THE LILY OF THE WEST.

ON

HUMAN NATURE, EDUCATION, THE MIND, INSANITY,

WITH

TEN LETTERS AS A SEQUEL TO THE ALPHABET;

THE

CONQUEST OF MAN, EARLY DAYS;

A

FAREWELL TO MY NATIVE HOME,

THE

SONG OF THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER, TREE OF LIBERTY,

AND THE

BEAUTIES OF NATURE AND ART,

BY G. GRIMES,

AN INMATE OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM OF TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1846.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, } S. S.
District of Middle Tennessee:

BE it remembered, that in conformity to an act of Congress of the United States of America entitled, "An act to amend the several acts respecting copy rights," on the 6th day of April, 1846, and in the 70th year of the Independence of the United States, GREEN GRIMES of said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, and which is as follows, to wit:—"The Lilly of the West—on Human Nature, Education—the Mind—Insanity—with ten letters, as a sequel to the alphabet," &c, by GREEN GRIMES, an Inmate of the Lunatic Asylum of Tennessee.

JACOB M'GAVOCK,
Clerk of said Court.

LUNATIC ASYLUM, }
Nashville, Tenn., June 15th, 1845. }

This is to certify that Mr. G. GRIMES, is now an inmate of this Institution, and has been since June, 1842; and that since he has been here, he has written a book entitled the "Lilly of the West,"—a Treatise on Insanity, Human Nature, Education, &c. We do furthermore certify that the manuscript is original, from under his own hand and pen. Given under our hands the day and date above written.

CHARLES HARRISON,
An Officer of the Asylum.
GEO. W. MURPHEY,
An Officer of the Asylum.
D. R. DANIEL,
Agent for the Lunatic Asylum of Tennessee.

PREFACE.

To the patrons of the "Secret Worth Knowing," permit me in laying this work before you, to state that I have been exceedingly careful in compiling the "Lilly of the West," mainly to diffuse knowledge among the sons and daughters of this great republican government, together with my views more extensively on the subject of of Insanity. I have been exceedingly careful in treating each subject short and comprehensive, with the view of making them interesting to the reader. For the very liberal patronage I have received at the hands of the citizens of Nashville, and also, recently, at the hands of the citizens of each and every city, town and county in which I have traveled, I return my sincere thanks.

I have sold an edition of five thousand copies of "the Secret Worth Knowing," since the 1st of September last; I have been prompted to exert my best energies in compiling this work. The encouragement of the past is well calculated to heighten the ambition of the energies of the literary man, and induce him to lay his productions before an enlightened community upon a fair investigation on their own merits, let them rise or fall. I am much gratified that I can inform you that the manuscript is original. I am, ladies and gentlemen, your unwavering friend.

Very respectfully,

Yours, &c.

G. GRIMES.

PREFACE.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS.

The "Lilly of the West," will be sold by the agents for the sale of the "Secret Worth Knowing," and by the author. The same commissions will be allowed agents on each work, and they are required to sell for cash and cash only, and remit the proceeds quarterly or tri-quarterly, if called on. Price invariably fifty cents for each pamphlet by retail. Literary gentlemen and ladies, together with country merchants, residing at a distance, wishing to procure these works, upon the remittance of one dollar, post paid, one pamphlet of each work will be promptly sent them by the first mail, after the remittance may have been received. Any gentlemen wishing to purchase by wholesale, upon the remittance of a five dollar current bank note, post paid, twelve pamphlets of the "Secret" will be forwarded them, or twelve of the "Lilly" or six of each. In remittances, address the Editor or Author, Nashville, Tenn. Give your address, Post Office, &c., &c.

ON HUMAN NATURE.

In treating this subject, I will be governed entirely by my own unfortunate experience and will predicate my views upon general observation, truth and reason.

Human nature is a curious machine and is susceptible of many variegated changes. Each individual is possessed of humane feelings to a greater or less degree; being governed by the inward passions, the outward man acts according to the impressions made and wrought upon the mind. By early education the mind is formed. This will be readily admitted to be a subject of much interest and importance. As soon as the breath of life is breathed into the nostrils of the body by a Divine hand, and the soul brought to behold the light of the world with the natural eye, human nature takes possession of the nobler faculties, and as the darling infant is nourished and cherished by its earthly parents in the course of its early life, it receives to itself, by a natural instinct which is inherent in every mind, the nature, and contracts the habits, manners and customs of its ancestors. This might be termed in a strict sense of the word, the second nature of the human feelings, its sensations of pleasure and grief; and as it arrives to an age sufficient to begin to receive instruction, it is natural for it to look up to its parents for instruction and advice, and will naturally expect to receive protection from those under whose care it may be placed, as its advisers, protectors and guardians, which instinct is wisely arranged by our Divine Creator. And as the different, great natural faculties are so nobly arranged for the benefit of human beings, and humane and social society, how careful parents should be to set such examples before their children in this early instruction in forming the mind.—The delightful boy as he begins to prattle and talk around his father's fire-side, and is dandled upon the lap of his fond mother, delightfully beholds her smiles; it is a natural consequence for the smile to be returned by the darling boy or infant girl, and it might be astonishing to some persons who have not made human nature their study, or learned the mind of man, so wonderfully formed and ar-

ranged in its different qualifications for the enjoyment of temporal and spiritual blessings, so graciously and copiously showered upon the human family by the Father of us all—to say that at this early stage, the mind of the child is naturally susceptible of instruction, and the impressions made upon it, we might safely assert as a general rule, are the predominant, leading principles, throughout the career of the natural and earthly pursuits of life. Thus, we may readily discover the great propriety of training up a child in the way it should go. Hearken to Solomon's advice on this important subject, who was the wisest man of his day—"that thy son may arise up and call thee blessed." It is human nature to partake of the forbidden fruit—as did our forefathers in the Garden of Eden, who were, until that time, enjoying the delicious fruit of every tree of the garden, except the tree of knowledge. They were also living in the full enjoyment of the spiritual blessings—and under the immediate protection of our Divine Creator. Our mother Eve was beguiled by the serpent, and human nature predominated over the immortal part, and she partook of the forbidden fruit, and gave it unto Adam, and he partook also. Thus by the beguiling and allurements of the serpent—first unto our Mother—thence unto our Father, they both fell from this elevated and extatic favor and protection of the Creator, Ruler, and Upholder of heaven, earth and all things therein; at whose command the four winds of the earth breath forth tornadoes, serpents and reptiles—plagues and curses of every description; whose purpose is just and righteous to warn man in his state of human nature and sin, of the great impropriety of living in wickedness, and raising the puny arm of rebellion in its natural and earthly state against an Almighty arm; and at whose command the four winds cease, or change from a raging tornado to a mild and luxuriant healthful breeze, whose breath is a consuming fire, or a delicious glow of spiritual joy—basking in the comforts of a foretaste of heaven—by the power of whose word all things were spoke into existence, and are held subject to His control—at whose sentence heaven, earth and all things therein contained, could as quick as thought be spoke into non-entity! Thus, human nature is at all times from its first existence, dependent on this Great Omnipotent Power. But Oh! how natural it is, for the frail mortal part formed of the dust which is trodden under foot by the beasts of the forest, to rise in the weakness of the flesh, forgetting the dependence on and the great spiritual obligations justly due the Divine Author of our existence. In the early years of life or boyhood, human nature is most frequently susceptible of parental instructions. While in this stage of life it is nothing more than justice due from the parents, who were or may be the cause of the soul's existence, to render unto it advice, correction and chastisement.

Human nature in its wild and uncultivated state, is subject to many diversified changes. It in some instances takes to itself energy and enterprise at a surprisingly early period, and seems to oc-

cupy a firm, bold, intrepid, unassuming position. Again, in many instances it seems to be in a wholly dependent condition, almost incapable of self government, or even discharging the different duties and functions of the first law of nature, which is self preservation. It is therefore incumbent that parents should render to each respective member of their families, a prudent education, strictly according to their various natural dispositions. You are strictly commanded by Divine writ "to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." We will use this as an illustration to convey a correct notion to parents of their different natural duties towards son and daughter, according to each of their natural dispositions. We will discover by close investigation that our eldest son, Julius, is naturally heroic and ambitious; almost unconquerable with a warlike vengeance, refusing to submit to reason. We should render unto him such chastisement as would seem to be most congenial with his natural feelings, disposition, temper and habit. Thus we might readily suppose that we could lead or force him just according to the desired effect our chastisements might have, to be a mild, affable and agreeable companion. In such natural ambitious dispositions, which we will suppose to be in the mind of Julius from his infancy—we will say it should be our first duty to be strictly watchful over him, giving a close punctual adherence to his natural inclinations in the choice or selection of his favorite pursuits of life—holding a strict observance in our chastisements, the effect they might have—whether of a beneficial or pernicious character. Thus we might judge of the importance of changing our chastisements from a rigid to a mild, or from a mild to a rigid course, just according to his natural temper. Thus we might refine his savage, warlike and wild temper, in its first natural state, and Julius, would, we might reasonably suppose, become exceedingly plient—when, if we were to unfortunately take the course that would tend to aggravate his natural feelings and disposition, we could not expect any thing else but for his temper and habits in their wild uncultivated state, to rapidly grow more mutinous and revengeful. It is therefore, highly important, to fix our chief object to govern our manner of chastisement just according to the effect it may have upon his morals.

We will suppose our second son, George Washington, to possess a mild, gentle, affable and manly disposition, which is inherent in his natural disposition from his infancy. Our chief design should be to pursue a prudent course, and by all means, confine our advice and corrections so as to make them congenial with his natural disposition; thus we might sustain this amiable disposition inherent in George's natural disposition, in a social and agreeable manner from infancy to manhood, and even down to hoary hairs, and prime old age—and we might readily suppose, that in his dying moments, and final exit from the sordid cares of time, to surround his couch, and bid him a final farewell to all timely things, adhering to

his parental and last words, to be uttered by his faltering tongue, released from all natural and earthly perplexities, receiving to itself immortal language, by which it may render unto its divine author tributes and praises, at the right hand of God, accompanied by the four and twenty elders, hailing Jesus Christ as his chief, captain, Savior, and deliverer, basking in the enjoyments of the highest and most glorious, and occupying the most elevated station on the seats within the walls, gates, cherubims and seraphims of eternal bliss, where nothing unholy or unclean ever enters. What a happy scene is this to behold; but ah! how frail is human nature, especially in its infantile state, or boyhood—and when our son George, is in the bloom of youth, we should make proper use of the time, as it glides swiftly on its wings, and count every moment as pure gold, refined by the refiner's fire to render unto George, proper natural, parental advice, and be careful to maintain a steady, correct, upright course towards him in this early, natural state, lest wild nature should take possession of his heart, and he become stubborn, savage, and warlike as did Julius—and when human nature changes its course from a calm and serene attitude, and betakes to itself, a wild, ambitious course, it is almost always impossible, even with the greatest caution and care, to wean it from those wild, delusive allurements—thus, parents may readily discover the great moral obligation justly due the offspring of their bodies, and the great importance of an early cultivation of the natural feelings, and impulses of the natural mind.

But how frequently do parents begin to excuse themselves and entertain and cherish in their own breasts, a natural disposition, and very frequently about the time Julius or George would arrive to a proper age to know what estimate to place on parental advice, the father comes to the conclusion—I have thus far up in the carreer of my instructions been exceedingly careful in chastising my son. I will now leave him to act and judge for himself. I feel under no farther obligations to correct him—he is now from fifteen to eighteen years of age—I have discharged my duties thus far, he can most assuredly finish to raise himself. The father says within himself, my son is in the possession of an agreeable natural disposition. I have now got the growth of wild, animate nature subdued in him—I can render him no further advice as a parent, when lo, and behold, the age of from twelve to fifteen is the important time to commence to improve and cultivate wild, ambitious nature—and there is no time of greater importance than from twelve to eighteen years, and I might safely assert, that, the natural feelings and dispositions are susceptible of different diversified changes even up to middle age. There is, however, no general rule without some exceptions; the youth of from fifteen to eighteen forsakes the parental roof—he imagines himself surrounded on every side by a numerous host of friends—human nature speaks inwardly, and the mind is ever occupied with strange caprices and phenomena, and it is

very natural for inward human nature in this early stage to suffer the outward man to rule and predominate over the inward man—thus gaudy youth, poor worm of the earth, suffers the natural disposition to rule and reign over the nobler part that never dies, and gradually gives way by a natural impulse, until the spiritual mind is lost in astonishment and wonder, and the natural mind takes possession of the spiritual, and thus Cæsar and George left to act for themselves and finish to cultivate the spark of the seed sown in their natural minds, they arrive to the conclusion that they will be very careful to cultivate and nourish the growth of the natural ability.

It will be readily admitted, that human nature is subject to err as the sparks are to fly upwards—the youth at this age concludes within himself that he is very wise, and gives way to his natural feelings and is imperceptibly, to himself, led to believe himself to be a very great man—but ah! youth, watch close lest deceptious human nature, leads you to pursue the course of the prodigal son, and to gratify the lusts of the outward man which maketh not the platter clean—you suffer wild ambition to take possession of the inward man, which if properly cultivated from the breaking up of the fallow ground, you may expect lasting comforts, both of a natural and spiritual character. When we take a characteristic view of human nature at this early, uncultivated state—its strange caprices in its meanderings and shifting scenes, it would seem to be totally impossible for the mind of man to comprehend it.

The natural eye, which is an important natural member, belonging to the natural functions of the human system, is most beautiful to behold, and I might justly assert that nothing is more striking to behold than a brilliant eye, with its animating appearance as it moves in its socket so ingeniously formed by nature herself, not even Golcondas purest gems outshine it. The natural ear is, also, a member formed for the purpose of conveying to the understanding a proper sense of things spoken, which deserves a high distinction of honor to our adorable Creator and Giver of all good gifts; the natural feelings, smelling and tasting, are each attributes, possessing a high sense of distinction in their different governments over human nature—for which we are highly under the strongest tythes of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, for those inestimable blessings—but notwithstanding we are possessed with all those inestimable blessings, there is still a greater blessing than all these combined, which, is the power given us to combine and center them on some particular object which is the predominant governing principle, all centering to the mind or soul of the natural faculties possessed by the same, each and every individual, who possesses human nature, and, by proper instruction, tuition, and cultivation in the early stage or budding of human nature, the whole attributes combined may center on the immortal part, and each enjoy a sensation of incalculable joy and lasting comfort, and thus gradually increase until it will arrive to the zenith of perfection in prime.

Thus, the spiritual mind takes possession and predominates over the natural feelings—but to the contrary, if you fail to cultivate those faculties in this early stage of human nature, and dig in the ground and bury your talent, you will be counted as the unfaithful servant, and wild nature will spring up, and allure you off—thorns and briars will grow up, and choke the growth of the seed sown in the fallow ground, and each attribute belonging to human nature will gradually diminish and die, and as human nature dwindles away the spiritual mind dwindles away with it; thus human nature gets possession and predominates carnally over the spiritual mind and wafts it away into the besom of destruction.

Thus the spiritual mind is swallowed up by the natural, and gains the ascendency over the more refined part of the senses of man—but to the reverse, the spiritual mind, by proper religious instruction, may and will very easily gain the ascendency over the natural man, and become combined in one grand, sublime spiritual enjoyment. I might safely assert, that females are equally susceptible of the different changes and perplexities of human nature, with the male. They, however, are in possession of more refined and feminine natural sympathising feelings of humane and hospitable sensations towards their fellow beings. Their natural dispositions do not assume that masculine appearance as does the male, and their duties are very great in one sense of the word towards the male. They exercise an almost unlimited influence over their male associates. In short, the very presence of woman disperses that gloom and banishes that vulgarity and profaneness which too often disgrace the conversation of fashionable gentlemen. Therefore, permit me ladies, to strictly enjoin upon you, to employ yourselves in rendering motherly and sisterly care towards the male portion of society. I hope you will not think it presumption in me to assert, that you have not the most distant notion of the extent of your influeuce over the natural, uncultivated mind of man. You may, by meek, gentle, and mild persuasions, convert a Cæsar, or an Alexander into a mild and affable George Washington or a Dr. Franklin. Or you may, by an austere, proud, scornful and abusive course, convert a follower and worshipper of the Son of God into a Benedict Arnold, a Judas, or a worshipper of idols, stocks and stones—and when I assure you that your influence is so great over the natural mind of man, will you not all march forward in one grand phalanx, and take upon yourselves the character of the mother of the Son of God or the finder of Moses, who was Pharoah's daughter. I trust you will. These are all facts and stand upon the basis of human nature, from the origin of the world up to the present time. Behold the influence of our mother Eve over the first man Adam, in giving him the forbidden fruit. Adam had not partaken of the forbidden fruit until it was given him by the rib taken from his own side. Thus, a member of his own body led him to commit this sin, and

thereby man fell from his high and inestimable favor in the sight of his Creator.

We will say our first daughter, Isabella, who was a friend in time of need to the intrepid and energetic Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, is an amiable girl. At fifteen years of age she is in possesion of high intellectual faculties—and is the pride and boast of her parents—they may take her at this unfinished, cultivated state of her natural life, and by improper tuition we might safely assert, that, at medium age, she would be unpleasant, austentacious, and vain in all of her pursuits, and become ingrafted into the sister of a Cæsar or an Arnold, and by the time she might arrive at a prime old age, she would rank with the oldest and most disagreeable maids of her day and time. Again, we might change the supposition, and take our second daughter, Queen Elizabeth, at this early, uncultivated state of her life, and render unto her proper instructions, and cultivate wild human nature, and in medium life she would arise to the zenith of being ranked and styled as the sister of George Washington, and in prime old age, the immortal mind would have the ascendency of the natural feelings, temper, habits and dispositions, and she would rank with all the sisters of all the good and great men of olden and modern times. Thus human nature may predominate over the spiritual mind, and the spiritual mind may likewise predominate over the natural feelings, just acording to the examples set before any particular subject in life.

Thus it sinks and dwindles down from early life, to a peevish and fretful old age, until it runs into a state of nonentity, or climbs the limb of the tree gradually, and calmly as did our second son, George Washington, and our second daughter, Elizabeth, until it steps up limb by limb, until it reaches the summit of the top limb of the tallest oak in the mountains. Thus human nature sprouts from the acorn, until it reaches the zenith of the best limb of the tree, or droops from the medium limb that it may have grasped at and missed the prize until it dwindles down to the doted acorn, and falls to rise in its strength no more. Thus the pride and vain glory of man, sinks to rise no more—his name dies in the memory of his fellow men, and he is forgotten by all earthly objects—his seat and place among us is no more—he passes his life away without being of any real benefit to himself or fellow man, and remains stupidly incredulous to all social feeling, or even possessing any fine qualities or enjoyments for any object whatever—he has no pursuit in life—becomes the byword of all who behold his deplorable condition.

And when you see the great contrast drawn, will not every parent, brother and sister, son and daughter, join hand in hand to advise the weaker vessels of human nature, and lead them to the summit of the limb at the top of the tall oak in the mountains, or perhaps, some of my readers would rather I would say,

to the top of the tallest hickory in the rich valley of Tennessee, or the richest Clay of Old Kentucky, or the finest juice of the Polk stalk of the fertile soil of my old native Maury, or the greatest fosterings of my present residence—or they might desire that I should place them to the zenith of Aaron of old, or at the grand scenery of some great cave. These are all strongly marked attributes of human nature to desire to be placed upon a level with the highest limbs and buds of the most valuable soil and timber of the land of Columbia, or it might be the desire of many of my readers to place them on the limb by the side of good old James, of modern times, or a martin might be considered by many a beautiful feathered bird. I will, ladies and gentlemen, place you on any of those premises you may wish. I place all the caves, soils, timbers and limbs before you; they are from the same divine origin, and trees grow in all parts of the State, and Polk is plenty in old Maury, and I expect there are many caves in Dickson, Robertson, Humphreys, &c. So, gentlemen, please make your own selections, but, I do not suppose, any of you would feel very well if you were deranged.

I will have to carry the subject into temperance, and combine them together to give you a full and correct, but comprehensive view of human nature in its strange caprices, wanderings, rovings, shifting scenes and positions—and I must confess, that there has been so many able lecturers and writers handling the subject of temperance, that I almost shrink back into a state of disparagement, and drop my pen, and make fire with the parchment, and burn the ink vial into cinder. I will, however, do the subject as much justice, in a very short and comphrehensive manner, as I am capable of doing. I trust my readers will readily make an allowance for my condition. Remember you are reading from the pen of the insane author of the secret worth knowing. You therefore, could not reasonably expect any thing very great from the pen of an inmate of a Lunatic Assylum, or a mad house. I am not in possession of any statistics relating to any particular temperance society, nor am I in possession of the number of the temperance societies, or the number of members attached to those societies; neither do I know the quantity of grain consumed by the different manufacturing workshops in the United States; neither do I know the number of souls poisoned by this accursed stuff, properly so called alcohol—but I know there are a great and immense number. But I trust the number of the devil's work-shops, erected by his worshipers, to manufacture ardent spirits, and furnish poor human souls with the bain of the fine bread grain, so wisely furnished and produced by our fertile soil and its Framer. Providence did not design in the formation of man that a child should be trained up to drink drams, neither does he design that those workshops should be kept up to manufacture souls for perdition, but to the contrary, his design in so arranging those inestimable blessings for the benefit of

man, who he had created after his own image to love, revere and live in obedience to him, should use the fruit of the earth in a temperate manner—not unto drunkenness or gluttonness, but that the children should gather sticks and the parents kneed the dough after the grain having been ground into fine meal, and bread should be baked in the oven to sustain human nature, and that the parents and children should eat of the bread of the grain—and thus bread gained by the sweat of the brow is most delicious to the taste of man, which is one of his natural senses or the attributes of the mind, but even in this it is a heinous crime to gormandize and eat unto gluttonness.

Did I remark above that the worshipers of the devil manufactured this stuff called brandy from the fruit of the tree, and whiskey from the grain of the *ear* of the noble and stately stalk, the fine silk of the bud of the blade, first springing from the stalk? If I said the worshipers of the devil, or the worshipers of Baal's devil, which took an oxes foot to cover its face, I will let it remain so; for I assure you no true worshiper of the Son of God ever applies this noble grain to the distilling of ardent spirits. And even some men have and will sell the accursed stuff to idiots and think it nothing amiss. If the distillers of ardent spirits will take the advice of a poor frightened maniac, they will turn their copper stills into boiling kettles to boil their grain on which to feed their stock, and make stalls in their large and commodious houses to shelter their horses and cattle from the north winds of December, January and February, of each and every winter. Thus you might have fine serviceable horses to ride to church on Sabbath, and draw the plough in the spring and summer months to raise this fine grain. Thus you might have an abundance to raise pork, and provide for yourself and household, have to give unto the poor, for whosoever giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord. Suppose some good calculator who is in possession of a statement of the quantity of grain distilled annually, and the number of souls sent to the devil on account of it would make a calculation, and suppose the change it would bring about on society to pour all the ardent spirits on hand into the different rivers, or on the ocean of time and let it run until it runs to the bottom of the Pacific ocean, we would in ten years from this day be the happiest nation of people in the world. You would have no quarrels and feuds—no bloody noses and wry faces—no murders and bloodshed, all would be peace and tranquility; and you would grow rich and powerful in strength, our appetites would be better, our society would be more agreeable, and it would be the foundation cornerstone to enrich our children even down to the latest posterity.—Intemperance is very frequently produced by an habitual moderate dram drinking—say call up your boys every morning and give them a dram; or it may originate from drinking a dram weekly at outset. I remember in olden times, when a boy, in some families, the Sabbath morning was set apart to hand the bitters around with rue or tansy,

and a little sugar to hide the liquor and destroy the worms in children. And Christmas day or the twenty-fifth day of December was a great day for a big stew; the very day on which the Son of God was born, was the day set apart for mirth and riot, and the very express days on which our Creator set apart to keep holy and rest from all his labors, were the very days set apart to hand the bottle around for each member of the family and visitor to take a morning dram. They called this temperate dram drinking and stood opposed to temperance societies. This temperate dram drinking once every week may produce a natural thirst for a drink twice per week, and thus increase the desire to thrice per week and from this to once per day, and from once per day to morning and evening, and from this to a noon grog, until it imperceptibly steals upon human nature until a thirst will be created for three drinks before breakfast, and a social glass in every company. Thus human nature puts on a second nature; base in its character, and creates feuds, and quarrels, separates man and wife, makes bad husbands, and miserable wives, bad brothers, heart broken sisters, ragged sons and daughters, produces bloody noses and broken bones, murders, duels and suicides, impoverishes a rich nation, fills penitentiaries with miserable convicts, destroys the intellectual faculties, shortens life and populates the kingdom of the devil, and fills many houses with maniacs. While on the other hand, bread and Adam's ale or cold water properly so called restores the intellectual powers, produces peace, tranquility and a scene of uninterrupted happiness, makes useful and healthy members of society, cools and tempers down the more rugged part of human nature, heals dyspepsia, depopulates the penitentiary, makes good husbands and wives, masters and servants and wonderfully enriches the kingdom of heaven. Therefore, it is best to give wild nature bread and water, and make a blow up of all of the manufacturing shops which are only fit to make unfortunate men desperate, who have lost the natural power of self-government, and feed them and hand them a cup of cold water to preserve this great blessing of which they may once have been in possession of, and you may very easily, by a steady, prudent and kind course, win them from all those miserable practices of using intoxicating liquors. It is best not to touch it or handle it in any way unless administered by a prudent physician in the way of medicine and then it should be used very sparingly. Why should man, created for a much more noble purpose, in the bloom of youth destroy himself by this pernicious and poisonous stuff? Keep the ascendency over it, and I can assure you the only manner of doing this is to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, for in its draughts lies dregs at the bottom of the brilliant appearance and allurements of the cup. How many instances have the people of these United States witnessed the awful consequences of the excessive use of ardent spirits, by finding men lying frozen to the earth after having sold them ardent spirits for the sake of the pitiful and insignificant sum of a

few dimes, supposing it would enrich their purse. But, alas, the distiller and vender of ardent spirits who would sell an unfortunate man, incapable of self-government, and he while in this state of intoxication, comes to a premature death on account of having been furnished by you with ardent spirits, you are held firmly bound at the bar of Almighty God for the life and murder of the man. Just in the same way and manner as if though you had plunged a dagger into his heart or blown his brains out with a rifle ball. You furnish him with the poison and with the very identical poison sold him, perhaps for one dime, he runs into a state of madness and blows his brains out with a pistol—plunges head long into some river and drowns himself, or lies out on the frozen earth until earth returns to and cements with its mother earth, from which it sprang. Hence you become indirectly the murderer of the unhappy victim, of king alcohol, while in all probability the poor man had been led, in the outset of his life, to drink ardent spirits, until it became a second nature, contracted from habit and bad examples. I maintain that intemperance in many instances, is hereditary. This will, in all probability, be thought by many persons to be a superstitious notion that has crept into my head—it is nevertheless true, as strange as it may seem to be. Therefore, if you do not wish to be led into the snares and traps of the enemy of souls—abstain from the use of the pernicious stuff. It is much easier to refrain from the use of it, than to abandon the use after having contracted a natural habit and thirst for it. I perhaps have also been a little intemperate in the way of drinking ardent spirits—I do not pretend to deny but what I have—though I never was excessively intemperate. I never was in the habit of loafering about tippling houses and sponging at the expense of other men—I have never been beyond a condition capable of transacting business on account of the use of alcohol. I have been in the habit of taking a social glass, which was wrong, though I can safely assert I never drank it for the love I had for it, for it invariably had an offensive smell and unpleasant taste to me—therefore, I could not possibly have drank it for the love of the article. Pray tell us what motive you held in view for drinking it? Well, I will tell you in a very few words. I knew myself to be insane, and I was not treated as such, or as most of young men were treated of my day and time, who were in a like condition—hence my object was to destroy myself with it, but I never was able to effect my design or purpose. It seems that my life has been held very precious in the sight of Him who gave it. Even when I made the attempt, in the most savage-like manner, I was caused to breath again—and thank God, I am still permitted to breathe, and I hope I will for some several years yet to come. This, however, is entirely with Him who gave the breath its proper functions, and placed each organ of sense at its proper place. There is scarcely any subject on which we might dwell to a greater extent than the subject of temperance. But as there has

been so many able writers and lecturers handling this subject, lest I might do it injustice, I will leave the anxious reader to judge of the importance of this subject and see how far it might be extended, through its meanderings from infancy to manhood, and even down to prime old age and riper years. Intemperance is cureable, and the friends of the unfortunate subject of king alcohol should use proper means to induce them to abstain from the use of ardent spirits; and as it is a growing evil, by giving way to the use of it in the outset of life, from one drink per day, to from three to one dozen or more each day. It would be advisable to gradually abstain from one dozen to three or one, as the case may be, until the great thirst for it created by an excessive use should dwindle down to an entire abstinence, and you can thus drink cold water, and become thorough Jeffersonians in principle and habit. I would recommend this as the most safe plan and certain remedy to reform. An intemperate man and those who have never suffered the accursed stuff to gain the ascendency over their natural and intellectual faculties are fit subjects to take the unfortunate subject in charge and act in a two-fold capacity in dealing the proper portion out in small quantities to reclaim them. Much might be done in this way to bring about a reformation on any particular case or subject of intemperance. You should act with great caution towards them, according to their different natural dispositions and inclinations.—It might be advisable in some instances, where habits of intemperance may have been of long standing, to administer a few light brisk doses of purgative medicines, followed by oil or salts; repeat the dose say once per week for three or four successive weeks, and in a surprisingly short time you may reform almost any case of a habitual and constitutional drunkard; as a general rule I would recommend mild treatment and kind reproofs. Thus, by living temperate, you can at the early hour of the night behold with amazement and pleasure the lunar orb shining forth in serene beauty, surrounded by an innumerable host of planets and bright stars of heaven, fixed in their orbs, each one striving to out-shine all others, dispelling the dark and sable curtain of the night. You repose on your couch and pillow unmolested by the dismal haunts of the effects of king alcohol. To refresh the natural mind and body from the toils of the past day, arise on the following morning and drink of the crystal fount gushing forth from the water-brook's fountain head, and behold the brilliant sun arising from the eastern hemisphere in all the pomp and splendor of his magnificent, gigantic power, dispelling the gloom and darkness of the night, ruling over the day, spreading his glories to the west, sinking into the latent hours of the P. M. behind the western horizon to rise again in the space of twelve short hours, but remember this great sun will one day set to rise no more; but the sun of righteousness will in much greater splendor arise with healing in his wings to waft the spirits of just men made perfect above the sordid cares of time, and land the part that never dies

beyond cold Jordans icy arms, and bathe in one eternal scene of joy and peace forever more.

Success to the cause of Temperance,
May its wheels roll swiftly on,
Until king alcohol be poured and sentenced
Into the ocean's bottom, until all is gone.
Thousands ten it hath slain,
And it will slay millions more,
Unless you act like men and pour and drain,
Until all is thrown upon time's ocean shore.

HUMAN NATURE AND EDUCATION.

'Tis education that forms the tender mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.—COWPER.

Thus early education should be our chief design—
Youth for it should all other pursuits resign,
Lest when their minds grow old and stale,
Thirst for education in their minds should fail.

Therefore blythesome youth is the important hour
To seize the book and hold fast the golden bower;
Lest in hoary hairs and prime old age,
Their nobler powers should spurn the stage;

And maddened passions spurn control,
And usurp the finer senses of the soul.
Then let wisdom's path be frequent trod,
And your minds will be upheld by Almighty God.

Then let temperance and education be your theme,
And every ray of nature's king will on your finer senses beam.
Thus youth may in his power of gigantic strength,
Rise to be of full power, might and length;
Be ranked in riper years with a Caesar or a Washington,
Or become a learned Lycurgus or a Jefferson.

In entering upon the important subject of education, I will, in some degree, combine or blend it with human nature, as it is inevitably the case that in one sense of the word they are closely allied. The natural thirst and desire of the energetic mind to excel in enterprize is so great, that in many instances, in medium life, it actually becomes a second nature to thirst for education. Nature is therefore the mother of education.

I perhaps could have as good an apology for a probable deficiency in doing this important subject justice, as any that could be offered, and that is the want of classical education. I at no time of my life, even when in moderate health, was ever in possession of any thing more than a common English education. I however, always from my boyhood, possessed a great thirst for education, and made

rapid progress in learning at all times when time would permit me from the daily avocations of life. I have suffered much in the course of my life in the transaction of a heavy business for want of education, and have actually, in many instances, been defrauded out of my just rights by men in possession of fine education, who had the advantage over me in calculating. It is, therefore, highly important that parents, guardians, &c. should hold a strict adherence to the early education of each member of their families, son or daughter; guardians towards minors under their immediate direction. In many instances the parent pays no particular attention to the education of his son, which is a most shameful neglect. Many boys and girls become capable of instruction in the minor branches of an English education at a surprisingly early age. Some even begin to learn to pronounce words and connect sentences at six to eight years of age. It is therefore highly important to carefully and tenderly nourish those desires by a prudent, mild and attentive course to encourage them to excel other members of the family, or their class-mates at each of their respective school rooms. Thus you may, in a very short time, train the natural mind to delight in the perusal of interesting books. And you should be very careful to select proper and suitable books, such as would imbibe pure Jeffersonian principles in the mind while young, tender and susceptible of moral instruction. Thus the mind begins to form its fundamental governing foundation principles, which are most frequently the leading ones through life. The mind nevertheless, however, is susceptible of many changes and bursting glows of eloquence and exaltation. But the first principles of education are most frequently the predominent ruling powers over the remaining portion of education received in after years. It is, therefore, highly important that a strict adherence should be given to the different natural dispositions--to be careful to govern them according to their just deserts, that their education be not improperly fixed in its principles in its young and tender buddings and bloomings. If imprudent or improper instructions should be rendered to youth by either parents, guardians or teachers, it is almost always impossible to erase them. They become natural, habitual, and I might say in some instances, even constitutional. Thus we may very easily implant in the mind of youth lasting impressions of a pernicious character, that can never be erased in future years. We may also, upon the other hand, implant and imbibe into the young and tender mind of both male and female, prudent, discreet and lasting impressions, which will be of a highly interesting and beneficial character, that will imbue with by-gone days; and by an imprudent education the mind becomes stupidly careless and insignificant, and dwindles down into a state of sloth, and in all probability assumes the character of an unpleasant and pernicious companion, and no refining tuitions are rendered or extended towards the student, and it becomes a second nature to contract a hatred to learning. In those cases parents and

tutors should be exceedingly careful to exert their influence in bringing about a conversion of inclinations, habits, temper and disposition; and to do this properly, you should be governed in your chastisements by the natural disposition of the student. In some instances correction with the rod would be pernicious, and in others it would be highly beneficial. Thus we can very easily discover the great propriety of watching the changes that the natural mind is subject to undergo, and govern our chastisements by the effect each successive effort may have upon the mind of the student. Thus we might change the slothful, careless, insignificant boy to a brilliant Lycurgus; and in the course of a reasonable subsequent time, it would be reasonable to suppose that he would arrive to the zenith or summit of a Cicero, or he might burst forth in an unexpected glow of eloquence like a Patrick Henry, and astonish the natives of the surrounding country, and his fair fame be sounded with delight from Maine to Louisiana. Parents, awake to the early education of your sons and daughters; many brilliant sons and daughters of free America have talents buried for the want of proper education. Dig the talent up and brighten it with a good classical education. If you should have a little hard struggling in the outset of your lives, never mind all that. Render proper instruction, and I will underwrite for them that they will rise up and call you blessed, and cheerfully remunerate or recompense you for every dollar in money or moment of time you may expend or extend towards them. It is equally important and perhaps of greater interest to educate your daughters. They are of the feminine class, unable to undergo the fatigues of a hard and toilsome life, and in the event that fortune should frown on their path-way, a classical education would be of incalculable value to them. Thus they might very easily support themselves and aid in the support and comfort of you in your old age—therefore it is greatly to your own interest to render unto them advice and instructions. You should also be careful towards them according to their respective natural habits and tempers, in your chastisements, as well as with your sons, that they may arrive to the summit of an Isabella or an Elizabeth, that they might cheerfully pledge their jewels for out-fits for a young and enterprising Columbus to protect and defend this yet infantile and thriving Republic, or furnish the pure leaven that leaveneth the whole almost unbounded and wide domain. When you thus see the great contrast drawn between proper and improper education in the early cultivation of the mind, will you not arouse every nerve and faculty of your minds and souls and exert yourselves to facilitate education, until every white free born soul in America who has or may arrive to an age sufficient to receive a classical education, shall at least be taught to read Holy Writ and write a plain legible hand, and receive an arithmetical and grammatical English education? It is however important in the mean time, to hold a strict adherence to the extent of the natural ability or strength of any particular student, either

male or female, and you should be careful to enforce or encourage the perusal of useful books, or withhold them as the case may or should be; and as the natural mind and ability should gradually increase in strength from its infantile state, it will be highly necessary to place the student in higher and more important branches of literature, viz: Arithmetic, Geography, English and Latin Grammar, &c., from one to the other, until the student shall have completed his education: being careful at the same time to not require him or her, as the case may be, to place the mind on more subjects in quantity of any particular study than it could carefully retain. There is a very essential duty devolving on parents to correct or chastise their children for any misconduct on the way to, or returning from school, and not to suffer them to tattle or tell tales on each other out of schools; and for students to make great learned men they must apply themselves close to their different studies, drink cold water, bathe their hands and face with a portion of the first bucket of water drawn by the cook or milk maid of each and every morning, burn the oil of the latent hours of the after noon, keep their books neat and clean, honor old age, and reverence their teacher, and pay due adoration and implore the mercies of their teacher and protector on high to rest upon their heads. Thus they receive the good will of the school and all good men, and become great classical and learned men, and enter upon the stage of the different pursuits and avocations of life, and can with those advantages pass easily through all ranks of learned men with great ease and comfort to themselves and associates. While the unlearned man is frequently cramped and lost in wonder for the want of proper language to converse with his associates.

The education heretofore alluded to, is not the only kind of education incumbent on parents towards their children. There is also manual or laboring education requisite to be taught each and every individual, without regard to name or station. If I possessed the wealth of America and England combined, I would be zealous to inculcate early habits of industry into the minds of my children. Thus they would be usefully employed and would enjoy much finer constitutional health than to be idling and lounging and capering about tippling houses. They should also be carefully educated to converse genteelly and treat associates with the most utmost respect, and to honor those who gave them birth; and early education is in this case most advisable. I maintain, however, that man naturally of himself is inclined to aspire to higher and more elevated stations, at least to upwards of medium age: and in some instances the mind s susceptible of literary, mechanical and natural instructions, even down to prime old age. This, however, depends in a great degree upon the proper or improper course of early education, it being the predominant, leading and ruling topic of the great field of education. Early impressions made on and wrought upon the first education of youth, can never be erased; but in the noon day and evening of life,

will naturally of themselves revolve and re-revolve, running back to the beautiful sunrise and enjoyments of boyhood. There is also an education of still much greater importance enjoined upon parents than even the moral, natural, mechanical and literary education all combined in one, which is strictly enjoined upon you in the book of God—it is a religious education. And as the son inherits the father's estate, it is not unfrequently the case that he inherits and inculcates his father's religious principles and creeds, and holds to the same doctrines. There are, however, some exceptions; but as a general rule, I might safely assert that the son imbibes and is generally in his leading principles through life governed by the examples set before him by his father, and the daughter by the examples of her mother. A change from those principles may however be wrought upon the mind in an early stage of the natural functions, when young, tender and susceptible of religious instructions, either for a beneficial or pernicious tendency, just according to the care of education. You may very easily educate a child properly at your pleasure. Parents are held awfully responsible at the bar of Almighty God for the manner of instructing their children in a religious point of view. I do not hold that man has or is possessed with the power of converting the soul of his fellow man; but he may convert him from the error of his ways and bring him by proper religious instruction into the fold, and lead him through the green pastures of the delightful telescope, and to partake of the most glorious and luxuriant fruits of the trees of the garden of Paradise; and as the tall gigantic oak of the green wood forest springs from the small acorn and spreads its leaves linking them with its sister maple, birch and poplar. Just so the small boy rises in his splendor from his early natural and religious education, and spreads his glorious boon and gospel trump, sounding the melodious news of free salvation, and links the boughs of the immortal mind with his brother George and sisters Isabella and Elizabeth, until the whole finer or nobler part assumes an elevated stand to the beholding eyes of men of credit and renown. It is highly important to be careful to employ your energies in early education to the proper pronunciations, commas and colons, and learn to command the voice to a proper height and moderate, intelligent speed. These observances add to the beauty and excellence of the reading and is interesting to the hearer. You may place two boys on an equal footing in the world in the outset of their lives, and let them be possessed with equal natural ability and energy—give one a good classical education and the other be illiterate—and in a surprisingly short time you will see the boy of liberal education aspiring to the summit of the greatness of man, and the unfortunate, illiterate boy drooping in his spirits. He becomes discouraged and faulters at the idea of passing his life in poverty and ignorance, and will in all probability loose that noble energetic spirit and enterprise for the want of proper education to combine and convey his ideas, in the different pursuits and avoca-

tions of life. These are all highly marked distinctions of human nature in its infantile state. I will therefore earnestly beseech parents, guardians, teachers, students and men and women of all ranks and classes, to arise in their strength and might and arouse themselves from a constitutional lethargetic state, if they may be sinking into it, to the importance of early natural, civil, mechanical and religious education.

Let me call your attention to the importance of the improvement of time. The infinite value of time is incalculable—it is the most precious thing in all the world—the only thing of which it is a virtue and not a vice to become covetous, and the only thing of which all men are prodigal. In the first place then, reading is a most interesting and pleasant method of occupying your leisure hours. All young or old people may have time enough to read. The difficulty is, the young are not careful enough to improve it. Their leisure hours are either idled away, or talked away, or spent in some other vain and useless way, and they then complain that they have no time for the cultivation of their mind and hearts. Time is so precious, that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is immediately taken before a second is given. Only take care to gather up the fragments of time, and you will never want leisure for the reading of books. And in what way can you spend your unoccupied hours more interestingly to yourself than in holding converse with the wise and the great through the medium of their writings.

It is a highly marked consideration of great weight, that reading furnishes materials for interesting and useful conversation. Those who are wholly ignorant of the delightsome perusal of books, must have their thoughts confined to very narrow limits. They have nothing to say of importance, because they know nothing of importance. Useful reading is an effectual preservation from vice and crime—nothing is a better safeguard to character than the love of good books, except the fear of God implanted in the heart. They are the handmaids of virtue and religion—they quicken our sense of duty—strengthen our principles, confirm our habits, inspire us in the love of what is right and useful, and teach us to look with disgust upon that which is low, grovelling and vicious. The important value of mental cultivation, is a great, and weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. It is that knowledge gained by reading that distinguishes man from a brute. It also makes a vast difference between savage and civilized nations.

It was knowledge that raised Franklin from the humble station of an apprentice boy to the first honors of his country— itwas knowledge that took Sherman from a shoe-maker's bench to occupy a seat in Congress—and his voice was heard among the wisest and best of his compeers. It was knowledge that raised Herschel from the low station of a fifers boy to the elevation of ranking among the first class of astronomers—and oh youth, when you see what

knowledge has done for men in former days, will you not in these modern times, become a Philomel, a lover of learning—knowledge is power—it is the sceptre that gives us our dominion over nature—the key that unlocks the store-house of creation. You live in an age of great mental excitement—the public mind is fast approximating on the side of improvement, and the means of knowledge are daily increasing—God has given you minds which are capable of improvement—he has placed you in circumstances peculiarly favorable for making those improvements.

One of the characters heretofore alluded to on a former page was Caius Julius Cæsar, who was born in the ninety eighth-year before the christian era, descended from an ancient patrician family, educated by his mother Aurele, and nearly related to Caius Marius, On this latter account he was proscribed by Sylla and narrowly escaped the vengeance of that inhuman dictator, who on one occasion, fixed his eye upon him and remarked to some of his attendants—there is many a Marius in that youth. After Sylla's death, Cæsar signalized himself by the boldness with which he espoused the cause of his deceased relative—sitting statues in different parts of the city in honor of Marius, and delivering framed orations at the death of his widow and children. To gratify the people he frequently exhibited shows of gladiators at great expense and distributed most liberally of his substance to the poorer class of Roman citizens. In early youth he devoted himself to those studies which were favorable to the cultivation of eloquence, and received lessons on rhetoric from the most distinguished masters in the art. His proficiency was so great, t at he became one of the most insinuating and most impressive orators of which Rome could boast. His literary taste, however, did not prevent him from commencing at the usual age his military career and distinguished himself in the Roman camp, as he had done in the former. Having fulfilled the office of prætor in Spain, and performed services there which were deemed worthy of a triumph, he returned to Rome not indeed like Pompey, laden with spoils, but covered with the laurels of victory and greeted with the acclamations of thousands of fellow beings.

Unhappy mortals! amidst all the pomp of your triumphs and the glitter of your wealth, accumulated by rapine and extortion, how far are you from the enjoyments of peace and satisfaction of mind—what perpetual restlessness—what ceaseless machinations—what perilous intrigues—what heart-demarring jealousy. Who, that knows the felicity of a tranquil mind—a mind free from the solicitudes and perils of worldly ambition, would envy your lot or wish to embark with you on so tempestuous a sea. Yet would we catch somewhat of your ardor in the pursuit of nobler objects, and a brighter crown. Of you we would learn to run with unwearied patience and unconquerable zeal the race that is set before us, and by your example who were competitors for worldly fame, we

would be stimulated to contend earnestly for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. It is gratifying to the benevolent mind to reflect that in this noble contest, the success of one does not involve the failure of the other in the struggle maintained by several statesmen or warriors. The elevation of one is purchased for the most part by the depression of all his competitors. If one rise the other must fall—if one succeed in his natural ambitious projects, it must be by hurling Pompey and Crassus, and Cicero with all the train of their less fortunate rivals from their several stations of dignity and power—but it is far otherwise in the career of christian ambition for all those who are fellow candidates for a celestial crown, may hope to share in the same honors and receive the same glorious reward. They have every inducement to become helpers of each other's faith, and to assist in bearing one another's burdens in their christian calling, far from exciting a spirit of rivalry, and cherishing invidious jealousies between brethren, forbids, represses, and finally subdues them—a Paul and Peter, a James and John, could cordially co-operate in the labors, and share in the distinguished honors of the apostleship without wishing to establish their reputation at each other's expense. Thus wild, animate human nature was subdued by the spiritual mind, and the spiritual mind by prudent cultivation obtained the ascendency and predominated over, and became the governor of the natural abilities. The splendid conquest of Pompey in Asia possesses but little interest, unless when considered as preparations for the coming of Christ in the flesh. Received in this connection, they rise in magnitude and importance far above all the ordinary exploits of military heroes and conquerors—the scene was then almost too open towards which the faith of patriarchs, prophets and holy men of old had been directed for many ages, and which, when developed, would fill with astonishment both men and angels—the set time was at hand in which the promised Messiah should make his appearance among men. Some steps were previously necessary in order to the fulfillment of prophecy, and the execution of the divine decrees—some instruments were to be raised up to prepare the way of the Lord, and to make strait in the desert a high-way for our God. Amongst these agents of Divine Providence, he was unquestionably one, as Syrus had been in former ages—for it had been predicted of old, that the sceptre should not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shilo should come. A special Providence, had, therefore, continually watched over the Jewish nation, and amidst all their calamities, had stilled amongst them, and that, too, in the line of Judah, the forms of an independent, civil government, but now that the glorious personage to whom that prophecy referred was at hand, it became necessary that the Jews should be a conquered and tributary people—that they should lose their national independence and that strangers should rule over them. This prediction was evidently fulfilled when Judea in consequence

of the conquest of Pompey became subject to the jurisdiction of prætors and governors appointed by the Roman senate. On this account, many pious Jews, who were conversant with the holy scriptures, and were anxiously waiting for the consolation formed at that time, on expectation that the Shilo was about to appear—nor is it improbable that this heathen conqueror was permitted to profane the hallowed temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem by entering into its most holy place, in order that the attention and veneration of the Jewish people might be gradually withdrawn from the building to him who was about suddenly to come to his temple and who would shortly fill his divine splendor of his miracles. Those circumstances show that the children of this world are frequently wiser in their generation, their natural and acquired abilities by education, than the children of light.

Had the religion of Jesus been of men, it could not have endured the test—but introduction, its protection and its abundant increase, notwithstanding the combined efforts of all the powers of darkness, prove it to have been from heaven, and demonstrate the justice of its claims, when it challenges our faith as the glorious gospel of God. A religion so manifestly divine could not stand in need of the support of human nature, though the divine head of the church may sometimes have seen fit to employ such fickle agents. It rests not its claims upon the genius, the learning, or the eloquence of those who have at different periods advocated its sacred cause. No human authority however great, nor any of the most honored names amongst men can add to the splendor or dignity of a religion which emanates from the eternal fountain of light. Yet it is gratifying to see the most powerful efforts of genius, the most copious stores of learning, the sweetest flowers of taste, and the richest streams of eloquence poured forth at the feet of Jesus, and consecrated to his service.

To him we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
But these are not our God—
Dust and ashes are my name,
My all is sin and misery—
We sink beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to a throne;
There's not a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan—
Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought
If Lord compared with thine.—NEWTON.

TO COLUMBIA.

Where is now Columbia's bird of flame
Earth's wild traverser and shame,
Wingless, aimless, sightless dead,
Yet from yon bald mountain's head
Gushes no small silver rill;
Body and soul are still
On their last dull couch reclined,
Harder bound than fetters bind
Beneath that cypress tangled wood,
The goddess and the warrior stood,
And by that lonely streamlet's well
Was breathed the living oracle;
The soil is silence: ushers gloom—
The temple itself has found a tomb,
Dust and air, its great and grand
Time, has ensculptured on the land;
Still, nature sovereign and alone
Survives king, warrior, shrine and throne.

LETTERS INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO THE ALPHABET.—LETTER I.

JAN. 1st, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—I address my letter to you, but consider myself as writing to the whole of the alphabet. I still reflect with pleasure on the opportunities I was favored with for improvement in education and literature in former years, and must confess that the bad improvements made on previous moments as they swiftly passed by on their silvery wings, were misimproved by me, which is a source of mortification and regret to me—but improper early education, when placed beyond our grasp, cannot be recalled; milk spilled on the ground cannot be gathered up. But let us forget those things which are behind, and look forward when we will again meet around the fireside conversations, and cheer and buoy each other above the sordid cares of time; but it is too frequently the case that the very best of us prove miserable comforters, fruitless teachers and blind guides. Could I bring my heart to this point, to regard myself as insufficient to think one good thought, or to speak one profitable word any farther than is influenced by the author of our existence, I should become entirely reconciled. But alas! I am often hurt by reflecting upon the past, and giving way to the natural mind, and suffering it to predominate over the finer senses of the spiritual. I am, however, using every energy of the mental faculties to the most interesting subjects and themes that I can center them on. Thus I hope to be able to calm and

temper the natural mind down, and bring it under subjection. Thus the spiritual would rule over and govern the natural.

With the most sincere wish for your present and future welfare,

I am, dear sir,

Your unwavering friend. Yours, &c.,

TO A. B., Esq.—LETTER II.

June 4th, 1845.

My Dear Friend:—Permit me to advise you to betake yourself to much study, and occupy all your leisure moments in the perusal of good books, and the first book I would call your attention to, which deserves the highest consideration is the Book of all Books, which you will remember is the Book of God, written by inspired and holy men, who were worshippers of the most High, and paid due adoration and strict adherence to his commandments. The lives of the Presidents of the United States are works which furnish much literary capital; and I might cite you to scores of valuable and interesting books, but I wlll leave you to make your own selections; but permit me to strictly enjoin upon you to read the Bible, at least one chapter every day. It is now growing to a late hour of the P. M., and the latent hour of the day is bearing witness of the consuming oil as the brilliant light shines upon the parchment; my eyes grow dim, and gloomy night steals on my slumbering moments. I maintain that the greatest beauty that could possibly be attached to letters is that they should be short and comprehensive.

I am dear sir, Yours, &c.,

ANSWER TO A. B. Esq.—LETTER III.

June 7th, 1845.

Dear Sir:—Your much esteemed favor of the 4th inst. is received and contents noted, in which you advise me to devote my leisure moments to study. I must confess I have been too indolent in making use of the precious moments as they pass swiftly on their silvery wings, or hurled on the tornado of the four winds of the earth; but for the future, I am resolved to apply myself more closely to the perusal of good books, and I am much gratified to find that you have been kind enough to advise me to make it my first grand object to read the book of God in preference to all others.

I maintain that men of all ages, and all nations, tongues and kindreds, should make it their first grand object to devote a reasonable portion of their lives to the perusal of that Divine law handed down to us from on high; and that it should be furthermore one of our chief objects to imbibe those principles into the mind of children, that the advice may be handed down from posterity to generation until it shall have been handed down to the latest posterity of the sons and daughters of our first Parents. I will also devote a portion of my time to the perusal of the other valuable books you have cited me to, and I trust your kind instructions will make lasting and beneficial impressions on my mind. I cordially agree with you in the opinion that the great beauty of writing is in a short and comprehensive style of letters; and I also maintain that the great beauty of all writing consists in a great degree, in each subject having been treated comprehensive. Many books are thrown aside on account of their unnecessary length and incomprehensive injustice to their respective subjects, while upon the other hand they might have been made useful and interesting books.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully, Yours,

FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON—LETTER IV.

JUNE 8th, 1845.

DEAR SON:—The prospect of corresponding with you, gives me great pleasure, as I know you will kindly dispense with my neglect of forms, and bear with me, and assist me, while I simply communicate such thoughts as may occasionally, and without premeditation, occur. Amongst the thousand mercies with which I am indulged, I often distinctly enumerate the use of the pen—but especially that the Lord has given me so many friends amongst those who fear his name, without which, in my present sequestered situation, the pen would be useless to me. I hope you will not be angry with me for my promptness in adding your name to my list of such friends.

You have been often in my thoughts since I saw you, and the topics of our conversation have not been forgotten. The patience with which you heard me differ from you, and the dispassionate desire you expressed to search out truth for its own sake, affected me much. Such a disposition is to me a sure evidence of your thirst for learning, your years, and your rank and character would have the same effect on you, as the like considerations have on too many.—We are all naturally upon a level as to perception of Divine truths, and can view nothing that is valuable in the sight of God, unless it be given us from heaven.

I am, dear son, your affectionate Father.

YOUR FATHER.

ANSWER TO THE FATHER'S LETTER—LETTER V.

June 10th, 1845.

DEAR FATHER:—Your much esteemed letter of the 8th inst., is duly received and contents noted. I am much gratified with the great pleasure and honor of receiving a line from your pen, and I will be glad to hear from you at any time when it may be your good pleasure to correspond with me. The duty I owe you for my early parental advice and tuition is incalculable. I will, however, use every manly exertion of my natural ability to reciprocate those great favors. And I know no method by which it might be done that is more advisable than to give you an assurance that your name occupies the first and highest seat in my affections in preference to all other worthy objects. It gives me much pleasure to find that you have so cheerfully added my name on your list of friends, and in this, I assure you that you are not mistaken. Whatever portion of patience I may be blessed with, I hope has emanated from a Divine hand.

Will you ever remember your unworthy son in your secret devotions? Write to me often and let me know how my brothers and sisters are. Do tell them I wish to see them very much. Will you be kind enough to pay me a visit this summer or autumn? If so, bring mother and sister with you. The news of the day, I believe is of a common or ordinary character. Business is moderately brisk. Our present prospect for fine harvesting is very fair. We are in fine health, and pure in the circle of our associations. Give my well wishes to mother, brothers and sisters, for their present and future welfare, and accept the same for yourself.

I am, dear father, your affectionate son,

Yours truly,

A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE—LETTER VI.

BY NEWTON.

June 12th, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND:—By this time, I hope the Lord has raised your spirits again. I wonder not they sometimes sink. Your part is trying and solitary, affording many handles which the enemy, if permitted, knows how to take hold of. The pressure of your troubles is further aggravated by their long continuance. It is one thing to stand tolerably in a skirmish which it is but a brush and away like a hasty shower in a summer's day, which presently leaves us in full possession of the sun again. It is quite a different thing to endure

patiently when a trial lasts not for days or months, but from year to year when expectation seems to fail and all our doves return to tell us there is no perceptible abatement of the waters.—But is this the way to raise your spirits? Instead of giving you Ipecacuanha as I designed, I had almost mistaken the vials. Let us try again. Ah! this is it! Read the inscription—"As sorrowful yet always rejoicing." No wonder that we are often sorrowing in such a world as this: but to be always rejoicing though in the midst of tribulation—this may seem strange, but is no more strange than true. When I want witnesses to this in open court, I may confidently subpœna you to confirm it. They who always rejoice must derive their joy from a source which is invariably the same. If you have lately been in conflict with the enemy, I hope this will find you praising the Author of your existence for a new victory; if under bodily indisposition, I hope His gracious hands have already brought you to health and ease, accompanied with a further discovery of the abundance of peace and truth.

I am, dear madam,

Yours affectionately,

ANSWER FROM THE FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

LETTER VII.

June 15th, 1845.

Dear Sir:—Permit me in answer to your much esteemed favor of the 12th inst, to assure you that in the whole course of my life, my eyes have never yet before been fixed upon an object with so much delight and animation as they have upon your kind letter. It is very true my troubles are great, and have seemed to have been hitherto insurmountable, but I confidently trust that your kind admonitions will prove to be an effectual blessing, and that they will cheer and buoy me above the sordid cares of time and things which are perishing in their nature—and that I may be encouraged for the future to wholly confide in the strength and power of an Almighty arm. May he make you an instrument in his hands to encourage me so to do. I hope to receive many letters from you, and trust that you will not become weary in your correspondence. Please give my love and well wishes to all inquiring friends, who may inquire through pure motives, for their present and future welfare, and accept the same for yourself.

I am, dear sir, your unwavering friend,

Yours truly and affectionately,

A LETTER TO A STRANGER—LETTER VIII.

JUNE, 18th, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to introduce myself to you through the medium of this letter, I have been intimately conversant with your name and place of residence, but have never yet been favored with the pleasure of an acquaintance with you. But from the general character you bear as a gentleman of high and inestimable value in society, your general deportment, &c, I trust the time is not far distant when I shall have the pleasure of visiting your town, at which time it will be gratifying to me to meet you cordially, and entertain each other in social conversation, by a change of ideas on the importance or non-importance of the leading subjects and topics of the day.

I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully, Yours, &c.

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—LETTER IX.

JUNE 20th, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—This will be handed you by my mutual friend, A.,—— of the city of Rome, who visits your city for the purpose of purchasing a stock of Goods. My friend A. is permanently settled in his present place of residence; he is a gentleman of high respectability, and ranks in the first class of society—is entirely above suspicion, high minded and honorable—looks down upon a mean act with contempt—treats all honest men with the utmost respect. I therefore, with great pleasure, introduce him into your social conversations, and any favors you may be able to bestow upon him while in your city will be thankfully received and cheerfully reciprocated.

By your humble servant,

I am, dear sir, Yours,

A LETTER TO MY ELDEST DAUGHTER—LETTER X.

JUNE 25th, 1845.

DEAR DAUGHTER:

Permit me in sorrow, anguish and pain,
To address or write to you again.
Daughters I have but three—them I wish to see
Nice and clean, where'er they're seen.
So on their brothers I will confidently depend,
That they will at all times them defend.
With sweet song the Lark and Thrush,

On the day when you were born,
From the dew bespangled bush,
Welcomed in the happy morn;
Still with each returning Spring,
As the day returns they sing.
What a cheering soft perfume
Wafted on the air, proceeds
From the hedges dressed in bloom,
And the gay enameled meads,
While the sun with penciled beams,
Gilds the seas, the hills, the streams.
Spring, an emblem, is of youth,
Hastening on to withering age,
Oh! that this important truth
Might each youthful heart engage,
Every pulse and every breath,
Nearer brings our winter death.
You, I trust, delight to think
On the change which many dread;
Here you taste, but there shall drink
Pleasures at the fountain head.
Has not Jesus by his love,
Taught your heart to sore above?
Endless spring will there prevail.
You may well record your birth,
Solid joys that never fail;
All the kingdoms of the earth,
Are but toys compared with this,
Born to such a glorious bliss,
Savior! till her life shall end,
Guide her steps and cheer her heart;
Be her shepherd, husband, friend,
Daily grace and peace impart;
May her bright examples show
What a Savior's love can do.

I am, dear daughter,
Your unfortunate, yet highly favored Father.

THE CONQUEST OF MAN.

How man subdues the world, the rocks and mountains;
The strong wild caves give way 'fore his command,
And the deep desert earth unlocks her fountains,
Letting them loose across the barren sands.
Look—where in winding limbs the rushy bands
And water plants and lillies, white and green,
And pictured plains are seen.
Look—would he chain the sea, the sea is chained,
Cast back and banished from the solid shore,
And a new region from the deep is gained,
Smiling with flowers and fruits forevermore!
Would he link world to world—the east to west,

'Tis done—accomplished o'er the Atlantic's breast,
His navies with his broad wings sweeps along,
Unconquer'd eagles whom the ocean rears,
Amongst her mighty billows, fierce and strong
To pass beyond the storms and spurn all fears,
As the crowned part whom no lightning tears,
Soars into regions of immortal song—
Yet man doth in his might and strength
By withering in his own blood and gore;
Therefore man's unfettered mind has no length,
But spreads and soars from shore to shore,
Until it shall fade and be no more.

EARLY DAYS.

Oh! give me back my early days,
  The fresh springs and the bright,
That made the course of childhood's ways
  A journey of delight.
Oh! give me back the violet blue—
  The woodbine and the rose,
That o'er my early wanderings threw
  The fragrance of repose,
And give me back the glittering stream,
  The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream,
  Can ever more renew.
I would give all that tears have bought
  Of wisdom, wealth or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought,
  This sordid world above.
One happy flight—away, away
  On wings of tameless power,
One golden morn—one glorious day
  In childhood's rosy bower,
One sail upon that summer's sea,
  Where passing storms are all
Bright winds that blow more merily,
  And dewy showers that fall.
But ah! that summer sea no more
  Shall bear me gaily on;
My bark lies on the weary shore,
  My fluttering sails are gone;
'Tis not that hope her radient brow
  No longer lands on high;
But light has faded from her brow
  And splendor from her sky.
'Tis not that pleasure may not bring
  Fresh gladness to my breast,
But I am worn with wandering
  To find a home of rest.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

FAREWELL TO MY NATIVE HOME.

Of thee to think—of thee to rove,
  In fancy through the gentle bowers
That witnessed once our vows of love,
  In joyous youths enchanted hours,
To picture manhood's ardent toils,
  By love's endearing looks repaid.
Whilst fancy culled her fairest spoils,
  To deck thy home's domestic shade,
To think how sweetly thy controls
  Had soothed the wound that akes unseen,
While griefs that waste the secret soul
  Had passed, perhaps had never been.
To dream of hours forever past,
  And all that ne'er again can be,
My best beloved—is this the last,
  The only solace left to me.
It must not be,—I may not trust,
  My fancy with the fond review;
Go perish in the silent dust,
  Ye dreams that bright with transport grew.
Ah! vain regrets shall soon be o'er,
  And sterner cares the tumult quell,
And this lone bosom throb no more,
  With love and griefs alternate swell,
Silent and sad I go to meet.
  No other hope can be so sweet,
No parting ere so sad as this.
  Ambitious strife without an aim
No longer can allure me now,
  I only sought the wreathes of fame,
To bind them round thy gentle brow.

LINES ON A WILLOW.

In yon reflected image of a tree,
An emblem of this mortal life I see,
Poor shadow of a higher step it bends,
To a mock heaven, and as it soars, ascends.

DYING OF LOVE.

I have mused upon suicide, greatly—
  One dies with such senic effect,
But a notion has started up lately,
  That suicide isn't correct.
Some writers in trumpery papers
  Have sneered at the nymphs who despairs,
And who cures both her love and the vapors

By inflicting great bodily scars,
  They hint that the heorine's fretting
Her courage and griefs to unfold,
  To purchase eclat with a wetting,
And gain our esteem with a cold—
  But that death never enters her wishes,
Since fame is her only delight,
  And she's always so truly judicious,
As to plunge when a barge is in sight.
  Oh! cold hearted writers of essays,
To sneer at high spirits like mine,
  Which fly from each woe that oppresses,
Too lofty like yours to resign.
  If we are tired of ourselves or the weather,
If our duns should dispel every hope,
  When we come to the end of our tether,
You'd surely not grudge us a rope,
  And Oh! when a heroine fancies
In water to quench cupid's flame,
  If you ever loved German romances
You'd surely not grudge her the Thames.
  Oh America! thy glory is over,
The star of thy freedom is done.
  If the hero, the brave or the lover,
Be whipped for presuming to drown,
  But don't put your heart in a flurry,
Nor think me rashest of men.
  I assure you I am not in a hurry,
But will wait until I'm three score and ten.

SONG OF THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

There is a mist on the mountains and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the goal,
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand;
The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redened with rust.
On a hill or a glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath, cock or deer.
The deeds of our sires, if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse,
Be mute every string and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the flame that is flown,
But the dark hours of night and the slumbers are past,
The morn o'er our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenadales sparks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glen fire are less bright in the blaze.
Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the mountains remind you to wake.
That dawn never beamed upon your forefather's eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die,
Awake on your hills, on your Islands awake!

Brave sons of the mountain, the frith and the Lake,
'Tis the bugle but not for the chase is the call,
'Tis the pillrocks shrill summons, but not to the hall,
'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
Where the banners are blazing on the mountain and heath.
They call to the dirk, the claymore and the barge,
To the march and their muster, the line and the charge.
Be the brand of each chieftain like fins in his ire,
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire,
Burst the ban foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.

F. O.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

The liberty tree of our Fathers to freedom dear,
Its leaves were his crown and its wood were his sphere,
And its head towered high and its branches spread round,
For roots were struck deep and its heart it was sound;
The bees o'er its honey dewed foliage played,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.
Alas! for the tree of our fathers that stood,
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood—
Round its bark crept the ivy and clung to its trunk,
It struck in its mouth and its juices it drank—
Its branches grew sickly, deprived of their food,
Its towering head drooped by its poison subdued;
No longer the bees o'er its honey dews played,
Nor the hearts of the forest fed under its shade.
Alas! for the tree of our fathers that stood—
In its beauty and glory the pride of the wood,
The tree has received its incurable wound,
Guile has loosened the roots though its heart may be sound,
What the travelers at a distance green flourishing see
Are the leaves of the ivy that ruined the tree,
Disfigured the trunk in its ruin and seen,
A monument now of what its beauty has been.
Alas! for the tree of our fathers that stood,
In beauty and glory the pride of the wood!

F. O.

JURISPRUDENCE OF INSANITY.

In continuing the treatment of the subject of insanity, I will be governed by the same rule heretofore laid down in the first edition, styled the "Secret Worth Knowing," which is to found my views on general observation and truth. I will, however, in all probability, quote a sentence or a case of insanity occasionally from other authors, in which quotation I will give the author the credit of the production, as done in the first edition, which is usual with all authors. I prefer to do this that the writer may draw a line of distinction between the writings of a man sound in body and intellect, and an unfortunate maniac—and see how far a sane writer can surpass an insane one. Any reader no doubt will readily make an allowance for depreciated mental faculties, and weigh the merit of the work in the scale of justice, governing themselves in the mean time, by the rule of subtraction—by deducting eighteen or twenty years mental aberration from a sound intellect.

The chief design of the author in the second edition of this work, will be to extend his views as laid down in the first edition on the important subject of insanity and other subjects therein contained. Secondly I will endeavor to give my views in a short and comprehensive manner upon some other important subjects, namely, the mind of man, human nature, temperance and education, the beauties of nature and art, which are all subjects of no small import, and I trust the reader will find them interesting. In the farther treatment of insanity, I think it unnecessary to lay down the work under different heads, as done in the first edition, but will treat them under the general head of the jurisprudence of insanity, referring to and citing the reader to each respective subject, and I hope that I will be able to give many additional views on this important subject that will aid the reader to more minutely comprehend those already laid down. I should feel much chagrined in the event I should fail to make this edition both beneficial and interesting, after having been so liberally patronized in my first undertaking. Were I to undertake to fix a price for or repay the great liberality extended towards me by the people, I would be at a loss for a figure to enumerate it,

for I can safely assert that I place a higher estimate upon pure and spotless friendship than I do on gold and silver. Vain and degraded would be the man who would exchange real friendship for gold—or barter his principles for silver. One who would be guilty of such an act should be classed with a Benedict Arnold.

Man lives. Nor is life a single function. It consists in a variety of phenomena absolutely innumerable, the numeration of each of which adds, but adds another to their ceaseless flow. Let each individual contemplate the performance of a single day, not to dwell upon that constant succession of merely animal functions, nor on the number of muscular motives. Let us contemplate that infinitude of mental phenomena which transpire daily, and then decide whether we are not wonderfully made; and what study can afford us more pleasure or profit than this? What can possibly teach us equal to that of our nature and existence, or what equally reveal the glory of God, or inspire in man the heavenly sentiment of Divine worship? Or what more completely overwhelm us in view of our momentous responsibilities? For as is our nature, so are our obligations. Every function of our being, and every operation of our universal matter and mind, has a cause, and every cause has its effect. Not even a sparrow falls to the ground, or the most trifling thing exists or transpires except in obedience to the fixed laws of its preceding cause. We are led to the inference that every physical motion and function—every desire or requirement, are intellectual operations of our entire being, which is performed by means of some agent or instrument. Nature cannot work without the instruments requisite to perform her variegated evolutions. Some specific contrivance is by some means necessary that the vast range of function which constitute our being—as the heart being the seat of life and becomes the agent by which to circulate the blood, and the contraction of the muscle, together with the means employed to produce each motion. Thus every function of our entire nature is effected by the action of some one or more instruments.

Men and Gentlemen—Women and Ladies.—Men are quarried from living rock as with a thunderbolt. Gentlemen are moulded as the potter's clay by the dainty finger of fashion. Women are the spontaneous growth of warm, rich soil, where the wind blows freely and the heart feels the visitings of God's ever changeable weather. Ladies are the offspring of a hot bed, the growth of a green house, tended and watched lest the winds of heaven may visit their faces too roughly, till they are good for nothing as women at any rate as wives and mothers.

[N. O. Herald.

If the above statements be facts, to call a female a lady, it is a doubtful compliment, if not a positive disgrace; whilst the appellation of women is the highest compliment that could be bestowed on the females. It is equally a doubtful compliment to call a male a gentleman. If, however, this be the proper position, I hope the

ladies may all become women and our gentlemen become men. Thus human would betake to itself the place of artificial. But if the statement be incorrect, it would be highly recommendable that the female portion of society should remain ladies, and the male portion gentlemen. And if any of us have not arose to the zenith of perfection in prime, that we might constitute a component part either of women or ladies, man or gentleman, as the case may be. Let us try to bring about a conversion from one to the other until we shall have arrived to the summit of being as perfect and congenial as possible for human nature to reach. Whether the phrase should be one or the other, I will leave with the reader to decide for him or herself, but let us settle down upon the one that would be most likely to be considered the pure material.

Within five miles of Huntsville, Alabama, says Mr. O. S. F., there lives a servant boy who was seventeen years old August, 1844, and weighs over two hundred pounds, but his body is not the great wonder, it is his mind, if he may be said to have any.

Mr. Dotherty of Orange county, North Carolina, was a respectable member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a wealthy farmer during the date of 1815 or there abouts. He arose early one morning from his bed, as was usual with him. He went about his daily avocations in the superintendence of the business of setting each servant at his labor. At the usual breakfast hour he was absent. His wife recollected to have seen him quite early in the morning take a rope from the gear house and walk towards the barn, she supposed to furnish one of the servants with a plow line. Her fears became excited lest some sudden misfortune had befallen him. She went out to the barn and found him hanged dead with the rope by the neck. There had been no previous discoverable cause. There is, however, no doubt but that there was a secret cause of mental aberration.

During the date of 1839 a respectable young man by the name of Palmer, of the city of New York, visited St. Augustine, Florida, with an afflicted brother for the benefit of his brother's health, and for the purpose of supporting him by his labor. His means became sparse, or perhaps entirely exhausted, and after making repeated endeavors to obtain wages for his labor, but without finding employment, he sunk into a melancholy depression and soon became deranged. He was absent at the usual dining hour at his boarding house on a certain day. No fears were entertained of a serious character, when about four o'clock, P. M., intelligence was received that a man had been found dead a short distance from town. An old Spaniard had penetrated into a very dense thicket in search of some stock which had gone astray. He discovered young Palmer lying on the ground with one end of a small chord around his neck, and the other end tied to a small bush, which by its elasticity had strangled him to death. His body lay flat upon its mother earth, from which it sprang, his head only being slightly raised by the elasticity of

the shrub; the dirt and leaves being raked up into considerable quantities covering his body. It is very evident that he must have suffered severely before his death. A Bible was found near him, in which he had written a few lines, invoking God to forgive him and to restore his sick brother to his former health. Had not this old Spaniard have penetrated into the dense thicket in search of his stock, the unfortunate young man would likely have remained there until the fowls of the air would have picked out his eyes and the wild beasts of the forest devoured his remains. It appears that he must have designed, however, entire seclusion, hoping that his friends would not find him, which course is the nature and character of insanity. These cases might have been prevented by placing the unfortunate victims of this awful disease in a Lunatic Asylum. You should keep a look out for such cases and take immediate steps to prevent a suspected intended suicide; and the only way to do this is to treat them as insane persons. Will the sane never awake to this important subject? I trust they will. I think when you read the whole of my work through, that not one of you will ever again abuse, cheat and defraud or slander insanity in any respect whatever. But to the contrary, that you will all lay your shoulders to the wheels and protect the unfortunate of our fellow beings.

There occurred a case of puerperal insanity within the circle of my acquaintance during last June. It was upon the person of a married lady, who was of respectable parentage and once in affluent circumstances. I am informed that her husband had unfortunately became a victim of king alcohol, and through his intemperance and neglect of business, his family was reduced to penury and want. His wife sunk into a state of mania and became despondent and melancholy, and before her month expired she attempted suicide, making several severe gashes on her throat with an intended sharp edged instrument, but fortunately for her the instrument was quite dull. She therefore did not succeed fully in accomplishing her design. The last account I had from her she was gradually recovering. I would advise the poor man to forsake the practice of drinking ardent spirits and cleave to his wife by rendering kind treatment. She may live many years yet to come. It is passingly strange that men sound in intellect can never discover their duty towards the insane portion of their families. How easy this attempt might have been prevented by extending towards the poor woman kind treatment and protective measures. Was it the duty of some man in some foreign port or nation, or was it the duty of her husband? He had agreed in the presence of witnesses and Almighty God to love, nourish and cherish her in sickness and in health, so long as they both might live. I have thought that in such cases, where there has been a sufficient time to suspect an attempted suicide and no protective measures adopted on the part of their friends towards any particular case of insanity that they most assuredly desire the death of their insane, but mark ye, you will have to render a strict

account at the bar of Almighty God for the drinking of innocent blood; for it is a certain fact that insane blood, no difference how base the form, is, should be considered innocent blood.

A young man, 23 years of age, was admitted in the Lunatic Asylum of Tennessee, August 24, 1844. He remained here several months, complaining repeatedly at night of great fears of some person coming into his room. He actually imagined, on more than one occasion, that his room had been entered at night and he severely beaten, and an attempt made upon his life; when, at the same time, his room door was locked and the key in the possession of the officer of the Asylum; so that it would have been impossible for any person to have entered his room. He told me personally that these circumstances did really occur; and I have no doubt but he verily believed it to be a reality. A course of mild treatment of emetics and purgative medicines followed with oil was kept up, together with shower bathing in cold water to allay the excitement of the brain, and bathing the body occasionally, say once or twice per week, in warm water, he commenced to improve gradually, and there is now great probability of an ultimate recovery. He will unless a relapse seizes him, soon be dismissed from the Asylum, and be fully competent to transact business for himself, when in all probability if his friends had not have adopted the course they did, he might at this time have been in his grave. He is of a family of the first respectability and bids fair to be of a good old age. If on his return home his friends will watch over him a while and render him kind treatment, there is no doubt but what he may live to see many happy days and become a useful member of society. This case was of the doubtful class. When he was brought here it was about assuming the character of raving madness. He has much improved.

The following case is one of great importance, though many persons might not consider it as such; when a man's life and liberties are all in the hands of his fellow men, he is at this juncture of time on the tornado of the hazardous winds launching him from time into eternity: E. T. was brought before the criminal court on an indictment for stealing Pike's Arithmetic. His counsel filed the plea of insanity, consequently upon the legal investigation of the case the plea was sustained, and the maniacal criminal acquitted; but has since been sent to the Penitentiary on another charge preferred against him in East Tennessee. He is, however, at this time deranged. Would it not have been better to have sent him to this Asylum a short time previous to his trial? While in the Nashville jail he composed the following verses on infancy. I give it place in my work from the fact that it was composed by an insane man:

Hail rainbow dreams, fair childhood's hour,
  Exempt as yet from toil and woe,
This budding plant the opening flower,
  When manhood sleeps in embryo,
His golden hours how smooth they glide—
  Ah! little does the young thing know,

What changeful scenes his life betide
  Of coming bliss or future woe.
Ah! could he wake from that fond dream,
  And instantly to manhood grow,
With what strange thoughts his mind would teem,
  His heart with what emotions glow—
So shall we wake with strange surprise
  When death shall end our life below,
And with strange wonderments arise
  To endless bliss or sink to woe.

A lady thirty-seven years of age, fine, accomplished manners, of single life, a teacher of the English language, was admitted from Memphis, Tennessee, into this Asylum, November 3rd, 1843. She had been diseased seven months. I have conversed with her upon one or two occasions. She commands fine language, and at times, quite interesting. She very frequently speaks of matrimony, love, &c. Her disease seems to assume that of being stationary—there is no discoverable sudden changes either for a beneficial or pernicious character—therefore, her ultimate recovery might be considered rather doubtful. There, however, might be some probability of a final cure, provided she could be induced to cease conversing on the subject that produced the disease which seems to be the topic of every conversation. It would be advisable to waive the subject and introduce some other to render her feelings agreeable.

From the reports made in different establishments, or Lunatic Asylums and hospitals for the insane, and the conclusion is, that the absolute cures are about one third. The number, however, varies in different institutions from a third to a half, depending, however, in a great degree, upon the manner of treatment adopted in any particular Lunatic Asylum, together with the peculiar circumstances of locality and maladies. The cures are said to be less numerous in England than in France, and much more rare in Germany and in Prussia. Where the subjects may have, or have had proper attention given them, the cures are more numerous in proportion to the cases that occur in America than in any other government—but the great misfortune in this country is, that there is seldom ever any attention paid to the healing of the insane, until an attempt is made at suicide, and then all hands are ready to take the case in hand, when it is forever too late—prefering previously to cheat and defraud them.

Pinel after Bowmes cites the memorable example of a lady who had passed twenty-five years in a state of mania, as was known to a whole province and who suddenly recovered her reason; but such cases are rare.

It proves that when there are no marked indications of incurability or no physical disorder existing, we might reasonably hope that insanity will cease. The larger number of cures are performed in spring and autumn, and the most successful time as it relates to age to effect a cure, is from eighteen to twenty-eight or thirty

years. A lady was admitted from the city into this Asylum on the 11th of November, 1843, aged forty-five years. She was the mistress of a respectable family—had been diseased about two months. She however was improving until a relapse occurred, which occasioned her stay here a longer time than otherwise might have been necessary. She was returned to her former residence June 11th, 1844, quite restored. She was an amiable lady—quite conversant and exceedingly fond of social conversation and singing. She was also very industrious, and possessed a commanding appearance. It is therefore hoped that she will yet live to see many joyful hours, and remain as was previous to her attack, a useful member of her family and to society in general.

A gentleman aged twenty-seven years, was admitted from Florence, Lauderdale county, Alabama, on the 17th of December 1840. The disease had been of two years standing, assuming the character of monomania caused by a religious fanaticism. He greatly improved while here. I conversed with him on several occasions and found him to be an interesting young man. He conversed with very good sense—still he was deranged upon this one subject. He rapidly improved, and made his escape on the 24th of April, 1842. He was a practicing physician, and I am informed that he has returned to his profession, and has become quite successful. A gentleman aged twenty-nine years, who was not incumbent with a family, a hatter by trade, was admitted from Williamson county, Tennessee. He had been diseased five years previous to his admission into the Asylum—cause, maltreatment. This is an unusually peculiar case. He has a regular walk in the back-yard of about ten paces, which he devotes a large portion of his time to. He may be found on this path trodden hard and as smooth as a MacAdamised road by his own feet at any hour of the day, unless called from it by the physician or some one of the attending officers, and then he will return as early as an opportunity will offer itself to him. He seldom or never speaks unless first addressed by some person, and then he only answers the question and keeps up his walk, and very frequently, it is impossible to extort an answer from him. His father visited him last winter. I was present when he offered his hand to his unfortunate son, which was refused by the son, for which cause I can only account that he seldom ever speaks to any person. He is at all times ready to render any services in the way of labor so far as he is capable when so directed by the superintendent. There is not much probability of a final cure in this case—the disease has become constitutional. He may, however, live several years in this condition—men sometimes live surprisingly. He is not boisterous or raving as in many other cases of insanity, but to the contrary, quite peaceable, though not social—will only speak on the subject of his former occupation.

Another case of a gentleman was admitted from Giles county, Tennessee, on the third of July, 1842, aged thirty-six years; a cot-

ton gin-maker by trade, diseased four years. There was nothing peculiar or characteristic about this case. It was, however, verging upon a ferocious case when admitted, but he has so greatly improved, that he made his escape and returned home, and I am informed, has become quite steady and useful in society. The disease in this case was produced by reverse of fortune, and intemperance—the most boisterous case in the Asylum.

A case of a single gentleman aged forty-six years, was admitted from Davidson county, Tenn., on the 15th of December, 1844; previously diseased three weeks—some improvement, but a relapse ensued, and the disease seems to be at this time stationary. I am, however, of the opinion, that there is some probability of a cure in this case, though I look upon it as being doubtful. He is very intelligent and well informed—becomes a little raving occasionally, but when not in this condition he will converse with fine sense and use fine language. Disease—constitutional.

Admitted April 3rd, 1844, a young man, twenty-three years of age, from Sumner county, Tennessee—diseased six months—a farmer. The disease in this case was produced by masterbation, and when first brought here he was very whimsical—nearly as much so as an infant of two or three years of age, though quite peaceable and agreeable—very attentive to perform any duties enjoined upon him by the officers of the Asylum. He has greatly improved, and a final cure in this case may be expected. He has come to me upon several occasions and appeared to be very affectionate—calling me pappa, with tears streaming from his eyes, cordially grasping my hand with the affection of a brother—a relapse occurred, and his condition is stationary.

A widowed lady of fifty years of age was admitted June 27th, 1844, from Madison county, Mississippi. She had been a widow about twenty years, and diseased about eighteen months—produced by family afflictions. She is quite intelligent, notwithstanding she was while here, always in dread of some person seeking her life. I was in the habit of passing near her room door in attending to the daily avocations of life incumbent on me—it happened to be fronting the garden in which my labor was consigned, though I never go in her room, and even if I had a desire, which I have not, it would not be allowable, as the male and female are kept entirely separate, which is certainly advisable. She has frequently run to the door on seeing me pass, and would beg me not to suffer any person to hurt or kill her, of which I assured her that there was not the least danger. She has become entirely restored and has returned home, with all of those fears diminished from her mind to enjoy the comforts of life and social conversation with relatives and friends.

A gentleman from Obion county, Tennessee, aged thirty-six years, a farmer and unincumbered with a family. This has been a stationary case for seventeen years, produced by a religious ex-

citement or fanaticism. He is frequently boisterous and rather tending towards a raving maniac. So that it frequently becomes necessary to place him in a room separate from the other patients, for the double purpose of the safety of the inmates, and with the view of keeping down the excitement attendant in such maniacal patients. I frequently heard him preaching or giving the walls in which he is enclosed, a word of exhortation. It is quite amusing to hear him. At times he appears to connect his discourse very well, then again, he gets into the brush, and leaps from limb to limb, or from one verse of Scripture to another. At these times you could not gain any particular knowledge of his views. This disease is that of a stationary, maniacal character, therefore, there can be but little hope of a restoration. He may, however, live some time in this condition under a proper course of treatment.

The above case has improved since the compiling of this work. Was admitted on the 27th of May, 1845, the person of a young man of eighteen years of age—a printer by trade, from the city of Nashville. He had been diseased six months, which was produced by fanaticism or a religious and political excitement. This is a case of great importance. He is a young man of promising talent, if a cure can be effected, which I think may be with proper treatment. It is, however, verging on mania and raving madness, but as he is at the most favorable age that could be desired, his friends should not despair, but continue the treatment which he is now under, until he is restored to perfect health or bids a final farewell to all time things.

Another case was admitted on the 18th of June, 1842. A married gentleman forty-six years of age—a farmer and blacksmith, from Morgan county, Tennessee. He had been diseased five months. It has now assumed the character of mania. He is at times quite docile, then again for a time, a raving, mad maniac—talks nonsensically while in this condition, and seldom ever reasons with good sense. He however, frequently makes some very shrewd remarks, which are quite amusing to the inmates and visitors of the Asylum. This case is proximating to that of stationary; it will therefore be difficult to effect a cure, in the event it should become constitutional, of which I fear there is not much doubt. It was caused by a concussion in the brain and intemperance.

I will now mention the last case that I shall take notice of among the inmates of this Asylum. I could enumerate many others of nearly equal importance, but I think these sufficient to give the reader a correct idea of the nature of insanity. This last case was admitted from Hempstead county, Arkansas, in May, 2nd, 1843. The gentleman is unincumbered with a family, a respectable farmer. aged thirty years—has been diseased two years—produced by intemperance—the drinking of king alcohol. He is quite peaceable, very talkative; no visible appearance of any great improvement.

I have noticed all of these cases closely and have founded my views on close observation, having been a fellow inmate with them for upwards of three years, I have had the opportunity of taking particular notice of their conduct relative to each particular, and I have been very careful to give a correct representation of their condition. Esquirol gives a very peculiar case of homicidal tendencies to suicide of which the following is an extract. He says,

A lady thirty-six years of age, and the mother of a family nursed her in consequence of certain moral affections. She was seized with a desire to die—but, said she, I have not the courage to take my own life, and in order to cause the law to require it, I must take the life of some one, and in fact she attempted to slay both her mother and children when brought to our hospital. Says Dr. Esquirol, she was very much emaciated, spoke not, refused to eat, and wished to take no remedy. She presented all the characteristics of profound melancholy. The threat that she should be cured otherwise with vesiscatories induced her to take some of the whey of ruiss which relaxed her bowels. The extract of bark and musk was given for more than a month, when the use of purgatives were returned to. The patient was less sad but often repeated, that she must slay some one in order that she might die. She was bathed during the intense heats of summer, and received the douche several times during the month of September, and several vesicatories were also applied. She appeared at this time manifestly better, and her relations desired to remove her during the month of October. She was then emaciated, but her complexion was clear and the features of her face less shrunken. She took exercise more willingly, ate and slept well, and spoke no more of taking the life of any one—nevertheless, the mensis had not reappeared. It is said that on being restored to her family this woman had resumed her former habits, and enjoyed very good health.

DEMONOMANIA.

Among the ancients the word demon was understood in a good sense, signifying the divinity, a guardian spirit. This name was assigned by Plato to that spirit with whom the Supreme Being entrusted the government of the world.

After the Chaldeans the Jews attributed almost every disease to the agency of demons or spirits. The spirits are also charged by the Greeks with being the cause of the larger portion of the diseases. It is affirmed by Herodotus that Cleomenes did not become furious in consequence of the presence of the demons—it was because he was intoxicated with the Scythians. Aristophanes is of the opinion, that, by preserving the primitive signification of this, we should have given the name of Demonomania to Religious melancholy.

There is a class of the insane who believe they are good—they should be the first variety of this form of insanity which would have designated that class of the insane, who imagine that they have communications and intimate conversations with the holy spirit, saints and angels—they also pretend to be inspired and have a commission from heaven to convert men. Esquirol is of opinion that this species would have been denominated theomania, while the second would have been called carodemomania, and would have embraced all those unfortunate beings who fancied that they were possessed by the devil and his power, who were convinced that they were present at the imaginary assemblies of evil spirits or who feared damnation, and the misery of eternal fire. This classification would present a single variety of all those forms of delirium which have reference to religious beliefs—it would place all the varieties of religious melancholy in opposition, while the gay religions and bold forms of delirium attended with pride and exaltation of the faculties, would be, so to speak, placed in comparison with the sad, and timid forms attended by despondency and terror—but the word demonomania is appropriated, and therefore, I will not assume the responsibility of restoring it to etymoligical signification.

Physicians and other men of superior wisdom, have, in all times, combatted the prejudices which caused the true sources of nervous maladies and mental alienation to be overlooked. Hippocrates or his disciples, in their treatise of the sacred disease, assures us that there can be no maladies caused by the Gods—the sentiment is expressed by Aretus, which are models of sound reason and wisdom.

After having set forth, in a short manner, my views on demonomania, it now becomes my duty to describe monomania. Monomania and lypemania are chronic, cerebral affections. They are not attended with power, though they are not characterized by a partial lesion of the intelligence and affections, or where the intellectual

disorder is confined at one time to a single object, perhaps at other times a limited number of objects; a false principle is seized upon by the patient, which, without deviating from logical reasonings they pursue, also from which they reduce the legitimate consequences, by which their affections are modified, also the acts of their will. But if this partial delirium be set aside, they are enabled to think, reason and act like other men. There is an intellectual monomania in which they think, reason and act like other men. Illusions, hallucinations, vicious associations of ideas, false and strange connections are the causes of this delirium, which is, and should be denominated monomania. In other instances monomaniacs are not deprived of the use of their reason, but their affections and dispositions are perverted. By plausible motives—by reasonable explanations, they justify the actual condition of their sentiments and excuse the strangeness and inconsistency of their conduct.

It is this, which has been heretofore termed by authors, reasoning mania. I would, however, agree with Esquirol in giving it the name of effective monomania.

In those cases which should be styled the third class, exists a lesion of the will. The subject is drawn away from his accustomed course to the commission of acts to which reason and sentiment are undetermined, which conscience rebukes—also the will has lost the power of restraint—actions are involuntary, instinctive and irresistible, which is a monomania without delirium, or perhaps it might be termed, instinctive monomania.

Partial delirium or monomania is such as presents the general phenomena, but just as the delirium is expansive or concentrated, gay or sorrowful, differences exist which is necessary to notice—the sensibility in lypemania is painfully excited or disturbed—a lypomaniac fastens upon himself all his thoughts, egotistical are all his affections, and he lives within himself. On the contrary, in monomania the sensibility is agreeably excited, the gav and expanisve passions react upon the will and understanding. The monomaniac diffuses among others the excesses of his emotions—his physiognomy is animated, pleasant, and changeful—his eyes are lively and brilliant—the complexion of the lypomaniac is pale, sallow, and even bronzed—his features are contracted, shriveled and changeless; his eyes are sunken and fixed—his look is uneasy and suspicious. A monomaniac is petulent, gay, rash and audacious—the lypomaniac is calm, sorrowful, diffident and fearful.

Erotic monomania is not of the character of that langour that pervades the heart and soul of the man who experiences the first impulses of a desire to love. Nor is it that soft reverie which has such charms for youth—also that which leads him who has once felt its pernicious influence, to seek for solitude, to taste the better at leisure the luxury of a sentiment which was previously unknown to him—this is melancholy, and not disease. Erotomania is a chronic, cerebral affection—it is also characterized by an excessive sensual

passion, intervening for known and unknown objects, and lies within the province of medicine. There is only a lesion of the imagination—there is an error of the understanding also, which might be termed a mental affection in the amorous sentiments—are fixed and dominant alike to religious ideas in theomania or in lypomania religious excitements—the erotomaniac is the sport of his own imagination. Esquiral very properly remarks, that erotomania is to nymphomania and satyriasis, what the ardent affections of the heart, when chaste and honorable, are in comparison with frightful libertinism, while proposals the most obscene and actions the most shameful, and humiliating, betray both nymphomania and satyriasis.

He also relates the following case, which, presents the characteristics of erotic delirium without complication. He says,

A lady thirty-two years of age, tall, of a strong constitution and nervous temperament, having blue eyes, a light complexion, and chesnut-colored hair, has received her education at a school in which the most brilliant future and the highest pretensions were presented in perspective to those young persons who went from this institution. Sometime after her marriage, she saw a young man of a higher rank than her husband, and immediately becomes strongly impressed in his favor, though she had never spoken to him. She immediately begins by complaining of her position and speaking with contempt of her husband. She murmurs at being obliged to live with him, and he at length conceives an aversion, as well as her nearest relatives, who endeavor in vain to call her from her error—the evil increases, and it becomes necessary to separate her from her husband. She goes into the family of her father, discourses constantly of the object of her passion, and is difficult, capricious and choleric. She also suffers from nervous pains—she escapes from the house to pursue him—she sees him everywhere, and addresses him in passionate songs—he is the handsomest, the greatest, the most humorous and amiable, and perfect of men. She never had any other husband—in earnest it is him who lives in her heart, controls its pulsations, governs her thoughts and actions, animates and adorns her existence. She is sometimes surprised in a kind of extasy, and ravished with delight. She is then motionless, her look is fixed, and a smile is upon her lips. She frequently writes letters and verses, copying them several times with much care, and through them express the most vehement passion, or proof of the most virtuous sentiments. When she walks, she moves with sprightliness, and with the air of one engrossed in thought, or else her step is slow and haughty. She avoids men who she disdains and places far below her idol—however, she is not always indifferent to those marks of interest that are shown her, while every expression that is not altogether respectful, offends her—to proofs of affection and devotion, she opposes the name, merit, and perfections of him whom she adores. During both day and night she often converses by herself,

now in a high, and then in a low tone. She is now gay and full of laughter—now melancholy and weeps, and is now angry in her solitary conversations. If any one refers to these, she assures him that she is constrained, and most frequently it is her lover who converses with her by means known to himself alone. She sometimes believes that jealous persons endeavor to oppose her good fortune, by disturbing her conversation, and striking her. I have seen her, says Dr. Esquirol, ready to break out into a violent paroxysm of fury, after having uttered a loud cry, assuring me that she has just been struck. Under other circumstances her face is flushed, and her eyes sparkling—utters cries and no longer recognizes the persons with whom she lives; she is furious and utters the most threatening language—this state, which is usuallly temporary, sometimes persists for two and three days, after which, the patient experiences violent pains at the epigastrium and heart—these pains which are confined to the prorcordial region, and which she could not endure without aid furnished by her lover, are caused by her relatives, although they may be several leagues distant from her, or by persons who are about her, the appearance of force and words spoken with derision, restrained her. She then grows pale, and trembles, tears flow and terminate the paroxyism.

OF MANIA.

Mania does not suddenly make its incursion. Certain signs usually, more or less, apparently precede it, which frequently escape the notice of the relatives and friends of the maniac, notwithstanding all the forms of mental derangement. Mania is that whose incursion is most frequently sudden and spontaneous—at times there is no perceivable cause occurs from which we can anticipate its approach—yet a strong moral impression, or an error, or regimen, suffices suddenly to develop it, and the maniac reaches the highest degree of intellectual and moral disorder. From the commencement of this form of the disease, it is usually with a general delirium, and intense extreme fury. There is a juncture or period of time in which maniacs destroy themselves in consequence of their reason wandering to such an extent, that they know not what they do, or in other instances by accident, in consequence of imprudences—or perhaps, in some instances, through despair—being conscious of their condition, the incursion of mania, is most commonly progressive and gradual—trifling irregularities are at first in the affections noticed in the conduct of one whom the first symptoms of the malady begin to disturb. At the commencement, the maniac is at the first stage of the malady or disease, either sad or gay, active or indolent, indifferent

or eager—he becomes impatient, irritable and choleric, frequently neglects his family and business, and in the meantime forsakes his house-hold affairs, deserts home and yields himself to acts the more afflictive, as they contrast more strikingly with his ordinary mode of life—to alternations of delirium and reason, of composure and agitation, succeed the most strange acts of extravagance, entirely to the will, being and interest of the maniac; the alarm and disquietude, the warnings and advice of friendship exciting by slow degrees to the highest pitch of mania—there are persons who are hypochondriacal, and buried in a profound melancholy for hours, days, and in some instances, months before the explosion of the disease, while others sink into a deep stupor appearing to be deprived of every thought and idea, they do not remove but remain where they are placed. They should be dressed and food must be conveyed to their mouths—the features of the face are contracted; the eyes red, and gleaming mania suddenly bursts forth in all the strength of its delirium and agitation.

Many persons who are subject, habitually, which has suddenly disappeared, experience a sense of perfect well-being, and believe that they have attained the enjoyment of sound health; they express a sense of inexpressible power and happiness. Their eyes look upon all nature as being clothed with beauty; every thing appears not only possible, but easy. They do not know any obstacles to their desires—their physiognomies are impressed upon with contentment and joy—constipation and agitation progressively. Their ideas become confounded and the subject daily commences the most frightful of maladies. Mania most frequently bursts forth without any previous indication, but its invasion is sometimes characterized by the most alarming symptoms—at one time it is a cerebral congestion attended by epileptic convulsions, at another, a gastric or typhoid fever—at another phlegmasia. In many instances, maniacs immediately before the attack, experience sensibly, a heat in the bowels, which is propagtaed from the abdomen, to the apigastrium, and head. Some maniacs suffer from a very painful ephilalgia, and have confessed to me, says Dr. Esquirol, that they had sought to smite themselves upon the head, with the hope of relieving themselves from an unsupportable evil. Finally, says he, I have seen mania begin with convulsions. Mania is a chronic, cerebral affection, which is ordinarily unattended with fever, and characterized by perturbation, and exaltation of the sensibility of the understanding and will. The countenance of maniacs is flush, swollen, or pale; it is shriveled, the hair is crisped, and the eyes are injected, haggard, or shining—this class of maniacs have a horror of certain colors; they suffer from a humming sound, and a tingling in the ears which are often very red, and the slightest noise disturbs them; it is different with monomaniacs—they suffer from esphalalgia, and from intense heat within the cranium; they are also affected with anorixia or a ravenous appetite, consumed by an internal heat; they

are tormented by a burning thirst, for cold drinks; they suffer also from heat in the bowels, and insomania. When asleep, frightful dreams trouble their repose, and they start suddenly out of their slumbers. Maniacs are remarkable for their false sensations, illusions, and hallucinations, and for their vicious association of ideas, which are reproduced with extreme rapidity without order or connection; they are very remarkable for their errors of judgement, the perturbation of their affections, and in fine, for their freaks of volition, this class of maniacs possess great nervous excitability; their delirium is general, and all the faculties of the understanding are exalted and overthrown by whatever makes an impression, whether physical or moral—even the empty products of their imagination, excite them, and become the subject of delirium.

Mania should not be confounded with lypomania, (melancholy without delirium,) nor with monomania in the latter; the delirium whether sad or gay, concentrated is expansive, is partial or circumscribed to a small number of ideas and affections. In lypomania, and monomania the symptoms are the expression of the disorder of the affections, whilst in mania, the phenomena is the result of the confusion of all the elements of the understanding—in mania, the multiplicity, rapidity, and incoherence of the ideas, also, the defect in the power of attention, exalt the passions of the maniac—occasion errors of judgment, corrupt his desires and impel him to determinations more or less strange, unusual or violent.

EPILEPSY.

The symptoms of epilepsy are so extraordinary, and so entirely beyond the reach of any physiological explanation and its organic causes so mysterious, that the ancients believed it to depend upon the wrath of the Gods.

In the attempt of Hippocrates to combat this prejudice, he has preserved for it the appellation of the several diseases, and all, or a majority of thesacred writers denominate those who suffer from this malady, lunatics.

Usually, a cry may be heard from the patient on the first indication of an epileptic attack, who immediately falls prostrate and suffers from convulsions of every grade of intensity, from slight convulsivemovements to those of the most violent and terrific character—the consciousness of the patient is entirely suspended—the hair stands on end—the brow is knit, the eye depressed and drawn nearer together with projected eyes, and are haggard or crossed sometimes; the eye-lids open and shut very rapidly for several minutes, leaving exposed and fixed, the inferior partizan of the eye. In other cases, the eye-lids remain open, and the eyes strongly injected, seem to start from their orbit, and move convulsively; the face is bloated and flushed, and echymosed; hideous grimaces are produced by the muscles of the face; the lips are projected, prolonged or extended towards the ears, and are covered with a frothy saliva; the lower jaw is fixed in contact with the superior one, or is extended even to laxation; the tongue is swollen, lengthened, and projects from the mouth—is bruised, seized, torn and cut between the teeth, the grinding of which, is so violent that they are sometimes broken with a loud noise—the voice consists of groans and sighs similar to that of a person strangling. In some instances epileptics utter hideous howls more or less prolonged and frightful. In other instances, there are some who utter words without connection, extravagant and strange, which knowing ones have caused to pass, and which simple people have taken for the inspiration of demons.

The vessels of the head are greatly distended, and the carotids beat with such great force that they seem ready to burst--the whole head executes rotary movements, is carried to the right or left, or from before to backward—it is sometimes fixed in one or the

other of these attitudes, or is thrown backward—the neck is rigid, and this fixedness or rigidity is insurmountable, even by the greatest and most skilful of physicians—the trunk is suddenly prostrated now upon the back and then upon the abdomen, rises only to fall again—it turns itself in various directions, bends and rolls upon the ground, or reposes in a tetonic condition—the fingers, hands and arms—the toes, feet, legs and thighs participate in this state—the flexure of the thumb is so common that it should be regarded as a sign of epilepsy.

The indifference of the muscles of organic life to this scene of suffering and terror; at first the pulse, small-developed, becomes frequent, hard, unequaled and frequently ceases. Perspiration is slow or hurried, convulsive, or stentorious eructations and vomiting; the voluntary emission of urine—the perspiration which bursts from every pore, the blood which starts from the nose, eyes and ears, all indicate a violent state of the organism. Sensibility seems instinct, and utterly impossible is it to arouse the subject by what ever means might be employed; but when the vital principle appears to be yielding to such great violence, and the patient about to suffocate, the muscles relax, respiration becomes more easy, the pulse slackens, or is developed, sensibility becomes restored, convulsions diminish—the physiognomy assumes its ordinary appearance, the mind begins its return; the eyes that have been weighed down open, and the look is one of astonishment; the limbs fatigued, painful and need repose. Some epileptics after having slept a reasonable duration recover their energy; in other subjects after a long sleep, awake and remain pale, languid or feeble for several hours, and even some days, immediately after the attack and before recovering their senses, each of the classes are effected with carphologia, and the exercise of thought is immediately established with the former, and with the latter it becomes free, only after some hours or a few days.

No subject of epilepsy preserves a distinct view of all the circumstances that occur, or in full, of what he has experienced, while under the influence of an epileptic fit. It is like some distant dream or vision, recurring partially to the memory. Notwithstanding all this, the recollection of all circumstances which may occur previous to the epileptic stroke, return fresh to the memory, as if they had only taken one night's repose, and were retaining the recollections of the occurrences of the past day. They however feel sad after the attack as if they were ashamed, and are exceedingly susceptible. Those attacks are not always so formidable—the convulsions are not always general; in some persons it assumes only the premonitory symptoms of an attack. It is experienced only by others, by the earlier symptoms which cease promptly.

Again, in some persons it is only a stunning sensation—a universal shivering as if with ague, followed by rigidity or rather by a simple convulsive movement as of a sudden trembling of a leaf, or the

waves of still deep water, occasioned by the eastern winds, the head or lips with a momentary privation of thought. It not unfrequently makes its attacks in the midst of a company, while walking or on horse back. Their eyes are convulsed and looks fixed—the attack lasts but a few seconds, and the subject resumes at the phrase where he left off speaking, and unless they may utter a cry, no one would observe what was passing. With the progress of age, the attacks become more complete. Some epilectics merely shake the head, arms or legs; in others the hands are only closed. Some run, and others turn round on their heels.

Doctor Esparron recognized an attack of epilepsy by a single convulsive movement of the lips. The convulsions merely of the eyes and thorax, enabled Pechlin to ascertain the same fact. These attacks which may be mistaken, serve as a prelude to those which either by degrees or with age become complete, which leave no doubt respecting the nature of each respectively. This is called by Dr. Esquirol, epileptic vestiges. The attacks are less violent among infants, and are confounded with ordinary convulsions. Epileptic children have vertigo and trembling limbs; a perspiration breaks out upon the face which becomes red and blueish. The eyes are fixed towards the root of the nose and are converged, the convulsions are partial and general, with set jaws or froth covering the lips. Children retain a stupid expression after the attacks, having complained of the head, lifting the hand to it. When they are awake, they are in a stupid condition—after having fallen into a profound sleep.—There are attacks which suddenly occur and without any premonition, and more particularly in constitutional epilepsy. There are others which are announced by divers other accidental circumstances, particularly in sympathetic epilipsy. They are usually foreseen before the loss of conciousness takes place. Persons subject to this disease experience convulsive movements and acute pains; also a sensation with a vapor in the head or face; in one of the arms or hands; in the toes, legs or thighs, in the stomach, chest or uterus; those various sensations are propagated like a vapor along the limbs, trunk and neck towards the head, and when it reaches the brain the attack bursts forth. Epileptics profit by these presentiments in order to guard themselves against grave accidents which might result from them; that litatures are to be applied in some instances. The advice of some physicians has been to effect an extension of the limbs; the inhalation of some substances, and frequent moderate exercise by walking about, strongly animative or stimulant. The redness at the root of the nose; the throbing of the temporal arteries; the turgesence of the veins of the neck, vertigoes, supineness, ringing in the ears, the discoloration of the face, frightful numerous palpitations and the flow of tears are the precursory signs of the plethoric or angiotenic epilepsy. Some persons previous to the attacks smell disagreeable; in other instances they have a repugnance to food, which together with vomitings, borborigmi,

and involuntary dejections, presage gastric epilepsy. Some persons are more irritable and choloric; in other cases the intellectual faculties become exalted on the day of the attack as well as to the one previous. Immediately before the attack some epileptics imagine that they see a shining light of a dark or purple; others hear a sound as if some person was striking a resisting body with a club or hammer. Again, others have hallucinations; others turn round for several minutes; in other instances they run, in full speed, with all their might until they fall.

I have in charge, says Esquirol, a young man thirty-two years of age, whose Epilepsy is complicated with fury and dimentia. His attacks occur only during sleep; if it happens that he has attacks during the day, he has slept immediately before its occurrence. If we prevent sleep or awake him in time, the attack is avoided. He is advised not to retire to bed, but resist sleep by diversion. The attack passes by, but the sleep of the following day recalls it. There is no disease which should be regarded as more dependent on the cause of the moon in consequence of its periodicity.

I can very cheerfully coincide with the above so far as the compilation, the fury and rage is concerned. I have experienced epilepsy in all of its forms, both asleep and awake, to an almost unlimited extent, and I am ready to sympathise with the young man in his misfortunes.

The female being more susceptible, feeble and impressible than the male, are consequently more subject to epileptic strokes. This predisposition is not perceivable, with respect to sex, until about the age of eight years; the character of either sex is delineated at this period. It becomes marked and distinguishes itself, and it is then that the number of epileptic women predominates; by comparing the number of epileptics at the Salpetreire, with the men suffering from the same malady, (says Esquirol) who have been admitted at the Bicetre, we find the number of epileptic women the greater by one third. There are at the Bicetre, one hundred and sixty two epileptic patients and three hundred and eighty nine at the Salpetreire. Melancholic temperaments, enfeebled scrofulous and erotic constitutions, predisposed to epelipsy, as well as scurvy, rachitis and syphilis, errors of regimen, onanism, insolution, blows and falls upon the head, the excessive use of alcohol and poisons, are the exciting causes of epilepsy.

THE ORGANS UPON WHICH THE CAUSES SEEM TO ACT PRIMATIVELY AS AN INDICATION.—In order to produce epilepsy at one time, they seem to exercise their influence upon some organ more or less remote from the brain, and thereby produce sympathetic epilepsy. At other times they operate directly upon the brain and produce its idopathic form. The causes act primarily in sympathetic epilepsy, upon the organs of nutrative life, or in other words upon the life of relation. Esquirol inquires if the digestive aparatus is the seat of epilepsy? It certainly is. The attack seizes the subject when there

exists an active gastric irritation, or when there is accumulated in the stomach, nauseous matters, acid or otherwise; or when there has been introduced in this viscus, irritating or deleterious substances. These epileptics experience pains in the stomach and tension in the epigastric region with all the signs of gastric embarrassment; they are likewise fastidious. They have fainting turns; pains about the heart: nausea and vomitings, a short time before the attacks; which return during the attack. When epilepsy is occasioned by worms the patients offer all the signs which announces its presence.

The Jaundice which appears immediately preceding or following the attack, slowly and gradually disappears. The patient experiences a pain in the region and throws off from the stomach, yellow bilious matter. Hippocrates has referred to the bile as a cause of epilepsy, and Fabricus has attributed it to bilious concretions.

Epilepsy is divided, (as laid down by Esquirol) into essential sympathetic and symptomatic. Essential or Idiopathic epilepsy, has its seat in the brain or its dependencies. It is divided into three varieties.

1st. Idiopathic Epilepsy, produced by external causes, such as too great a degree of compression upon the cranium, contusions, fractious insolations.

2nd. Idiopathic Epilepsy, which depends upon a defect in the structure of the cranium, or upon a lesion of the meninges or the brain upon serous or sanguine affections, into the cranial cavity.

3rd. Idiopathic Epilepsy, which we may call neuroses, is produced by moral affections, either on the part of the mother or nurse, or on that of the patient. Anger, fear, and imitation are most to be dreaded among these moral causes.

Sympathetic Epilepsy has five clearly defined varieties.—1st. Sympathetic epilepsy whose seat is in the digestive apparatus. It is caused by the mesmiren—by matter accumulated in the stomach, or intestines—by intestinal worms—by the indigestion of food or substances of an irritating nature.

2d. Sympathetic angiotenic epilepsy, which has its origin in the sanguine system—the suppression of the menses—of hemorhoids and of habitual evacuations as well as errors of regimen. Abuse of alcohol provokes it.

3rd. Sympathetic epilepsy which has its seat in the lymphatic system. Pale, chrolic, rachitic and scrofulous subjects are predisposed to it. The retroceession of tinea cassitispsord of an ulcer or syphilus, or the gout produce this variety.

4th. Sympathetic epilepsy which has its seat in the organs of reproduction, the abuse of venereal pleasures, continued masturbation, pregnancy and confinement, are the proximate causes of it.

5th. Sympathetic epilepsy which has its location in the external organs. Every cause whether concealed or apparent, which irri-

tates any one of the external parts and whose secondary effect irradiates towards the brain produces this variety of epilepsy.

Esquirol observes that epilepsy disappears for several years, to reappear without any new appreciable cause. Those who are attacked soon after birth, are rarely cured. If not restored at puberty they remain incurable. Those who become epileptic at from the age of four to ten years, are cured, if treated in due time. Marriage only cures genital epilepsy. It augments the other forms. Epilepsy complicated with mental alienation is never cured.

Says Hippocrates, the physician, who knows by regimen how to change the temperament, to render it cold or warm, dry or humid, will succeed in curing epilepsy.

However, says Esquirol, there are few maladies for which a greater number of medicines have been proposed, or those more absurd.—Some regarded only the condition of the alimentary canal, and prescribed emetics; others have bled; the former desired to calm the fury of the attack; the latter endeavored to give steadiness to the inordinately impressible nervous tonics of the most energetic kind have been prodigally employed. Unable to discover a rational treatment, they have sought specifics which have been innumerably multiplied. The most eminent have regarded epilepsy as beyond the reach of medicine, and have to the great detriment of the sick, declared it incurable.

Esquirol gives it as his opinion that epilepsy is rarely cured.—When I assumed the duties of a medical officer, at the Salpatriere (says he) Dr. Landra Beauvais, who had preceded me in charge of this department, handed me notes of those cases which he had submitted to a particular treatment, at which time the strongest confidence was placed in the efficacy of the nitrate of silver. He gives an account of his colleague having made trial of it, and remitted the following respecting N. She has employed the nitrate of silver for a long time and has had no attack for six months—her menses which were suppressed are re-established. Six months pass away and N. demands a discharge from the hospital because she has been restored for a year and is now very well. Before making out a certificate of discharge required by the regulations of the hospital, he addressed several questions to her respecting the causes of her malady and cure. In her reply, she makes the following disclosures: Jealousy and mortification suppressed the menstrual discharge, and she was immediately seized with an attack. I was, said she, admitted into the hospital, and many remedies were employed. M. Landra Beauvais ordered me pills of silver and I took them for several weeks. Finding myself no better, I laid them aside. I said nothing about it through fear of grieving M. Beauvis, who was very kind to us. Some time afterwards a woman in the hospital gave me a very strong ptison in order to bring about a return of the menses. She succeeded. The attacks of epilepsy have not appeared for a year. My periods are regular and abundant. I no longer have at-

tacks nor vertigoes. I am quite well, and am going to return to the home of my master. Two months after discharge, she came to solicit a re-admission to the hospital, as the attacks had returned. The nitrate had not cured the patient. Thus a judicious practitioner contented himself with recording in his notes that N. has made use of the nitrate of silver and her menses have returned for six months, since which period she has had no attacks. He does not add N. is restored.

The best practioners are of opinion that nothing can be done during the attack, but precautions should be taken lest the patient injure himself.

Esquirol lays down the method of treating epilepsy, which has its seat in the digestive system. If there is gastric embarrassment, by emetics and purgatives, selected from among those which do not debilitate. Galen employed the oxymel of squills with the greatest success. If there is irritation, sanguine evacuations and sedatives are quite recommendable. The artimesia santonecia and calomel are useful when worms infest the alimentary canal. The mineral waters of Balame of Spa and of Pyrmont, have been used with the greatest success. The patient should avoid every thing that tends to surcharge the stomach, such as butter or any other greasy substance and food seasoned with salt.—*See Hooper's Medical Dictionary—article* MINERAL WATERS.

If engorgement of the liver should be suspected, whey with cream of tarter, mineral acids, particularly the sulphuric are recommended as well as the cichorium intybus, luceony, saponaria, officinalis and tepid baths. These means which the discretion of the physician must modify, should be combined with tonics, peruvian bark, valerian, &c.

He also observes that epilepsy, which has its seat in the sangiune system, ought to be combatted on other therapeutic principles. If there is plethora attended with cerebral congestion, General bloodletting repeated if necessary, cups and leeches applied to the temples or behind the ears, particularly among children, are useful.

If puberty, or the first return of the menses does not remove the disease, it should be treated like essential epilepsy. If menstrual disorders are the effect of epilepsy, fears should be entertained of exasperating the evil by the preserving of the emmenagogues.

Epilepsy, which has its seat in the lymphatic and absorbent system and which is produced by the suppression of the transpiration, or an ulcer, the retrocession of psora herpes, or the gout requires a treatment adapted to re-establish these various affections. If epilepsy is produced by the constitutional effort that takes place at the age of puberty, the patient requires a good regimen and exereise.—Gymnastics and the cold baths are not to be neglected. Bark valerian, the martial preparations, asses milk, a diet of white meats, are generally serviceable. Corporeal exercise on horse back, by fencing, dancing, cold baths, river baths, swimming and effusions which

are often so useful, would be dangerous, if there existed any engorgements or suppuration in the viscera.

ON THE PLANETS.

When the bright star, Mars, doth shine in splendor,
  Surrounded by all the stars in the skies,
The remaining stars are not asked to surrender,
  But each one has its fixed time to rise.
How beautiful to gaze upon the firmament of heaven!
  With all her splendid hosts of moon and stars;
When we gaze upwards we're sure to see the scene,
  Each one moves in its own orbit without jars.
The next fine planet in the skies is mercury;
  Its magnificent sublime splendor and brilliance,
It is the brightest star in heaven, and never murmurs,
  But shines forth in its bright splendid elegance.
The next in beauty is the noble venus,
  It rises in its fine superb spangled banners,
And it is by no means a witless genius.
  It claims in its place with others equal manners;
Then comes spreading forth the great planet earth.
  Shines with grandeur, dispels darkness and produces light,
They claim each an equal parentage and birth,
  What a grand thoughtful elegance of sight.
Next demands its firm bold stand the great Jupiter,
  It is grand in all its movements and possesses joys,
It has neither fear or ill shapes but is beauteous;
  Nor does it strive the other planets to annoy.
And when we survey the heavens, behold Saturn,
  Standing clothed in a fine spangled brilliant robe.
It shines as bright as midnight oil burns,
  And claims its space amid the high abode!
Ah! stands firm in its orbs, the brave Herschel,
  Claiming its great name from its discoverer,
It shines with great splendid sylvand marshall,
  And will not admit others to stand above her,
But moves amid them, all the Queen of the night,
  Spreading forth from east to the western world,
Justly claiming the honors of the finest light,
  Her banners are month by month and night by night unfurl'd,
One hour from the dawn of day takes command.
  Rising from the eastern horizon, the brilliant sun
Spreading his glories to the west on every herb and land,
  In his gigantic strength is surpassed by none.
He dispels the darkness of the night,
  Rules o'er brook and land and sea,
He claims this by rule of right,
  Usurped of his honors he cannot be.

ON THE MIND.

I shall now enter upon the subject of the mind of man, and will undertake to lay down, in a brief and comprehensive manner, its meanderings and shifting scenes: and in doing this I will, as a matter of course, continue occasionally to introduce, or rather keep the subject of insanity in view, as the disordered state of the mind is insanity itself. I am also aware that I have been and now am treading upon consecrated ground, and I am not insensible of the responsibility devolved on me in becoming an author of a work of such great importance as the subject of insanity, humbly imploring the Author of our existence, whose government extends to the thoughts of all his creatures, so to direct mine in this arduous undertaking, that this work may be the means of lessening some of the greatest evils of human life. Before I proceed to farther consider the diseases of the mind, I will briefly mention its different faculties and operations, which are as follows: They are memory, imagination, understanding, passions, the principle of faith, will, the moral faculty, conscience and the sense of Deity, perception, association, judgment, reasoning and volition are its principal operations after sensation. All its subordinate operations, which are known by the names of attention, reflection, wit, contemplation, consciousness and others of a like character are nothing more than modifications of the fine principles which are above mentioned. Internal sense is the name given to the faculties of the mind. They however resemble the external senses in being innate and wholly depending upon bodily impressions to produce their specific operations. Through the medium of the external senses these impressions are made. We might as well expect to excite thought in a piece of marble by striking it with the hand as to attempt to produce a single operation of the mind in an individual destitute of the external senses. Previous excitements in the brain are the effects and fore-runner of all the operations of the mind, and every thought and idea appears to depend upon a motion peculiar to itself. These motions are regular in a sound state of the intellect, and succeed impressions upon the

brain with the same uniformity that impressions are succeeded by perceptions upon the mind in its sound state.

In making a farther inquiry into the causes of the diseases of the mind, I shall use the term derangement, to signify the diseases of all the faculties of the senses, as it is an established fact that the understanding occupies the highest rank of those faculties, and it is most frequently the seat of derangement. Every departure of the mind in its perceptions, reasonings and judgments from its natural and habitual order, when accompanied with corresponding actions, differs from delirium, whether chronic or acute, by being accompanied with a departure from habitual order, conduct and incoherence, as well also as conversation. It is, however, not necessary to employ the latter to constitute intellectual madness. We sometimes meet with incoherent speech in mad people, in whose persons the disease does not destroy their habits of regularity. They evince this by the correctness with which they frequently perform certain mechanical pieces of business. Dr. Rush very appropriately remarks that madness is to delirium what walking in sleep is to dreaming. A delirium protracted and heightened by a more active and permanent stimulus upon the brain. Do not suppose that intellectual derangement always affects the understanding exclusively, in the manner heretofore mentioned, but to the contrary, it is far from it.

Dementia is a cerebral affection, usually chronic, and unattended by fever and characterised by a weakening of the sensibility, understanding and will, incoherence of ideas and a want of intellectual and moral spontaneity, are the signs of this affection. Man in a state of dementia has lost the faculty of perceiving objects correctly. His impressions are unnaturally futile; he can neither seize upon their relations, or compare them or produce a distinct remembrance of them; hence results the impossibility of reasoning correctly. The futileness is produced on account of the sensibility of the organs of sensation being greatly enfeebled, or because the organs of transmission have lost their activity, or finally because the brain itself no longer possesses the power to perceive and retain the impression which is transmitted to it. On which account the result is that sensations are feeble, obscure and incomplete. They can neither compare or associate ideas, nor have they the power of obstruction. They are not sufficiently capable of concentrating their attention, and also being incapable of forming a clear and correct notion of objects; the organ of thought is deprived of the tonic force, and has not sufficient energy requisite for the integrity of its functions. Hence the most unlike ideas succeed independently one of another and follow either without motive or connection. Their conversation is quite incoherent, and the patients or subjects of dementia repeat words and entire sentences without attaching to them the importance of any precise signification. They speak as if without a consciousness of what they are saying; in many instances persons in a state of dementia have lost their memory, even of those things

which most tend to their own peace and happiness, or which are most intimately connected with their existence, as in all forms of insanity dementia depends upon a variety of causes. Some are moral, others physical, and these two orders of causes are sometimes complicated. A severe trial occurs, the locha are suppressed and dementia declares itself. Dementia is termed by Mr. Pinel demence, and Dr. Rush dissociation; the latter gives an account of the subjects of intellectual madness in Scotland who are diseased with dementia, to have been said to have a bee in their bonnets. In the United States we say they are flighty or hair-brained, and at other times a little cracked. It does not consist in false perception like the worst grade of madness, but of association of perceptions or ideas unrelated, from the inability of the mind to perform the operations of judgment and reason.

Sensible objects are generally the exciting cause of the perceptions, but a paroxysm of the disease is frequently occasioned by ideas collected together without order. It is invariably accompanied with great volubility of speech or with bodily gestures, performed with a convulsive rapidity. This disease is rarely met with in Lunatic Asylums; but there is scarcely a country place in the country but what furnishes an instance of it. Dr. Rush gives a very correct notion when he states that those persons who are afflicted with it are good tempered and quarrelsome, malicious and kind, generous and miserly, all in the course of the same day. The mind in this disease is as changeable as the four winds of Heaven, at the mercy of every thought and object that acts upon it. In some persons it is constantly, but it more frequently occurs in paroxysms and succeeded sometimes by low spirits. We have an account of the celebrated Laceter having been afflicted with it. His conversation was a mass of unconnected ideas; notwithstanding all this he wrote with order. Still his unconnected conversational ideas were accompanied with bodily gestures, which indicated a degree of madness. Dr. Rush gives an account of a visit paid to him by the Rev. Dr. Hunter, an English clergyman, in which he exemplified the state of mind I wish to describe. I will insert an account of the visit: I was detained, says Dr. H., the whole morning by the strange, wild, eccentric laceter in various conversations. When once he is set a going there is no such thing as stopping him, until he is out of breath. He starts from subject to subject, flies from book to book, from picture to picture, measures your nose, your eye, your mouth with a pair of compasses; pours forth a torrent of physiognomy upon you, drags you for a proof of his dogma to a dozen of closets and unfolds ten thousand drawings, but will not let you open your lips to propose a difficulty; crams a solution down your throat before you have uttered half a syllable of your objection. He is as meagre as the picture of famine—his nose and chin almost meet. I read him in my turn and found little difficulty in discoursing. Great genius, unaffected piety, unbounded benevolence and

moderate learning, much caprice and unsteadiness, a mind at once aspiring by nature and groveling through necessity, an endless turn to speculation and project; in short a clever, flighty, good natured, necessitous man. Dr. Rush has in one or more instances used the term demence for dementia. Demence or dissociation is occasioned by a similar nobility of that part of the brain which is the seat of the mind.

When attended with great excitement, the remedies for it should be the letting of blood, light diet, purgatives, together with all other remedies usually resorted to for reducing the morbid excitement of the brain formerly recommended for the cure of insanity. Bark and other tonics should be given in its interval at any periodical time of the disease.

Bathing.—In cases of insanity or aberration of the mind the warm bath applied in the form of water, may be rendered more stimulating, if necessary, by saline or aromatic substances being added to it. It would be necessary for the heat of the water to be a little above that of the body. It is most serviceable when it induces sweats. Dr. Rush gives an account that Mr. Cowper was always relieved by that discharge from his skin. The cold bath should not be administered until the system has been prepared for it by the use of the warm bath. Labor in the open air is especially useful; exercise upon horse-back and otherwise is quite beneficial.

Dr. Rush also gives an account of the excitement of pain. He mentions the accidental effects of stone in the bladder, and burning of moxo on the body, in suspending anguish of the mind. In the history of the disease it is excited in various ways—mustard to the feet is frequently sufficient for this purpose. He, Dr. R., gives an account of having once attended a gentleman from Barbadoes who suffered great distress of mind from hypocondriac gout, which floated in his nerves and brain, but no sooner did the gout fix and excite pain in his hands or feet than he recovered his spirits and became pleasant and agreeable to all around him.

The mind of man is composed of five different attributes, namely: Seeing, tasting, hearing, feeling and smelling—and they are so wisely arranged and organized by our divine Creator in his wisdom and mercy, for the benefit, happiness and social enjoyment of man, that it will inevitably be gratifying to every individual to ponder and reflect upon the great goodness of the Giver of all good gifts, in bestowing upon each and every male and female this great blessing to a greater or less degree. Many persons are endowed with those inestimable attributes to an almost unbounded extent, and the value of the blessing is incalculable. If I was to undertake to place a price on it for any particular individual case, I would be at a great loss for a figure to establish it; for I assure you that the innumeration contained in each and every arithmetic that my eyes have ever beheld, would fall far short of furnishing the value in amount that I could be induced to set down for the least price: or were all the

wealth, both real and personal, that is possessed in the united governments and kingdoms of the known world at my command, it would fall far short in furnishing a capital which I would conceive to be equal in value to the mind of man.

In other instances, it seems to have been the good pleasure of the Author of our existence to have created some individuals without bestowing this wonderful blessing on them, for which cause he has a reason, which no rational mind dare gain-say. He created a large majority of the human family possessed with those great attributes. He also created them after his own image and with the great enjoyments combined in one arising from possessing those great inestimable blessings. The most valuable one is that of having an immediate intercourse, in a spiritual point of view, with the Author of their existance. The mind and soul of man enjoys almost inexhaustible religious enjoyments with the Father, through the efficacy of the blood of his Son. The eye of man which is one of the tender attributes of the mind, you will remember is the image of the eye of Him who so kindly placed it in the forehead for many noble purposes, and one of the most noble amongst all others is to read the holy will of the Son of God, and to look with pleasure and delight upon the firmament of heaven, the beauties of earth and the blue etherial sky; to view and behold, by an eye of faith, the image of the cross and the Son of God on Mount Calvary; to convey and direct the other attributes in a prudent, upright and just course, and to direct them to shun every dangerous obstacle that may be spread in their way by the enemy of souls, and to enable its possessor to fix and center all the energies of the soul, body and mind upon the beauties, excellences and ecstatic joys of heaven, and to adore and magnify an all-wise God; to direct the foot-steps of its possessor to tread that narrow path that leads to life everlasting. This member of the mind being the one placed nearest to the mind or brain of man, it as a matter of course should be held in high estimation. Great care should be taken to preserve it from the delusion of any forbidden fruit or objects which may be placed before it, lest when you might be induced by other members of the mind to partake, instead of them being opened that you might see, you might lose this fine, mild, bewitching and beautiful attribute. The mind when young and tender in its infantile state is the proper time for cultivation. It is subject to many diversified changes in its different developments.—These changes are inherent in every mind. It is therefore highly important to instill into the mind in its early existence, prudent, discreet and virtuous instructions, that it may be capable of managing its warship in after years. Thus it would be less susceptible to be wafted from the path of virtue to a course that would be pernicious to its present and future peace, as it is ever occupied with phenomena in its meditations whether for a beneficial or evil tendency. It of course would go to say that it would be highly recommendable to be very careful to render unto each mind its just deserts, according to its demands or capacity to receive and retain its jewels.

In this infantile state of the mind the beautiful infant seems, in many instances, to possess an expression of countenance of great intellectual faculties strongly marked with great intelligence, and the mind will begin to receive and retain parental advice at a surprisingly early period, and by the time the infant arises to an age sufficient to begin to cultivate the mind, it in the first place begins to partake of the mind of its ancestors to a greater or less degree; first of that of the mind of its maternal parent, which is attributable to nursing and sustenance it naturally receives at the hand of its mother; together from the fact that it is ever in her company and social conversations. It therefore partakes of the mind of the mother. Secondly, the mind of the father, as it arrives to an age sufficient to begin to follow the father to the counting house, office, shop or farm, the mind begins to receive the nature, character and developments of the masculine, having previously passed the feminine mind; it however is apt to retain the mind of the maternal parent. If it be of the feminine gender, and even in the masculine gender it is apt to retain a mind rather to the feminine than otherwise. It is more likely to retain it up to the age of ten or twelve years. The son is more apt to retain the mind of the mother up to this age than the daughter is to partake of the mind and contract the habits of the father. The feminine mind is of the weaker vessel. There is, however, no general rule without some exceptions. In some instances the feminine seems to astonishingly assume the character of the masculine, and to become in early life almost a Franklin, in point of literature, &c.

When our first parents had been banished from Paradise and were sentenced to till the ground with sad diligence, they had retrospections which made labor bitter, and their present was a melancholy contrast to their previous station. They could think of what they had been and what they might have been, and therefore the thoughts of their minds were of self-reproach. It was no part of the pleasantness of their looks to by-gone days and past scenes, that they could dwell upon the recollections of infancy and childhood. The sun of their day had broken forth at once in its high meridian. The enjoyment of their unlimited minds in their gigantic strength of intellect, deep in its researches, noble in its feelings and as high as heaven in admiration. Thus the mind of man expands to the lofty summit of eternal bliss and surveys in its thoughts and meditations the joys and scenes of heaven, peeping through morning clouds, melting the early mist away—their being, not to speak it profanely or with ambition of paradox, began without beginning. They had no visible parents or infant play-fellows—the unseen spirit of the living God was their father—the beautiful earth from which they sprang or created, was their mother, and their companions were the beautiful feathered tribe—the now ferocious lion then a gentle lamb, and the insinuating serpent in its coil, then innocent though

subtle, the bitterness and beauty were not their portion; the prattle that ripens into social conversation, the budding wonder that expands into the wisdom and unfathomable depth of the mind, the childish fondness that grows up into reverence and is sanctified by the holiness of gratitude and the filial affection of the mind, were blessings not possessed by them. Instead thereof they had the stateliness of mature devotion, the sublimity of admiration, the accurate reflective faculties of an awful obedience until security betrayed them into sin, and thus were led into punishment. Their minds then bowed to and looked down upon the earth from which they sprang, and that which they were destined to till. The majesty of high heaven had been offended by their departure from the law—they therefore did not look upwards—they did not look backward, for their days of innocent joys had departed from their abode—neither could they look forwards, for before them lay labor, sorrow and death—labor for the man, sorrow for our mother, and death before and for both. What an awful, dark cloud hung over their minds, without a fringe of light to limit or relieve it, then impending and lowering over the pathway of our first parents! But from the darkness, came out light—from toilsome labor, rest—and from the various sorrow, a new and hitherto unapprehended joy, which made her to doubt whether the curse was not a blessing instead of a cursing, in the smiles of her first born; the cloudless blue of the clear sky was forgotten—the recollected glories of that quiet garden declined into the dimness of a faded picture and passed away like the coldness of a dream.

There had been beauty on each opening day, as the sun peeped over the distant sweetness in the morning fragrance of the dew. So a new interest was given to life and a charm was bestowed on death. The thought of the first mother's mind was as the language of the vain poet—I shall not altogether die. Thus life became more brightened, and death less gloomy. It seemed that God had reversed the doom which he had denounced on the transgressors, and instead of giving them death, bestowed on them another life. When the infant Cain lay on his mother's lap and looked up to read his first lesson of consciousness in his mother's eyes, little thought she that the then dawn of new hopes, that infant spring of a new river of feeling and interest, should in the space of a few short revolving years, be the source of a pang more rending to her heart than the sentence which banished her from Eden. Doubtless when the bloody stricken corpse gave to the minds of its parents the first idea of death. The mother's trembling recollection flew back like a swift Indian arrow or frightened birds, to the fond moments of Cain's birth and to the worldless joy with which she had gazed upon her infant son, and the recollection of infant innocence, made the contemplation of the adult mind more bitter and awful; and did she then regret the fondness with which she had cherished her darling boy? Did she repent the tears of joy which she had shed on

her babe? No—for the joy of the past was the bitterness of the present. She did not lament that the past had been but her adult mind, bore up under the bereavement; peradventure when first driven from the sweet repose of Eden and sentenced to a life of toil, the memory of the past might have so imbittered and exaggerated the dark contrast, as to excite a wish that the past had never been. But the delight which the mind and heart of the mother takes in the lovely and interesting charms of her infant is one of the professions with which she will not readily part, and is one of the recollections which is not easily erased from the memory. Such and so great was the interest of the first child that was born into the world; nor is the interest and beauty of the childhood yet abated. The shining beams and the beautiful earth, from whence the first lines of philosophy were drawn and from whence the first inspirations of poetry were inhaled into the noble mind of man, are yet fresh in their beauty and inexhausted in their wealth of wisdom; nor in the whole compass of the visible universe is there any one topic more redolent of wisdom and beauty than childhood. Lord Bacon wisely asserted that wise men learn more from fools than fools do from wise men.

Be careful to cultivate your mind with the vast importance of a good judgment, and the rich, inestimable advantage of right reasoning. Reflect upon the incidents of your own misconduct in life; think seriously how many follies and sorrows you may have escaped, and how much guilt and misery you may have prevented, if from early years you had taken due pains to judge aright concerning the earth and the fullness thereof. It would in prime old age furnish you with an unbounded capital of wisdom and awaken in you a lively vigor to address yourselves to the work of improving your reasoning powers and seizing every opportunity and advantage for that end. Consider the weakness, frailties and mistakes of human nature in general, which arise from every constitution of a soul united to an animal body. Consider the many mistakes and frailties which are derived from our original apostacy—how much our powers of understanding are yet more darkened by our senses, fancies and unruly passions. Consider the depth and difficulty of many truths and the flattering appearances of falsehood, from which source arise a variety of infinite dangers to which we are daily exposed to our judgment of things. Read with eagerness those authors that proposes to your soul watchfulness on all sides; take a wide survey now and then of the vast and unlimited regions of learning—let your meditations expand over all the scenes, with their innumerable particular themes of knowledge—and then reflect how few of them you have become intimate with. The worlds of science are immense and endless. I do this on purpose to give you a more sensible impression of the poverty of your understanding, and the imperfection of your knowledge. This will instruct you to think modestly of your present attainments, when every dust of the earth and every inch of space surmounts your understanding and triumphs

over your presumption. Peruse with eagerness the accounts of those vast treasures of knowledge which have been possessed by the dead, and now possessed by some of the living. Read and you will be wonderfully astonished at the almost incredible advances which have been made in science. Acquaint yourselves with valuable books, that by converse with their authors through the medium of their writings you may acquire a store of knowledge, and may be thereby animated with your own attainments with a new zeal to equal them. Thus let diligence be gained by a generous and laudable emulation. Presume not too much upon a bright genius and ready wit, for this without labor and study will never make a man of knowledge and wisdom. It has been an unhappy temptation to vigorous and gay fancy to cherish in their minds a hatred to learning. In many instances they have been acknowledged to shine in an assembly and sparkle in discourse upon common topics. But when they had lost the vivacities of animal nature and youth, they become stupid and sottish. The most witty men have in many instances sense enough to know their own foibles and craftily shun the attacks of argument, because they are conscious of their own ignorance and secretly confess their want of acquaintance with the skill. It is meditation and studious thought, the exercise of your own reason and judgment that gives good sense even to the finest genius, and affords your understanding the greatest improvement by the blessing of God on the ingenuity and diligence of men in the present age, has brought to light such truths in natural philosophy and such grand important discoveries in the heavens and earth, as would have seemed to be beyond the reach of man; but cannot there be Sir Isaac Newtons, Dr. Watts or great Rushes in every age of the world. You should never despair therefore, in searching out that which has never heretofore been found. A boy of strong memory may repeat a whole book, yet possess no knowledge of geometry. A young clergyman may learn half the Bible by heart and become a living concordance and a speaking index in theological folios, and yet he may understand but little of divinity. Nor should a student in the ministry or of divinity imagine that notwithstanding we live in an enlightened age of the world, that he has arrived at a full understanding of every thing which may be learned from the Scriptures. Every age since the day of Christ has thrown some further light on difficult passages of Scripture which had been long obscured by the early rise of anti-christ. Do not hover always on the surface of things, nor take up suddenly with appearances but penetrate into the depth of matters as far as your time and circumstances will permit.

Once per day at least, especially in the early years of life and study, you should call yourselves to an account and consider what new ideas, proposition or truth you have gained, and what advances you have made in any part of knowledge; and let no day pass away without some intellectual gain. Such a course well pursued must

certainly advance us in useful knowledge and enrich and brighten the mind. So that it would shine as the pure gold refined from the dross by the refiner's fire.

Nor yet soft slumber close your eyes
Before youv'e recollected thrice,
The train of actions through the day,
Where have my feet chose out the way—
What have I learnt wherever I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen—
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.—WATTS.

As the ear, or sense of hearing is one of the important attributes or members of the mind of man to convey knowledge and wisdom to the understanding of the mind—a dogmatic spirit has many inconveniences attending it—such a spirit stops up the ear against all further reasoning upon subjects of importance and shuts up the mind from all further improvements of knowledge. If you have resolutely fixed your opinion, though it be upon too slight and insufficient grounds, yet you will stand determined to remove the stronest reason but for the contrary opinion, and grow obstinate against the force of the clearest argument. A dogmatic spirit naturally leads to arrogance, and gives a man some airs in conversation, which are too haughty and assuming. These are men that when they deal in controversy, delight in reproaches—they abound in tossing about absurdity among their fellow-men—they cast imputations of heresy upon their antagonist—they demand damnation upon their neighbors without either justice or mercy, and when they pronounce sentences of wrath against supposed heretics, they add to their own human fire and indignation. A living instructor can convey to our senses those notions with which he would furnish our minds—he can make the experiments before our eyes—he can describe figures and diagrams, and make out the demonstration in a more intelligible manner by sensible means, which cannot be done so well by reading, even though we should have the same figures lying in a book before our eyes; I might add also, that even when the subject of discourse is moral, logical or rhetorical, &c., and which does not directly come under the notice of our senses, a tutor may explain by such familiar examples as seldom find a place in books.

There are five methods whereby the mind is improved in the knowledge of things—they are observation, reading, instruction by lectures, conversation and meditation, which last, in a most peculiar manner, is termed study.

Observation is the notice we take of all occurrences in human events, whether they are sensible and intelligent, whether relating to persons or things, or to ourselves or others, it furnishes us even from our infancy with a rich variety of ideas, words and phrases By this, we know that the meredian son gives light, and the moon that is placed in her sphere rules the night—that our judgment is weak, our mistakes many, our sorrows great—our bodies die, and are laid in the bowels of the earth, and the spirit takes its heavenly flight to rest in the abode of its Creator, or goes down to hell. All those things which we see, hear or feel, which we perceive by sense or of our consciousness, or which we know in a direct manner with scarcely any exercise of our reflecting faculties or our reasoning powers, may be included the general head of observation—therefore, includes all that is meant by sensation and reflection.

Reading is the means of knowledge whereby we acquaint ourselves with what other men have written or published. Reading and writing are of infinite advantage—their price is far above rubies; by them we are made partakers of the sentiments, observations, reasonings and improvements of all the literary capital of the learned world in former ages, and almost from the beginning of time.

Lectures are such verbal instructions, as are given by a teacher while the audience attend in silence. This is the way of learning philosophy or theology from the professors chair, or religion from the learned minister, or mathematics from a teacher, with all the instruments of art necessary to those operations.

Social conversation is another inestimable method of improving our minds, wherein, by mutual discourse and inquiry we receive and communicate our sentiments to each other. Under this head of conversation, we may also rank or class disputes of various kinds.

Meditation includes all those exercises of mind whereby we render all the former methods useful for the increase of knowledge and true wisdom. It is by meditation we confirm our memory of things that pass through our thoughts in the occurrences of life, in our experiences and in the observations we make. It is by it we draw various inferences, and establish in our minds the general principles of knowledge. The fine attributes of the mind, tasting, feeling and the power of smelling, are of infinite value—they center to the understanding, and each member performs its office to aid in attaining to, and retaining knowledge. The enjoyment of the taste when not lost or impaired, is of great value to its possessor. The pleasure of tasting the delicious fruits of the tree in the orchards, or the raisin in the gardens—the bread from the grain of the harvest-field, with milk and honey, or the limb of the fine fowl of the air, or the flesh of the fatted calf, or the noble swine, and the drinking of water that flows from its delightful fountain-head, to cool the raging thirst in the heat of summer's noon-day, and satisfy the appetite occasioned by hunger and fasting.

The sense of smelling or inhaling into the nostrils the sweet, deli-

cious flavor of the rose in its morning bloom, or the lily of the valley, or the sweetness of all the flowers of nature's garden and perfumery of the art of man, in the preparation and cultivation of those natural things.

Also, the sense of feeling, and extent of enjoyment in the sensations of pleasure both spiritually and temporally by receiving the glories of true religion into the heart, soul and mind, and by feeling the pleasures of ease, health and social fireside conversations, are all blessings of incalculable value, and they should be carefully preserved and cultivated by their respective possessors—thus you may retain a healthy, masculine mind even down to medium life and hoary hairs.

The importance of the cultivation of the mind from infancy to medium life, is the important, short hour, allotted to man to prepare for old age and eternal bliss—to cultivate the mind in such a way that it will predominate, and rule, and reign over the natural feelings, and bring them under subjection before they shall have had time to gain the ascendency over the mind and soul.

Thus in the trying hour, when surrounded by earthly friends, you may instruct them with the vigor of a youthful mind, having been unspotted and untarnished from the world, the body goes down to its grave in peace, and the mind and soul takes its heavenly flight—leaving all sordid cares behind, bidding an eternal farewell to time and timely things, and flies swiftly through the four winds of heaven, ever directed by the spirits of just men made perfect, and by the angels of glory, upheld by the word of Almighty God, the windows of heaven fly wide open to receive the immortal spirit and valuable soul, bought by the price of the atoning blood of the Son of God shed on Mount Calvary more than eighteen hundred years past.

It enters into the full enjoyment of God and heaven, and all things therein contained. We will draw a picture in your mind of the glorious exit, and reflect for but one moment of the beautiful scenery of heaven with all its extatic joys, and you will find that the mind will fall far short of arriving to any particular notion of this delightful land, which flows with milk and honey, and the water of life. Will you, therefore, be induced to cultivate the mind while in its young and tender buddings, that it may not assume a peevish, fretful disposition, which is too often attendant on gray hairs.

The mind of man in its unbounded space,
Leaps with joy or grief o'er hill and place—
It moves from the present, to the past and future
Then revolves and surveys the noble laws of nature—
It rolls o'er seas and brooks with unbounded strength,
And has neither height, depth, width nor length;
It is daring and soars to high heaven's tower,
And is so unstable it cannot remain one hour;
But returns again to earth and sea,
And expands o'er brook and land with glee,
Thence leaps to rivulets, dales, rocks and rivers,

But in its meanderings meets with many shivers;
It reaches to the highest seat in bright glory,
And shouts in its sphere hallelujah's story;
It thence descends upon the surface of the ocean,
And there expands in one grand, sublime commotion;
It then surmounts the bold ship and rudder,
And quails as it moves to the mast and shudders,
Returns again into the foaming bottom,
And rises once more to the vessel's totter,
And thence from the vessel into the wood,
And there surveys the works of nature's God;
It views the tall oak upon the mountain's top,
And there makes but one short moment's stop;
It thence flies swift as an Indian's arrow
O'er the great deep in joy or sorrow,
And settles down upon the finer grain
Of the mahogany—but cannot there remain,
But soars back into the social conversation,
And there surveys every kindred tongue and nation—
It first rests upon the companion of its youth,
And thence relates to its tender offspring, truth,
And extends from river to spring and glade,
Until the inferior clod is numbered with the dead—
The finer senses of the mind and soul soars above,
And takes its seat in the Lamb of God's abode—
Then basks in one eternal scene of joy—
What delicious fruits to the taste without alloy,
And one eternal song of glory will be sung
From which brighter joys never sprung.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

In entering upon the Beauties of Nature, I will treat of the subject of the earth, and a portion of the fullness thereof. I will treat it very short and comprehensive, as I maintain that the great beauty in reading or lecturing, is, to treat a subject short and to the point. There are many books in the world of but little value, from the fact, of a long, ceremonious repetition of the same sentence or sentences, and from having been badly written. The subjects are, perhaps of sufficient grade or character to entertain the mind of the most refined literary gentlemen of modern days, provided they had been compiled by their respective authors, comprehensive while they are cheaply thrown aside. Language would exhaust itself in searching for epithets to describe the exquisite beauty and grandeur of the verdant scenes of the earth, or the varied aspects which its vast and lovely domain present to the beholding eye—of green solitudes, and smiling cities, towns and villages—of woods where silence and meditation love to dwell, and the resort of all that is bright and elegant in social life, to the vernal sweetness of the air upon the shores of time.

If climate, indeed, or the general character of a city and surrounding country may be supposed to exercise any influence on the disposition of man, the moral and intellectual character of the inhabitants of the lovely city of Nashville, upon the back of the bold and swift Cumberland, should be of the highest kind—the air which breathes with a gentle warmth, seems tempered by nature.

I know a bank whereon the wild winds blow,
Where wild roses and the cowslips grow—
It is on the bank of the bold Cumberland,
She ranks with many other rivers not an under land,
Quite over-canopied with green woodbine,
With sweet red roses and with eglantine.

There are many small rivulets running in,
And each murmuring brook stops within;
There sleep the wild deer on the bank at night,
In the flowers with pleasure and delight—

It runs North and empties into the Ohio,
Thence runs into the Mississippi and ocean's bayou.

The art of man doth float upon her surface,
But old time will end her splendid, briliant race;
But not until the end of time will cease
To bear to the lands the news of peace;
And in the final end she will catch on fire,
The flames will extend a thousand leagues and higher.
[*Original.*

Back, back to the hills where the wild deer is bounding,
To the forest and glens where the blue streams are sounding,
No more of the city, no more of the plain,
Oh, welcome the breath of the mountain again.

I have sighed, I have pined for my own mountain home
Till hope died within me—I come now, I come,
Oh, bitter is exile where mourning is vain,
But it doubles the transport of meeting again.

I come, and I chide not the absent so long,
If his spirit uncaged spread its pinions in song;
It hath burst from its prison—hath broken its chain,
Now welcome the free wilds and mountains again.

F. O.

The beauties of the earth in her grand, sublime verdure in the Spring months, set forth the herbage in their full splendor, nourished by the rays of the sun, and bedewed by the rains from heaven—kindly moistened by the besprinkling dews of night—spoke into existence by the author of the universe. What a grand scene to stand on the top of some tall mountain, and view the landscape over—first placing the eye upon the stupendous oak, with its green boughs spreading in every direction, and lifting its head above its neighbor trees, its leaves wafted by the breeze of the eastern winds—its roots warmed by the rays of the sun, it makes its obedience in proud but humble submission to its benefactor. What a large, but gigantic tree to spring from one small acorn, spoke into existence by nature's God.

Stands close by its side the stupenduous poplar, having sprang from the same soil, and watered by the same divine hand, setting forth the wonders and excellencies in its early buddings—of its source, origin, fountain, and head.

Stands not far distant the beautiful yellow pine, with all the magnificent splendor and glory of the wood from which man in his great mechanical arts, hews or saws into fine timbers, and erects many splendid mansions and edifices, and the gigantic mind ponders with delight upon its ingenuity. While standing in the forest it answers the murmuring winds with seemingly rapturous joy, as they place their power of strength upon its boughs.

I love the free ridge of the mountain,
  When dawn lifts her fresh dewy eye;
I love the old ash by the fountain,
  When morn's summer fervors are high,
And dearly I love when the grey mantel glowing
  Adown the glinn valley glides slowly along,
And finds afar by the pine forest all roaming,
  All listening the close of the grey linnet's song;
When the morn from her fleecy scattering
  Over ocean her silvery light,
And the whisper of woodland waters
  Comes soft through the silence of the night,
I love by the ruined tower lonely to linger,
  A dreaming to fancy's wild witchery given,
And here as if swept by some seraph's pure finger,
  The harp of the winds breathing accents of heaven;
Yet, still 'mid sweet fancies oe'rflowing,
  Of bursts from my lone breast the sigh,
I yearn for the sympathies glowing
  When hearts to each other reply.
Come then gentle bird, with kindred devotion,
  And worship with me by wild mountain and stream;
Oh, come my sweet mate, with still dearer emotions,
  With rapture to hallow the chaste home of love.

F. O.

Who can read the above lines, and not feel a glow of pleasure extend through every feeling and sense of the mind when we contemplate the beauties of nature. It is unbounded in its sphere—it extends upward to the blue, etherial sky—the mind settles down upon the radiance and splendor of the natural sun, placed in the heavens to rule the day and banish the darkness.

THE VALLEY OF VISION.

This is the night, the very night,
Have I not read the stars aright,
With an eye of fear and a brow of pain,
Ippolito gazed on his books again,
And closed them together in vain;
Two vessels stood on the table—
Ippolito to him the vessels drew—
One was filled with honey dew,
One with hemlock sable;
Steadily as he was able,
Of poison he poured a single drop:
On the honey dew it fell,
Still as water in the well,
And it rested on the top;
Hast thou not bitten the moon-ground plant?
Ippolito liftted the cover of lead.

The toad died with eager want,
For it never would be fed;
It lifted its eyes like a human thing,
Poor wretch, he mutters its pains and pines,
And cries to my soul with its piteous signs;
Eftsonns with a hasty fling,
Down he shut the box of lead,
To-night it will be dead;
Every token tells me true,
The poison rests on the honey dew,
And the toad is dying too;
I took it as it sat alone,
Drawing the coldness of a stone,
And I plucked the shrunk, mandrake root,
And the plant beneath its slimy foot.
Of all the stars that in heaven are,
Was it not under the very star,
And know I not by the star in the sky,
When it dies, that she must die.

[*Whitehead.*

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

The golden eagle is one of the most powerful of birds—specimens have sometimes been found measuring four feet in length and about nine feet from the tip of the extended wings. The time that they live has not been accurately ascertained, but their longevity must be very great. In their strength they are proof against the elements, or the strongest gale. It does not much impede their motions, and their powers of sustaining hunger are very great. In many parts there are pairs that have lived beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitants—nor is it their native age that not only eagles attain a great age. There was one kept in Vienna for one hundred and four years. Many stories are told of the boldness of the eagles at the time when they are providing for their young, and they are so universal, that there must be some foundation for it. When the old ones are at the nest, the boldest fowler dares not approach it, as one flap of the wing will strike a man dead to the ground. Even when they are absent, and an attack is made on their brood, it is far from safe, as they see so far and come so rapidly. It soars, perhaps, nearer the sun than any other bird—it mounts up and views the planets of heaven, and surveys the grandeur of earth—borne up by the elasticity of its wings, and returns to the earth with sweeping velocity, and rests its foot on the clifts or in the caverns of the rocks.

Methought a valley wild and wide,
With granite cliffs on either side,
Embattled, stretched from sea to sea,
Old ocean's voice came drearily,
From its dim openings east and west,
Where clouds and misty vapors rest,
And from beneath the eastern cloud
Of human kind, a countless crowd,
Methought were landing evermore,
Like sea fowis flocking to the shore—
And up that vale incessant wending
In a train that had no ending—
Then lifting up my eyes to view,
This path this multitude pursue,
I strait beheld a giant mound
Stretching across the valley ground;
So high the eagle's wing would fail
Its sky-topped battlements to scale;
Soon by that rampart's frowning wall
I stood, and heard a herald's call,
While the current of a river,
The human tide rolled on forever;
Two passages received that tide—
The one a gate-way large and wide;
Like a triumphal arch bestrode,
The level high-way sweeping broad,
Right through the rampart to the left,
The other like some fisher cleft,
By earthquake or volcanic fires,
All overgrown with thorns and briars,
Appeared so dismal, strange and rude,
That of the countless multitude,
Methought comparatively few,
Sought there to find a passage through;
But by that rugged entrance stood
A herald grave, yet mild of mood,
Proclaiming in high, solemn strain,
That all who peace and rest would gain,
Or 'scape the fierce pursuer's wrath,
Must enter by the narrow path:
And as he cried aloud, I saw,
That many heard the voice with awe;
Hushed a brief space their boisterous din,
And turned as if to enter in,
By that rude portal, till amain,
From the great gate some mirthful strain,
Lured back their giddy hearts again;
Then looking to the left, a blaze
Of dazzling lustre caught my gaze,
Where by the gate a lady sate,
In queenly guise on throne of state;
She wore a crown of gauze and gold—
Her robe was loose, her looks were bold,
And round her a voluptuous train
Of bacchananals and jugglers vain,
Were dancing to a Lydian measure--
It was thecourt of worldly pleasure,
And thus nnto the passing crowd,
The cunning sorceress cried aloud.

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

In North America, probably to increase as much as possible the rural charms of the brief summer's morn, there one species of bird is invited by all appearances to nestle near the houses of the inhabitants. Among those half domesticated and social birds the house wren, the blue-bird and the purple martin are the most noted. The latter is a bird of passage, and he always makes his summer residence among the habitations of man, who, deriving considerable advantages as well as amusements from his company, is generally his friend and protector. Accordingly, when he comes, he is almost certain of finding some hospitable retreat, fitted up for his accommodation and reception of his family, either in the projecting wooden cornice on the top of the roof or sign post, or if all these be wanting, he betakes himself to the dove cot, among the pigeons, and when he makes choice of a particular quarter of the latter nest, a pigeon dares not set foot within his premises. Some have large conveniences constructed for these birds, consisting of numerous apartments, which are, for the most part, fully tenanted every spring, and in such swallows, indeed, birds have been noted to return to the same box, for several successive years. This practice of harboring and protecting the purple martin, does not appear to be of European origin, as the aboriginal Americans, had adopted a similar practice from time immemorial. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians for example, clips off all the top branches from a sappling, near their cabins, bowing their prongs on each of which they hang a goard or calabash properly hollowed out for these birds to nestle in. On the banks of the Mississippi, again, the negroes stick up long canes with the same species of apartments fixed to their tops in whichthe purple martins regularly breed. Wherever I have traveled, says Wilson in this country, I have seen with pleasure the hospitality of the inhabitants to this favorite bird. The following little trait of its domestic history was communicated by Mr. Henry, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In 1800, says he, I removed from Lancaster to a farm a few miles above Harrisburgh. Knowing the benefit derivable to a farmer from the neighborhood of the martin in preventing the depredations of the bald eagle, the hawks and even the crows, my carpenter was employed to form a large box with a number of apartments for the martin. The box was put up in the autumn. Near and around the house, were a number of well grown apple trees and much shrubbery—a fit haunt for the feathered race about the middle of February. The blue birds came in a short time; they were very familiar, and took possession of the box.—They consisted of two or three pairs. By the fifteenth of May, the blue birds had eggs if not young. Now the martins arrived in numbers, visited the box, and a severe conflict ensued. The blue birds seemingly animated by the right of possession, or for the protection

of their young, were victorious. The martins regularly arrived about the middle of May for the eight following years, examined the apartments of the box in the absence of the blue birds, but were uniformly compelled to fly upon the return of the latter. Their notes seem discordant because of their numbers. Yet to me they are pleasing. The industrious farmer and mechanic would do well to have a box fixed near the apartments of their drowsy laborers. Just as the dawn approaches, the martin begins its notes, which lasts a half a minute or more, and then subside until the twilight is fairly broken. An animated chattering now ensues, sufficient to arouse the most sleepy. Perhaps chanticleer is not their superior in this beneficial qualification, and he is far beneath the martin in his powers of annoying birds of prey.

THE CANARY BIRD.

The canary bird has continued so long in a domestic state, that its native habits as well as its native country seem almost forgotten. In its native Canary Islands, a region celebrated for the beauty of its landscapes and the harmony of its groves. This bird is of a dusky grey-color, and so different from those usually seen in our cages, that some have even doubted whether it be of the same species. The canary is a social and familiar bird, and is capable of contracting an attachment for the person to whom it belongs. It will perch on the shoulder of its mistress, and pick its food from her hand or mouth. In 1830, a Frenchman exhibited four and twenty canary birds in London, many of which he said were from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Some of these balanced themselves, head downwards on their shoulders, having their legs and tail in the air. One of them taking a slender stick in its claws passed its head between its legs and suffered itself to be turned around as if in the act of being roasted. Another balanced itself and was slung backward and forward on a kind of slack rope. A third was dressed in military uniform, having a cap on its head, wearing a sword and pouch and carrying a fire lock in one claw. After some time sitting upright, this bird at the word of command, freed itself from its dress and flew away to the cage. A fourth suffered itself to be shot at, and falling as if dead, to be put into a little wheelbarrow and wheeled away by one of its comrades, and several of the birds were at the same time placed upon a little fire work, and continued there quietly, and without alarm until it was discharged.—*Lilly & Co.*

Behold a bird's nest!
Mark it well within, without;
No tool had he that wrought—no knife to cut,
No nail to fix—no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join—his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished. What nice hand
With every implement and means of art
Could compass such another.

There are an almost insurmountable host of birds and fowls in the world upon the beauties of which much might be said. But it would consume much time and labor to undertake to give a minute description of them. There is the peafowl, in its stately steppings, clothed with a golden plumage, the feathers of which are quite beneficial, and the Washington Eagle. Mr. Auburn, the celebrated naturalist, speaks of this latter named rare and noble bird, in the following language:—

"Never shall I forget the delight it gave me—not even Herschel when he discovered the famous planet which bears his name, could have experienced more happy feelings; for to have something new to relate—to become yourself a contributor to science, must excite the proudest emotions of the human heart."

The stork is also a bird of fine appearance, prefering rocks, houses and churches, to trees, to rest its wearied wings upon. After having returned from its flights in search of water and food to quench the thirst and appease the appetite, and like other birds which affect such situations, it is everywhere held sacred, or at least protected. There is the fine pigeon, the ring-dove, American pigeons, the Virginian rail, the king fisher, heron, the window swallow and barn swallow, the cedar bird, the Baltimore starling, Indian sparrow, halcyon, and the red-throated humming bird, &c. &c., with all their gayness and splendor, clothed in fine downy feathers and beautiful wings, to cover their bodies and bear them through the trackless air. These are all strongly marked specimens of the beauties of nature, sitting forth the wisdom and beneficence of nature's God, for the eye of man to behold, and ponder on with delight, which makes the mind of man and natural objects closely allied.

There are also a numerous quantity of tame and wild beasts of the forest, many of which are possessed with much beauty, and add greatly to the beauties of nature and use of man in various ways. One of the most beneficial of those is the horse or noble stead.—Call to your mind the description of young Selam, as given in the life of Gen. Francis Marion. Sergeant McDonald no doubt thought him the most beautiful of all things in the world, and would have risked his life for him at all times. The Elephant with his great power of strength, breaking branches, and swimming the foaming rivers, are all works of nature; and when you behold the fatted calf in its beauty, growing up to the stature of a stalled ox, or the

fine milch cow, giving forth the richest luxuriant milk from which the fine cream, butter and cheese are produced for the benefit of man. These favors all flow from a Divine hand. Were it not for this fact, their beauties could not be boasted of. Take if you please, the bleating lamb, skiping on the herbage with its fine coat of fleece, and tell me what is more bewitching to the eye than this, an emblem of the Lamb of God!

Walk with me into the garden and vine yard. All the beauties of nature budding and springing forth with the early warmth of an April sun—the fine rose opening with the morning due, and closing its glories in noon day, for the security of its brilliance, re-opening on the return of the evening shower or morning dew, in full splendor and gigantic bloom.

The red pink in its brilliance and lustre, followeth the precepts and examples of its sister rose, in all its pride and pomp. Standing close by its side is the May flower; her beauties claiming a space in the history of the annals of the magnificent works of nature, bending and nodding in obedience to the lily in its most glorious sphere, contending strenuously with its sister flowers, to stand in the rank of the first beauties of nature, which deserves great credit for its early progress in flowering the garden with its fragrance. Oh! there is the sweet william, in all its beauty, standing hard by the lily, claiming to occupy the space of number one amongst all of the other flowers. "Well, sir billy, you have fooled us at last," cries out the rose, pink, lily, &c. for when we read the Book of all Books, we find written, that the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. Oh! what an awful blunder we made in taking the first seat in this little book of nature!

We might enumerate multitudes of beautiful flowers, which would demand the first numbers in the Book of Nature. But these are sufficient to introduce the minds of ladies and gentlemen of all ranks into the beautiful garden of nature, and upon the introduction of these, the curiosity of the mind would lead you to seek an acquaintance with every herb, plant and flower inside the pailing, and you would no doubt return each succeeding morn, to pour forth praises in your secret meditation to the Author and Supporter of all these fine works of nature, and when your eyes become weary, walk into the harvest field and behold the golden chaff, spreading forth in its splendor for the use of man, standing close by its side—the fine white and yellow corn in its stately commanding elegance—bringing forth the beautiful silk therein—the green to the riper ear, all in their proper place and time—the fine cotton, springing up in its natural time, shows pleasantly to its cultivator, the white and red bloom which are forerunners of the noble staple, so wisely spoke into being by Him who sends the moistening rain in due time—all for the benefit of man and the glory of God.

The fine grained oats in beauty and waving submissions, to the eastern morning's breeze, stands hard by in willing obedience to the

appetite of the noble four-footed animals—the fine potatoe spreading forth its vines, claims the most fertile part of the soil, it being one of the most pleasant and useful substitutes for bread. Th fine cucumber and melon at the same time, occupying a space in the large garden. How sweet and delicious are they to the natural taste, when not impaired by ill-health—the fine orange with its delicious flavor bows in submission to man. The yellow plum and sweet summer grape—the cherry and fine peach and apple, together with the sweet pair, are all fine works of nature, expressly intended for the use and comfort of man, together with many other beautiful herbs and fruits of every description.

Again, walk if you please into the yard of your mansion and view what nature has done for you in placing the fine yard grass, the beautiful locusts, and any other trees you may choose to plant in your yard, with their spreading boughs to dispel the rays of the sun under which you may in the summer's evening set and hold social converse with each member of your family and any occasional visitor, read to your tender offspring the word of God, written by inspired men of old, or any other valuable books you may select for your choice, and I would not be the least opposed to your reading the "Secret Worth Knowing," or the "Lily of the West" and occasionally you can recreate and amuse yourself by looking at the wood and many other species of vine running and winding over the door and summer house; and at the early hour of the night, you can with amazement and pleasure behold the lunar shinning forth in serene beauty, surrounded by an innumerable host of planets and bright stars of heaven, fixed in their orbs, each one striving to outshine all others, dispeling the dark, sable curtains of night. You repose on your couch and pillow to refresh from the toils of the past day, arise in the following morning and behold the sun arising from behind the eastern hemisphere in all the pomp and splendor of his magnificent gigantic power, dispelling the darkness of the night; ruling over the day, spreading his glories to the west, sinking into the latent hours of the P. M., behind the western horizon, to rise again in the space of twelve short hours. But remember that this great sun will one day set to rise no more, but the sun of righteousness will in much greater splendor arise with healing in his wings to waft the spirits of just men made perfect, above the sordid cares of time and land the part that never dies, beyond cold Jordan's icy arms, and bathe in one eternal scene of joy and peace forever more!

Walk with me if you please to the brook or small rivulet, gushing forth from the mountain's foot, bending its course downwards, forming small creeks, large rivers, and great oceans of water, of which the fowls of the air, the beasts of the forest, the wild bounding deer, in its beauty, all drink freely to quench the raging thirst, occasioned by the rays of the summer's noon day sun; view the delightsome fish in large schools, playing and bathing in these fine chrystal founts, and then take a cup of water from the fountain head, at the foot of

the tall mountain, and walk refreshed to the summit or pinacle and gaze with wonder and amazement, over the trees of the forest, the view of the hemlock wood, the beauties of earth itself, the splendor of the green grass and herbage.

The tall gigantic surrounding mountains, the clifts of rocks, the caverns of the earth, the fine cedar glades, the splendor of the blue etherial sky, with the brilliant sun and all its nightly ornaments, the beauties of the cultivated garden and harvest field, the splendor of the pruned vineyard, and the ripening fruit in the orchard, the pomp of the beasts of the forest, the fowls of the air clapping their glad wings, sailing from hill to dale and meadow, singing their sweet melodious notes; and view if you please the brook, rivulet, rivers and large seas, in all their bright crystal splendor, the latter of which bears upon their proud waves, the splendor and magnificence of the fine arts of man, and reflect for one moment and consider that these inestimable blessings were all bestowed from the hand of nature's God, for the support and social enjoyment of man. How thankful we should be, and how dependent we should feel upon his Almighty arm!

Weeping willow! Did I forget your beauty in all your splendor? If so you can do as did sweet william, with his sister flower of the garden, claim that the first shall be last and the last first; taking by your side, the Olive branch, the favorite of the pretty dove of Noah's ark, that rested on Mt. Ararat, for the abating of the waters, and you can let her build her nest in and place her foot on the Olive branch and your sweeping boughs, and I have no doubt but the whole feathered tribe would envy her station and desire her fall.—The mind of man naturally by instinct delights to view all the works of nature, the eye delights in the sweet scent of the orange, rose, pink, the wood bines and all the sweetness of nature. The sense of the taste fondly partakes of the sweet cakes, delicious fruits, the honey comb of the labor of the industrious bee, the sugar of the tree or cain, the bread of the coarser and finer grain, and the flesh of the fatted calf, the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air, are all delicious luxuries that satisfy the attribute of the mind. The sense of hearing is always on the alert; the ear is ready for the news of the day—and to listen at sweet songs. The songs of the humming bird, the murmuring of the water-brook, the sounding of the thunder, and forebodings of the distant tornado—the social fire-side conversations, the sweet coredien songs, and the voice of the eloquent orator on the stage—these are delightsome to the ear; the sense of feeling delights to perform the duties of her office; where the sensations are not painful, it basks in the pleasures of social enjoyment, feels and shares the comforts and happiness of its fellow-man—feels the forebodings and foretaste of heaven. Thus the mind of man and the beauties of nature are closely allied.

Such are the first principles of this mysterious language. Love and friendship ought to join their discoveries to render it more per-

fect. These sentiments, the most delightful in nature, are alone able to perfect what they have originated.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

BY LUCY HOOPER.

Oh! how thy magic world of flowers,
  Fairy ministers of grace.
Soothing all our weary hours,
  Decking every lonely place,
With a tinting bright and strange,
Glancing in a world of change.

Hidden links of some fair sphere,
  Breathing of its hues of light,
Ye have holy spells, and dear,
  Ye have tokens for the sight,
The spell of love, the voice of power,
May thrill us from a fragile flower.

Seek we an emblem of our dreams,
  Of hopes we fondly hide,
Behold the water lily gleams,
  Half trembling on the tide,
And once beneath the place share wild
The mountain daisy look and smiled.

Thus should the cheek of beauty glow,
  At tales too fond too true,
Twine ye the myrtle for her brow,
  With rose of brightest hue,
And whisper that in eastern bowers,
They learn the poetry of flowers.

NATURE'S WORKS.

Heaven and earth in one grand chain,
  From north to south—from east to west,
Bind all things great and small therein contain'd
  In this an all-wise God, arrang'd for best.

Each noble work of nature stands in its place,
  Upheld by the power that gave it birth,
And will until time shall run its race,
  With sweet joy, sad grief or mirth.

Each blooming red rose and sweet woodbine,
  Industrious ant and insects of the earth,
Will cheer and enliven this heart of mine,
  Until the inferior powers are cold in death.

The fine pink, sweet william and May flower,
  The weeping willow, rose Mary and olive branch,
Will all with sweet accord receive the evening shower,
  And adore Deity until the barge of time doth launch.

Each herb and each flower in the square garden,
  Will join in one song with sweet accord,
Man's heart will grow soft at the song or harden,
  And either curse or join in praises to the Lord.

The seas will roar, and each wave roll high,
  At the command of high heaven's king,
Every tree in the forest will live or die—
  The thunders, rocks, and mountains ring.

Every rivulet, spring, branch, brook and dale,
  And all the flowing creeks and rivers,
Will sing forth praises in one eternal gale,
  With the mountain oars of gold and silver.

The spring martin will perch upon the pole,
  And all her sister birds will join the choral song.
And aid the mind of man with all his soul,
  To pour forth adoration to whom they all belong.

Gentle bird we find thee here,
When nature wears her summer vest,
Thou cam'st to weave thy simple nest,
And when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'est the genial bowers,
Of Memphis or the shores of Nile,
Whose sunny hours of verdure smile.—*Lilly & Co.*

THE ART OF MAN.

In entering upon this subject we have a wide field, laying with its silvery wings and golden bowers, spread before us to expand our mind and pen upon. However, notwithstanding all this, I still hold to the doctrine—treat the subject short and comprehensive. It will take less paper, and a less sum of money will pay the printer. It will, therefore, come cheaper to the reader, and will be thrice entertaining to a very large majority of the people. Long ceremonies are tiresome and destructive to social conversation.

It will, no doubt, be readily admitted that the art and science of man is a subject of great interest and no small import. Take the beauties of nature in her pomp and splendor—in her wild uncultivated state—and then place the mechanic and artizan, with his fine wrought tools for polishing, and think for one moment of the improvement that has been made, during even the last short century. How interesting it is to the natural mind, to survey the improvements made by the mind of man! The natural mind—the beauties of nature, and the art of man are closely allied.

Nature is, therefore, the mother of art. We will first take a moment's view of the great ship, ploughing the proud waves of the wide Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, the Northern and Southern oceans, bourne up by nature, and sailing through the stormy winds—the flag of peace hoisted on her bow, rising and sinking with each rolling billow, leaving behind her the tumbling waves, with the mariner at the helm of the vessel, directing the navigation—the captain of the vessel to command and lead on each officer and guide her to the port of destination—the main mast and each rudder performing their respective duties, and each sail unfurled, hurling the vessel and being hurled by the eastern, western, northern and southern winds. Suppose her to be the Great Western, erected by the art of man at the city of Philadelphia, hewn out of nature's wood and iron, launched into nature's deep ocean. Imagine yourself placed upon the cupilo of some splendid edifice, taking a beautiful view from this grand scenery, at this noble structure, erected by the art of man, sailing on her mother nature—the face of the deep waters—and suffer your mind to expand for the space of one short moment of time as it flies on its silvery wings—and what a sublime picture to the beholding eye!

VIEW OF NASHVILLE.

This region is not of the earth,
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar—all are brought,
All mantled with a garden vine—
But breathes enchantment.

The view of the city of Nashville from the cupalo under which I now sit and write—its magnificent structure—all formed and erected by the art of man—its splendid edifices hewn out of wood and stone, and its sweeping amphitheatre of a glowing land, on which nature and art have alike lavished their profoundest treasures, has more the startling aspect of a vision than of mere reality. Such is the air of enchantment that seems to invest every object, and throw fresh brilliancy into every prospect, near or remote. Castles, spires and palaces--glowing gardens, green sunny isles and romantic clifts on the banks of the Cumberland—the retreats of the world's masters of the sword or of the lyre, open around you on all sides, while the most vivid colors attracting forms and fervid spirit of life and animation, filling the imagination and dazzling the sight. Nature in all her beauty and majesty, is still as lavish of her flowers and fruits, still asserts her everlasting reign, through the fair solitudes of her hills and woods, and blooms again over the ruins of the wild. It is man only and his works that are the sports of destiny—a tradition, a relic and a tomb and their brief history is told.

One of the most conspicuous objects that first arrests the eye is the Nashville university, its splendid edifice, magnificent structure, all so ingeniously erected by the art of the mechanic, for the instruction of youth. Next to this demands the attention of the way-worn traveler is the Infirmary, the Court House, the Churches and the Penitentiary—all have the finest arts of man lavished profusely on them. Their fine cupalos, well-polished fronts, spires, pulpits, seats and galleries, are all commanding and attractive. The bridge erected across the Cumberland, for the accommodation of travelers, and the proud steamers, ploughing up the river, richly laden with merchandize, to supply the wants of her enterprising citizens, and surrounding country, the neatness of the square and streets are strictly kept in the most elegant style—the enterprizing merchant, minister financier, editor, publisher, lawyer, mechanic, landlord, clerk and medical man, gardner, &c. &c., are all closely applied to their different daily avocations and pursuits of life.

The weary traveler finds rest with the landlords in peace and tranquility, the Insane find a home at the Asylum—the youth receives instruction at the hand of his preceptor, the country merchant and honest yeomanry find encouragement with the enterprising merchant, mechanic, &c., in this hospitable city.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again,
Not chaos like together crushed and bruised,
But as the world harmoniously confused,
Where order in variety we see,
And where tho' all things differ—all agree.—POPE.

The art of printing, perhaps would next demand our attention.—This great and important discovery was made by John B. Faust of Germany about three hundred years since. This is quite interesting and equally useful. It spreads the important news of the day from nation to nation, city to city, and town to village. It furnishes the mind with the rich treasures of learning, the fireside social conversation with an introduction into the views of great and wise men. It furnishes the student with valuable books, the school-boy with the alphabet, the minister with the Bible and hymn book; and many others which would exhaust time to enumerate. The penetrating mind of a Fulton discovered the art of propelling ships, boats and machinery by the power of steam. A Franklin discovered the art and science of lightning-conductors. There have been many important discoveries made, and their plans effectually carried out to complete perfection. There are many yet unknown which will be brought to light, during the present century. The enterprise and ingenuity that is inherent in every mind will ever be occupied in searching out some new invention. The art of tunnelling through the mountain to effect a passage was a discovery of no small importance. Also that of canaling, for the export and import of the rich merchandize from east to west, and the staple or produce from west to east and south is of very great interest to man. Also that of writing. If it was not for writing how could you ever read from the pen of a maniac—how could you correspond with foreign friends.

There are an almost innumerable host of the various perfections of the art of man, which was invented by his ingenuity, and are characteristic and peculiar in their beauty and splendor. The art of sculpturing, drawings and paintings, &c. &c.,—of inventing mechanical tools of every description, deserve much credit and should be attached to their inventors, which have all been invented by the penetrating mind of man and which blends the faculties of the mind, the beauties of nature and the art of man in strong fetters not easily broken. The infant body springs into boyhood, hardens into manhood, dwindles down and returns to the dust from which it was formed. The mind runs a similar career, in its onward progress, but not in its retrocession, though the inroads of disease or the feebleness of sensibility may fetter its powers and obscure their brightness. Yet the fact that intellect is frequently retained in its pristine vigor by the advance in years, is an argument that the mind does not necessarily retrograde in old age. In one morning of advanced life, Dr, Johnson amused himself by memorising eight hundred lines of Virgil at the age of seventy-three—when staggering

under an immediate attack of paralysis, sufficiently severe to render him speechless, he composed a latin prayer in order to test the loss or retention of his mental faculties, nor is this a solitary instance. One of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language was composed by Mason on the attainment of his seventy-second birth day. Locke at seventy-two, and Newton at eighty-four retained their faculties in unabated vigor. The feeble frame of the Earl of Chatham at seventy sunk under the effort to express the conviction of his mighty mind, after a speech so singularly eloquent, bold, ardent and animated, as to rival if not outvie the most brilliant outpourings of his youth or early manhood. In the strength and powers of man in retaining or in the decay, as in all the other wants of a man's life, there is no general rule without some exceptions.

LINES IN MEMORY OF THE HERO OF NEW-ORLEANS.

Of all the heroes, the hero of the eighth,
Was the greatest amongst the great.
Shouts for victory were the thunder of his words,
The winds were his horses, the lightnings his swords.
His trumpets were thunder, the British look'd wan,
Liberty or death was in the heart of every true man.

From the hand of the British fell banner and drum,
When they cry from their turrets, the hero is come!
The snow-bearded British, cradled in steel,
Were straw to his lances as dust to his heel,
When the enemy sat in their diamond-built domes,
They shrunk at the echo, the hero is come!

A Pakenham commanded, it sunk on the land,
It froze each heart and benumbed every hand,
On the plains or the sea if a gun should appear,
It was quickly re-echoed by the brave volunteer.
His gigantic arm with his claymore unstrung,
He march'd o'er the British with cannon and gun.

The deeds of our sires, if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush echo as the meed of our verse,
But the dark hours of night and the slumbers were past,
The morn o'er the plains was dawuing at last,
Ye sons of the strong when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the seas remind you to awake?

He cried, awake on your plains, on your islands awake!
Brave sons of Tennessee, Kentuck and the lake,
'Twas the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
Where the banners were blazing on sea and on earth,
They call to the dirk, the claymore and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge,

The brand of the Chieftain like fins in his ire,
The blood through his veins flowed like comets of fire,
The liberty tree of our fathers to him it was dear,
Its leaves were his crown, and its wood was his sphere,
And its head towered high and its branches spread round,
For roots it struck deep and its heart it was sound.

Alas! for the tree of the hero that stood
On the plains the glory and pride of the good,
Stood firm by his side the noble Carroll,
And ordered fife and drum to beat the patrol.
And on their return home we shook their hands fresh
They both now lay in their tombs in cold death.

Their spirits are joined in high heaven's abode,
Clothed with a crown, harp and white robe,
One of their bodies lies at the Hermitage in its tomb,
The other is in one o'er which lilies are in full bloom,
Their noble spirits are in a land of bliss,
Will their friends on earth look kindly at this?

Their place on earth can never be restored,
And their fair fame will ever be adored,
The good and the brave
Doth lay in the grave,
Their spirits soar higher,
As chariots of fire.

Every brave volunteer who fought in the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, will no doubt read the above with gratitude and a thrilling vivacity in memory of the departed, and of the occurrences of the day, anticipating the time when they will meet beyond cold Jordan's stormy banks, where parting will be no more!

SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS.

Like billows streaming in the light
My thoughts flowed on a moment past,
But now their hue so purely bright,
With sudden gloom is overcast.
So o'er the white and sunlight crest,
Of the blue waves which sparkled free,
Some envious clouds will heave their breast,
And chase their shadows o'er the sea.
How the barrier which divides,
The rapid streams of joy and grief,
How often do they join their tides,
And part again before a leaf!

THE END.