

THE TRUMPET.

[BY MRS. HERMAN.]

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land, Light up the beacon pyre!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From Zion's Herald.

A CONTEMPLATION.

When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained:

What contemplating the vast expanse of heaven, and ruminating on the awful majesty of that Almighty Power, who "holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved."

"Who can conceive them in possession? By living soul, desert and desolate Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute, Each orb a gleam of light?"

O, that the Almighty, who has not left with us a drop of water unpeopled, who has, in every instance, multiplied the bounds of life, should leave such immense bodies destitute of inhabitants?

When the shades of night have spread their veil over the azure plains, the firmament manifests to our view its grandeur and its riches.

The assemblage of these vast bodies is divided into different systems, the number of which, probably, surpasses the sands of the sea.

The sun is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spherical orbs, wheel their rapid courses.

earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than 800,000 miles.

"The sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe."

Can any thing be more wonderful than these observations? Yes; there are truths far more stupendous; there are scenes far more extensive.

What a Being for contemplation! ought not such a Being to be adored and worshipped by every inhabitant of the earth?

"Say, know'st thou what it is? Or what thou art? Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal? Behold his midnight glory; worlds in worlds, the zing pomp! the dubious time; a thousand add; add twice ten thousand more!"

Stupendous thought! Extensive imagination! To redeem this soul, Jesus is bled on Calvary!

The wife of Dryden, one morning having come into his study at an unreasonable time, when he was intently employed in some composition, and finding her husband did not attend to her, exclaimed, "Mr. Dryden, you are always poring upon these dusty books; I wish I was a book, and then I should have more of your company."

From the N. Y. National Advocate.

INTEMPERANCE.

"From gay to grave, from lively to severe."

New York may be likened not inaptly to a hog's head of rum tap'd at both ends and owned by a "Darby and Joan," who, with a single sixpence for a capital separately set up business upon the principle of "Home Consumption."

I fear it is in vain for men to protest that they will not manufacture "liquor," or to form associations upon an obligation that they will not be engaged in self-interest.

Nothing short of an entire revolution in the habit of living and the bent of men's thoughts is equal to meet the alarming crisis, not to be apprehended, but already consummated.

Two fatal errors prevail, upon which most of the intemperance of our countrymen is chargeable. Among the labouring classes there is an opinion that ardent spirits is necessary to restore and invigorate a nature exhausted with labor.

There is, also, prevalent now as there always has been, a kind of drunkenness denominated genteel, which continually prostrates the brightest, most polished, and not unfrequently, important and influential men in the nation.

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tion to elevate and adorn society, have become blots among their fellows, and are fast burying in oblivious draughts, their existences, fame and faculties.

MARRIAGES IN TURKEY.

The law which strictly forbids all social intercourse between the sexes and which moreover requires that women should carefully conceal their faces and persons from the view of men, does not operate much against the frequency of matrimonial alliances among that class of persons who have a decided propensity to the married life.

When a Turk has determined on marriage, he makes his wishes known to his mother, or to any other near female relation, and gives a description of the appearance he would wish his wife to possess.

From the New York Statesman.

Literary.—The New Monthly Magazine for July, contains a notice of the two late tales of Indian life from the respective pens of the Viscount Chateaubriand and our countryman Cooper;

After dropping the contrast, however, Mr. Cooper's peculiar merits are more minutely and critically examined. His power of simple description is considered to be unrivalled, surpassing even that of Sir Walter Scott; and while he is wanting in that sympathy with the beautiful, and in the delicacy, humor, and chivalrous grace, which belong to the novelist of Scotland, his pictures of scenery are pronounced to be more vast, more vivid, and more true.

has connected with them, nor for the gratification of impregnating them with sentiment and thought, but for the sake of their own sensible grandeur.

In allusion to the Pilot, the editor says: "compared to him our poets are fresh-water-sailors, who know nothing of the matter; he alone gives us the plain, but mighty truth."

The article concludes by the remark: "The merits of this and other works of the author are essentially national; their scenes are American; and they belong to the infancy of a literature which may one day become gigantic."

From the Military Sketch Book.

Model of Slaughtering Oxen in Spain and Portugal.—A description of the manner in which I have seen bullocks slaughtered on the march, may not be uninteresting.

In some instances, the author mentions having seen large dogs so trained, that they would, when set on a bullock, seize the animal by the nose, throw him down, and by that means give the butcher an opportunity to thrust in his knife, in the manner before mentioned, which was only the work of a moment, and the animal ceased to move.

Voltaire and Freron.—The mention of Voltaire recalls to memory an anecdote related to me by the ingenious Fajjas de St. Food, whose Travels in England and Scotland, and other works are well known.

Neither Drunk nor Sober.—An accident happening to a stage coach through carelessness, the following conversation took place the next morning between the guard and a stable boy:—"A bad job that of Bill's, last night! how was it?"—"Why, some says Bill was asleep."

A gentleman on horseback finding himself off at a spot where four roads met, asked a countryman who was working on one of them, where it ran to.