

MORNING.

Nor the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslips, and the pale primrose.

Milton.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning grey;
And soon the sun uprose with beams so bright
That all the horizon laughed to see the sight;
He, with his terpid rays, the rose renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.

Dryden.

But mighty nature bounds as from birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beams,
Health in the gale and freshness in the streams.

Byron.

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly
The sun emerging ope's the azure sky,
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.

Parnell.

On every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the dew-drops twinkle round.

Thompson.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

A gentleman of considerable independence at — had two sons, the eldest of whom caused him much anxiety on account of his dissipated character and conduct; the young man himself, tired of restraint, asked permission of his father to go to some foreign clime, which was readily granted, and a sum of money advanced him for that purpose. He had not, however, long left home before the ship he was on board of was taken by the Algerines, and consequently he was taken prisoner to Algiers, where he remained a considerable number of years without the least opportunity offering of his sending or hearing from home.

At length, however, he fortunately effected his escape, and returned to his native land, almost destitute of clothing, and entirely penniless. When he arrived at the village where he drew his first breath, to his first inquiry he was informed that his father had been dead many years, and his younger brother in full possession of the estates. On this information, he proceeded to his brother's house, where, on his arrival, he stated who he was, and recounted his misfortunes. He was at first received with evident tokens of surprise: but what was his astonishment, after his brother had a little recovered himself, to find that he (the younger brother) was determined to treat him as an impostor, and ordered him to quit the house, for that he had a number of witnesses to prove the death of his elder brother abroad! Being thus received, he returned to the village, but met with no success, as those who were likely to give him assistance were either dead, or had gone away. In this predicament he succeeded in finding an attorney, to whom he related the circumstances exactly as they stood, and requested his advice. The attorney, seeing the desperate state in which the affair stood, observed that, as his brother was in possession, he would be likely to have recourse to every unjust means, by suborning witnesses, &c., but, however, he would undertake the cause, on condition that if he proved successful he should be paid a thousand pounds; if the contrary, said the attorney, (as you have nothing to give,) I shall demand nothing. To this proposal, of course, the elder brother agreed. It should be remarked, at this time bribery and corruption were at such a pitch, that it was no uncommon thing for judge, jury, &c., in short for the whole court, to be perverted on one side or the other. The lawyer naturally concluded, this being the case, that the elder brother stood but a very indifferent chance, although he himself had no doubt of the validity of the claim. In this dilemma he resolved to take a journey to London, and lay the case before Sir Matthew Hale, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a character no less conspicuous for his abilities than for his unshaken integrity and strict impartiality. Sir Matthew heard the relation of circumstances with patience, as likewise the attorney's suspicions of the means that would be adopted to deprive the elder brother of his right. He (Sir Matthew) desired him to go on with the regular process of the law, and leave the rest with him. The matter rested until the day of trial came on, a few days previous to which Sir Matthew left home, and traveled till he came within a short distance of the town where the matter was to be decided, when, passing a miller's house,

he directed the coachman to stop, while he alighted from his carriage, and went into the house. After saluting the miller, he told him he had a request to make, which he hoped would be complied with, which was, to exchange clothes with him, and allow him to leave his carriage, &c., there until he returned, in a day or two. The miller at first thought Sir Matthew was joking, but on being convinced to the contrary, he would fain have fetched his best suit. But no, Sir Matthew would have none but the working dress the miller had on. The exchange was soon effected, and Sir Matthew, equipped in the miller's clothes, hat and wig proceeded on foot the following morning.

Understanding that the trial between the two brothers was to take place that day, he went early to the yard of the court hall, without having had communication with any one on the subject. By mixing with the crowd, he had soon an opportunity of having the elder brother pointed out to him. He soon accosted him with, "Well, my friend, how is your cause likely to go on?" "I do not know," he replied, "but I am afraid but badly, for I have reason to suppose that both judge and jury are deeply bribed; and for myself, I have nothing but the justice of my cause to depend on, unsupported by the property which my brother can command. I have but faint hopes of succeeding."

He then recounted to the supposed miller the whole of his tale, and finished by informing him of the agreement which had taken place between him and the lawyer. Although Sir Matthew was in possession of the principal part of the circumstances, yet the ingenious relation he had now heard left no doubt of his being the person he represented himself, and consequently heir to the estate in question. Sir Matthew being determined to act accordingly, he, with this view, begged the elder brother not to be low-spirited on the subject. "For," says he, "perhaps it may be in my power to be of service to you. I don't know that it will, being, as you see, but a poor miller, but I will do what I can. If you will follow my advice, it can do you no harm, and may be of use to you."

The elder brother willingly caught at any thing that might give the least prospect of success, and readily promised to adopt any reasonable plan he might propose.

"Well, then," says the pretended miller, "when the names of the jury are called over, do you object to one of them, no matter whom. The judge will perhaps ask you what your objections are. Let your reply be, I object to him by the rights of an Englishman, without giving my reasons why. You will then, perhaps, be asked whom you would wish to have in the room of the one you have objected to. Should that be the case, I'll take care to be in the way. You can look round and carelessly mention me. If I am empaneled, although I cannot promise, yet I entertain great hopes of being useful to you."

The elder brother promised to follow these directions, and shortly after the trial came on. When the names of the jury were calling over, the elder brother, as he had been instructed, objected to one of them.

"And pray," says the judge in an authoritative tone, "why do you object to that gentleman as a jurymen?"

"I object to him, my lord, as an Englishman without giving you my reasons why."

"And whom," says the judge, "would you wish to have in the place of that gentleman?"

"I would wish to have an honest man, my lord, no matter who," looking round: "suppose you miller be called."

"Very well," says his lordship "let the miller be sworn."

He was accordingly called down from the gallery, where he was standing in view of the elder brother, and empaneled with the rest of the jury.

He had not been long in the box when he observed a little man very busy with the jury, and presently he came to him, and slipped five guineas into his hand, intimating it was a present from the younger brother, and after his departure the miller discovered, on inquiry of his neighbors, that each of them had received double that sum.

He now turned his whole attention to the trial, which appeared to lean decidedly in favor of the younger brother, the witnesses having sworn point blank to the death and burial of the elder brother. His lordship proceeded to sum up the evidence but without taking notice of several palpable contradictions which

had taken place between the younger brother and his witnesses.

After having expatiated with perfidy on every evidence in favor of the younger brother, he concluded, and the jury being questioned in the usual manner if they were all agreed, the foreman was about to reply, not expecting any opposition, when the miller stepped forward, calling out, "No, my lord, we are not all agreed!"

"And pray," says his lordship, "what objections have you, old dusty wig?"

"I have many objections, my lord. In the first place, all these gentlemen of the jury have received ten broad pieces of gold from the younger brother, and I have received but five."

He then proceeded to point out the contradictory evidence which had been adduced, in such a strain of eloquence, that the court was lost in astonishment.

The judge at length, unable longer to contain himself, called out with vehemence, "Who are you?—where did you come from?—what is your name?" To which interrogatories the miller replied, "I come from Westminster Hall—my name is Matthew Hale—I am Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench; and feeling, as I do, a thorough conviction of your unworthiness to hold so high a judicial situation, from having observed your iniquitous and partial proceedings to-day, I desire you to come down from that tribunal you have so much disgraced, and I will try the cause myself."

Sir Matthew then ascended the bench in the miller's wig, &c.—had a new jury empaneled—re-examined all the witnesses, proved them to have been suborned, and circumstances being completely turned, the case was decidedly pronounced in favor of the elder brother's rights.

Interesting Anecdote.

The Rev. Dr. Hawks, of New York, lately delivered a lecture before the Historical Society of that city, when he related the following story, among others, illustrative of female heroism. "Among those," he observed, "who formed a part of the settlement during the revolutionary struggle, was a poor widow, who, having buried her husband, was left in poverty, with a task upon her hands of rearing three sons; of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled on with the youngest as best she could. After the fall of Charleston, and the disastrous defeat of Col. Buford, or Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American females to carry necessaries and provisions, and administer some relief, to the prisoners confined on board the prison-ship and in the jails of Charleston. The widow was one of the volunteers on this errand of mercy. She was admitted within the city, and, braving the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter before she went; but, notwithstanding, went bravely on. Her message of humanity having been fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return; but, alas! her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe, had planted in her system the seeds of fatal disease, and ere she reached her home she sank under an attack of prison-fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. That dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, thus left her only son, the sole survivor of his family, to the world's charity; but little did she dream, as death closed her eyes, the future of that orphan boy. That son became the President of this free republic; for that widow was the mother of ANDREW JACKSON."—[Sailor's Magazine.

A Temple in Ruins.

"Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."—Isaiah lxxiv. 11.

This touching lamentation of the sacred writer came into our mind with peculiar force and sadness, last Sunday, and has lingered about the chambers of memory ever since. It was a lovely spring morning, and the sweet stillness of our village Sabbath was unbroken, save by the murmuring brooks, and the welcome songs of the newly-arrived blue bird and robin, occasionally interrupted by the clarion notes of some dauntless chanticleer. But the cloudless sun has travelled his upward course less than two short hours, when the startling

cry of "Fire!" echoes through the village, and a dense smoke is seen issuing from the church, which stands on an eminence near the centre of the town, "beautiful for situation," as well as comely in its proportions. A hundred or two of neat cottages and villas, which nestle lovingly around the sanctuary, quickly pour forth their inmates, all eager to rescue the sacred edifice from the flames. They battle nobly with the destructive element, while many a tearful eye is watching the result of the struggle afar off. "We shall save it," is the encouraging cry of one and another, and for a while hope predominates in every breast. But the enemy is surely and steadily gaining a firmer foothold. Now the fire has worked its way into the walls, and the flames, just before confined to the basement, are ready to burst through the roof. "It is all over now," is the sad exclamation on every lip. The firemen and citizens continue their efforts, but soon the whole building is a sheet of fire. The pulpit disappears, but the fresco in its rear reveals its familiar arch and columns through the red flames, as perfect as ever. The noble organ, which came from the manufacturers' hands but three months ago, is in a few moments reduced to a heap of ashes and molten metal. The "town clock" has measured off its last hour, and the hands rest motionless amid the smoke and flame, awaiting the moment of doom. The flames at length begin to climb up the spire, but the bell continues to ring out its doleful requiem. As the heat increases, the sound becomes peculiarly vibratory and tremulous, producing an indescribably sad and almost sickening effect upon the mind. The bell-rope, which had been drawn outside of the steeple at an early stage of the fire, now burns off, and the melancholy sound ceases. The raging element grows more mad in its fury, the burning walls begin to bend, the spire falls, and the work of destruction is complete. "Our holy and our beautiful house is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

Farewell, thou place of pleasant memories and of hallowed associations. We shall miss thee, when the Sabbath returns, and no "church-going bell" call the people to the house of prayer. We shall miss thy graceful spire, pointing heavenward, and silently reminding us of duty and of hope. We shall miss thy weekly teachings, and all those sweet influences and tender associations that cluster only around the Christian sanctuary.—Farewell—and may another and a fairer edifice soon spring from thy ashes, which shall be to us as the gate-way of that nobler "temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

This phrase originated with Lord Brougham, whose eloquence is as notorious as is his eccentricity. In his speech on the elevation of Wellington, "a mere military chieftain," to the premiership, after the death of Canning, Brougham said:—

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington may take the army—he may take the navy—he may take the great seal—he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the Constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times, the country may have heard with dismay that 'the soldier was abroad.' It will not be so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a personage less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

The World.

The world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing. Wars are the storms which agitate and toss it into fury and faction. The tongues of its enraged inhabitants are then as the noise of many waters. Peace is the calm which succeeds the tempest, and hushes the billows of interest and passion to rest. Prosperity is the sun whose beams produce plenty and comfort. Adversity is a potent cloud impregnated with discontent, and often bursts into a torrent of desolation and destruction.