

From rosy lips we issue forth,  
From east to west, from south to north,  
Unseen, unfelt, by night by day;  
Abroad we take our airy way.  
We fasten love, we kindle strife,  
The bitter and the sweet of life.  
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel:  
Now smooth as oil, those wounds we heal.  
Not strings of pearl are valued more,  
Nor gems, encased in golden ore;  
Yet thousands of us, every day,  
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.  
We wise! secure with bars of brass  
The double doors thro' which we pass,—  
For once escaped, back to our cell  
No art of man can us compel.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the Anulet.

The Story of Edwin, the Exile of Deira.

By C. S. HALL.

The outline of the following story is to be found in the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede, and in the works of various other British Historians.

CONCLUDED.

He had been again seated for some minutes, while a variety of thoughts crowded upon him, when, suddenly raising his head, he beheld before him a strange figure, whose garb of perfect white was powerfully contrasted with the surrounding darkness. Edwin rose, shock off the rain-drops from his mantle, and unconsciously laid his hand upon his sword.—But when he saw the mild and dignified attitude of his visiter, he resumed his seat, and with a mixed feeling of superstitious awe, and of anger at being intruded upon at such a moment, gazed upon him in silence.

The stranger stood for a few moments, but spoke no word; at length he said, "Wherefore, at this dark hour of the midnight, when all the world is sleeping, do you sit up alone and sorrowful upon the stone abroad, watching?"

"A! what have you to do with me?" asked Edwin, "and if I pass night without, what have you to do with me?"

"Think not," replied the stranger, "but that I know the cause of your heaviness, and why you watch here, in this gloomy place, at this solitary hour. For I know, certainly, who you are, and why you be sad and sorrowful, and therefore know I well the danger you dread.—Said I tell him," he continued, in a low moaning voice, as if he communed with himself rather than addressed a hearer: "shall I tell him of one who was sought by his enemy in the wilderness of Eozon, and pursued among the rocks where the wild goats had their dwellings; who was sheltered by the accursed, and who begged a morsel of bread from the hireling, and from the heathen a drop of water—for he was hungered and athirst? Yet was he the Lord's anointed, and him the Lord raised to be king over the thousands, and the tens of thousands of Israel's children—but no, the clay must be softened before it can be moulded." Then turning again to the Prince, he said, "tell me now, Deira, what reward would you give to him that should rid you of this sadness and this sorrow, and show you that no danger can come near you? Tell me what you would give to him who should persuade King Redwald that he should neither hurt you himself nor deliver you up to your merciless enemies?"

"If you know," he said Edwin, "you know that the means of recompense are not with me; but such reward as one who is a prince in all but wealth and lands, could give would I give for so good a turn."

"'Tis well," said the stranger and again he paused, and looked earnestly on the countenance of the young prince.

"'Tis well," he repeated; "and now tell me, if beside all this, he shall warrant you shall be a king; that all your enemies shall be vanquished; and that not only so, but that you shall excel in worth and power all who have gone before you, all who have ever awayed the sceptre of any British kingdom—tell me what then?"

"What then," exclaimed Edwin, rising and looking boldly and joyfully into the stranger's face, "then, when I had the power, what would I not do for such a turn? Doubt not," he continued, more tranquilly, "but that at all times, and in all places, I would be ready to give him such gratitude as such a king could give."

"'Tis well," said the stranger; and again he paused for a few moments.

He spoke a third time, "But now tell me again—if, besides all this, he who now showeth you truly and unfeignedly that which surely and undoubtedly you shall hereafter be, can give you also better counsel—counsel more profitable for your souls health and salvation than was heard by any of your parents or ancestors. Tell me, would you hearken to his wholesome sayings and obey them?"

Edwin answered eagerly, "surely would I listen and obey the counsel of him who should deliver me from the straits and dangers that now surround me, and afterwards exalt me to be king over mine own country—surely would I listen to such a one, for his counsel must be good."

"'Tis well," said the stranger, a third time; and again he regarded longer and with more attention the countenance of Edwin—full of animation and hope as it had now become.

"'Tis well; and when these things have happened, remember the answer I have heard and taken; remember that your promise be fulfilled and accomplished—remember well this time, and this our talk; and remember this, which shall be for a sign between us."

So saying, he laid his right hand on the head of the young Prince.

When Edwin raised his eyes, the stranger was gone. A moment was scarcely passed; he felt as if the hand still gently pressed his brow; yet he saw no one. He gazed anxiously around, and listened to hear some departing step; he beheld nought but the boughs of the oak, that bent on all sides of him, and heard only the wind among its branches.

"Edwin, Prince Edwin!" It was the voice of the young erle; and it was loud and fearless. Oswald drew near, and grasped his friend's hands, then bent his knee, looked upwards, and exclaimed, "Now blessed be the Good Being who prompted our King to virtue; blessed be the Unknown God!"

"The Unknown God!" murmured some voice near them. The friends started, and Oswald looked terrified around; "Surely," said he, "twas but the echo of the decayed tree; there is no one near us; but let us hasten, and take counsel together within."

"Who is this Unknown God?" inquired Edwin; there was no answer, and he passed on. The young erle then briefly explained to the Prince, that the Queen had joined with many of the nobles, in effectually reasoning with the King against the infancy of delivering up their royal guest to certain destruction; that the Uffinga had resolved to preserve his honour, and to dispise equally the gold and the threats of Adelfrid, whose ambassadors had received their final answer, and were to leave the palace of Redwald at day-break.

Edwin and his friend sat together, in the Prince's chamber, until the grey twilight had passed from the face of the earth; and the morning had risen calmly and beautifully after the last day's storm. They regarded the change in nature as a type of the wonderer's destiny; and while they spoke of the gloom that was gone, it was in happy anticipation of the sunshine that was approaching. The trampling of horses beneath the outer wall, soon announced the Northumbrian ambassadors from the East Anglian court and the friends retired to rest.

When Edwin rose from the refreshing slumbers and cheering dreams, he found that King Redwald and his principal thanes were assembled in the council-room of the palace, and he soon ascertained the subject of their deliberations. The Uffinga knew that he had no choice between war and destruction; and the ambassador was scarcely gone when he summoned his officers together, explained to them the part he had taken, and called on them for assistance. So much loved was the exiled prince, and so deeply hated was his oppressor, that an immense army was raised to avenge the one and to punish the other, almost as soon as the messenger had arrived at the tyrant's court.

King Redwald knew that if he gave time to his enemy, the superior force and resources of the Northumbrian monarch must ensure his success. He therefore instantly marched his army towards the Humber. Adelfrid advanced to meet him; but with an army hastily collected, ill provided, and discontented. A battle was fought on the east side of the river Idel, in Nottinghamshire, where a victory was obtained over the tyrant of Deira, who was killed almost at the commencement of the encounter. In this engagement Edwin held a distinguished post, and before the soldiers of his friend, as well as of his own hereditary kingdom, conducted himself with so much cour-

age and gallant bearing, that the battle terminated, and Edwin was proclaimed on the one side, and welcomed on the other, as monarch of Deira and Bernicia.

Thus, according to the prophetic words of strange visiter who communed with him under the old oak tree, was Edwin not only saved from the malice of deadly enemy, but given the crown of Northumberland.

For some years Edwin governed his kingdom with justice and integrity, reclaiming his subjects from the licentious courses to which they had been accustomed; and giving an example of virtue and uprightness to the other monarchs of the island: so that "such was the peace and tranquillity throughout all Britannie, that a weak woman might have walked with her new borne babe over all the yland, euer from sea to sea, without any damage or danger." But still Edwin was not a Christian; he had listened to the Missionaries who preached the father of Christ, and he had reflected upon its nature; yet although he offered no sacrifices to his idols, he hesitated concerning the new creed, and doubted whether it were holier and more worthy of the Deity, than the service of those Gods whom he worshipped after the manner of his forefathers.

After some years of peaceful and happy reign, he obtained in marriage, Edilburga, a princess of Kent; into her family and kingdom, the light of Christianity had been successfully introduced. She was accompanied to her husband's court, by Paulinus, one of the earliest of the Missionaries to Britain. He is described by the venerable Historian, as being "in person a tall man, somewhat crooked backe, and black of heare, lenc in face, and having a hooked and thin nose; in countenance bothe dreadful and pleasant;" and his mind was active, intelligent, and upright.

One day, when Edwin was sitting alone in his chamber, and brooding over the important truths that had been pressed upon his attention; this Paulinus entered, and approached him.

He stretched forth his right hand, and laid it upon the head of the King, while he said in an impressive but gentle voice, "Does the Monarch of Northumberland remember this sign?"

The King started from his seat, as if a spirit had addressed him, and fell on his knees, while his eyes were fixed on the Missionary, as if endeavouring to recognise in his strange garb and his solemn countenance and bearing, the visiter who had so mysteriously accosted him under the old oak, during his exile in the kingdom of East Anglia. While he thus gazed and trembled, the Missionary pressed his hand more firmly on his brow, and repeated the question, "Does the Monarch of Northumberland remember this sign?"

"I do well remember it," replied the King in an agitated and broken voice!

"And does the King remember the pledge he gave when this sign was passed?"

"So surely as I remember the one do I remember the other!"

"Behold then," said Paulinus, raising him from the ground, "by the bountiful hand and power of our Lord and God, have you escaped the rage of your most deadly enemy; behold, also, by His grace and mercy have you obtained rule over your kingdom. Now, have not the promises made to you by the messenger of the Almighty, been truly and faithfully fulfilled?"

"Most truly and faithfully!" replied the King, and again he knelt and bowed his head.

"Remember now," continued the Missionary, "the promise which you then gave, and let your promise also be fulfilled. And He who so delivered you, and so exalted you, shall deliver you from greater enemies and exalt you to higher honours; even to the saving you from eternal misery, and giving you to reign with him in heaven—his eternal kingdom."

"I do remember my promise," said the King, "and now let me hear of that good and merciful Being, by whom I have been so blessed. Tell me of that God of whom I have heard so vaguely; but of whom have dreamt in my dreams by night, and dwelt upon in my meditations by day; and let me be a true believer in that living God, that I and my people may be his worshippers!"

That day and the next, the King and the Missionary remained cloistered; the divine book was opened; its hallowed words were read; and the king no longer doubted the truths it contained. He left his chamber—a Christian; and within a short period was baptized with the principal officers of his court, and a vast concourse of his people—so vast, that the ceremony employed the rejoicing and grateful Paulinus, six and thirty days. From sunrise until sunset; commencing on the Easter Sunday of the year six hundred and twenty-seven, in a church has-

The venerable Bede.

lily built of wood, in the city of York, and dedicated to the apostle Saint Peter.

Such is the history of the introduction of Christianity into the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, and such the story of its FIRST CHRISTIAN KING.

Concluded.

Taking Newspapers.—Every family in the United States should take a newspaper; and such as are able should take two or more. In a government like ours, where every citizen has a voice in the election of rulers, every one should be sufficiently acquainted with men and measures, to be able to make a right choice. What would be the advantage of the elective franchise, without the knowledge to exercise it judiciously? If a majority of our citizens are to grope in the dark, and vote for precisely such men as their aspiring leaders designate, in what degree are they benefited by our republican institutions? Nobody will be so foolish as to contend that the mere privilege of voting, without knowing for whom or for what, is an inheritance worth the blood and treasure that have been expended in its acquisition.

It is necessary, then, that the sons of freedom should be the sons of knowledge. And how is this to be accomplished? how are they to obtain a knowledge of passing events, without reading newspapers? There is no alternative; they must read newspapers, or otherwise be the sport of the winds. Are newspapers then the only vehicles of correct information? We answer, they are the only vehicles of general information, and if not always perfectly correct, are not therefore to be rejected, any more than bank bills are to be thrown away because some of them are spurious. In fact, the obliquities of the press cannot long mislead, where discussion is free, and where opposing interests, if nothing else, will ultimately develop the truth.

Berkshire American.

The River Mississippi.—The Mississippi is in some respects the noblest river in the world—draining a large valley, and irrigating a more fertile region, and having probably, a longer course, than any other stream. It commences in many branches, that rise, for the most part, in wild rice lakes; but it traverses no great distance, before it has become a broad stream. Sometimes in its beginnings, it moves a wide expanse of waters, with a current scarcely perceptible, along a marshy bed. At others, its fishes are seen darting over a white sand, in waters almost as transparent as air. At other times, it is composed of a narrow and rapid current between ancient and hoary lime stone bluffs. Having acquired in a length of course following its meanders, of three hundred miles a width of a half a mile, and having formed its distinctive character, it precipitates its waters down the falls of St. Anthony. Thence it glides, alternately through beautiful meadows, and swelling in its advancing march with the tribute of an hundred streams.—In its progress it receives a tributary, which of itself has a course of more than a thousand leagues. Thence it rolls its accumulated turbid and sweeping mass of waters through continued forests, only broken here and there by the axe, in lonely grandeur to the sea. No thinking mind can contemplate this mighty and resistless wave, sweeping its bends through the dark forests, without a feeling of sublimity.

Western Review.

Improved Plough.—Mr. Charles Howard, of Hingham, in Massachusetts, has invented, and obtained a patent for a valuable improvement in the construction of this highly important implement of agriculture. By the application of "friction rollers," as they are called, which "produce a self-governing principle, and operate in such a manner as to render the plough completely subservient to them, they keep the plough close to the work without the aid or assistance of a ploughman, and it does the work in a more regular and uniform manner than can possibly be done in any other way; and the improvement makes the saving of one man in the labor of ploughing. The apparatus may be attached to any common plough, and taken off at pleasure, and the plough used either way."

At the last Brighton show, the inventor received from the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, a premium for his improvement, on an inspection of its work in competition with other ploughs. A perfect model of this plough may be seen at the Patent Office.

Domestic Manufactures.—A late Boston paper states, that the Goods exhibited and sold at the new Market during the past week, greatly exceeded in quantity and quality those entered on former occasions.—The beauty and perfection of the Calicos, Cotton Prints and Broad Cloths were greatly admired.

Commodore Bainbridge and Commodore Morris, of the United States Navy, are among the present visitors at the Seat of Government.

Insect Labours.—There are buildings by animals far inferior to man in the scale of creation, many times more vast in proportion than his mightiest labours. The cube of one of the African ant-hills is five times larger than that of the great Pyramids of Egypt, in proportion to their size. These, Sweetman says, they complete in four or five years; and thus their activity and industry as much surpass those of man, as St. Paul's Cathedral does the hut of an Indian. These ants are again exceeded by the Coral insect of the South Seas, that raises islands out of depths almost unfathomable—what lessons for human pride and human power!

A Bold and Happy Reply.—During the reign of that superlative wretch Henry VIII. a friar named Peyto was threatened by his detestable tool, Cromwell, for having preached with too much freedom, and the preacher was told by the courtier that he deserved to be included in a sack and thrown into the Thames. Peyto replied with a sarcastic smile, "They don such things to rich and dainty folks who are clothed in purple; fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hopes in this world: we esteem them not. We are joyful that for the discharge of our duty we are driven hence. With thanks to God we know that the way to heaven is as short by water as by land, and therefore care not which way we go."

For the benefit of those of our friends and readers who may have consigned themselves to the unenviable condition of political fence-riders, we annex the following brief account of the origin of the term,

ON THE FENCE.

This phrase is a very common one, and originated as follows—General Washington once asked a negro man belonging to Judge Imlay, of N. Jersey, whether his master was a whig or tory? The reply was—"Massa de fence—him want to know which de strongest party."

The American Bible Society has 15 presses in operation, and is shortly to have four additional power presses, all work by steam and equal to eight common hand presses. In the course of next summer four more are to be added, so that there will then be in all what is equal to 30 or 31 common presses.

Lord Byron.—During the short time that his lordship was in parliament, a petition set forth the wretched condition of the Irish peasantry, was one evening presented, and very coldly received by the "hereditary legislative wisdom." "Ah," said Lord Byron, "what a misfortune it was for the Irish that they were not born black! they would then have had plenty of friends in both houses."

Beau Brummell.—When Brummell was the great oracle on coats, the Duke of Leinster was very anxious to bespeak the approbation of the "Emperor of the Dandies" for a "cut" which he had just patronized. The Duke in the course of his eulogy on his Schneider, had frequently occasion to use the words "my coat." "Your coat, my dear fellow," said Brummell, "what coat?" "Why, this coat," said Leinster; "this coat that I have on." Brummell, after regarding the vestment with an air of infinite scorn, walked up to the Duke, and taking the collar between his finger and thumb, as if fearful of contamination—"What, Duke, do you call that thing a coat?"

The Legislature of Maryland adjourned without passing any appropriation bills, or providing any means for the payment of the salaries of the officers of government and meeting the demands of other just claimants. The two Houses differed about a General Assessment Bill.

The invention of Lithographic printing has so facilitated the art of forgery in London, that the Bankers are constantly in danger of taking spurious Bills of Exchange. A person's signature has recently been so exactly copied that the writer did not know which of the two was genuine.

Apocryphal Bon Mot.—Some person having mentioned to the great anti-apocryphal Champion, that a learned Divine had a pamphlet in the press which would grind him to powder, "He had better not," was the reply, "or I shall blow him up."

EPIGRAM.

On the particular merits of four gentlemen of the Long Robe.

- Mr. Leach  
Made a speech,  
Impressive, clear and strong;
- Mr. Hart,  
On the other part,  
Was tedious, dull and long.
- Mr. Parke  
Made that darker  
Which was dark enough without;
- Mr. Bell  
Spoke so well  
That the Chancellor said, "I doubt!"

London paper.