

THE MUSE.



FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

FIRST AND LAST HOURS.

Lo'v'st thou the hour, the first of day,
When the dew flowers are opening bright,
When through the curtains of morning gray
Are stealing streaks of crimson light?
Hath it not a power, a spell?
Doth it not to thy warm heart tell
Of life, fresh, sparkling, new-born life,
And scenes as yet too young for strife?

Lo'v'st thou the hour in twilight time,
When every flower is closing round,
When fainter and fainter the far bell's chime
Comes with a soothing, dying sound?
Hath it not a spell, though it be
Differing from the first, for thee?
Doth it not tell of visions deep,
And a gradual dropping down to sleep?

These hours are types and signs of thine:
Thy first hour brought both smiles and tears,
And called forth feelings half divine,
In those who looked to future years,
And watched how grew each feature's mould,
And saw their little buds unfold,
And trusted still should never come,
To cast on heart and brow a gloom.

And thy last hour—'tis thine to make
It calm as twilight's lovely time,
A blessed sleep, from which to wake,
Will be to the better world to climb:
Remember, 'tis thine—aye, thine—to choose,
If storms shall take place of stars and dews,
Or if thy spirit shall have a power
To make its parting like day's last hour.

HISTORICAL.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

The following gorgeous description of this memorable event is extracted from the third volume of the Rev. Mr. Millman's *History of the Jews*; it will be found interesting.

High above the whole city rose the Temple, uniting the commanding strength of a citadel with the splendor of a sacred edifice. According to Josephus, the esplanade on which it stood had been considerably enlarged by the accumulation of fresh soil, since the days of Solomon, particularly on the north side. It now covered a square of a furlong each side. Solomon had faced the precipitous sides of the rock on the east, and perhaps the south, with huge blocks of stone, the other sides likewise had been built up with a perpendicular wall to an equal height. These walls in no part were lower than 300 cubits, 525 feet; but their whole height was not seen excepting on the eastern and southern sides, as the earth was heaped up to the level of the streets of the city. Some of the stones employed in this work were 70 feet square.

On this gigantic foundation ran on each front a strong and lofty wall without, within a spacious double portico or cloister fifty-two and a half feet broad, supported by 162 columns, which supported a cedar ceiling of the most exquisite workmanship. The pillars were entire blocks hewn out of solid marble, of dazzling whiteness, 43 feet high. On the south side, the portico or cloister was triple.

The open courts were paved with various inlaid marbles. Between this outer court, of the Gentiles, and the second court of the Israelites, ran rails of stone, but of beautiful workmanship, rather more than five feet high. Along these, at regular intervals, stood pillars with inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; warning all strangers and Jews who were unclean, from entering into the Holy Court beyond.

An ascent of 14 steps led to a terrace 17½ feet wide, beyond which arose the wall of the inner court. This wall appeared on the outside 70 feet, on the inside 43½; for besides the ascent of 14 steps to the terrace, there were five more up to the gates. The inner court had no gate or opening to the west, but four on the south, two to the east, one of which was for the women, for whom a part of the inner court was set apart—and beyond which they might not advance; to this they had access likewise by one of the southern gates, which were set apart for their use. Around this court ran another splendid range of porticoes or cloisters; the columns were quite equal in beauty and workmanship, though not in size, to those of the outer portico. Nine of these gates, or rather gateway towers, were richly adorned with gold and silver, on the doors, the door-posts, and the lintels. The doors of each of the nine gates were 52½ feet high, and half that breadth. Within, the gateways were 52½ feet wide and deep, with rooms on each side, so that the whole looked like lofty towers: the height from the base to the summit was 70 feet. Each gateway had two lofty pillars 21 feet in circumference.

But that which excited the greatest admiration was the tenth, usually called the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It was of Corinthian brass of the finest workmanship. The height of the Beautiful Gate was 87½, its doors 70 feet. The father of Tiberius

Alexander had sheeted these gates with gold and silver; his apostate son was to witness their ruin by the plundering hands and fiery torches of his Roman friends. Within the quadrangle there was a further separation, a low wall which divided the priests from the Israelites; near this stood the great brazen altar. Beyond, the Temple itself reared its glittering front. The great porch of Propyleon, according to the design of the last, or Herod's Temple, extending to a much greater width than the Temple itself; in addition to the former width of 103 feet, it had two wings of 35 each, making in the whole 173. The great gate of this last quadrangle, to which there was an ascent of 12 steps was called that of Nicanor. The gateway tower was 132½ high, 42½ wide, it had no doors, but the frontispiece was covered with gold, and through its spacious arch was seen the golden gate of the Temple, glittering with the same precious metal, with large plates of which it was sheeted all over. Over this gate hung the celebrated golden vine. This extraordinary piece of workmanship had bunches, according to Josephus, as large as a man. The Rabbins add, that, "like a true natural vine, it grew greater and greater; men would be offering some gold to make a leaf; some a grape, some a bunch; and these were hung up on it, and so it was increasing continually."

The Temple itself, excepting in the extension of the wings of Propyleon, was probably the same in its dimensions and distribution with that of Solomon. It contained the same holy treasures, if not of equal magnificence, yet by the zeal of successive ages, the frequent plunder, to which it had been exposed, was constantly replaced; and within, the golden candlestick spread out its flowering branches, the golden table supported the shewbread, and the altar of incense flamed with its costly perfume. The roof of the Temple had been set all over on the outside with sharp golden spikes, to prevent the birds from settling and defiling the roof; and the gates were still sheeted with plates of the same splendid metal. At a distance, the whole temple looked literally like "a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles."

Looking down upon its marble courts and on the Temple itself, when the sun arose above the Mount of Olives, which it directly faced, it was impossible, even for a Roman, not to be struck with wonder, or even for a stoic, like Titus, not to betray his emotion. Yet this was the city, which in a few months was to lie a heap of undistinguished ruins; and the solid Temple itself, which seemed built for eternity, not "to have one stone left upon another."

THE TEMPLE SET ON FIRE.

It was on the 10th of August, A. D. 70, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the king of Babylon: it was almost passed. Titus withdrew into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard; a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprung up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and gasped their swords, with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire: his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not, or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands: they lay heaped, like sacrifices, round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendor filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion, Libralis, endeavored to enforce obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around them radiant with gold, which showed dazzling in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of

the door—the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat: and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill, which commanded the city, blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighboring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces—some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howling of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who were dying of famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

SLAUGHTER AND SACKING.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down with indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead, to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, and afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide. They were summoned to surrender; but two of them, Mair, son of Belza, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Roman. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the temple, where he would display his Almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

We cannot refrain from presenting our readers with the following beautiful and eloquent passage from Mr. Broom's Address before the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, which is printed in the fourth volume of the *American Farmer*.

"I have failed to prove that the pursuits of agriculture may be as lucrative as other employments, it will be an easier task to vindicate their pleasures and their importance. I need not dwell on that retirement, one of the purest enjoyments of this life, and the best preparation for the future, on these healthful occupations, on the calmness of mind, on that high spirit of manliness and independence, which naturally belong to that condition. These are attractions which must have deep root in the human heart, since they have in all times fascinated at once the imagination and won the judgment of men. But I may be allowed to say, that in this nation agriculture is probably destined to attain its highest honors, and that the country life of America ought to possess peculiar attractions. The pure and splendid institutions of this people have embodied the brightest dreams of those high spirits, who in other times and in other lands have lamented or struggled against oppression; they have realized the fine conceptions which speculative men have imagined, which wise men have planned, or brave men vainly perished in attempting to establish. Their influence in reclaiming the lost dignity of man, and inspiring the loftiest feelings of personal independence, may be traced in every condition of our citizens; but as all objects are most distinguished by insulation, their effects are peculiarly obvious in the country.

The American farmer is the exclusive, absolute, uncontrolled proprietor of the soil. His tenure is not from the Government; the government derives its power from him. There is above him nothing but God and the laws; no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius; no established church spreading its dark shadow between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dreads to oppress the soil; and the altars of religion are supported only by the voluntary offerings of sincere piety. His pursuits, which no perversion can render injurious to any, are directed to the common benefit of all. In multiplying the bounties of Providence, in the improvement and embellishment of the soil, in the care of the inferior animals committed to his charge, he will find ever varying and interesting employment, dignified by the union of liberal studies, and enliven-

ed by the exercise of a simple and generous hospitality. His character assumes a loftier interest by its influence over the public liberty. It may not be foretold to what dangers this country is destined, when its swelling population, its expanding territory, its daily complicating interests, shall awake the latent passions of men, and reveal the vulnerable points of our institutions. But whenever these perils come, its most steadfast security, its unflinching reliance will be on the column of landed proprietors, the men of the soil and of the country, standing aloof from the passions which agitate denser communities, well educated, brave and independent, the friends of the government without soliciting its favors, the advocates of the people without descending to flatter their passions; these men, rooted like their own forests, may yet interpose between the factions of the country, to heal, to defend, and to save."

FARMING.

The following hints from Flin's *Western Review*, contain a portion of that practical good sense which must commend itself to the judgment of every enlightened mind, that seeks the highest welfare of the country.

If one-half the zeal, energy, and expense, that blot so many gazettes with coarse and low abuse, setting the community by the ears for the sole gain and the paltry purposes of a few demagogues and office seekers, were bestowed on the advancement of agriculture; if the people were half as ambitious to improve and beautify their fields, as they are to settle the nation; and half as angry with thistles, thorns, and poor fences, as they are with their political opponents, who probably wish as well to the country as themselves, we should have more productive fields, less complaints of poverty, more ability to be charitable and munificent, and abundantly more good feeling. From Pittsburgh to New Orleans, the son ploughs as his father did before him, and the great mass of farmers are as stationary to their theory as they are in practice. Nine in ten of them believe, at this moment, that book farming is the mere useless, visionary dreaming of men that know nothing about practical agriculture.

We would tell them that England is the Garden of Europe, simply because almost every acre of the ground is cultivated *scientifically*, and on principles which have been brought to the test of the most rigid experiment. We would tell them that New England, of whose soil and climate they are accustomed to think, as consigned by Providence to sterility and inclemency, is the garden of the United States, only because the industrious and calculating people do not *leave any* their efforts in the operation of mere brute strength—but bring mind, and plan, and system, and experience, to bear upon their naturally hard and thankless soil. On every side the passing traveller sees verdure, and grass, and orchards, in the small and frequent enclosures of imperishable rocks; and remarks fertility won from the opposition of the elements and nature. After an absence of ten years, on our return to that country, we were struck with this proud and noble triumph, conspicuous over the whole region.

The real benefactors of mankind, as St. Pierre so beautifully said, are those, who cause two blades of wheat to mature where one did before. The fields ought to be the morning and evening theme of Americans, who love their country. To fertilize and improve his farm, ought to be the prime temporal object of every owner of the substantial soil. All national aggrandizement, power, and wealth, may be traced to agriculture, as its ultimate source. Commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of this main spring. We consider agriculture as every way subsidiary not only to abundance, industry, comfort and health, but to good morals, and ultimately even to religion. We shall always say and sing, 'Speed the plough.' We shall always regard the American farmer stripped to his employment, and tilling his grounds, as belonging to the first order of nobleness among us. We shall always wish him bountiful harvests, good beer, and moderate use of cider, and if he will rear it himself, of the grape, but none of the pernicious gladness of whiskey; and we shall invoke upon his labors the blessing of God, and say to him "peace be within thy walls."

NAUTICAL HOAX.

Among the passengers on board the packet-ship *George Canning*, on her late voyage from New York, was a gentleman who had resided some years at New Orleans, in the capacity of agent for the great Levantian, of the London Stock Exchange. For some notion of this gentleman, his fellow passengers conceived that he would be a good subject on which to play a hoax. They determined, therefore, to get up one on the first favorable opportunity. A suspicious looking schooner having one evening passed close to the packet, a fear was feigned by some of them that the schooner was a pirate, and that an attack might perhaps be made by the crew, in the course of the night, on the *George Canning*. Measures were accordingly taken to give the pirate a warm reception, should the feigned attack actually be made. Whilst the passengers generally were to assist the crew of the packet, the gentleman in question was to remain below to guard the ladies, five in number, from the

monsters of pirates. The conspirators having prepared the plot, and several of them having dressed themselves in sailors' clothes, the alarm of the ship being attacked by pirates was raised, the parties flew to their posts, and the first act of the hoax commenced. Upon the deck the deception was carried on by the firing of pistols and the clashing of cutlasses; whilst two gentlemen, disguised as sailors, and rendered ferocious-looking by bushy whiskers and shaggy hair, rushed down into the cabin, armed with pistols and cutlasses. There they found the hero of the hoax, who, on seeing his assailants, rushed into the ladies' cabin, the fair ones keeping up the deception by screaming most lustily. Here he was seized by the supposed pirates, who, after pulling him about and frightening the poor simpleton nearly out of his senses, ran off. A loud cheer was now raised on the deck, to mark the defeat of the pirates, the leader of whom, it was affirmed, had been shot dead in attempting to reach the schooner's boat. The second act of the hoax was played off the next day. Our hero, who had been congratulated, by all his fellow passengers, on the courage which he had displayed in defending the fair, was ushered into the presence of the ladies, who, with the ceremonies attendant on the bestowal of knighthood in the times of chivalry, made him kneel down before them: they then bestowed on him the honor of knighthood, placing on his head a crown of their own manufacture, and giving him a medal, made by impressing a dollar on a piece of leather, on the reverse of which was an inscription, commemorative of his heroic and knightly conduct on the occasion of the packet ship being attacked by pirates. He took the captain's place at the head of the table, wearing the crown on his cap, and proposed the opening of a subscription to reward the crew for their heroic courage in defending the ship, handing out his own ten sovereigns towards the fund! The farce was kept up from that day to the end of the voyage, the poor simpleton believing, all the time, that the *George Canning* had been actually attacked by pirates, and that he, by his own personal courage, had saved the ladies from being murdered! He related the story where he went; and to crown the hoax, the *Morning Herald*, of Thursday, contained an account of the piratical attack on and plunder of the packet ship *George Canning*, on her passage from New York to Liverpool.

We subjoin the account given of the above occurrence, in the *Herald*, to which paper, doubtless, it was furnished by Sir John S—.

"We give the following extraordinary statement, which was obtained from one of the passengers of the *George Canning*, without note or comment:
"The *George Canning*, Captain Allyn, bound to Liverpool, from New York, was boarded at sea on the night of the 21st of June, by pirates. Six of them kept station on deck, and four entered the large cabin. One fellow presented a pistol at the head of a gentleman (a passenger) who placed himself against the door leading to the ladies' cabin, and thus prevented their effecting an entrance. The pirates threatened him with immediate death if he did not move out of the way, when another of the party, dressed as a sailor, came down, and looking at the gentleman, desired the party holding the pistol not to fire as he knew him. The passengers and crew armed themselves, and fired at the pirates—two or three of whom were wounded. They succeeded, however, in regaining their boat, having obtained a small amount of money from one of the passengers. This must have taken place very near the English coast. The ladies have subscribed a sum of money, in order to present the gentleman by whom they were so gallantly defended, with a gold medal, which is now manufacturing in Liverpool.
Liverpool paper.

FRIENDS OF THE UNION.

Amongst the men what dire divisions rise,
For "Union" one, and one "Disunion" cries.
Shame on the sex, with which these feuds began,
The girls are all for Union—to a Man.

An old gentleman used frequently and strongly to recommend prudence in conversation. "You should always think three times before you speak once," was his favorite maxim. One evening a negro servant, to whom this advice had often been given, and sometimes rather sharply, thus proved his obedience:—"Massa, I think once—Massa, I think twice—Massa, I think three times—you wig is on fire."

Useful prescription.—The following judicious prescription for calumny, given by some ancient philosopher, will apply equally well to the present day:—"If you would be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others; and when you have learned to speak well of them, endeavor likewise to do well to them, and thus you will reap the fruit of being well spoken of by them."

Kindness.—There are two ways of putting down and quieting opposition—the law of kindness and the law of force. The law of force is resorted to by despots and tyrants—the law of kindness, with an amendment of all evils causing complaint and opposition, is that which is always employed by the virtuous and the good.