

tion, and address, merit the highest praises. The wise ministers and able men that flourished during her reign, owed all of them their advancement to her choice, and, with all their endeavors, were never able to obtain an undue ascendancy over her. This last assertion casts some doubt on the truth of the commonly received opinion concerning the vanity of Elizabeth. All the flattery those men could offer her, never succeeded in misleading her judgment, or controlling her sense of the duties of her station.

## SMILES.

How often the world mistakes smiles for positive indications of happiness. It looks upon the glittering sunshine dancing upon the surface of the waves and heeds not the deep, dark waters beneath! Many a fair and laughing face conceals a breaking heart. By-the-by, some people are inclined to believe there is no such thing as a breaking heart. Mr. Pick does not agree with them; he is confident that hundreds of young creatures go down to the grave, their minds unstrung, their heartstrings riven by the world's neglect and unkindness.

There are many bright and seemingly flourishing rosebuds that bear, concealed amidst their fragrant leaves a hideous worm, a worm that, ceaselessly gnawing night and day, soon ends their lives away.

Thus it is with many, many human hearts. The lips may wear a bright bewitching smile, and yet in the lone bosom lurks the canker-worm whose presence bringeth death.

## ARISTOCRACY.

Two or twenty years ago, this one butchered; that one made candles; another one sold butter and cheese; and a fourth one carried on a distillery; another one was a canal contractor; others were merchants or mechanics.—They were acquainted with both ends of society—as their children will be after them, though it would not do to say it out loud. For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year. In many instances, the father grubs and grows rich, his children strut and use the money; their children inherit their pride and go to shiftless poverty; and their children reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and a smell of cold, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them to the earth, again to mix with the soil, and at length to re-appear in new trees and fresh furniture.

## HINT.

At a camp-meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend gentleman, noted for his good humour, rose and said—I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down. This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking in the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said: 'Oh, brother, how could you say that?' 'Say that?' said the old gentleman; 'It's a fact; if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on!'

## THE ROMAN WOMEN.

A writer in a late Review, speaking of the Roman women, and their influence during the existence of the kingdom: 'From the time of the Sabines to Theodora's conquest of Justinian, women seem to have been at the bottom of almost all the memorable events of Roman history. Lucretia, Virginia, Veturia, Fabia, the wife of Licinius, who became, at her instigation, the first Plebeian Consul, are illustrious examples of this; and whatever may be the changes of manners and opinions, as Hume has well remarked, all nations, with one accord, point for the ideal of a virtuous matron, to the daughter of Scipio, and the mother of Gracchi.' Who, then, will doubt the influence of women?

## A GOOD NAME.

ALWAYS be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object. Like trying to be graceful, the effort to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care of your spirit and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself. The utmost that you are called to do, as the guardian of your reputation, is to remove injurious assertions. Let not your good be evil spoken of, and follow the highest example in mild and implicit self vindication. No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle, and he who would maintain a good character, should be mainly solicitous to maintain a good conscience, void of offence towards God and man.

## WATER DRINKING.

Prof. Silliman closed a recent Smithsonian lecture in Washington, by giving the following sensible advice to young men:—'If, therefore you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutri-

tious food and mild diluent drinks of which water is the basis; and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close.'

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

## ISLAND ISOLATION.

WRITTEN AT THE AZORES.

By Richard Howitt.

Week after week we sail, nor desery  
Aught, save at times a far off bark;  
Or sun, or moon, or starry sky,  
Still steering on through the light and dark.

Onward, an onward, as in a dream,  
Or as afloat on a shoreless sea;  
Or may be to sail we misdeem  
Fix'd by some spell though seeming free.

But lo! a long faint strip as of cloud,  
Dimly, betwixt thesea and the sky,  
And some are hush'd, and others are loud  
As forward is strained each eager eye.

'Land, land,' it is the look'd for land,  
A small, small isle of the western main—  
Nigher—nigher; 'tis now at hand—  
Shore, rocks, and fields, we see them plain.

And now we backward and forward steer,  
Turning the ship aye to and fro,  
And now the boat is lower'd and clear,  
And now for the land our mariners row.

We thirst for water! and lo! it leaps  
From rock to deep with prodigal haste;  
And forward for it our small boat sweeps,  
As anxious to stay the reckless waste.

We thirst! how green are the fields and fair,  
Spread out to refresh the weary sight;  
And cool from the land comes the odorous air,  
From orange groves and cottages white;

O, lovely land! O, hideous sea!  
Sharks sail with us with wolfish eyes;  
And dangerous here must the coasting be,  
'Midst jagged volcanic rocks that arise—

Numberless rocks, red, splinter'd and stern,  
That run in piles or tower up alone:  
And some there be that we do not discern,  
Save by the spray that's heavenward thrown.

Spread your sail, good captain, a way!  
Wreck in storms let others here find:  
Away, here's nothing to tempt our stay,  
So leave these Crusoes for ever behind.

This land that is so pleasant to see—  
The land of the orange, the land of the vine—  
Is not the land of the happy and free;  
O, never compare it with yours and with mine.

Their milk of the goat and cheese of the same,  
Their roots of the earth, and fruits of the tree,  
Their life that is bounded, their spirit that's tame,  
Here's nothing congenial to you and to me.

How anxiously come its people on board—  
How eager for poor half worn clothing are they,  
How few are the comforts their isle can afford:  
Away for old England, good captain, away.

Away, for the land of the loom and the mill,  
An isle, but no prison, whose jailor's the sea;  
Small speck of the ocean pre-eminent still—  
The ark of all freedom, and home of the free.

## GENIUS AND MEDIOCRITY.

CORNELLIE did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master.—Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, 'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city.' Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke said of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, 'Mediocrity can talk; it is for genius to observe.'

## IN FITS.

If a person fall in one, let him remain on the ground, provided his face be pale, for should it be fainting or temporary suspension of the heart's action, you may cause death by raising him upright or bleeding; but if the face be red or dark-coloured, raise him on his seat immediately, and send for a surgeon and get a vein opened, or fatal pressure on the brain may ensue.

## THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

Addison has left on record the following important sentence: 'Two persons who have chose each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, to be good humoured and affable, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections.

## The Politician.

UNITED STATES PRESS.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have no respect for that owl's conservatism which would deem it the highest wisdom to be ever railing against the physical improvements of the age. It is, indeed, a most pleasant and desirable thing to be carried smoothly and safely 150 miles in four hours. No rational man will call in question the value of an invention by which intelligence may be transmitted thousands of miles in a few minutes. And yet it requires no profound wisdom to see that if, through such improvement the natural is made to triumph over the moral, and all-prevading secularity becomes the predominant characteristic of our civilization—if science usurps the homage which is only due to religion, and what is called business leaves no place for the more spiritual emotions—if, in short, by such influence the world of sense, 'the things seen and temporal,' are every where thrusting into the background the contemplation of 'the things unseen and eternal,' then may it indeed become a grave question whether such a physical advance is, on the whole, a true progress of our humanity,—a progress tending upward, instead of horizontally and interminably onward. But in such a state of things, there is ever danger of a downward direction. The secular feeling, or secular interest, alone can not sustain the highest science. History has more than once shown that an extreme civilization may be the only forerunner of an Epicurean animality, that turns out in the end, the deadliest foe, not only of what is most spiritual in human nature, but also of that very secular refinement from which it derived its birth. With all rational gratitude, then, for the improvements of the age, we may still, in view of such a possible result, entertain the question whether, after all, the old stage-coach, and the three months' voyage to Europe, and the weekly gazette, with its news a month old, have been profitably exchanged for the railroad car, the ocean steamer, and the magnetic telegraph.

The only true relief from such a view is in the supposition in which we have already indulged. We may comfort ourselves with the thought that we are in a transition state, and that when the excitement shall have subsided, and invention fulfilled for a time its mission, and machinery, instead of depressing labor, shall have turned it into new and better channels, then may come again for the world a breathing time, a Sabbath of serious thought, of spiritual contemplation—a period in which it may be found that science and civilization have aided our secular prosperity without the moral risk, and thus actually lifted us to a position whence there is afforded a higher and wider range for taking the horse of our spiritual destiny. While every devout soul should pray for such a consummation, the best security for its fulfillment must be found in a watchful fear of that opposite result which history and a Bible-taught knowledge of human nature give us so much reason to apprehend.

No one can deny that the present is an age of intense excitement, and no thinking man can avoid the conclusion that such a state of things must have in it the seeds of almost alarming evils. Life must be impaired, physically as well as morally, when we crowd into days what formerly occupied weeks and months. We are evidently living at an amazingly rapid rate. Such intensity of action is utterly inconsistent with that calmness and depth of thought which is essential to the proper development of the soul; and hence with all our boast of independence and free enquiry, there is actually among the masses, far less of what may be truly called thinking than in ages of greatly inferior pretensions. We fancy we are performing this necessary work, when nothing can be more true than that it is constantly and mainly done for us through certain conventional machinery. The great difference between us and former ages is, that while they acknowledge their dependence on leading minds, the present mass are duped into the mischievous belief that it is their own thoughts that are thinking, and that the paragraphist and the lecturer are but giving back a reflection from their own souls.

Another consequence of these physical improvements is the complete amalgamation they are every where producing in society. We are not only living immensely fast, but living all together. City and country are becoming one. Those peculiar traits which once characterized rural life are rapidly vanishing away. Local habits, local associations, are disappearing before those influences which the railroad and the telegraph are bringing to bear upon all our country towns. The seclusion which once formed the charm, and guarded the virtue of many a country village, is beginning in all directions to be broken up. The news-boy, the Sunday newspaper, the railroad novel, the mountebank lecturers, are every where.—City influences—the worst city influences—are pouring into every nook and corner of the land; and we are fast becoming, as far as moral and social effects are concerned, one immense town, with all its vices and follies, and wild excitements, vibrating from one extremity of our country to the other. The foreign world, too, is daily and almost hourly brought to our doors. Far out in the ocean the signal is given; the electric fires are sent in all di-

rections, and minutes hardly elapse before the thrilling accounts of revolution, and despotic cruelty, and social anarchy, and turbulent elections, are agitating the most departments, and turning all minds from those home thoughts and home feelings, which constitute the truest nurture of our scanty human virtues.

On the other hand, the attractions from the country to the city are becoming immensely and unnaturally multiplied. Young men are drawn in crowds from their farms and rural employments to avocations directly or indirectly connected with the business of the metropolis. In this way rusticity may be departing, but along with it are also disappearing that sober thought and that sound judgment, which belongs most naturally to a state of partial seclusion, and, which however homely in appearance, are of far more value than the metropolitan smartness, or general information for which they are so often despised.

A life such as was once realized in some of our country towns, seems to be that which Heaven and Nature intended for the best moral as well as physical health of man. The seclusion of the family for the most part, occasional intercourse with other inhabitants of the same retired neighbourhood, such as is furnished by the social visit, the weekly assemblies for religious worship, the sympathetic gatherings called out on occasions of joy and sorrow, the wedding, the funeral so touching in all the soul-melting associations of its rural solemnity, the rare recurring festive holiday, the meetings for the transactions of the common local business of a small civic community; these, together with now and then a brief gaze upon the busy world beyond, would seem to form the genial circumstances in which the good in our nature might be most favourably developed, and its inveterate evils most effectually cured.

But no one need be told that the very reverse of this is every where becoming true. Retirement, solitude, domesticity, form the exception; public intercourse either by direct contiguity, or through some diffusing channels, is becoming the common and almost uninterrupted rule of life. The consequences are becoming rapidly to develop themselves. Experience has painfully taught that the feeling of personal responsibility generally diminishes in proportion to gathered numbers, especially under the power of common excitements, and that nowhere is it less than in a crowded and agitated mass. Now all this effect may be produced, and is produced, without the close actual contact which has heretofore been associated with the town.—Under influences now at command, the whole community may be converted into a vast mob. Whenever great numbers of men, although locally severed, are made the subjects of common and simultaneous excitements, there must be the same sinking of the private conscience, as well as the private consciousness, into the irresponsible public feeling.—In proportion as each man becomes, of fancy himself, a representative of this public sentiment, he refuses, and with some justice too, we think, to bear alone the blame which he may well feel attaches to the community as well as himself. He was only faithfully, and, like a good public servant, keeping up the steam to the point demanded by the public temperature. He was only the agent, he might say, the index, the medium of an irresistible, all-controlling, all-prevading power.

But the moral deterioration although the main, is not the only aspect of the evil.—This diminished sense of accountability is beginning to manifest itself most decidedly in its bearing upon the secular interest. It tends to depreciate not only our humanity—or that prime article the *genus homo*—but also all the products of the main branches of mechanical operation—thus becoming a leading cause of those deplorable events we are so much inclined to charge upon the mere proximate agents. Skill in invention is in higher demand than security or soundness of workmanship. The man who discovers some new method of applying steam, or invents some new fashion of a steam-boiler, stands higher with us than the faithful mechanic, who labors most conscientiously in the humble department of making strong and secure what has been already invented. The new machine, too, has not time to be thus perfected before it is cast away for some more recent product of inventive genius, to be tested with the same, or perhaps, a still greater amount of peril. Thus fidelity of execution is undervalued. A diminished sense of accountability, inferior workmanship, and frauds of every kind, and in every department of labor, are the inevitable consequences—producing, more than any other cause, the diminution of wages, and outweighing, by the mischiefs they occasion, all the supposed benefits arising from the continued progress of invention. One of our late steamboat disasters furnishes a melancholy illustration of the truth to which we would here call the public mind. In the case referred to, it is quite clear that the captain, pilot, engineer, and crew are to be absolved from all blame. We must go back many stages—away beyond the builders of the boat, and even the contracting fabrication of the machinery. The fatal defect is to be traced to the man who hammered the iron. All that was required of him was strength of arm, and fidelity of execution—and these he did not feel himself called upon by any strict personal responsibility to bestow. He new not the destination of the product on which he was laboring. He only knew, that in some way he wrought for the public; but what did