CELESTIA
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CELESTIAL AMUSEMENTS;

OR,

Belles and Beaux at Hay-Mount.

BY

WINSTON C. TYSON.

"God is the life and light of every star."

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PREFACE.

The authoress does not presume to have written a scientific work, or to say that she is equal to such a production. A love of science, a sense of its intrinsic worth, its happy effects in making the mind in the pursuit of it pure, considerate, investigating, patient and careful in its researches, have made her anxious for its diffusion, and enlisted her in the department of astronomy.

In treating the subject of astronomy, she has adopted the arrangement of a standard author, and with some exceptions has generally taken him as her authority, —never, however, in any instance literally,

without giving credit. The additional pieces are mostly sketches of real life, intended to amuse, to awaken observation and reflection, to excite emulation in good works, to the exclusion of squandering time, feeling and intellect in demoralizing recreations that can never fit the soul for earth or heaven. The gentlemen of the South think themselves all-sufficient to manage the political affairs of the Union, and yet reject as presumptuous every attempt in the ladies to interest themselves in the advancement of literature. How is this? she would ask,—the men formed for every great and good undertaking, while their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters are merely formed for show or physical drudgery! Could anything be more truly discouraging? How wounding to such as, while they desire and try to fulfil every domestic duty, would be active in the cul-

tivation, extension and elevation of the imperishable mind throughout, if possible, the world, though most so for their long underrated Southern States.

Would it not be a nearer assimilation to the wisdom of Perfection, for every man to promote the intellectual part belonging to the domicil of his own bosom, designed as a blessing and help in all situations and in all respects, and bring it to the highest state of usefulness, purity, and sanctity? And, though he might in the outset feel the flush of tingling in his manly cheek, would it not give, ultimately, impetus to the rising literature of his own Southern Aurora?

The writing world is not altogether unapprised of the important decision—"Not more than one book in a hundred is a success." Perhaps if these critics, of undisputed judgment and taste, would, in

their philanthropy, which must be, to constitute the truly qualified, equally perfect, tell or define what is a success, they might, to the utility and honor of literature, prevent, in part, the misapplication of talent.

Had not the world fallen, every individual would, no doubt, have known for what he was intended; but sin and disorder having thrown all things into confusion, it is impossible, in every instance, if in any, for imperfect human nature to know for what it was designed, or to understand its own abilities.

The benefit of instruction cannot, however, as some must confess, be confined to works of the highest order. Many invaluable lessons have been sent abroad into the world by inferior writers, and been profitably received even by stronger minds and superior scholarship.

Celestial Amusements was hastily written, under the pressure of peculiar circumstances and cruel privations, without regard to fame or a wish to be known, in the wilds of Georgia, during an exile from home occasioned by the yellow fever.

The authoress does not offer any apology for the defects of the work, leaving them to the decision of such as appreciate the divine injunction—"I will that ye love one another."

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INTRODUCTORY.

A Scene in Fayettebille, N. C.

"PYRUS, welcome! I was in the act of sending for you. Why so late, dear, dear lady? My orange sweetmeats, which you desired to see, are on the table. Dinah's rolls are piping hot, and mother treats us to a bowl of new cream from her dairy. What detained you—a fracas (laughing) with the heroic Den?"

"Eola, I wish you had been with me. Corne Woodhouse has returned. His father recalled him. He had reached Florence; but did not hesitate to obey orders, though travelling on his own money,—

money made by his own industry, and by extra work, in which he humbled himself."

"He is, truly, a dutiful son,—and father says he always has been. Will he resume his travels?"

"When his father's business permits."

"What does he say of Florence?"

"He exults in Powers, the American sculptor, and dwells with delight on the Grecian captive. He loves astronomy, and will join the class at Hay-Mount, where you will see him."

"And will not Pyrus join our class?"

"What good will astronomy do me?"

"It will keep you out of idle amusements, give you a love of science, an insight into the divine wisdom and power,—the wisdom and power that formed your being and atoned for your fallen spirit.

Mother says we cannot separate God from the stars. As often, then, as we ascend the heavens, we ascend to the contemplation of God, imbibing, in every ascension, His purity and sanctity, which tends to happiness for ever."

"The sun is almost setting; see his light streaming in brilliant gold upon the evening clouds! I must ask my father: he is my only parent, and his happiness is mine."

"We will call as we go to the Mount. I love you for loving him. But see! (looking through the window into the street) here comes Francis de Rossett, with Alonzo Braman and two ladies—bright stars at his side—all for Hay-Mount."

When Eola Greenough and her friends reached Hay-Mount, they found a larger class in attendance than they had anticipated. In a few moments Mrs. Headley

arose and said: "Young ladies and gentlemen! you all remember, when you first solicited me to give lessons on the zodiac, that you wished them in a familiar way. I shall not, therefore, try to be classical, but will be true and faithful in my communications. I have made additions and improvements to the greenhouse; from it we have fine views of the sky: let us retire to it. The flowers will regale you: my children say they are the stars of the earth peeping through the green grass and leaves."

"Oh, yes, mamma," cried little Hebe, "and my blue-bells, blue stars; and my yellow crocuses, yellow stars."

"Children," observed a young gentleman, "very rapidly make comparisons."

"And it is delightful, Mr. Ambrose, to follow them," added Mrs. Jarvis, who, for

the pleasure of teaching her little daughter, studied astronomy,—'the science of regions above the dust of the world.'

As our class entered the garden under an arch of evergreens, Pyrus whispered to Eola,—

"I wish it could be botany. Astronomy is too high. I can touch plants, smell flowers, and wear them in my bosom; but I cannot reach the stars."

"But they can reach you! there's the light of Venus on your dress."

"And on her cheek," whispered Alonzo, her cousin.

"Take care, Alonzo; take care of a garden. It was in a garden that Eve fell, who was—"

"Simplicity and spotless innocence."

"She did not fall for beauty!"

"Would Alonzo fall for beauty?"

"I hope not—I pray not! But, ye powers! how tempting."

"What are you talking about? You have the mirth to yourselves."

"Beauty, Pyrus—never to be too old nor too young for discussion."

"Nor for love," Alonzo added.

"M uncle says weak-minded men are easily entrapped by beauty, but men of sense fly the bait; they will reflect and reason before they give up to a charm that is very often vain and selfish, and whose sole object is, even after marriage, admiration."

"Does she know that she is beautiful, Eola?" softly asked Alonzo.

"Was ever a woman ignorant of her own beauty?" Eola replied in a low voice, laughing.

By management and industry Mrs. Head-

ley had enlarged her greenhouse, at an inconsiderable expense, into an elegant floral mansion. Here, surrounded by trees, flowers, fruit and evergreens, she began her lessons on astronomy.

CELESTIAL AMUSEMENTS.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen,—I congratulate you on the refined taste which has united you in the study of Astronomy—an elevated science, which cannot fail, if attentively pursued, to interest your devotional affections in the Power that created, protects and sustains the universe. May you have energy and stability equal to the heavenly undertaking,—or amusement, as we call it.

THE CONSTELLATIONS OF THE ZODIAC.

The Zodiacal Constellations are twelve, corresponding with the twelve months of the year. They follow each other in

regular succession, from west to east. The orbits of all the planets, excepting some of the asteroids, lie in this zodiac. The ecliptic, the apparent path of the sun, passes through the middle of it. The sun is a month in each constellation. It is not, however, the sun, but our earth,—the sun appearing always opposite to it, in the opposite constellation.

Pisces—The Fishes.

Beyond the Clarendon, now reflecting in its gentle motions the stars, over that dark forest of trees, if you look carefully through our ample windows constructed for the purpose, you will see the subject of our lesson, and the constellations that surround it. I have had the lamps set back that you may enjoy this fine view.

Pisces is now the first constellation in the order of the zodiac, beginning at the vernal equinox, the gate of the year. This sign, 2,200 years ago, was occupied by Aries; but by the annual precession of the stars it has been carried into the next

sign, leaving the Fishes to open the gate, or lead the way. About the 19th of February the sun enters the sign Pisces, but not the constellation until the 6th of March. The earth is at this time entering the constellation Virgo, on the opposite side of the zodiac. The sun always appears to be in the constellation opposite to the one in which the earth is, as I have already told you.

The Fishes are connected by an irregular line of stars through a large, or not very small, triangular space extending north, south, and west. The line of stars crosses the zodiac twice, running from the northern Fish, Pisces Borealis, south to El Rischa in the edge of Cetus; it then turns back in a south-westerly direction, and, re-crossing the ecliptic, ties the western Fish, Pisces Occidentalis.

This constellation is not very conspicuous. El Rischa, of the 3d magnitude, is the principal star. It is 2° north of the equinoctial, and within 53′ east of the meridian.

The northern Fish is south of Merach in Andromeda. It is, in mean length, 16°, and in breadth 7°. R. 15 D. 25 north. It culminates on the 24th of November, and takes upwards of a week to pass the meridian.

The line of stars, with the western Fish, has a mean declination of 5°, and occupies the whole of November upon the meridian, passing it near where the sun does on the 4th of November. This Fish is within 12° of the Y in the Water-Bearer.

Pisces is surrounded by Andromeda and the Flying Horse on the west, by the Cascade, south, and by the Whale, the

Ram, and the Triangles. I never angle (smiling); but I recommend to you all the celestial Fishes. They carry no *sword*, give no *shock*, adorn no table, but they shed a light expressive of wisdom illimitable, power enduring, and love to harmonize with the universe. The Hebrews place these stars upon the escutcheon of Simeon.

History. — The ancient Greeks, who taught morality by fable, tell us that, as Venus and Cupid were abroad upon the Euphrates, they were frightened by the sudden approach of the great Typhon. Plunging into the water and taking the disguise of fishes, they darted away from the hideous monster, whose hundred serpent heads were flashing through their eyes and mouths consuming flames of fire.

Typhon no sooner drew the breath of life, than he made war upon the gods and goddesses. They at first fled. Jupiter, however, finally prevailed, consuming him beneath Mount Ætna.

Typhon may personate the vices of the world; Jupiter, the virtues overcoming them. Happy is that Fable which turns the soul from vice to virtue; and still happier the inventor, though he may be accused and even censured by the witless and heartless professor of sanctity, for he works with the Wisdom of Mercy.

At the close of the lesson the class ascended to the terrace, where they were received by Dr. Haswell, who had volunteered his telescope for their use:

"Well ladies and gentlemen," he ac-

costed them, "I will now show you some of the stars in the Fishes, and then treat you to a grand phenomenon. I am so charmed with this glorious enterprise of yours, that I would gladly, if within my reach, furnish an instrument to resolve the sideral heavens.

"In all the days of my boyhood and burning brightness of my youth,—in the wisdom and wit of the theatre, the glitter and blaze of the birth-night, the grandeur, the sublimity, the ocean swell of melody at the concert,—woman's charms never wrought upon my soul as at the telescope, looking thoughtfully into the far distant regions of the heavens. I cannot say how it is, but it strikes me, always,—the soul must partake of its earnest travel."

After showing some of the stars in Pisces, he turned the instrument upon the

singular nebula near the girdle of Andromeda, then considered irresolvable—since resolved by the great analyzer of Lord Ross.

The class, when the weather permitted, generally spent one or two hours in resolving the celestial phenomena. Sometimes, while one or two were engaged with the telescope, or stars, the others would unite in a concert,—the ladies singing, the gentlemen playing on flutes and guitars.

"Those evenings," said a gentleman some years since, "were the happiest of my life."

Aries—The Ram.

The dew is light to-night, the air soft and sweet, the lights of heaven unusually brilliant, and all nature inviting to a celestial excursion. Let us try it, young gentlemen and ladies! Our next constellation, you remember, is Aries, the second in the arrangement of the zodiac. It is situated between Taurus and Pisces; bounded north by the Fly and Triangles, and south by the Whale. It was once, we have told you, the leading constellation of the year.

Aries carries in his golden fleece sixty-six gems; not one, however, of the 1st mag-

nitude. Alpha Arietis, in the right horn, is of the 2nd. Sheratan, in the left horn, 4° from it, is of the 3d; $1\frac{1}{2}$° from the last star in the ear there is one of the 4th magnitude, called Mesarthim. Arietis is one of the nine nautical stars situated along the track or course of the moon. From any one of these stars, when in the light of her presence, the navigator, acquainted with physical astronomy, upon the waves of any ocean on the globe, by taking the distance, which he can do with a small instrument, can tell where he is, and take the true course to any port or harbor at discretion. What would have been the delight of the great discoverer, Columbus, could he have foreseen this feat in science!

Arietis culminates on the 5th of December, close to the sun's track in midsummer, some minutes after Sheratan. Almaach, in

Andromeda, culminates within four minutes of the same time.

At this period of the year the heavens make a matchless display in the evening sky. Andromeda, with her once believed irresolvable nebula, but recently yielding to the all-powerful instrument of Lord Ross, at her side, modestly turns her lights to the west. Almaach, in her left foot, enfolds a binary star—crimson and green beautifully contrasted. Some degrees farther north, Cassiopeia, with her fifty-five stars, adorns the circumpolar regions, recalling to mind the temporary star which took fire in 1572, and appeared to burn for sixteen months—a phenomenon which astonished the astronomers of that period. Here we find another celestial excitement: the telescope reveals a binary star of great beauty—a pure white star and a royal

purple revolving about each other. These suns, with their systems of worlds united like two loving families, are making, with the rest of the sideral heavens, their great tour to the central sun.

Now from the east comes the gallant Perseus, flying through the milky way of countless stars. In his left hand he brings the trophy of his victory—a shield set with a variable star. This periodic or variable star, Algol, in the head of Medusa, makes all its changes in 2 days, 20 hours and 40 minutes. The light, throughout its variations, is white: the other variable stars shine with a red light.

We are informed by Kohler, an astronomer, that there is, close to the face of Perseus, a fine nebula; also eight others in the constellation. Every nebula is, no doubt, a canopy of suns, each sun the

centre of a system of worlds, satellites and comets. Creation—where can it terminate!—what can it be!

Auriga, between Perseus and the Lynx, is another brilliant constellation of this assemblage. He dares, even with two tender kids in his left arm, to stand on the horn of the Bull,—the Bull, too, in the act of pitching furiously—raging. Reclining at his ease, he rolls in his chariot, guiding with the right hand by the light of the matchless Capella.

Taurus, recently crowned with honor and glory by Professor Madler, unknown to the ancients, bears in full view his central magnet.

To the south, Cetus, arrayed in 97 stars, crosses the meridian, with Aries and Pisces. Mira or Arnicron, in the neck of this constellation, is a periodical star. In 332

days it varies from the 2nd magnitude to darkness. In eleven years it appears twelve times, shining for two weeks with undiminished light. It then begins to decrease, and in three months is lost to view. In five months it reappears, and increases during the remainder of its period.

This "wonderful star," as it is justly denominated, for 200 days of its period is below the sixth magnitude, and for 132 above it.

Pegasus, the Flying Horse, is another object in this grand display. In speed for the Muses, he has cruelly made a convenience of the helpless Andromeda, who lies chained to a rock in the sea, making Alpheratz, in her cheek, a corner of his great square. This constellation is within 20° of the prime meridian.

Upon the centre of the celestial sphere,

in view of its blazing suns, Orion stands before the world. Through the telescope twenty-one exhibit the wisdom of his head. At his belt three kings keep sentinel. His sword, unsheathed, opens another canopy —a firmament of suns.

History, or Fable.—The queen of Thebes bestowed this ram of golden fleece upon her children Phryxus and Helle, that in case of danger they might fly from their enemies. The Greeks, in honor to her affection for her children, called the clouds, after she was changed into one, by her name. Her children, being ill-treated by their stepmother, endeavored to escape by mounting the Ram and flying to Colchis. Poor luckless Helle, not being accustomed to riding sky-high, lost, as many have on being too suddenly elevated, her balance,

and tumbled headlong into the deep, dark sea, giving to it the name Hellespont. Phryxus, undaunted, reached Colchis. For this very golden fleece, however, he was put to death by the hand which should have protected him—his father-in-law's.

This brought about, it is said by some, the Argonautic expedition. Jason went to recover the golden fleece.

Taurus—The Bull.

Who does not know the seven stars and the Bull's eye? Even the unlettered slave looks out for the rising of the seven stars to regulate his time and labor.

Four thousand years ago or more, the sun was in Taurus at the beginning of the vernal equinox, and for 2,000 years he ushered in the zodiacal train. It is now in the sign Gemini.

We are merely presented with the head and shoulders of the animal: these, however, abound in exciting phenomena.

This constellation is associated with some of the finest in the firmament. Per-

seus and Auriga adorn the heavens north, Gemini east, Orion and Eridanus south, Aries west.

Taurus has 141 visible stars. D. 16° N., R. 65, culminating in icy winter. In the last of May, while Scorpio looks from the east, it sets with the sun.

The face of the Bull is known by the Hyades, a cluster of five stars in the form of a V. Aldebaran is of the first magnitude, of a glowing red, and generally called the bull's eye. Mars, in his annual track, appears to pass near it: they are almost of the same color, bearing a great resemblance to each other. Aldebaran is a nautical star. It once led up the zodiac. At 9 o'clock, on the 10th of January, it comes to the meridian, looking like a magnificent sun in miniature. Aldebaran is Arabic, and means "to lead the way," in

commemoration of its having led up the zodiac.

The Pleiades, or seven stars, are in the shoulder of the animal. Only six of these are visible. We have, however, good authority for their being seven. Dr. Hook saw, through a telescope of twelve feet, 78 stars in this cluster, and Rheita counted 200. But here, even here, in this little group in the zodiac, so near the path of our planet, within our own Taurus, observed, gazed upon from the shedding of light ("Let there be light"), has been discovered,—believed to be, if not certain, —the long-looked-for Central Sun! This has been the bliss and crowning glory of Professor Madler's researches. The discovery was communicated by Sir William Hamilton, December 14th, 1846, at the Royal Irish Academy.

This central sun is the centre of gravity to the whole sideral heavens, except the far-distant nebulæ. Around it revolve our solar system and all the heavens,—at least one hundred and seventeen millions of masses, each mass as great as our solar system,—in one vast revolution, embracing eighteen millions of years, moving every second eight geographical miles. Light, though moving at the velocity of two hundred thousand miles a second, requires five hundred years to cross the enormous space between our earth and the central sun. The human mind, though immortal, can not understand this distance, and never will, unless disencumbered of dust and elevated to the Wisdom of Immortality.

Of the Pleiades, Alcyone (E. Tauri) is supposed to be the central sun, or the centre of gravity. It is the brightest of

the cluster, and of the 3d magnitude, and called the "light of the Pleiades." The seven stars, we are told, were the children of Atlas, an astronomer, and Pleione, a nymph. They are called, Alcyone, Maia, Celeno, Merope, Electra, Tayeta, Sterope. Merope, having her optics anointed with "love in idleness," gave her heart and hand to an earthly being. This dereliction from her greatness eclipsed her glory: she is now dim, her light scarcely discernible.

Young ladies, remember (smiling), be entreated while you have light!

The ladies laughed, not thinking how soon they might be found napping by the stealthy little Deity.

Pleiades and Hyades were changed into stars, that their great virtues and their affection for each other might be transmitted for ever through the heavens. The ancients, though ignorant of revealed religion, honored virtue and affection.

The sun enters the Pleiades the 18th of May, the season of blossoms, which entitles the stars to be called the Virgins of Spring.

The Pleiades and Hyades were beacons to the ancients, both on sea and land. And they were "signs and seasons," for sowing and reaping to the ancient farmer.

The Syrians called the Pleiades Succoth, or Succoth-Benoth, from the Chaldaic, meaning "to observe, to speculate."

The stars in the buttons of the horns are 8° apart. El Nath, in the button of the northern horn, is also in the foot of Auriga, belonging to both constellations. It is of the 2d magnitude. The Bull is in a raging position, making war upon Orion, who is

defending himself in the glory of his stars, with shield and club—not buckler, young gentlemen (laughing).

HISTORY.—Europa, princess of Phœnicia, while gathering flowers with her maidens in a meadow, ventured to caress a pure white animal that had mingled with her father's herd, and, finding him gentle and submissive, she mounted his beautiful snowy back. The animal, who was Jupiter in disguise, swiftly swept away over the sea, carrying the lovely daughter of Agenor into Crete. Thus did love give rise to Europe and magic to a name.

Taurus, in the Hebrew zodiac, belongs to Joseph, the victim, at one time, of his brothers' envy, and the first-born of the beautiful Rachel.

Gemini—The Twins.

ON the 21st of June, in the high heat of summer, the sun enters the constellation Gemini, which, by the precession of the stars, has taken the sign Cancer. We have now the summer solstice. The sun for a month will be, or appear to be, passing through the middle of Gemini. She always appears to be in the constellation opposite to the earth, as if spell-bound by her cerulian beauty.

Gemini is between Cancer on the east and Taurus on the west. R. 3 D. 32.

Castor and Pollux, the sweet twins of Leda, are seated on the celestial sphere lovingly together, in the purity and inno-

cence of etherial brightness. Each one is crowned with a star, giving light and life to worlds in perhaps boundless regions of fertility, peace and joy. We will not think of another fall or separation from the government of Wisdom and Love, unfailing and unchanging, omnipotent and omnipresent! These stars are $4\frac{1}{2}°$ from each other. Castor, or Apollo, is of the 1st magnitude and beauty: it is also of the first interest—exhibiting through the telescope, as we shall show you, two suns of a delicate green, (see the relationship even in colors,) revolving together through space. They are 5″, of the third and fourth magnitudes. Their periodic movements are estimated at 286.

Pollux, or Hercules, is of the 2d magnitude. The distance of the moon is taken from it.

The Twins are divided from Orion by the galaxy. Three stars point out the knees, four the feet. Alhena lights the left foot of Pollux; two other stars the feet of Castor. Mebusta is on his left side, Wasat, in the body, is almost on the orbit of the earth. Betelguese, in Orion, is about 14° from the face of Pollux. On the summer solstice, in the tropic of Cancer, also the line of separation between the torrid zone and north temperate, we find Tejat, a small star, just where the sun is on the longest day, the 21st of June.

Propus, $2\frac{1}{2}°$ W. of Tejat, though very small, had the distinction for some years of showing the position of Herschel, or Uranus, discovered in 1781 by Dr. Herschel. Gemini has eighty-five stars, and culminates at 9 o'clock, February the 24th.

History.—Castor and Pollux went with Jason to Colchis, after the golden fleece. They were brave and faithful; and returned laden with honor and fame. Pollux, in war, excelled on foot, Castor on horseback. In the Grecian temples, they are on white horses, riding close together, armed with spears, each one having a star in his crown.

On returning from Colchis, these heroic twins drove the pirates from the Hellespont and surrounding seas. They have, since then, been considered the protectors of navigation. It is stated that, while a dreadful storm prevailed, when on their way with Jason to Colchis, flashes of lightning sported about their heads. The stars passed swiftly away, the sky cleared up, and the angry, foaming billows smoothed into peace. The Romans believed that they conducted

their armies to certain victory, conquering wherever they went.

These children were the twins of Leda and Jupiter. The Greeks and Romans sacrificed white lambs to them.

They were constellated by Jupiter on account of their fraternal love,—a sublime reward. Should not all try for brotherly love when its honors are of Heaven?

Cancer—The Crab.

We now approach the fifth constellation of the zodiac. R. 126, D. 20° N., culminating on the 3d of March. It has eighty-three stars, not one above the 3d magnitude, and some say above the 4th.

As the sun, the great light of the solar system, ascends the tropic of Cancer, he appears to halt and balance, as if for renewed vigor to finish his fiery route, and to take a parting look upon the receding hemisphere, on which, though the earth is still nearer to him, he can merely shed his life-giving beams obliquely.

The Crab, though transmitted from the dark, stormy waves of ocean to the calm,

bright heavens, still look nebulus to the unaided vision. But, taking a better view with a telescope, the lover of the heavens finds exciting phenomena. The contrast of blue and yellow is here beautifully displayed,—the blue revolving around the yellow. Such is ξ Cancri. Its annual period is 55. In a few evenings we shall be able to see this by sitting up a little longer than usual. These double and multiple stars or suns, not merely revolve about one another with their systems, but around the central sun, to which they are tending in connection with the sideral heavens.

The stars of this constellation are, as we have said, small and dim. Beta, in the south-western class, may be of the 3d magnitude. It is 10° N. E. of Procyon, a star of the 1st magnitude.

Acubens, in the south-eastern claw, is within 10° of it and 24 from Pollux.

Tegmine, in the back, 8½° from Beta, appears—as some great minds obscured by circumstances have appeared—meagre or diminutive, but is, when resolved by a telescopic power of 300, a treble star, embracing, no doubt, systems of planets, satellites, and comets.

Seven degrees in a north-easterly course from Tegmine, may be descried, on a clear night, at the distance of 2°, a cluster of small stars called Præsepe, or the Beehive, in the crest of Cancer, between Asellus Borealis and Asellus Australis. This cluster, with the head of Gemini and Canis Minor, forms a triangle. They are within 20° of it. The Orientalists, with some modern astronomers, denominate this cluster Præcepe, the manger, sagaciously conceiving the Aselli of the heavens to require, as those of the earth, a stable. This nebulus cluster resembles the nucleus of a comet, and has been, not unfrequently, taken for one.

The earth's orbit for 36° from the solstitial colure, may be followed through the southern Asellus, Wasat and Tejat. The southern Asellus may be found by Delta, Wasat and Tejat, in Gemini. Some other double and nebulous stars lie in this constellation, but have not been, that we know of, resolved by an instrument. They will be, we cannot doubt, and that speedily. Who can limit the power of optical invention, or astronomical research! Will there be, in time, a glory left unrevealed?

History.—This constellation is, in some instances, symbolized by two asses. The

Greeks, in copying this sign, say these animals helped Jupiter to conquer the giants. They have indeed a gallant bearing for the conquest of a giant race! The predominant belief is, however, that this is the sea-crab which Juno, in envy of his great courage, sent to bite (woman-like) the feet of Hercules, while overcoming the Lernæan monster. The goddess, after it was slain, constellated it.

A Beetle is used as the symbol of this sign on the astrological remains of Egypt.

Leo—The Lion.

Grand in summer heat, and refulgent in 95 solar lights, Leo rushes in conscious glory from the east to the meridian. We look, admire, and wonder! Why those glittering suns? what use is made of them? God cannot make a useless thing. O for power to see, feel and understand what endless wisdom every one would unfold!

The Lion is the sixth zodiacal constellation and fifth sign. R. 150 D. 35. Consequently the centre will culminate early in April; the western edge on the 18th of March; the eastern about the 3d of May.

A line of bright stars, set in the form of a sickle, curve around his mane: one of the first magnitude, at the lower end of the handle, is called after the celebrated

Roman, Regulus. It is a star of the first magnitude, and is within ½° of the ecliptic. Its declination, however, is almost 13° N. On the 19th of August its meridian altitude is the same as that of the sun. This is a nautical star.

Eta, which forms the handle of the sickle with Regulus, is within 5° of it. The other stars in the sickle are Al Gieba, of the second magnitude; Adhafera, of the third; Ras al Asad, close to the ear, of the third or fourth; Epsilon, in the head, about as large; and Lambda, in the mouth, not less than the fourth, terminates the sickle.

In every part of Leo we find stars bright and attractive. Zozma, in the back, is a fine one. Denebola, in the tip of the tail, wins every beholder. It is of the first magnitude, 10° S. E. of Zozma, within 5° of the equinoctial colure. On the 3d of May it will be upon the meridian, making a right angled

triangle with Regulus and Phad in Ursa Major, 39° N. Its altitude will also be equal to the sun's the next day at noon. This star, Denebola, with Arcturus 35° W., Spica Virginis nearly the same distance S. W., and Cor Caroli N., makes a Rhombus called the Diamond of Virgo. The figure is readily seen and easily understood, like the kind heart and generous soul,—the diamond of earth: all see it, all estimate it—and all but the evil would constellate it in the zodiac of God's saints.

Other stars belong to Leo, but are inferior. He wears, however, the glory of a binary system in his right side, Gamma Leonis, which has a periodic revolution of 1,200 years. These double stars, astronomers inform us, number six thousand. Some of them afford the most beautiful contrast of colors,—blue and yellow, green and red, purple and white, &c.

History.—Authors vary so much in accounting for the origin of this constellation, that we feel reluctant to say a word on the subject. Indeed, all heathen mythology is complicated and uncertain. It is to be deeply lamented that it is in any way associated with the pure science of astronomy.

The Lion may and does, we are inclined to think, represent the intense heat of summer; for we have it when the sun is or appears to be in this cluster of the zodiac. And as a beast he is appropriate—he is, like the heat of summer, overpowering, unrelenting, and all-conquering.

The zodiac of Dendera, taken from the temple of Isis in 1821, by the French, and now in the Louvre, begins with the sign Leo. The Lion is depicted upon the standard of Judah.

Virgo—The Virgin.

We have now, young ladies and gentlemen, travelled over half the zodiac, from Pisces to Virgo, the sixth sign and seventh constellation in the ecliptic. It comes to the meridian next after Leo. It covers a larger portion of the firmament than Leo, and has a larger number of stars; but the stars are not so strikingly arranged, nor so brilliant.

Virgo is sketched on the map with wings, holding in her left hand an ear of corn, and is said to have 110 stars or suns of the 1st magnitude, six of the 3d, and ten of the 4th. Mean D. 5 N.; mean R. 195. On

the 23d of May it will be half over the meridian, with Leo west and Libra east.

On the 23d of August the sun enters the sign Virgo, but not the constellation until the 15th of September. The earth is always opposite to the sun in the ecliptic.

Spica Virginis terminates the southern point of the Diamond of Virgo, described in Leo. This star is of the first size and light, and of great use to the navigator in taking longitude at sea. On the 28th of May it occupies the point in the zodiac that the sun does on the 20th of October, at mid-day. Spica Virginis is also called Azimech.

Gamma Virginis is binary. Its period in years; 352, 66. This star or sun was ascertained to be double 130 years ago. The stars are of the 3d magnitude, and of a pale yellow.

Vindemiatrix, in the right wing of the Virgin, is of the 3d magnitude. It is 19½° S. W. of Arcturus, and forms a triangle with it and Berenices.

Zeta is very near the equinoctial. It is of the 3d magnitude. Eta, in the southern wing, is also of the 3d. The feet of Virgo cross the meridian with Arcturus, as if inclined to follow or keep pace with his glory, each sandal buckled with a star.

The Virgin is constellated between Coma Berenices on the north, and Corvus south;—Corvus, the Crow, once beautifully white, but now black as midnight—all her spotless beauty changed into darkness by the *grace* of gossip—woman's *beauty-speck*—a *charm* that old Time, with all his brushing and daubing, has never been able to cover or deface. Man, though the production of grosser dust, has failed ever to compete

with woman, save in the *gilding* of political strife. In that he stands preëminent, o'ertopping the tower of Babel.

History.—Though we by no means censure the tears that flow in reason for the dear departed "never to return," we cannot take pleasure in the *flooding* of the Nile by the weeping of Virgo, for even the death of her lover Osiris; nor her desperation in hanging herself for a murdered father. We love to think of her as a pure, celestial virgin, of high and holy bearing, appropriately dressed in azure, adorned with stars, a diamond of *heavenly water*, and angel wings glittering on her lovely shoulders, leaving the contradictory mythology to such as delight in unravelling its entanglements.

Libra—The Balance.

The vernal and autumnal equinoxes were once in Aries and Libra, and the tropics in Cancer and Capricorn. They are now, however, not in these constellations, but their signs. The equinoxes are in the constellations Pisces and Virgo, and the tropics in Gemini and Sagittarius. The constellations at every revolution having gained about 50″ on the equinox, have gone forward more than a whole sign. Aries is at present north of the equinoctial,—Libra south.

Libra, the Scales, is east of Virgo, and south of Scorpio. D. 8. R. 226. It is the seventh sign and eighth constellation of the zodiac from the vernal equinox. The sun

enters—appears to enter—this sign on the 23d of September, at the autumnal equinox, but not the constellation until the 27th of October.

Virgo, the goddess of justice, on the 23d of September, at the autumnal equinox, weighs equal day and night to the world.

Fifty-one stars lie in these Scales—two of the 2d magnitude, two of the 3d, and twelve of the 4th. On the 22d of June they balance upon the meridian.

Four bright stars corner in the form of a large square, in this constellation: Zubeneschamali in the southern scale; Zubenelgemabi in the northern scale, $9\frac{1}{2}°$ from it, both of the 2d magnitude; Zubenhakrabi, of the 3d magnitude, in the northern scale; Iota, of the 4th magnitude, in the southern corner, completes the figure.

Zebenelgubi, 60° from Iota, below the southern Scale of the 3d magnitude, is on

the southern border of the zodiac. This star is equally distant, or nearly so, from Spica Virginis, and Beta Scorpionis. It is on the same meridian with Nekkar in Bootes.

History.—Libra, it is asserted, is placed upon all the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Virgo or Astræa, the goddess of justice, who holds the balance, is not upon all the zodiacs.

The Greeks affirm that the balance records the invention of weights and measures by Mochus. Such an invention is worthy of being constellated, and the inventor with it. How many, whose inventions are at this moment giving strength and power to civilization, and wealth and enjoyment to the world, are now enveloped in loathsome darkness, the time and place of their existence unknown or unheeded,

or their memory held in derision or reproach—"Let it remain a dark spot upon his character." Could it be as large and as black as the great solar spot investigated by Sir William Herschel himself, as a phenomenon, for fifteen years, the human race will never again set its eye, we feel convinced, upon such a luminary,—a light that will burn and glow when the suns of the firmament have burned out.

But what is this spot? A mere difference, perhaps, in opinion—the one considering anything preferable to savage ignorance, the other to the loss of liberty.

Is it keeping the holy injunction, "do as you would be dealt by," to condemn the judgments of such as differ from us, without looking to see why and wherefore? Is it not aiming a deadly blow to the liberty of thinking, or thought—the highest exercise of liberty?

Scorpio—The Scorpion.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen,—Do not be alarmed, (laughing); we have come upon a scorpion! Though a terror on earth, and armed with cruelty and death, as every thing is, in some way, in this kaleidoscope of good and bad, yet, in the laboratory of pure regions, far beyond the atmosphere of contamination, it has been transformed into a crook of diamonds, for drawing the immortal mind to the scenery of sanctified beauty.

Scorpio is located in the southern part of the zodiac, between Libra and Sagittarius, R. 244, D. 26. It is the eighth sign and ninth constellation through which our earth makes her annual tour. Look above at 9 o'clock, on the 10th of July, and you can trace it upon the meridian.

On the 23d of October the sun enters this sign, but not the constellation until the 20th of November. Eastern astronomers say, when this science was first studied by them, the solstices and equinoxes took place when the sun was in Aquarius and Leo, Taurus and Scorpio.

Forty-four stars, in the form of a kite, constitute this graceful group, so winning to the eye on fine evenings, when summer wooes hearts of love to unite around the mansion and cottage for refreshing air and social chat. Antares, the heart of Scorpio, is a brilliant red star of the 1st magnitude, 19° east of Zebenelgubi, in the balance. It culminates three hours after Spica Virginis, on the 10th of July. This is one of the nautical stars situated along the path of the moon.

Graffias, $8\frac{1}{2}$° north-west of Antares, is not more than 1° north of the earth's

orbit. The body of Scorpio near to this star is thickly set with small stars.

Ten stars below Antares, of mostly the 3d magnitude, form the tail of the Scorpion. It runs down in the fashion of a shepherd's crook. Lesuth, at the end of the curve, is a clear bright star of the 3d magnitude, and may be known by a small star close by. No youthful shepherdess ever looked more charming to the eye of her lover than this Lesuth to mine,—beaming clear and bright on the dark blue sky.

Near to this fine cluster there is a nebulous spot, which our telescope has several times resolved into stars or suns.

History.—Notwithstanding these historical fables are said by some to have a moral bearing, I am ready in every instance to reject them, and have invariably curtailed them, as I shall do this. They might have been useful in the days of

heathen mythology, but can never be in the presence of revealed religion.

This evil sign, as it was deemed by the ancient astrologers, was sometimes symbolized by a snake and a crocodile, but generally by the scorpion. The zodiacs of Dendera have it sketched upon them. The alchemists say that iron is under the control of Scorpio, and Scorpio under the evil government of Mars. The transmutation of iron into gold cannot be, therefore, effected, unless the sun is in the sign Scorpio.

Ovid tells us that Orion boasted he could kill any animal in the world. Juno, the queen of heaven, to punish and cut off his vanity, sent this Scorpion to sting him to death.

Orion and Scorpio, as if like two bitter hearts carrying their enmity to the skies, never appear on the same side of the sphere.

Sagittarius—The Archer.

Next from the east Sagittarius comes with his drawn bow and arrow, as if to transfix the Scorpion, which stings as it retreats. In this we have the ninth sign and tenth constellation in our course, R. 285, D. 33.

The Archer, like all in pursuit of an enemy, is both man and brute. His head is upon the ecliptic, his bow across the solstitial colure, and his feet upon the southern Crown. Conquerors of low origin delight to ride over crowns.

Sixty-nine stars adorn his deformity, five of the 3d magnitude and ten of the 4th. They are scattered over a large division in the southern hemisphere.

The sun does not enter this constellation before the 7th of December, though it enters the sign on the 22d of October.

Sagittarius is soon known by a pretty little dipper, apparently turned half over. It is formed of five stars of the 3d and 4th magnitudes, and is called the Milk-Dipper, from its connection with the milky way.

The Milk-Dipper is within 35° of Antares, and culminates on the 17th of August, a few minutes after Lyra. The two stars in the upper part of the bowl are 3° apart, the lower ones 5°. The handle points westward, and may be known by two stars. The end of the bow is set with two stars; one of these, marked Mu, points out the winter solstice. It is not more than 2° N. of the tropic of Capricorn, and 1° east of the solstitial colure.

The stars which form the arrow are of the 3d magnitude. Other suns give light

to this strange figure, some about the face and in the body—one called Terebellum.

History.—This is the fabulous Centaur Chiron, who, to elude the jealousy of his wife Rhea, took the form of a horse.

Chiron excelled in music, medicine, and shooting. He instructed the heroes of the age in the polite arts. He taught Hercules astronomy, Æsculapius physic, and Apollo music. Jason, Achilles and Æneas were also his pupils. But his greatness knew not the bliss of purity; he offered an indignity to the bride of Hercules, which cost him his life.

Sagittarius is on the ancient zodiacs of Egypt, Dendera, Esne, and India, which proves this account of the Greeks to be fabulous.

Capricornus—The Goat.

In the rear of the Archer bounds the lively Goat along the ecliptic, followed by the cold Water-Bearer, R. 310, D. 20. It consequently culminates on the 18th of September, standing on the meridian at nine o'clock.

According to astronomers, Capricornus is the tenth sign and eleventh constellation. The first point of the sign is the southern tropic or winter solstice. The sun will therefore reach this division of its track the 21st of December,—not, however, the constellation until the 16th of January.

When at its utmost southern declination, the sun appears to be stationary for several days before it turns. The sun, when

at the winter solstice, is vertical to the tropic of Capricorn; the southern hemisphere has midsummer, the same that we have on the 21st of June, when the sun is vertical to the tropic of Cancer. The north pole at this time has midnight, and the southern mid-day.

The stars in Capricorn are inconspicuous, though they amount to fifty-one,—three of the 3d magnitude and three of the 4th.

Giedi and Dabih, in the head, are of the 3d magnitude, about 2° apart, and 28° from the Dolphin.

Giedi is binary. The periods of double and multiple stars are from 40 to 1200 years. These phenomena are truly exciting, and beautifully attractive.

The ancient Orientalists called the sign Capricornus, "southern gate of the sun," and that of Cancer, the "northern gate."

History.—Capricornus, Pan, and Bacchus, are all the same god in heathen mythology. He was god of the woods, shepherds, and huntsmen.

On one occasion, while Pan and some kindred spirits, gods and goddesses, were exuberant in frolic and glee, the frightful Typhon rushed in, filling them with terror; these immortals, changing their forms, plunged into the Nile. The head of Pan changed to that of a fish, the remainder of his body to a goat. To transmit this frolic, Jupiter constellated his heroism.

Others tell us that this is Amalthea, the goat that suckled Jupiter. He in gratitude gave her a home in the heavens—a worthy example. To the nymphs who helped to take care of him, he bestowed one of her horns. This horn had the power of giving to the possessor whatever was wished for

From this fable sprang the Cornucopia, or Horn of Plenty.

Pan is a Greek word meaning all things. He was considered by some the great principle of animal and vegetable life. The fear which he excited in rural places, gave origin to the word panic.

Aquarius—The Water-Bearer.

This constellation, young gentlemen and ladies, finishes our zodiac. It connects Pisces and Capricornus, R. 335, D. 14, and is one hour and forty minutes west of the equinoctial colure. On the 15th of October its centre is on the meridian. Aquarius is depicted as a man pouring a stream of water from an urn. Fluvius Aquarii, the stream or cascade from the urn, flows in a semi-circle between the Water-Bearer and Whale, terminating under the southern Fish, Piscis Australis.

Aquarius has one hundred and eight stars; four of the 4th magnitude, set in

the form of a Y, gem the urn. It makes a right angle with Enif, 15° S. E., and Markhab, in Pegasus, 18° S. S. W.

El Melik, on the east shoulder, is the principal star in this constellation; 10° south-west of it, in the other shoulder, is another star of the same magnitude, Sad es Saud.

Ancha, on the right side, 8° south of El Melik, and Lambda 9° east, are both of the 4th magnitude. Fomalhaut, in the head of the Fish, 14° south of Scheat, is a fine star between the 1st and 2d magnitudes. It belongs to both constellations. From it the moon's distance is taken for ascertaining the longitude at sea. It culminates at nine o'clock, on the 22d of October.

This constellation is a beautiful object. It is both modest and sparkling, unassuming and fascinating. We must look

it out this evening, and turn our telescope upon the great Fomalhaut.

History.—This Water-Bearer, ladies and gentlemen, was the beautiful Ganymede, of whom you have perhaps read. His father, Tros, was king of Troy. While tending his flocks on Mount Ida, Jupiter took him up to heaven and made him cup-bearer to the gods.

We have, however, other accounts. Some think it Deucalion, who was constellated after the deluge of Thessaly, 1,500 years prior to the Christian era. Others suppose it to be Cecrops, who founded Athens, in Greece. The character of Cecrops, whether real or fictitious, may be called great. He carried the arts and sciences into Athens, and induced cultivation and civilization.

Aquarius, in the Hebrew zodiac, represents the tribe of Reuben.

A Sleet.

"Come, Eola, let us sally out and refresh our hearts with nature. Though covered with ice, it still wins my soul. Open the door, Isaac."

"Pyrus, you did not love nature so last winter. You would never walk out. The carriage was always called, and you were always shut up close in it, as Dr. Franklin says, breathing over and over again the same air."

"Yes, Eola,—those icicles, now splendid in prismatic colors, I would have turned away from, shivering, and wishing for summer."

"You make me think of Madame Leav-

itt. I met her last winter, on the 8th of January, ensconced in fur. Her sister, you know, annually celebrates the day, in honor of her native city, and she was going to dine with her. 'Oh, my dear Miss Germaine, I'm so thankful,' she cried out, shrugging and shuddering, 'that we have got so far through the cold winter! how do you bear it?' But what has wrought so great a change in you, Pyrus?"

"Our lessons in astronomy. I see nature with new eyes, and love it with a new heart. Here comes Mrs. Jarvis, the ice cracking under her feet."

"Whither are you going, young ladies?—to the Summer Isles? And you, Pyrus—I am astonished! where is the coach?—are the glasses broken, or the wheels off?" (Laughing.)

"To look at the world in diamonds," replied Pyrus, laughing also.

"I came out for the same pleasure. When we are done looking, and have swallowed fresh air enough, you must both dine with me. Let us turn and cross the bridge; we shall then get a view of the country. I think it right to go out all weathers, when in good health, using, however, the precaution of adapting the dress to the weather. Few things dull the powers, physical and mental, more than being shut up in a close room."

"The temper, also, Mrs. Jarvis, is injured by it," said Pyrus.

"It makes me unfeeling," remarked Eola. "I cannot bear to be disturbed, particularly when sitting by a good fire. How selfish! I hate myself when selfishness gets the upper hand of humanity."

"I fret," said Mrs. Jarvis, "and scold every one about me—repine, despond, and recall every sorrow of my life. Since I've

been learning chemistry with Pella, I go out almost daily, at some time in the forenoon, to ventilate my lungs, give the rosy tint to my blood, and recruit my good humor.—See Mrs. Winchester's flower garden—beautiful! If the magic could be stayed awhile, the world would stand on tip-toe!—who would not come to look! Those espaliers are purely ice, enclosing little pendent balls of snow; and the chrysanthemums, with their yellow, crimson, and pure white heads, all bowed to the ground with massive crowns!"

"What can surpass that shrubbery to the right, decked here and there with perpetual roses encased in icy pearls?" asked Pyrus. "Oh, Nature! who can adorn and decorate to touch the heart like thee, thou exquisite artist! Even winter, cold, damp and stormy, when arrayed by thee, is a spell of magnificence. If this world is so beautiful now, what will it be when renewed, and made incorruptible and imperishable!"

"And the human face," said Mrs. Jarvis, "rising in the likeness of its Saviour—how will it look? Brighter than the face of Moses when he descended from Mount Sinai with the Commandments!"

"The transfiguration of Christ upon the mountain may give us some idea," said Eola, with solemnity.

"Let us look into the next garden: these are all native plants, collected from different parts of the Union. Those on the sunny side are from the South. See how carefully they are defended from the cold northern winds by a wall! Those spruce pines, with their little cones, so splendid in ice, in the other division, Mrs. Redfield brought from the Alleghanies. In that low corner, where you can trace a frozen stream, she keeps her aquatic plants:

Nymphæa, Golden Club, Naphar, Pontedera, and many others of a similar nature

"These ladies are sisters, but as different as their gardens; indeed, the contrast is greater. Mrs. Winchester is nature unfolded, cultivated and trained by education. She has also a heart for the human race;—she could go to prison with a friend, die for her husband, or sink with her child into the grave. She could never be provoked to take revenge, or to expose an acquaintance.

"But Mrs. Redfield is a wild plant that never would submit to cultivation, and, scoffing at all training, went her own way. With beauty and wealth to command a husband of the highest standing, she has been twice married to men weak-minded, illiterate and sensual."

"I wonder they could approach her, she is so imperious," said Eola.

"It was her power of command that brought them to her feet. She selected—and that was enough. Her relations tried to dissuade her, and asked how she could connect herself with such men!

"'They suit my purpose,' said she, with a flash of her full black eyes. 'I like to be at the head of my household—it is my pleasure to command, and I will be obeyed.'

"She makes a display every winter in some large city, taking care, however, to leave her *lord wisdom* at home."

"If I get into the bands of matrimony," said Pyrus, laughing, "I'll stay at home, and take care and let him go abroad to make a display,—not so much, however, of gold and silver—though I should like for him to carry a goodly quantity of that—as of strong talent and a high-minded nature."

"Should I get into the bands—and I hope I shall some day,—when I meet with wisdom and virtue—if he go, I'll go; if he stay, I'll stay; for the Holy Law says they shall be one."

"Not so, either, Eola," said Mrs. Jarvis. Let your husband's business regulate your going and coming: try always to be considerate, and, if necessary, self-denying."

"Where is Mrs. Redfield?" asked Pyrus.

"In Quebec. She likes the aristocracy of the English, and would be ennobled, if she could. Her wealth, brilliant beauty, elegant deportment, and commanding conversation, give her access to the highest circles."

"Where does Mrs. Winchester spend her winters?"

"At home, in general, busy with her domestic affairs—doing something for her

sweet William, as she calls him; perhaps at this very moment dressing some new or favorite dish for his dinner. He is a man of business—a great financier. But with all his business, which he never neglects, he carefully provides for the comfort and honor of the youthful being who fearlessly confided the guidance of her life to what she considered a feeling heart and manly bosom. But look! our icicles are in motion, floating away like a freshet. We must hurry, or we shall not get a glance at the country."

"Oh, Winter!" exclaimed Eola, "why turn again your naked trees and fallen leaves!"

"By contrast, Eola, our pleasures brighten."

The young ladies had scarcely adjusted their walking dresses—for Mrs. Jarvis would not allow the ceremony of going

home to dress for dinner—and smoothed their locks, before Cornelius Woodhouse and Alonzo Braman entered the drawing-room, laughing over a newspaper.

"Young ladies," cried Alonzo, "hear Carrie's First Valentine," adapting his manner and voice to the piece, while he read with zest and pleasantry,—

"MY FIRST VALENTINE.

"The fire burnt bright, and we all gather'd round,
To crack and to eat hick'ry nuts,
And the snow-flakes were falling so thick on the ground
That you couldn't see even the ruts,—
When there came at the door a most vigorous knock;
'Twas repeated—and Fanny let in
Our little boy Moses, all comforted up,
And a handkerchief under his chin.
He had been to the 'office'—we jumped at the bag;
It was full! Oh dear, that was fine!
And sister, who got it first, pulled out for me
A beautiful new Valentine!
There was a great bustle, as you may suppose
And I sat down in great joy to see
What sort of a thing it was inside, and who
Had sent a love-token to *me*.

And oh! the envelop was covered with gilt,
And cupids and angels abounded;
But I gave a loud scream when I saw the *inside*,
And immediately I was surrounded:—
A Bible there was at the top of the page,
And a ring at the bottom was laid,
And under a net-work a young man was seen—
On his arm was a lovely young maid.
The edge was embossed with sweet cooing doves,
Little cupids, and bows, too, and arrows,
And all things were perfect of course to my eye,
Although the *doves* looked much like *sparrows!*
That night my love-token lay under my head,
And I wept for pure joy that 'twas *mine*.
I've had many since, but I'll never forget
The effects of My First Valentine.

"Carrie."

"Are you exhilarated fairly, Eola"—fixing his searching eyes upon the transparent countenance of Pyrus. "The editor anticipates the sympathy of all the youthful fair."

"Certainly, we can all sympathize"—laughing.

"It is the effusion of nature, and a pleasing one."

"It is truly so, Miss Greenough," said Cornelius Woodhouse, smiling. "I love these outpourings of innocent emotions. Their limpid water is refreshing.—Oh, Carrie! I wish the girls would all follow your example and act out nature. But they all, mostly, love concealment, and love to torture by it,"—turning to a transparent window-shade, as if looking for an object of relief in its rugged, wild landscape.

Pyrus sat blushing and confused, playing with a coral plant encrusted with ice. Alonzo, a few days before, had addressed a Valentine to her, redolent with love. She had not, however, in any way acknowledged it. To her relief Mrs. Jarvis at this moment saluted the gentlemen—

"I'm glad to see you. A fortunate occurrence. You must dine with us."

"I am grateful to you, Mrs. Jarvis," said

young Woodhouse; "I must, however, see my father at dinner time, and Mr. Braman will dine with me; for to-morrow," looking sad, "I shall leave for South America."

"Indeed! I thought you would return to Europe."

"My father says to South America first. Nothing but the hope of seeing the southern constellations resigns me at this time to the crossing of the equator."

"They appear different from the northern constellations, Mrs. Headley tells us."

"Captain Sheldon, with whom I am to sail, says the stars are brighter, the constellations farther apart, and the sky of a deeper, richer blue. He has often seen the wonderful Cruz, and heard the watch on deck, 'Twelve o'clock—the cross is up!'"

"The cry must be solemn at that hour," said Mrs. Jarvis.

"He says it is very solemn on a calm, clear night, in concert with the sublime chiding of the waves."

"You will also see, Mr. Woodhouse, the most beautiful of all stars," observed Eola, —"the Miaplacidus."

"I hope so. How delightful it would be to charter a ship, and take the whole of our class with us," added Woodhouse.

"I'd go," cried Mrs. Jarvis, "with all my heart."

"I could not go with all my heart," ejaculated Alonzo; "but I'd keep as close along side of it as possible, or to a dearer one."

"I'd go to see the floras of the tropics," said Pyrus, stirring the coal in the grate to hide her confusion.

"And to eat tropical fruit," added Alonzo. "It is much more luscious than our sour fruit, tearing up digestion and wringing the organs out of life, as the incomparable curd in the country, the other day, blew up the digestive laboratory of my French teacher, leaving him prostrate on the waxed floor rubbed to a looking-glass, where there was no possibility of his rising again!"

"The clocks are striking," cried Woodhouse, hastily rising and taking his hat. "We must break the spell, Alonzo, and hurry away."

"Mr. Woodhouse," exclaimed Mrs. Jarvis, "away to Cape Horn, and not shake hands! You have our aspirations for your success and a speedy return."

"Thank you, madam; may Heaven watch over you all!" with a look of deep and tender agitation, which said, as he turned his eyes upon Eola,—"I leave the star of all hope behind me, never, perhaps, to rise again upon my wayward course. Ah, my father!"

The next morning the "Franklin Rod" bore away this hero of self-sacrifice to a parent's despotism, which in all its perpetual thumpings had never felt that another could feel,—not even at the altar, when his peerless Claribel yielded to a love that tore her from the tenderness of a mother to try an unknown land and friends.

Raymond.

"Mamma, come in and see some of our astronomical class," called out Arbutus Southard, in a tender, respectful manner, as she opened a side door, which showed her mother sewing by a workstand, before a bright fire. On her right an infant in a crib lay sleeping, in sweetest innocence. Close by, on the end of a hearth-rug, sat a half-grown negress, in red, green, and deep blue linsey-woolsey, lost in the bliss of napping. Her right hand rested upon one of the rockers of the crib. The large black corkscrew curls were clustered about her olive brow and warm, plump cheek, in thick. heavy bunches.

"Astronomical class!" repeated her mother, as she entered where they were. "You are not talking about astronomy!"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Southard," answered one of the girls, "we are talking about Mr. Kinsler, the Methodist preacher. He made an appointment to preach on the town commons, and invited the young men in a kind and respectful manner to hear him, and the gamblers in particular, saying he intended to preach for them."

"Did the gamblers go?" asked Mrs. Southard, with some emotion.

"Yes, mamma, they went, and behaved in the best manner."

"Did he reprove them?"

"Not so, Mrs. Southard," answered one of the girls, "but preached so wisely and so feelingly, that they went away delighted. The next day they met and presented him with a complete suit of fine new

clothes, and he accepted it. Do you think he did right?"

"Certainly, Miss Greeley, and I hope he put it on and preached with additional zeal."

"If he had refused, they would have been insulted, and would have turned away from the church, perhaps forever."

"And might have been lost forever, Arbutus. No doubt he felt sorry in thinking how it had been paid for; but his Lord and Master came to die for the lost—should not His minister humble himself to gain them? Young ladies, there is something awfully dark in that word—lost! Try to get into the light, and try to bring every one you can into the light, for it is life eternal. Arbutus, send to the door—I hear the bell."

Arbutus soon returned, and laughing, whispered, "Mr. Raymond."

Every eye, at the sound of this name, was turned upon a shrinking young creature, whose bosom seemed thrilling with some secret emotion.

"Never mind the girls, my dear," said Mrs. Southard; "go out and receive him politely and kindly; he has asked for you, and is worthy your attention."

Zabirna arose with a glowing cheek, and, glancing thankfully at Mrs. Southard, left the room.

The girls began to make rude observations. One said his features were every one a crag; another that his whole form was rugged; others that he was miserly, unbending and ungallant: "Why, he's never seen at a ball, or a show, or a sailing-party, he's so afraid of spending his precious dollars. He will not let his sister wear even a ring, or a breast-pin. He says she cannot afford it; she looks better without."

"Has he no merits, my dear children? Let us examine. It is unjust to weigh the bad without the good. All the human race, from Adam down, is composed of good and evil.

"When Gen. Raymond died, Julian was barely twenty-one—too young, everybody thought, to manage an estate so shattered, so enthralled. His plantations on the river were all out of order, and had been for years: the negroes naked, in open cabins and badly fed; the stock strayed, or swept off by the freshets; the fields overgrown by weeds, or covered with trash and logs, washed down by the rushing river; and he in debt to the full value of his estate, if not more. What has been the result of Julian's management? The whole face of things has changed. These very plantations are now pictures of beauty to the voyager on the Clarendon. The negro-houses look

like white cottages. Every one has its little garden, poultry-yard, and fruit-trees. It is said they vie with each other in working their grounds, in keeping good order, in supporting good characters, in obeying Julian, and in making good crops for their mistress, whom Julian has taught them to respect, though she is but a stepmother, and was a poor girl of inferior standing when his father married her.

"He has extricated the estate from debt. He never squanders time or money, nor indulges himself or any of the family in extravagant eating or dressing. His morality is from principle,—it is therefore spotless. The books he reads are selected for their worth, and so is the company he keeps. How generously he came forward and paid for his lessons in astronomy and his sister's! He does not adorn her with jewels, but he intends she shall adorn some manly bosom

with a jewel, which will give her greater weight in society."

"But, Mrs. Southard," asked one of the girls, "do you not think Mr. Raymond very ugly?"

"His features are irregular, but his deep black eyes speak a soul within. His voice, too, fixes attention; the ear it reaches stops till the last tone ceases to vibrate, and waits to hear if it will sound again."

"Angeline," called out Arbutus to a young lady who had been silent during the conversation, "play the little air you were singing last night to your brother," handing her a lyre; "it will be appropriate."

Angeline took the instrument, touched the strings with skill, and sung, in a fine voice, with feeling.

"Thank you, Miss Angeline," said Mr. Southard, smiling as he entered, and bowing to the ladies. "I felt worn out and great-

ly harassed with business as I came in, but your music has soothed me. You shall have a good husband," laughing, and putting her hand under his arm. "Mrs. Southard, bring the girls to the table—the tea is strong and hot; they must excite themselves and hurry to Hay-Mount, and I to the counting-house."

"And what," asked Arbutus, "will mamma do here by herself?"

"Take care of my house and children till you all return to eat oysters with me."

"Mr. Raymond," said Mr. Southard, looking round upon the ladies, "this is fine business; I never saw you in attendance upon the ladies before. When I used to see you riding solus to the country last winter, late and early, blown by the cold winds and pelted by the rain and sleet, I feared you'd be an old bachelor."

"Sir, I did not have time, then, to bestow

upon the ladies; indeed, I have very little now, but I shall not be an old bachelor if I can help it," looking round and laughing.

"Girls," asked Mr. Southard, "do you hear that? Step out, some of you, and pick up the keys," laughing.

"The girls do not understand you."

"I'll tell them: Some years back a young man, independent in circumstances, bought a pleasant situation in the country, and went to housekeeping, taking care, however, to engage the lady of his heart as co-partner. Soon after there was a wedding in the neighborhood, and our hero was one of the chosen guests. After supper the young people were talking and laughing about getting married. Oakford entered merrily into the conversation, declaring nothing could induce him to live single; he was not made for a bachelor. 'Why, then,' asked one of the ladies, 'did

you not get married before you went to housekeeping? it is a bad omen, Mr. Oakford.' 'Well, ladies,' said he, rising and throwing his keys on the carpet, 'if any lady will take up those keys, I'll seal her mine, and take her home to-night.' A young lady arose, and with perfect self-possession took up the keys. He could not recant—they were married. A rash proposition on his part, and by no means a praiseworthy act on hers. He could not be happy; regret and sorrow followed. He had won the heart of another, and had heedlessly cast it away. How could he justify himself? how could he make amends? He could not. The hours swept on—he grew weaker every day, and ultimately sank into a satanic sensuality. Death closed upon his wasted form: the angels—not of light—of darkness laid hold on his spirit as their master's prize, and

hurried into—not heaven! there's no place in the kingdom of peace for the drunkard, but we fear—is there not a lake—a second death? Awful! No happiness on earth—no happiness in eternity. Watch over yourselves, my children; cultivate reflection, ponder upon consequences. Never rashly make a vow, never rashly break a vow."

"And I would say," added Mrs. Southard, sadly, "never set your foot upon a heart that has confided in you, though it be laid at your feet."

"Mr. Raymond, asked Mr. Southard, will you take charge of the ladies, and see them to Hay-Mount?"

"I came for that purpose, sir."

"Then I wish you all a pleasant evening, for I must take my hat."

A Night's Ramble.

Some years ago, in the heat of summer, at the hour of noon, under a burning sun, a youthful lady in fashionable attire entered a large hotel in a Southern town; and, passing through the long drawing-rooms, as though well acquainted with the house, ascended a back stair-case, and gently tapping—"May I come in?"

"Oh, come, yes, I'm glad to see you, Miss Rivington. You come when I am desolate;—thank you."

"You are sitting up. I'm sure you must be almost well," shaking her hand, and laughing.

"Oh, I'm well—you have made me well. Sit down."

"I've come to tell you that we have made up a party for the mountain. We'll go on the 4 o'clock train this afternoon, and return to-morrow morning."

"Will you go up the mountain?"

"Yes; some of the party have never been up."

"Please let me go with you—I am impatient to see it."

"Certainly, you shall go with us and return with us. But will you be able to climb the mountain, after being so sick?"

"Oh, yes! I'll climb. Call for me. I'll be ready. I'll not give you any trouble—I'll take my servant with me."

"You'll have a good laugh, if you go. My gallant is a young Frenchman, frisking upon his first pair top-boots, and he's courting me as hard as he can, ha! ha! My brother is in love with his sister, ha! ha! ha! But neither Bob, my brother,

nor I, can speak or understand French. Father wished to have us taught, but could not."

"You'll soon learn when you are married!"

"Oh, but when he presses my hand and calls me his something, I want to know what it is!"

"What does it sound like?"

"I can not liken it to anything—it is so thrilling, so, *so* electrifying, that I could feel it for ever!—but I must run; he's looking for me now. Oh, is not love the tenderest thing in the world? We love just to be loving—I'm gone, be ready, we'll soon be here—just to feel (singing as she receded) the sweet emotion."

At four o'clock our youthful spirits, highly charged with excitement and sanguine in courtship, seated themselves in the evening train for the Stone Mountain.

Their first physical enjoyment was, to refresh themselves with water-melons, which furnished sport and conversation. They next ate peaches,—the beaux, as opportunity offered, popping out to take them fresh from the trees and to present them to the laughing belles, who feasted not so much upon the luscious fruit, as upon the smiles and compliments of their gallant attendants.

As the sun set, the train stopped at the depot of the mountain, the object of the visit. A crowd stood waiting. A bustle succeeded—some rushing out of the cars, others rushing in—some calling for their baggage, others recognizing friends and neighbors.—"Mrs. Mosquera, is this you? (shaking hands) I'm mighty glad to see you."—"Gen. Meincke (grasping his hand) what brings you this way? Are you going to stump it? ha! ha!"—"Joe, my

good fellow, is this you? give us your hand (holding and shaking it a long time); I thought you were in college."—"Bring the baby to me—mother's sugar-lump! Where's your master, Ann? Look for him, while I hold the baby. I see him. He's with Mr. Alba. Poor Alba! he's down in the world, but there's one true soul to help him up. No make-believe, no sneaking after the pudding-brained aristocracy! God bless my husband! I never knew him stoop to a mean thing, but often to do a good thing."

But where is our party? Going up the mountain—talking, laughing, gathering wild flowers—admiring the rainbow tints upon the evening clouds—looking at the bustle in the village below.—"Our train is off," called out a young lady. "At three it will return,—bring my dark-haired Deland! Tell him I'm bruising my tender

feet upon the mountain-stone, without a mate to coo with me, or to help me (waving her handkerchief)—

"'A lone and wandering dove,
I cannot live without my love.'"

"How foolish you are!" exclaimed her sister. "I wish the passengers could hear you."

"Oh, that my beloved could hear me," laughing and running before. "Come, come, sweet heart of the red moustaches!"

Two or three began now to flag. "Oh," cried Miss Bitter Sweet, "I'm tired." She had left her beau below in the village, or rather, he was not apprised of her arrival. "I will not go any higher up."

"I'm so tired, now," said Miss Strawberry, "that I cannot drag any more, not an inch." (Sitting down.)

"It's too late," added her lover, Major Noyeau. "Let us go back to the hotel and

begin our dance. Halloa, ladies and gentlemen of the mountain party, come back! we cannot walk, we are all down upon the rocks. Omelet, you and Mellifluent, stop: the ladies are all fatigued, down on the rocks. Call Miss Frelinghuysen."

"Miss Frelinghuysen," vociferated Lieutenant Omelet, "the ladies cannot go any higher—you must come back."

"Please come on—beg the ladies. I shall never, I fear, have an opportunity of going to the top again. Who, with an immortal soul, will be defeated?"

"Miss Frelinghuysen, Miss Mellifluent is perfectly wet from exertion, and has taken so violent a cold that you can scarcely hear her speak; will you kill her?"

"I got up sick," murmured Miss F.; "came all the way here in a crowded car, smothered in dust, heat and smoke, to see this grand work of nature; and now, after

struggling three-fourths of the way, give over, and return for the freak and pepper of courtship! 'I will and I wont.' Go on, girl; I'll go up by myself, if I can find the way."

"Ma'am, are you not afraid, in these dark bushes? Did you see the negro men cutting stone, just below? It is so dark I can't see the path."

Miss F. paused. She had a horror of bad negroes. At this instant a form darted out of the dark bushes across the open space just above, up the mountain, calling out to the servant—

"Tell Miss F. I know the way; I'll go with her to the top of the mountain."

Miss F., overjoyed, gratefully hurried after her. They reached the top just as "twilight let her curtain down and pinned it with a star."

They paused, looked round upon the

scenery, stood still and silent, thought and felt profoundly. Here was nature in sublimity; not merely in expanse, but in variety, presenting groves and ridges of trees in the rich foliage of summer, relieved here and there by cultivated fields, orchards, and farm-houses, with lights—some in motion. The stars were out, not a few of the first magnitude. The milky-way stretched across the clear, deep blue sky, and the moon, full and brilliant, upon the edge of the horizon, gave a silvery shade to the whole landscape.

Miss F. turned with emotion to her companion, whom she could have pressed in gratitude to her bosom—"To your self-denial and indulgence I owe this exalted enjoyment. I thank you a thousand times. Has the fatigue made you worse?"

"No, and I feel repaid. I never saw it by moonlight before."

"Oh, Miss Mellifluent!" cried her lover, as he pressed up to her side, hat in hand, gasping for the life of his love, "what made you run away?—how could you frighten me so?"

"Come, Miss F.," said Miss Mellifluent, "here is a clean white rock, where we can rest and look about until our company gets up. Lieutenant Omelet, direct the servant where to get water."

A young lady and gentleman at this juncture rode up. Lieutenant Omelet, who had heard of them, politely invited them to dismount. The ladies arose to receive his companion, whom he introduced as his sister, Miss Zephyr, himself General Boreas, saying they had come to see the mountain by moonlight, and would return in the morning train, at three o clock."

"We shall return in the same train," said Lieutenant Omelet. "A lady desired

to see this mountain, and this has been her only opportunity."

"And you," thought Miss F., "for a poor, selfish gratification, would have thwarted my desire."

"I see they are hewing and cutting it down. How can they demolish an object so wonderful, so rare, so grand—or even deface it! But, sir, who cares for nature's wonders, when ransacking for money! what will not man do for it! Why, he'd cut down the world, if he could, and stand on air while filling his pockets, without taking time to think,—Where am I?—what now can I do with it?"

"Could not the legislature, with the aid of private subscriptions, buy it? Surely, there is no one in the State or Union, who would refuse to subscribe something," said one of the ladies.

"The proprietor," observed another lady, "might devise some way for taking toll. It is a crime to destroy a structure so closely associated with the majesty of God."

"They are coming," said Mellifluent; "I hear them laughing. Let us set out the lunch. I'm sure they have courted themselves hungry by this time."

"Hungry!" exclaimed Lieutenant Omelet, "they are full to the brim. They have sipped love enough to inundate the mountain, and wash down its huge bulk of granite." (Laughing.)

"Oh," cried one, as she labored up, "for a balloon!"

"That's a very good suggestion, and money might be made by it if the owner would carry it into operation," said General Boreas, laughing.

"Are you lunching?" asked one of the company, as she walked up, leaning lan-

guidly upon her companion. "I die for the dearest one that ever lived."

"We have been waiting for you," replied Mellifluent. "We must laugh down ceremony, cross our shoes, and recruit our loving selves in oriental fashion. See our magnificent table, eight hundred feet above the carpet of the earth, white as innocence; a glorious lamp, 'self-balanced' in the heavens, set in stella brilliants; and we ourselves eclipsing the graces in robes of lunar light, and eating with the knives and forks of paradise! Let kings and queens, if they can, rival our greatness."

"Or our happiness," added one of the gentlemen, while all joined in the laugh.

After eating, they began to look about—"Oh, for a guitar!" called out one. Others wished for flutes. "We had better wish for Lord Ross's telescope, to look at the Lunarians with," said Miss Frelinghuysen."

"The knowing ones tell us that not even through his lordship's enormous magnifier can be traced the least appearance of human existence; that it is a volcanic ruin, though beautiful," observed Gen. Boreas.

"It is beautiful! I have seen it through a power of three hundred and fifty. The scenery is truly fine. It seems to me most consistent with the wisdom of God that the moon should be inhabited, and that every body in the universe should be: even the comets have inhabitants adapted to their peculiar nature and structure. Consider the great variety of animals in the three kingdoms of the earth, and we must conclude His power and skill equal to His will—indeed, to the adaptation of creatures to the boiling lava at the bottom of a burning mountain, notwithstanding we have not been presented with a specimen."

"We have not been favored with a sight of the other side of the moon. It may not all be volcanic," said Miss Strawberry.

"Come," cried Maj. Noyeau, taking her hand and pulling her along, "you'll soon make a volcano of my heart, if you don't give me some consolation."

"I'll give you a glass of ice-cream," laughing.

"Oh, that will be excellent with strawberries and Noyeau."

Miss F. walked with Miss Mellifluent and her lover to the perpendicular side of the mountain. They looked down. All below was indistinct, silent, and dark. Lieut. Omelet turned away—"We must see it by daylight," said he. Miss Mellifluent shuddered and exclaimed—"Fearful!" Miss F. retreated as though she felt the danger. It was, indeed, as eternity must be to the unprepared—a gulf of horror.

"Come, ladies," called out Lieut. Omelet, "let us collect our party and return to the hotel; the moon is almost over head. How fast she runs when measuring our pleasures."

"Yes," said Miss F., "when carrying our joys away, she flies. Sweet light, I love thee, though thou art sometimes unkind!"

In returning there was more enjoyment. The light was brilliant; all were refreshed and exhilarated. Each gentleman of the courting-division took his love under his downy wing, conducting her gently over the rocks, through the undergrowth and down the slopes, whispering sweet emotions, undying love, and proposing an exchange of hearts—in one instance sealing it by an exchange of jewelry. Now and then a *tête-à-tête* was taken at the foot

of a tree, and upon rocks among shadows, —so rich that they were repeatedly taken for moss and flowers.

Several times there was a general halt, which was enlivened by pleasant songs.

The beaux and belles found the hotel perfectly silent and almost dark. The gayer part could not, however, consent to retire; their spirits were still too high for repose; they must have supper and a dance. Their young friends of the hotel must also join them—"Go, waiter, go and call them up, and tell them they promised us a ball, and we must have it."

One of the lovers, approaching Miss F., threw himself on the sofa by her side, and rubbing his hands, cried out, "Oh, Miss F., this is a glorious night! it is worth two thousand dollars to me."

Miss F. laughed, and sincerely wished him happiness.

At three o'clock our party, with some strangers, stood ready to meet the train. It did not, however, arrive.—"What is the matter?"—"What has happened?"—"Some dreadful accident, I fear," was heard on every hand.

The moon went down; day dawned and the sun arose, but no tidings of the train.

"What shall I do?" said one of the ladies. "I came off in a dark morning-dress: I did not want to spoil a better one, in scrambling up the mountain. I'm truly ashamed. I wish I could hide myself. Please tell me, ladies"—laughing—

"Look at me!" cried another, smoothing down her rumpled dress—"I came in an every-day frock, expecting to return before daylight; and now I must show myself to a house full of strangers, all in their Sunday-go-to-meeting finery, and stand the contrast and ridicule, as if salvation de-

pended upon glittering dust. I saw, the other day, a travelling lady slighted by a man and his wife, under whose care she had been placed by a friend, at the door of a public house.,—a lady, too, standing as high, if not higher than they do, because she was dressed in a humble way."

"They must be very weak-minded people."

"Who are the strong-minded?—the majority? No, ladies, you can not say so—the weak and the wicked comprise the majority. I shall, however, go forward, and try to stand my ground: nothing was ever gained by false shame."

At breakfast, Miss Himella, having lost her handkerchief on the mountain, facetiously substituted a large piece of newspaper, and wiped her mouth with it to the amusement of her companions.

"Which way shall I go?" thought this

lady as she left the table. "I want to see the world and hear the people talk, and yet it wounds me to show my poverty-stricken garb, and be misjudged on the score of it." After a pause and a moment's reflection—"I'll go into the saloon; I shall soon be forgotten, but my gains may be remembered with profit."

Music assailed her entrance. A group of gentlemen and ladies were at the piano. She withdrew to a corner to listen, not to the soul of music—it was too early for enervating luxuries—but for the soul of reason, which is best in the morning.

The gentlemen under the window near the corner where she sat, were discussing the qualifications of the candidates for governor—"Why can I not take my seat on the platform with them? Because I'm a woman! I may murder hours at the toilet, fixing and fitting fandangos and

frippery to entrap and deceive; but to hear reason or look for wisdom out of a niche, would be to shock the delicacy of a man who never had any before! Woman! woman! thy disadvantages are more numerous than the meteors of a meteoric shower, and yet more is required of thee than all the wisdom from Adam has performed. How—"

"Miss Himella," cried a gentle voice at this moment. Himella started,—"Thetis! is it possible!" embracing her—"you look like home."

"And you," said Thetis, "make me think of dear mother and father," while her soft eyes filled with tears.

Our mountain party now pressed round to bid her welcome.

"We all wished for you last night on the mountain," said Lieut. Omelet.

"And I, Miss Thetis," called out Maj.

Noyeau, "wished for you to dance with us. But it is not too late: let us go and dance until the train comes in."

"Not," said Lieut. Omelet, "till Miss Thetis plays for me," leading her to the piano. "Oh, take the harp, if you please."

As Thetis arose from the piano, a lady saluted her upon the cheek,—"You've been in town a week, and would not let me know it! I'm always glad to see anybody from ——. How are you? Are you married, or will you be married here on the Stone Mountain?"

To relieve Thetis, whose cheeks glowed in blushes, Lieut. Omelet responded in a laugh,—"Yes, Mrs. Clapper, we are all going to be married on the mountain; and I hope you'll do us the honor to follow our romantic example, and take your second majesty, king Clapper, there,"—

laughing, and drawing Miss Thetis and Miss Mellifluent off to the ball-room.

"Lieut. Omelet has turned the joke upon you, Mrs. Clapper," said one of the ladies, Mrs. Osmond.

Mrs. Clapper, in full dress for dinner, spread her blue flounces in the middle of the saloon. From the chair upon which she sat could be seen the principal street of the village, the mountain beyond, the depot almost at the door, and the platform before it, crowded with passengers waiting for the train.

"I have known," began Mrs. Clapper, as she took her seat with an air of consequence, "Thetis ever since she was a child; she's a good girl. Her father is not a man of business; her mother manages everything,—keeps up the house, defrays every expense, makes all the money, and educates the children. Thetis has a good

education, but without her mother she'll never be anything—she's too diffident. A bashful girl is a poor stick, in this age of impudence."

"You know her friend, Mrs. Clapper?" said Mrs. Osmond.

"Miss Himella? I ought to know her. I've seen her often enough; but she never knows me, nor any one else, unless it suits her own convenience. Everybody shuns her, she's so haughty and ceremonious. This morning she passed me twice, but did not even bow. I am sure she did not look so very stylish, ha! ha! She's so poor she can hardly dress at all."

"She has had a great many misfortunes, and has long been in adversity, which has greatly exposed her to the world and its gossip. Gossipping people are fruitful at invention," said Mrs. Paul.

"Yes, and can fabricate without regard

to 'Thou shalt not lie,'" replied Mrs. Osmond.

"As to her misfortunes," said Mrs. Clapper, "she brought them upon herself. When she had money, she was extravagant; now she has none, she's mean. And who can tell what she's doing here."

"She's on business, I understand," answered Mrs. Paul.

"On business!" repeated Mrs. Clapper, in triumph. "I wonder what business she had on the mountain last night. She's always at some such foolishness—throwing away dollar after dollar."

Thus this two-edged sword cut up a character whose offence was, it had not sanctioned the bold freedom and impudent tattle of the poisonous tongue of her family, that was ever burning to set the world on fire—on the fire of perdition, in which all tongues "swift to shed blood" must partake.

Such was the satanic nature of this family, that a brother, in order to glut the malice of his sisters, had accused and degraded her by pointing her out, as she stood at an upper window looking at the setting sun, and artfully changing the orthography of her name.

This is not all: a brother-in-law, into whose hands a house had passed which she had rented, and for which she had paid, six or seven years, turned her out for his convenience, after she had engaged it for the next term. But, incredible! altogether unlike the dealings of this *loving* world, he tasted the *sweet* of *retribution!*

He improved the house, furnished it, enlarged the garden, had a large kitchen, so good that it had been moved away for another dwelling, brought back, and the lot made more eligible in every respect.

This hero of power and self-love had

scarcely completed his barns and spread his downy bed of state, when a disgusting, dangerous, insupportable and irremediable annoyance drove him from the premises, and he had ultimately to sell out.

The Divine Inspiration informs us, that the rich have their day in this world. It must be so,—they have so much influence—so much power. Who dares stand in their presence? Who has capacity to feel, think, or act, without their sanction, guidance or protection? Indeed, religion itself is a sham without them! How is this? The prince of this world, their god and master, gives them all sway to insure their services, and to lull them in their self-security until drawn into the vortex of his kingdom—irretrievable woe.

By the sound of the bell our ladies *en déshabillé* were again brought in contrast with strangers elegantly attired. They

knew and now saw from examples before them, that dress, however splendid, could not supply the place of enlightened conversation or polished manners. They therefore, bracing their nerves with courage, went through their part with becoming pleasantry and well-bred behavior. In the afternoon, while the mountain party were trying in various ways to amuse each other, Lieut. Omelet arose, and taking two or three hasty turns about the room, cried out, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm tired of doing nothing. Suppose we charter a wagon and team, get in and gallop off. What say, ladies?"

"I am willing," said Miss Strawberry. "And I,"—"and I," cried out all the others.

"After we get under way, let us go on to Cherokee, and make our fortunes by digging gold," said Maj. Noyeau.

"Digging gold is too laborious," said Miss Zephyr.

"Let us go on to the bed of sandstone," said Miss Himella, "and grapple for precious gems."

"Yes, Miss Himella," said Lieut. Omelet, "and you shall have the first ruby for your good wishes to me last night, and you must wear it."

"I'll wear it," said Miss Himella, laughing, "if the milk is not *spilled*."

"Miss Zephyr," resumed Lieut. Omelet, "you shall have an onyx. Miss Thetis must wear a blue sapphire in her soft yellow hair, to harmonize with her blue eyes. Miss Mellifluent a set of amethyst, pure violet, my favorite color. I myself shall put on beryl, the pale green beryl, until she decide,—'live or die!'"

"What shall be my gem?" asked Bitter Sweet.

"I'll tell you," said Gen. Boreas. "Yours must have two colors to correspond with the two meanings of your name—sardonyx, red and yellow."

"And pray, sir, what will you have to cover your wintry name? A flaming carbuncle to warm you?"

"If I could get the Bitter Sweet, I do not think I should be cold afterwards."

"But the Bitter Sweet might cool down to zero, and where would be the life of the family?"

"Life!" exclaimed Maj. Noyeau, "come and waltz with me; it will give you life—to dance is to live"—(dancing.)

"Frenchman-like!" said Bitter Sweet, but with more bitterness than sweetness.

"Stop, Bitter Sweet, that is unkind; it is not good to reproach an individual with his nation," said Thetis.

"Nor," continued Gen. Boreas, "*vice*

versa. Cold as I am, I honor the soul most that unfolds its beneficence alike to the world. And I think it will be found in the day of reckoning next in order to the mercy that opened the door of heaven to all the world."

"The cars, the cars!" cried Strawberry; "I hear the roar,—there's the whistle."

In a current all rushed to the door. The train was there. "What has been the matter? What has detained you? Any misfortune?"

"An accident last night detained us. No great misfortune."

"Oh, Bitter Sweet," said Mellifluent, "suppose your bean had been along last night, and been hurt!"

"I would have rushed to his rescue, and borne him hither on downy wings of love! Go, some of you, and ask why he did not come."

"Oh, Bitter Sweet!" cried out two or three, returning,—"he was married last night!"

"Then I'll be married to-night," turning round and looking about. "Gen. Boreas," holding out her little white hand, "what say you to matrimony?"

"I always thought it best to season the *bitter* with the *sweet*," taking the delicate hand and drawing it under his left arm, to the diversion of the party.

Incongruous natures, sometimes, when united, bring about well-balanced temperaments. Congenial spirits should not, then, be always united—it might tend to excesses. Poor human natnre, even in its tenderest connections is ever liable to evil!

The Cravat.

"Well, young gentleman, I should like to know how you have employed yourself this morning. I see my bills upon your desk."

"I have come for them now, Mrs. Van Doren, and would have been here sooner, but Egbert Conklin caught me by the cloak as I turned the corner below the office, and pulled me across the street to Madame d'Agreda's, and actually forced me into the drawing-room, calling out,—'Here, ladies, Mr. Neander's dying in love with one of you, but will not tell which; bring some of your protoxide of nitrogen; then we'll have the secret. It'll flame and fly like a Fourth-of-July sky-rocket,

ha! ha! Look how his whiskers are burning!'

"The room was filled with morning visitors. I felt bad enough, you may be sure. I am a poor awkward fellow, anyhow. My object has been business, not gallantry. His uncle's immense wealth, to which he is sole heir, makes him feel privileged to say and do anything he pleases."

"Yes, and he has trifled with his mind until he's almost a fool, and will die a goose."

"As he was pulling me across the street, Joe Atterbury was measuring coal at the next door. I could not help thinking, although he is a poor boy working for his daily bread, without friends or standing, he's the more enviable man of the two."

"He may be in time the most respectable, and the best citizen."

"Our new professor's wife, Mrs. Hallenbeck, was among the visitors this morning at Madame d'Agreda's. She has the address of polished life, and the language of refined cultivation. Her sentiments, too, are those of reflection."

"Not borrowed, nor quoted?"

"No. She did not take any notice of Egbert, or the tittering of the girls, which they kept up all the time. As she arose to take leave, which she did with the utmost ease and elegance, the ladies shrank back as if they felt their inferiority. But why does she hide her beautiful neck with a cravat?"

"She wears it, they say, to please her husband—it is a freak of his own fancy. Her taste is perfectly feminine."

"I admire her submission. She loves him and desires to please him. Not so with Wenzel's wife. She is, you know,

beautiful. He says she puts on every thing she can hunt up that looks mean and ugly, to deform herself and mortify him. He hid from her the other day, and when she was out of sight, he called out—'Boys, don't marry for beauty: it's a sandy foundation for happiness.' You heard the gentlemen laughing, the other day, about her rusty old green gipsy, with a crimson feather streaming down her back."

"Here she comes! Look up street! She has on the same veritable gipsy, and the same time-worn mantilla, once green, but now seared like an autumn leaf in the cold chill of November."

"There's a slit in her dress, and through it the dirty red string of her gaiter, switching in and out as if sporting in the air! The merry wags are all out looking, and bowing in smothered laughter, which she

sets down to her honor—her beauty, wealth and nobility."

"I wish she could understand the mean fellows."

"She! She's too conceited. You could not mall it into a brain like hers. I heard her bragging at Mrs. L.'s, reception morning—'My family can be traced beyond the Norman invasion. It's no mushroom greatness that we claim, I assure you.'

"'True greatness,' whispered a gentleman, 'has no cause to look back. It moves on by the force of its own power, dispelling darkness and diffusing light.'

"'If she had understanding and consideration, she would know that nobility often takes rise from accidental circumstances, not true greatness. Pauper heads, however, must be staked and ridered;—such as have no honors of their own, must

associate themselves with the honors of others,' said another."

"Poor dust and ashes! Where is its vaunted consequence? How soon it must lie in a winding-sheet," murmured Mrs. Van Doren, as if in a reverie.

"True!" responded young Neander, in a sympathetic manner. "But your bills I will collect, if possible. Believe and never doubt. Doubting breaks courage,"—smiling and bowing—"*Bon jour.*"

"Alas! how can I believe? how even hope? From the awful tempest, in which my long-afflicted husband expired in my arms upon the furious billows, I have suffered shipwreck,—no money, no help, *no worth, no capacity.*" After a tearful pause, in which she strove to command her feelings—"And yet I have worked, humbled myself, nearly destroyed my health, to support myself and family." Another

pause, with changes of countenance—"What is it to stand defenceless and unprovided for before Satan's legions? Corruption suspects corruption, imparting its own nature. Weakness and ignorance must govern and direct: the bloodthirsty cannot forego a feast; they lacerate the bosom of woe, till the last drop is drawn. Oh, Satan, Satan! if such be thy kingdom on earth, where the lamp of salvation burns brighter and brighter every day, what must it be in the dark region of terror and despair!—Take me, take me, Heavenly Father, to thine own will and purpose! and uphold me by thy all-sustaining power."

DO RIGHT.

Though earthly interest takes flight,
  Or sobs upon the sod;
Still dare thou ever to "do right,
  And leave the rest to God."
Do what thy duty calls each day,
Regardless what the world may say.

Though scoffs and jeers thy frenzied foes
  Roll on thee like a flood,
Or weave a subtle web of woes—
  They cannot harm the good;
The clouds and shadows here they have,
Project a glory to the grave.

Do right, and bravely bear each blow;
  A blessing will be given—
If not in this bleak world below,
  In yonder smiling heaven;
Walk in the way by virtue trod,
"Do right, and leave the rest to God."

Cynosura.

It was summer—a fair, calm evening. The crimson clouds had passed away, and the stars were putting forth their lights. I sat alone in my back-parlor looking at Ursa Minor. The Polar star, Alruccabah, or, as a lady delighted to call it, Cynosura, was, I thought, in a fine position for observation. I called a servant and directed her to set the telescope before the window.

On the arrival of the instrument, the year before, some gentlemen endeavored to test it by resolving this binary star.

How could I hope to succeed? The instrument could not be a good one. Could I bear the pain of being convinced, after its long voyage across the Atlantic, that it was an imposition?

It is best to confront danger without waiting until we are unnerved by the fear of it. I boldly stepped to the telescope, and levelled it upon the world-guiding beacon. It blazed up in a confused light. "There must be more than one star!" The third time I saw two distinctly,—the smaller one exceedingly white and brilliant. I trembled—"Am I deceived?" My servant had often looked through the telescope. I called, "Look, and tell me what you see." In a few moments—"I see, ma'am, a big star, and a little one flying round it." "It is so!" These solar luminaries at the distance of 18″, one of the second magnitude, the other of the ninth, have yielded to our underrated instrument. My pulse beat high. My heart thrilled with gratitude and joy.

The next evening I exhibited to an intelligent lady and gentleman.

A Voyage.

Late on a bright afternoon, in the first of December, some ladies were sitting in the balcony of a large house on the eastern bay of Charleston, South Carolina, admiring the scenery.

"This is charming weather, Mrs. Lippincott," observed Mrs. Molineux, in a soft voice.

"Yes; and the setting sun gives a lustre to the scenery that never fails to please the admirer of nature—the gold of autumn."

"Autumn always predisposes me to think upon results. What have been the results of things, and what will be? This quiet scene is the result of the late storm," smiling.

"Autumn always recalls the past scenes of my life; my memory is busy now. At

this season and on such an afternoon as this, I first saw Charleston. We were in a brig, too, very much like the one now coming in. It rekindles memory, and I make the voyage again," with a sad smile.

"I should like to take it with you. I heard a gentleman speaking of it the other night, and saying how brave it was in you to make it alone, for you were the only female on board. Will you tell us about it?"

"Do, Mrs. Lippincott, while we sit in this high balcony, overlooking the water and breathing sea-air. It will make it quite romantic. I delight in wild stories," said one of the girls, laughing.

"And so do I," said another. "Please, Mrs. Lippincott, if it is not romantic, make it so—make it wild as the sea in a West India gale."

"No, Mrs. Lippincott," said Mrs. Ord, "give us the truth; these girls are wild

themselves, and will be until they are caught in a storm. Nothing brings down the exuberance of youth but experience. Listen, girls, with patience. You have a great desire to go to sea; you will go next spring to Copenhagen,—a long voyage, and not altogether a safe one."

"We'll listen, ladies; but I hope there will be some love aboard. What say you, Liris?"

"Without love the sea itself would stagnate, and so would the heart, Rosina."

"Then you'll have love on board!"

"In anticipation, till I make the continent. I'll then bring home a foreigner in foreign costume, to see the gaze and hear the wonder," laughing.

"Your matrimonial bliss will take a high stand—the *gaze* and *wonder* of the populace! Mrs. Lippincott, forgive us! We beg your pardon."

"We forgot ourselves, Mrs. Lippincott. We beg your pardon. Love is always jostling and jolting about. We wait respectfully to take the voyage with you in your merchant ship, the *Mountain Wave*."

"We will embark; but I fear a fog. My spirits are at low tide. There are associations—What is that, Rosina?"

"A table for refreshments. Shall we eat here, ladies, or set open the folding-doors and take it in mother's private sitting-room, where there is a little fire?"

"We will take it here," cried out the ladies "the air is so bland, and everything so pleasant."

"Here, Hannah," (to the servant,) "we will have it in the middle of the balcony. Ladies, mother says, Will you have the goodness to excuse her? Father's steamer will sail to-morrow. She is obliged to help him to-night. You know she always

helps him in writing. She will take supper with you at eight o'clock."

"Tell her, Hannah, that we'll excuse her with pleasure," said Mrs. Molineux; "we are glad she can help him. He married her, Mrs. Lippincott, when they were both very young, and for the pleasure of her company taught her to help him in his business. She is now so well acquainted with it, and so useful, that her aid is indispensable. It has all been managed, too, in so delicate and retired a manner, that very few persons know anything about it. Some deadly strokes have been aimed by the worthless and corrupt."

"Why does she visit so little? What makes him keep her so close? I wouldn't have a wife if I had to keep her always hanging to my button-hole."

"The mean and the guilty," said Mrs. Ord, "cannot value worth or purity.

They must play 'sweet' all the time. Permit me, ladies, to express myself according to my subject."

"Ladies, mother sends us hot tea to *raise* the *tide*, oysters roasted and spiced, broiled salmon, rice Florendine, pressed oranges, and other things; look and help yourselves if you please. I have a basket of late fruit—Tom, bring it."

"Oh, no, Tom," called out Mrs. Ord, "we shall be too long at the table. Keep it for supper, Rosina. Come, Mrs. Lippincott, finish your tea, and let us sail while the tide serves."

"Miss Rosina," said Hannah, "Miss Cornell and Miss Nobles are here."

"Oh, here they are," cried Liris, laughing, and rising to bid them welcome.

"Girls," said Rosina, "you have come in the nick of time; we are all going to sea; you shall go with us. Will you take a

cup of tea, or a glass of ice cream or sherbet?"

"We are just from the tea-table; but who commands the ship?" laughing.

"Mrs. Lippincott, Miss Cornell," answered Mrs. Molineux.

"And not a man on board!" affecting surprise.

"I never could control a man in my life," said Mrs. Lippincott, sorrowfully.

Mrs. Ord and Mrs. Molineux looked sadly at each other, and even Rosina became serious.

THE VOYAGE.

"From childhood I loved domestic life, but never knew how charming it was until I went to the North. The quiet, systematic way of living there, gave me leisure for rational employment. I felt that I could live to some purpose without being harassed by bad servants, disorderly children, and idle gossips running in and out at all hours, consuming time, violating truth, and laying waste the immortal mind, or fitting it for perdition.

"I estimated the Southern warmth: it penetrated my heart and roused every emotion of gratitude; but I deplored its instability and inconsistency—a friend to-day and an enemy to-morrow; at one time sweet and winning, at another, bitter, haughty and vindictive, without any cause. I also preferred the climate. The sublimity of a Northern winter accorded better with my taste than the splendors of a Southern summer, though I admired both.

"I had long been an orphan, without dear friends, without a home, and had been sacrificed time after time to the pleasures, prosperity and cruelty of the unprincipled, before I went to the North. Consequently I left the South, not with sorrow, but with

the sincere wish never to return. As I stepped from the little boat that carried us from the ship to New York, I felt an indescribable glow of pleasure thrill through my whole system, like one who, after a long and painful and wretched travel, had reached the freedom, ease, life and bliss of home, beyond the torture of selfish degradation and contamination.

"Met thus by happiness, and borne on by it, can you consider it strange that I should (smiling) give my heart away, and love everything about me? Sweet day of light! It quickly rose and set, and I, by Fate, that heart-rending tyrant, was compelled to come away.

"My long delay or absence, however, in regard to my pecuniary affairs, left me to the mercy of others, and ultimately proved my ruin. It is wrong, very wrong,—indeed, almost always fatal, to indulge our

pleasure to the exposure of our pecuniary circumstances. But ignorance and inexperience—how can it understand the indispensable use of money!—that, though it is dust, it is the foundation, in an earthly way, of life, of liberty, of action, and of enjoyment; that though man is immortal, it is as essential to his well-being as water is to the fertility of our globe!"

"Permit me, Mrs. Lippincott," said Mrs. Molineux, "to speak."

"When you please."

"Young ladies—my dear children,—notwithstanding money is so indispensable, there is great danger in using it. Poverty is always associated with vice, wealth with virtue! Poverty can never do right! wealth can never do wrong! Here, but the other day, a man of wealth was bragging of the enormous price which he gave for a peach in Paris. The grave

has already closed over him. Where now is his power to waste money, and the honor and glory of it? All we spend, as well as all we receive, should be handled with a fixed and steady eye to the will and purpose of God. He is our existence, and should be our wisdom."

"There may be now," added Mrs. Ord, "countless writhings in eternity for misspent money. We should study more how to make our present blessings eternal."

"We should," responded Mrs. Lippincott; "and the youngest should be taught to do it, and the danger of not doing it. The eternal bearing of things—the most important of all things—is too little considered in educating children. They are educated for self-consequence and display; the all-important, certain and endless eternity is never thought of, never dreamed of."

After a silence, in which all appeared to be thinking, Mrs. Lippincott was desired to go on with her narrative.

Mrs. Lippincott.—"When urged by my affairs at the South to return, I crossed the Hudson, stood upon the opposite shore, and looked, for the last time, upon the busy emporium, the great mart of the Union, glittering in the brightness of a summer afternoon, up and down the wide ebbing and flowing river. Dear, beloved city! why compelled to leave it! I shall never find another place so pleasing to my taste. In it my soul was first roused to heaven and earth. In it I first tried to enter upon the narrow way, and found a faith to which I could subscribe. (A pause.) In it, too, I also found a rose that I could wear, even though it might have a thorn. But I will fly these deep recurring impressions, and, with iron firmness, meet the

turbid, roaring surge of woe upon woe, that has never suspended its rage.

"I went to the beautiful city of brotherly love. As we landed in Market street, I thought of Dr. Franklin with his loaves of bread under his arms. I was, not long after, introduced to a grand-daughter of his—a lady of humor. Her appearance was singular and exciting. She wore her hair—which was dark and straight—short, without ornament. This, among curls, flowers, plumes and jewelry, made her remarkable. At the time, I lodged with an acquaintance of hers, if not a connection, who knew Dr. Franklin when she was young. Her husband, she said, was at one time aide-de-camp to General Washington. While with this lady, I was shown by one of her boarders, a lock of General Washington's hair. It was silvered, but not exactly grey. I have often wondered

since how I managed to keep the eighth commandment while holding the precious relic in my hand. A hair of this deep-thinking brain—yes, one hair—would have been to me a moral beacon, burning brighter and brighter through life.

"I was long detained in Philadelphia by fortuitous circumstances—circumstances so painful that I would most gladly wash out the remembrance (brushing the tears from her dark lashes) could I get to Lethe's merciful stream.

"Allow me then to launch, under the protection of Captain Thorwell, on a cold day in December, upon the great Delaware, preparing to freeze and shut up the second city in the Union.

"My soul was in grief, and all day my tears flowed without reason. It is a waste of time, body, and mind, to weep where there is no remedy, and was justly punish-

ed for my selfish folly. All the scenery and historical associations were lost. Excess of feeling is a vortex. Young ladies! bear it in mind when you make bargains for life, and never let it engulf your happiness. (Sadly smiling.)

"At sunset Captain Thorwell handed me from the steamboat to the *Mountain Wave*, which had dropped down to Dover. It was a cheerless night; not a star shed its light upon the rough, dark, roaring waves. Oh, happiness! Can there be any without light? There is joy even in a moonbeam!

"Exhausted with sorrow, without a pleasing anticipation in the march of time before me, I retired. The breaking of the waves against the side of the ship—to me sweet music—soon lulled me to sleep, and I passed the night in refreshing repose.

"Morning dawned the next day in a

Scotch mist, and the sun was obscured the most of the day. We could, however, see the coast on both sides, blue like distant mountains.

"In our descent we gained upon other ships; and, at the mouth of the river, found it spotted with white sails. The little *Belt* was there, riding fearlessly upon the rolling billows, looking, in native costume, like a warrior of the forest.

"It was grand to hear the captains talking through their speaking-trumpets in the stormy wind, and solemn when they bade a long farewell, as though they would meet no more, and turned under their fluttering banners, to different parts of the world,—some to be out eighteen months or two years. A long separation from dear domestic ties! How many storms might be encountered; how much peril, and awful suffering! And how could they expect to

find every thing as they left it! How many, who were priceless to them, might be called to eternity! Would they ever meet again—could they ever feel the throbbings of those speaking hearts again,—hearts they could not live without?

"Such reflections, however, are enervating, and highly discouraging to enterprise. He who can devoutly, in the name of the Sacrifice made for perishable mortals, ask the blessing of his Heavenly Father, feel that He is his Heavenly Father—should confidingly leave all things to His superintending care, go on immovable in courage and unyielding in hope, with a determination to surmount, if possible, every obstacle in the way, even sliding avalanches and blazing volcanoes.

"You smile, ladies, at what you consider mere words. I believe the human mind is destined by its progress to conquer the

earth, and the use of its gold and silver, now its power and action. But, our voyage: The weather continued unpropitious, and we were at the will of the wind and waves, for several days. Dark clouds swept over the sky as if they would sweep us away. The deep green sea carried us up and down on its angry billows, as if intending to dash the ship to pieces, or swallow it up. I was sea-sick, but indulged myself not unfrequently by going on deck to enjoy the grand prospect and loud roaring. Late one afternoon I asked the captain, as he stood by me on deck, if the sea was not unusually rough. 'Yes, it looks angry,' slipping away to give orders. In a few moments he returned and politely advised me to go below, saying I might be hurt by the shifting of the sails.

"I descended with regret, for I desired to see a storm. Everything in the cabin was

lashed down, and the dead-lights were put in. The ship began to heave, plunge and creak. The sea rushed over it, roaring and raging. The wind blew a tornado, took up the ship, sails flying, and fearfully drove it on in terror and horror. For seven hours we were in danger of being driven upon Cape Fear. My sickness, however, rendered me almost insensible to danger. I was every now and then thrown out of my berth by the plunging of the vessel, which increased and aggravated the paroxysms. Whenever they abated I fell asleep from exhaustion. At one time I was so roused and excited by being knocked about, that I ventured to peep through the blinds of my door into the cabin. There reclined a gentleman upon a settee, equipped for the long-boat. He was a foreigner, and had crossed the Atlantic sixteen times. This told me there was danger. I asked

myself, could I be set safe on shore, would I compromise by promising never to encounter the perils of the deep again. I could not. I delight to sail upon this great division of our humble planet, and watch its phenomena."

"But," said Miss Bassenger, "you must have felt dreadfully in being alone, without a female associate, in so awful a situation."

"I have since thought that it was better for me than such companions as I once had when there was no danger—'Oh, I'm so frightened!'—'What will become of me?'—'I'm all over just like a lump of jelly!'—'Captain, do tell us,—will we have a blow off Cape Hatteras?'—A storm I consider preferable to such weak-minded company, particularly for young people. Exposure to danger, if firmly or even composedly borne with, improves courage, and makes the spirit brave. The storm began

to abate before day, gradually subsiding. When I went on deck after breakfast, some clouds were flying about. By twelve o'clock the sky was spotless, but the waves continued to rush, foam and roar. I observed to the Captain, 'If Mrs. Thorwell was aware of the storm last night, she must have been alarmed for your safety.'

"'She was aware of the storm, for they had it on land; but she knows that the same God who takes care of me on land, takes care of me on sea. Most happy is that soul who can say through all changes, in spirit and in truth,—"O God, my times are in thy hand."'

"We all met at dinner in fine spirits, congratulating each other, laughing, joking, and eating with keen appetites. I had my plum-pudding as usual; for the Captain, though stern in command, was kind and attentive to his passengers. Late in the

afternoon we all assembled on deck. The sun was brilliant for the season; the sky still spotless; the waves still rushing, foaming and roaring,—but in one extended sheet of brilliant diamond of every hue. Every eye was fixed upon the scene; the sailor paused at the helm; not a sound was heard on deck for some moments. The Captain then observed, 'I have been upon the sea twenty years, but never before beheld a sight so magnificent.'

"Heaven and earth united in the formation of this landscape. There was not an object in view that did not reflect some peculiar beauty, grace, or sound, to win and charm the soul. In approaching the bar of the royal city, as an Englishman proudly designates it, we were amused with the red cones of the darkeys in little boats, darting up and down with the billows.

"The *Mountain Wave*, as it anchored,

was alive with visitors calling out, as they jumped on deck, 'What news?' 'How did you weather the storm?'—'Captain, we are glad to see you safe and sound!' shaking hands in the sunshine of joy, looking as bright as their own native land, and as glad as if they had redeemed him from the deep.

"I felt my isolated situation painfully, for I saw many gentlemen regarding me with surprise. Capt. Thorwell, who observed it or my embarrassment, said kindly and respectfully, 'I will wait upon you soon to a private boarding-house.' I could merely bow, and—'Thank you, sir.'

"I strove for composure, and ventured to look up on the bay, radiant in the last rays of the setting sun. A small boat rowed by negroes was approaching our brig. In the centre of it stood a tall gentleman of a fine appearance. He had on a dark-

blue overcoat and held his hat in his hand. The declining light gave brilliance to a countenance of feeling and sincerity. He mounted deck like one familiar with nautical enterprise.

"Capt. Thorwell received him; the next moment I heard my name. He took my hand with that hospitality which neither fears to receive nor entertain, secure in the purity of its own motives and high standing of its own respectability, and said, 'Your friends in Philadelphia, Miss Harstien, requested me two weeks ago to engage comfortable lodgings for you in a private boarding-house. Mrs. M'Cormack has accommodations for you at our own house, where we will try to make you happy,' drawing my hand under his arm.

"I thanked him with true sincerity, but knowing the inconvenience to which persons are often put in this way, I resisted

his pressing invitation, and went to a boarding-house, escorted by him and Capt. Thorwell.

"This was Scotch hospitality, not American. All the reading world has been informed that a Highlander entertains a stranger three days before he expects his name. This was not hospitality in so high a degree; but it was a specimen worthy of record. I felt its sweet influence, and feel it now. Acts of disinterested kindness, if not attended or followed by a wound or some uncongenial act, will always be, I am persuaded, recalled with warm and tender emotions of gratitude."

"Was Mr. M'Cormack a Highlander, Mrs. Lippincott?" asked Rosina.

"Mr. M'Cormack is from the icy isles of Shetland. He came 'his fortune to gain' (smiling) across the wide Atlantic, at, I believe, the age of fourteen. Being

active, industrious and faithful, he soon engaged business in a mercantile house. As the years glided on he rejoiced in the accumulation of his gold diggings. Scarcely had he reached manhood, when he launched into business as chief or sole proprietor. He did not, however, to continue our allusion, 'sit down and cry for Nancy,' but kept his heart pure and sound till his income was equal to a comfortable establishment. Then, looking about, he found an artless young creature, happy in her own innocence, and formed by education for a help-mate to walk by his side and live in his bosom."

Mrs. Lippincott ceased, and looked out upon the bay, now smooth and calm in the light of a full moon. All was still but the sound of a flute from the deck of a ship.

"That's young M'Cormack," exclaimed Mrs. Lippincott. "I have often heard

him play that Scotch air for his mother. He has been helping to load his father's ship, *The Sea-fowl*, and is now recruiting himself with music."

"I wish," said Liris, in a soft, serious tone, "I could sit by his side!"

This produced a general laugh, which was followed by the supper-bell and the approach of gentlemen to conduct the ladies to the table.

"Ladies," said one of them—an intimate acquaintance of the family—"receive, if you please, my friend Mr. M'Cormack. He saw you in your high terrace from the deck of his ship, and begs the honor of an introduction" (laughing).

The ladies, though surprised, could not suppress their mirth.

M'Cormack, as if guided by some secret Ariel, with the open sincerity of his father,

offered his hand to wait upon Liris, who had, at the sound of his name, in confusion, taken refuge under an orange-tree.

"Oh, love, love, thou incomprehensible!—for ever cutting some new caper," whispered Rosina to Miss Cornell, who had accepted the proffered arm of a young Russian.

"Miss Rosina," said the friend of M'Cormack, Mr. Compton, "here is a piece of music from Col. ——," suppressing his voice, which the girls in general called his nobility. Then, "Introduce me to Miss Nobles. Oh, the Colonel will be here to-morrow!"

Rosina blushed, trembled, and in her confusion made an exchange of names—"Miss Compton, Mr. Nobles!"

The risibility was general—the whole company entered the supper-room laughing.

A Scene.

An unbroken sea-beach, running north and south, with an extended view of the Atlantic east, now gently ebbing in the evening twilight. Several ships were sailing. One, to the south, just emerging into sight. The smoke of a steamer far to the north could be discerned upon the horizon. On the west, with a pleasant walk, a large white house, surrounded by live-oaks, looked like the retirement of domestic ease and enjoyment.

From the colonnade of the house, a broad promenade led to the beach. Here two ladies were seated, watching the rising stars.

"Oh, that we could see a comet rise! I love their rapid motion and fiery appendages," said one of them, in animated youthful voice.

"I wish we could," replied the other. "It would be highly gratifying."

"There comes Jupiter. I wonder why he cannot lead up a comet."

"It might outstrip him, regardless of his five moons, and notwithstanding they once entangled a comet."

"How easily disturbed they must be!"

"In 1843, on an evening very much like this, two gentlemen hastily entered my house, and, bounding up the staircase, called out, 'Come, Mrs. Lyndhurst, and see the comet!' I followed, and from a dormer-window of the third story, saw the comet with its majestic train descending the horizon as if irresistibly drawn by the god of day. Glorious sight! My soul

was penetrated with the peculiar lustre of its train and sublimity of its bearing. Who could believe that a train so magnificent—130,000,000 miles in length—might be, as Sir Isaac Newton thought, compressed into an inch of space! Wonderful visitant!—so imponderable, so swift, so true to purpose. How incomprehensible! But thou art our neighbor—we will yet know thee. Thou art destined to fulfil some wise and happy mission in the starry heavens; and with all thy burning at perihelion and freezing at aphelion, may have thy homestead, with inmates adapted to thy mysterious nature. Should we, because we cannot immediately comprehend, limit the divine attributes? Let us think of our own mysterious selves—our structure and condition."

"Donati's comet, Mrs. Lyndhurst, elicited great observation."

"Yes, it did; and though very little was accomplished, it indicates progress sufficient to persuade us that by the next round, the earth with two thousand years' preparation will be qualified to understand its phenomena, and hail its approach with joy.

"How did we stand, night after night, straining our vision to gain some additional information of a cometic structure! Venus, thou queen of the evening sky! it was thy royal privilege to hold thy court first in review before the glorious stranger. What are thy impressions?—what, from thy lofty peaks and radiant atmosphere? Did his fiery advance fill with terror, or his splendor transfix with admiration?—I see the carriage returning. Shall we not hasten to bid the gentlemen welcome?"

"We cannot resolve the nebulæ without the gentlemen!"

"And will it not be a pleasing association, Reseda?"

"If Calvert ply the telescope (with a roguish smile); you will not tell him, will you?"

"If you make his heart ache again, I'll tell."

"Oh, I'll look as mild as twilight; and I'll play the gentle swan in graceful mood."