
that you were one of the most discriminating
young men in the village. There isn't one in
a hundred that would have had the discern-
ment to know that Mr Carver was a mite
better fitted for the office than forty others.'

'I am much obliged to you for your good
opinion,' said Paul; 'but I believe I am not
the one who first thought of him, and, there-
fore, am not entitled to your praise on that
account. To confess the truth, I had been
using what little influence I had in favor of
Mr Fabens; but Aunt Tabitha heard me men-
tion it, and told me that there was no man in
the whole town so well qualified for the
office as Mr Carver, and, on investigation, I
soon found that she was right.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Carver, 'I always knew
that your aunt was the best woman in the
world, and had the quickest discernment. I
was saying the other day to Mr Carver, if all
the women in the place were like Aunt Tabi-
tha, 'twould be a heaven on earth, as 'twere.
So good in sickness, and so charitable to the
poor! And Mr Carver agreed with me. Says
I, 'Aunt Tabitha isn't one of those kind
of women that's always seeking out
people's failings.' 'No indeed,' says he; 'and
I don't know of but one woman in this place,
or any other, that is equal to her in this re-
spect.' Says I, 'Who is that?' 'If you
must know,' says he, 'tis Sukey Carver.'

When I laughed, and says I, 'Tis, of course,
nothing more than manners to except the
present company.' Then he laughed, too, and
winked in his sly way—the same as he al-
ways does when he feels pretty crank—and
says he, 'To be sure it isn't, Sukey.' I can
tell you, Aunt Tabitha, it did my heart and
soul good to hear him praise you; for you are
my chosen friend, as 'twere. There, 'if the
clock ain't striking nine! I'd no thought it
was so late. Well, it isn't to be wondered at,
for Aunt Tabitha and the rest of you are so
agreeable that I always, when I'm with you,
forget to count time. I meant to have called
on Dorcas Low a few minutes; but it is too

late now. Good night, and pleasant dreams
to you all. La, Paul, you needn't be at the
trouble of seeing me home; though, come to
look out, it is a little darker than I thought it
was.'

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

BLAKE was now the observed of all obser-
vers; but, unlike most of his compeers, he ab-
stained from using his advantages for purpo-
ses of selfish or personal aggrandisement. He
kept aloof from the 'centre of intrigues,' and
remained at his post, 'doing his duty humbly
and faithfully at a distance from Westminster;
while other men, with less than half his
claims, were asking and obtaining the highest
honours and rewards from a grateful and la-
vish country.' Nor, indeed, did he at any
time side with the ultras of his party, but
loudly disapproved of the policy of the regi-
cides. This, coupled with influence, so great-
ly deserved and so deservedly great, made him
an object of jealousy with Cromwell and his
party; and it was owing, perhaps, to their
anxiety to keep him removed from the home
sphere of action, that the hero of Taunton
was now appointed to the chief naval com-
mand.

Hitherto, and for years afterwards, no state
ancient or modern, as Macaulay points out, had
made a separation between the military and
the naval service. Cimon and Lysander, Pom-
pey and Agrippa, had fought by sea as well
as by land; at Flodden, the right wing of the
English was led by her admiral, and the
French admiral led the Huguenots at Jarnac,
&c. Accordingly, Blake was summoned from
his pacific government at Taunton, to assume
the post of 'General and Admiral at Sea,' a
title afterwards changed to 'General of the
Fleet.' Two others were associated with him
in the command; but Blake seems at least to
have been recognised as *primus inter pares*.
The navy system was in deplorable need of
reform; and a reformer it found in Robert
Blake, from the very day he became an admiral.
His care for the well being of his men
made him an object of their almost adoring
attachment. From first to last, he stood alone
as England's model seaman. 'Envy, hatred,
and jealousy dogged the steps of every other
officer in the fleet; but of him, both then and
afterwards, every man spoke well.' The tre-
mendous powers intrusted to him by the
Council of State, he exercised with off handed
and masterly success—startling politicians
and officials of the *ancien regime* by his bold
and open tactics, and his contempt for tortu-
ous bypaths in diplomacy. His wondrous ex-
ploits were performed with extreme poverty
of means. He was the first to repudiate and
disprove the supposed fundamental maxim in
marine warfare, that no ship could attack a
castle, or other strong fortification, with any
hope of success. The early part of his naval
career was occupied in opposing and defeating
the piratical performances of Prince Rupert,
which then constituted the support of the
exiled Stuarts, and with Mr Dixon refuses to
interpret in such mild colours as Warburton
and others. Blake's utmost vigilance and ac-
tivity were required to put down this extra-
ordinary system of freebooting; and by the time
that he had successively overcome Rupert,
and the minor but stubborn adventurers,
Grenville and Carteret he was in request to
conduct the formidable war with Holland, and
to cope with such veterans as Tromp, De
Wit, De Ruyter, &c. Of the various encoun-
ters in which he thus signalled himself, his
biographer gives most spirited descriptions,
such as their length alone deters us from
quoting. On one occasion only did Blake suffer
a defeat; and this one is easily explained
by—first, Tromp's overwhelming superiority
of force; secondly, the extreme deficiency of
men in the English fleet; and thirdly, the
cowardice or disaffection of several of Blake's
captains at a critical moment in the battle.

Notwithstanding this disaster, not a whisper
was heard against the admiral either in the
Council of state or in the city; his offer to re-
sign was flatteringly rejected and he soon
found, that the 'misfortune which might
have ruined another man, had given him
strength and influence in the country.' This
disaster, in fact, gave him power to effect re-
forms in the service, and to root out abuses
which had defied all his efforts in the day
of his success. He followed it up by the great
battle of Portland, and other triumphant en-
gagements.

Then came his sweeping *tour de force* in the
Mediterranean; in six months he established
himself, as Mr Dixon says, as a power in that
great midland sea, from which his countrymen
had been politically excluded since the age
of the Crusades—teaching nations, to which
England's very name was a strange sound, to
respect its honours and its rights; chastising
the pirates of Barbary with unprecedented se-
verity; making Italy's petty princes feel the
power of the northern Protestants; causing
the Pope himself to tremble on his seven
hills; and startling the council chambers of
Venice and Constantinople with the distant
echoes of our guns. And be it remembered,
that England had then no Malta, Corfu, and
Gibraltar as the bases of naval operations in
the Mediterranean: on the contrary, Blake
found that in almost every gulf and island of
that sea—in Malta, Venice, Genoa, Leghorn,
Algiers, Tunis, and Marseilles—there existed
a rival and an enemy; nor were there more
than three or four harbours in which he could
obtain even bread for love of money.

After this memorable cruise, he had to con-
duct the Spanish war—a business quite to his
mind; for though his highest renown had
been gained in his conflicts with the Dutch,
he had secretly disliked such encounters be-