



### WHAT IS LIFE?

What is Life!—the wounded mind,  
The spirit broken and confin'd—  
The faded form—the soul's deep strife,  
All fondly echo—what is Life!  
What is Life!—a broken chain,  
A weary road, a couch of pain,  
A few famed blessings little prized,  
A thousand hopes unrealized.  
What is Life!—a bank of flowers,  
Low drooping and unurt by showers,  
A winter's sun, whose quivering beam  
Sheds but a momentary gleam.  
What is Life!—a shower of tears,  
A short, short round of mispent years,  
A dream that's broken ere its close,  
A battle scene mid hosts of foes.  
What is life!—its tinsel'd toys  
Are but the mock of real joys,  
A play, where gaudy groups are seen,  
And death presides to close the scene.

### A PHYSIOLOGICAL REVERIE.

"Nature is greatest in her smallest works," says Pliny. Crowds flock together to admire the agility of a Circus performer; he stands on his head, they are astonished; he jumps over a rope some six feet high, they are thunder-struck. And yet the performance of a man is infinitely inferior to that of a flea. The most active biped cannot jump further than twenty feet, not four times his length, while a flea will clear at one bound, a distance equal to a thousand times his length, and yet gain no credit by his exploit. With regard to muscular activity then, nature is *marima in minimis*. Let us see if Pliny is correct in other respects.

Why are little men so generally ashamed of their *Zaechism*? should they repine because their neighbours command a horizon a little wider than theirs? The difference is all to their advantage—physiology and history unite in flattering their vanity. Nine-tenths of the great men of the world have been little men. Little men lead vast armies—little men write great books—little men achieve colossal reputations. And why? Because the vital principle, like steam, is more energetic, the more its sphere of activity is narrowed—in little men it acts on the high pressure principle, sending them through life with power and impetuosity. Large men are slower in all their operations—mental and material—their blood circulates less rapidly, and is longer in its journey from the heart to the head—their pulse is less prompt. While large men are deliberating, little men act, for they decide with more quickness, and execute with more rapidity. Some author has finely remarked that a talkative, stirring active little man, "labours to recover in time what he has lost in space." The reverse holds with regard to men of great stature.

But let not the tall and corpulent reader take this grievously to heart. We have comfort in store for him. Though he has less activity, he has more happiness; the pinguity which deprives him of excitability is his shield against evils. He suffers less from contact with the world physically and morally. His ribs and his sensibilities alike are better protected. If his movements are slow, his desires are moderate—if he does not dash impetuously forward with ambition, he jogs quietly along with contentment. He does not gallop on war-horses and drive triumphant chariots. He is methodically constant, and amiable; every one is his friend, and he preserves his character. A little man might as well make up his mind to lose his reputation, wherever he may go, and whatever he may do. He is always in hot water always abused and vilified. His activity and enterprise raise a hornet's nest about his ears—people stare at his exploits and become envious of his powers—and before he has reached the half way house of life his character is gone.

A leading politician of this state once compared one of his antagonists, (who was a very little man) to a "hen with her head cut off." The comparison was meant as a sneer—it was in reality a compliment. A hen with her head cut off, shows for a time, far more activity than she ever exhibits previously to decapitation. And what is activity but animation—the less active we are, the less is our vital principle, and complete inactivity is death.

### From the New York Weekly Messenger.

#### EDUCATION.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly of his own work. There is a prevailing and fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that if a young man be sent first to a grammar school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar,

and the pupil himself is apt to imagine that he is to be a mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere, which surrounds him; but this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth that, if you aspire to excellence, you must become active, and by vigorous co-operation with your teachers, work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched—perseverance that considers nothing done while any thing remains to be done. Rely upon it that the ancients were right—*Quis que sue fortune jaber*—both in morals and intellect, we give the first shape to our own characters, and thus become emphatically the architects of our fortunes. How else should it happen, that young gentlemen, men who have precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the wall of the same school—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family,—two young men, one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet, you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocrity plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction—an ornament to his family; a blessing to his country. Now whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their fortunes. And of this be assured, I speak from observation, there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve youth. Genius unexercised is like the poor moth that flutters around the candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which like the candor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself with pleasure, in that imperial region, with an energy rather invigorating than weakening by the effort; it is that capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and sweeping comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought; that

Pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom line could ne'er touch the ground,  
And drag up, drowned honor by the locks.  
This is the power and these the hardy achievements which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

### From the Saturday Courier.

#### TRIPLETS, &c.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

#### No. 1.

"D—I take the Delaware," exclaimed my cabin *chum* as the good packet—courtesied out at the capes, "and the broad ocean all before us lay."

"Amen," said I; "it would make his majesty's kingdom as *endless*, as it is now supposed to be *bottomless*. Saturday, Sunday, Monday!—Our speed has been equal to the famous pedestrian, who,

"Ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,  
And never looked behind him."

Not that we have been so fortunate; no indeed, forbid it, Mrs. Dot!—oh, these last, long, lingering looks!

"The last, the last, the last;—  
Oh, by that little word,  
How many thoughts are stirred!"

As the shoemaker said!—and oh! that old State House clock, and its friendly face. The first that warned us, and the last that toll'd!—who now will remind us of our breaking fast!—what hand will point us to that time when

Leaving men the *desert* they will make,  
We smile, like martyrs, o'er a *smoking steak*!

By the way, this reminds me that I have a new theory of sea sickness; it should be *grease-sickness*! Our steward (bless his benighted soul!) declares "grease be berry good 't keep da watta out dem dar raw sailors' *porusses*—sort a *tarra*, like, *massa*!" So grease and gravy, pork and molasses, "lobscouse" and suet dumplings, are to be the order or *dis-order* of the day.

"Pilot boat a-hoy"—so "the old man of the sea," as the captain calls the poor, old, weather beaten pilot, who has kept us off shore as long as Jonah did his whale, is afloat at last, and we are AT SEA.

What a glorious element is water!—water! it might make a sponge "think!" If there is one thing for which I "affection"

Mr. N. P. W. more than another, it is for his eloquent eulogy thereon. Water!—it once drowned that world which "a sprinkling" can alone save!

But look, lo, behold! What fairy wonders ever equalled your pile of "drifting dizziness," curtaining out the setting sun!—*spires* that seem to grave the azure tablets of the sky—"like a tall angel's spear in dreams"—*grottos*, that gloom like ghastly gateways to the realms below!—and *cliffs*, whose giant "foreheads stoop to meet the kisses of the sea," wherein gleam the mirrored magic of a thousand domes (air castles)—azure, and green, and gold;—with the "blue above and the blue below," and all around heaven's glittering iris—"the bow of the air and the bow of the sea;" for a *frame* to the—the—the *what!* *Picture!*—no sir, no!—*Iceberg!* No—fog, vapour, mist,—*cloud!*—*water!*—Blessed are the patient, you know, reader.—(I think I will join the temperance "tetotalers,") but—only give me a drop of water of a *sun-beam*, and, like Archimedes of old, I too will "raise a world!"—ahem!

There is a "thing or two," at sea—such as the first sunrise: out sight of land; the first storm or calm; that must be seen, but cannot be described. I shall not attempt them:—and then the first touch of sea-sickness—*E-n-o-u-g-h!*

"Cast your head upon the waters," saith the scriptures.

But after these things, when calmness begins to clothe one as with a habit; when the pale moon, (that gentle shepherdess of the stars,) looketh down upon the sobbing waters, "still heaving, like young bosoms, with past storms,"—and her gentle smile shineth into thine own heart, and maketh thee to *know* that "Nature rewardeth fellowship, not prayers"—thou shalt then feel that it is good for us to be here:—and that "Thou hast a voice, great ocean, to repeal Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood By all, but which the wise, and great, and good Interpret."

I think I could never tire of a sea voyage; but there is no knowing:—Miss L. (the "Florence" of the Southern Magazines,) talks of the "monotony" of a trip of three thousand miles only. She writes—

"Two things break the monotony  
Of an Atlantic trip;  
For sometimes we may "ship a sea,"  
And sometimes "see a ship!"

Irving talks of the "thrilling cry of land," perhaps I'd had left a wife, or a tiresome sweetheart, three or four thousand miles behind, I too might find it "thrilling" as it is, it is with no good will that I see myself once more forced to

"Join the innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of trade."

Long Island, with all its *depots* of Kidd's money, awakes no emotion;—Montank point is a sort of point no point;—and Block-Island, where they once ate fish until their children began to be born *web footed* and *scaly*, is no stepping place for my vaulting ambition; and as we passed Cape Cod at night, it is impossible to say aught of the Sea Serpent—saying that a phrenological portrait is being taken of his snake-ship's cranium, (by a Nahant operative,) that promises to have a *great run*. The developments—caution, secretiveness, hope, and marvelousness—being strikingly calculated to wriggle themselves into favour of the "popillar party!"

But hush!—Boston harbour—as I live!—there is the light—and yonder is Nahant—white cottages, hotels! and the little Grecian Temple for a billiard room! There *Lizeth* Lynn, and her French shoe manufactory, away round, out of sight. This is Egg Rock—(Nix's mate—gone as predicted,) and now *Apple Island* sendeth us a sweet smelling savour, telling of clover fields and pic-nic parties—

"Scenes of beauty! Ah well I know ye  
Many moments of joy I owe ye—  
Oh! joys long vanish'd—  
And my breast is fill'd with pain,  
Finding objects that still remain,  
While those days come not again."

I'll give you a few "notions" in my next. Never ending, &c. Z. E. B.

### TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

Time midnight—"My dear don't you hear a noise in the parlor?" "Why Lucy what is the matter! Yaw—ch—e—e—haw, what's the matter now! any of the children sick?" "No but don't you hear a noise down stairs? Listen—there, now some body's broke into the house; call the watch. Watch! watch! Susan, Jane, get up. Fire thieves! watch! watch!"

While the lady was singing for help, the husband had slipped on his inexpressibles, and was fumbling for the box of lucifers. There I've got a light at last; but bless me! what is that! *chee—e—e—fiz—itse*

—che—itsi—whis—whis—bung! Bless me! Lucy, what's—where's the poker?" "I don't know, Mr. Snorem, Dickey had it for a horse yesterday." "Mercy what shall I do! There, don't you hear? Where can the watch be?"

By this time, Susan Jane, the nurse, with Dickey at her side and Rolando in her arms, had all met in congregation at the chamber door. The door opened, and forth issued Mr. Snorem, candle in hand, armed with the shovel, and quaking in every limb. Mrs. Snorem, followed: eyes like saucers, rolled up in the counterpane, with a hearty brush in her hand pendant. Backed by such a suit, Mr. Snorem's dander rose.—"Pshaw you ain't afraid, are you!" and he strode on when bang went the chamber door, and horror! out went the candle.—Just then came an awful groan from the dining room. "There! there! Mr. Snorem, you shant go. Dicky, hold your blubbering tongue. Oh dear! they are killing poor Tom, the black boy. (Tom slept down in the kitchen.) Don't you hear him begging. Dear me, there now!" and Mrs. S. dodged off into a swoon. Mr. S. became furious; he relit his candle and grappling his shovel, rushed down stairs; after him came the whole family, minus Mrs. S. fainted, and Tom missing.

"Now then, where are the rascals?" shouted Mr. S. as he flung open the dining room door. *chee—fizt—whist—chee—bung!* and a report like a pistol, accompanied with something striking close along side of Mr. S's head. "Murder! help!" roared out the whole in chorus, when up stairs rushed Tom with a candle, the luminary of the party having dropped in the confusion. "Eh! what's dis, Master and Miss Susan, rolling 'bout entry! golly, haw haw. You Dicky, too—jump 'bout so! what scare you so, eh! afraid I bite you?" "You black rascal, go into the other room and see what's the matter," roared Mr. S. who had found his legs. Tom went in and found—how shall we tell it? Six spruce beer bottles under the dining tables! Four minus their corks, and one shattered and beerless. The mystery was solved. A general laugh took place, and the parties retired to renew their slumbers, except Mr. S. who found Mrs. S. sitting on the top step and said to her a little harshly, "I wish to heaven when you make your beer for *economy* again, you would see it works in the day time, and sleeps at night. Your carpet is spoiled, and I shall have the influenza for a week."

### EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

Some Moravian missionaries, on the coast of Labrador, had a miraculous escape, from the breaking up of the ice. They had occasion to pass to Okkak, about 150 miles from Nain. They started in sledges upon the ice. As they proceeded on their journey, there was a mighty rumbling of the sea beneath the ice. The Esquimaux were exceedingly alarmed, and resolved to make for the land at the nearest point; but as the sledges passed towards the shore, the ice, which had been broke into fragments, was forced up against the rocks and driven back, grinding with terrific noise against the precipices, (says the Moravian account.) To make the land, at any risk, was now the only hope left; but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be forced forward, the whole body of ice sinking frequently below the surface of the rocks, then rising above it. As the only moment to land was that when it gained the level of the coast, the attempt was extremely nice and hazardous. The travellers had hardly time to reflect with gratitude, when that part of the ice from which they had just now made good their landing burst asunder, and the water, forcing itself from below, covered and precipitated it into the sea. In an instant, as if by a signal given, the whole mass of ice, extending for several miles from the coast, and as far as the eye could reach, began to burst, and be overwhelmed by the immense waves. The sight was tremendous, and awfully grand; the large fields of ice, raising themselves out of the water, striking against each other, and plunging into the deep, with a violence not to be described, and a noise like the discharge of innumerable batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and sea, and the dashing of the waves and ice against the rocks, filled the travellers with sensations of awe and horror, so as almost to deprive them of the power of utterance. They stood overwhelmed with astonishment at their miraculous escape, and even the heathen Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for their deliverance.

The Esquimaux now began to build a snowhouse, about thirty paces from the beach; but before they had finished their

work, the waves reached the place where the sledges were secured, and they were with difficulty saved from being washed into the sea.

Before they entered this habitation, they could not help once more turning to the sea, which was now free from ice, and beheld with horror, mingled with gratitude for their safety, the enormous waves driving furiously before the wind, like huge castles, and approaching the shore, where, with dreadful noise, they dashed against the rocks, foaming and filling the air with the spray. The whole company now got their supper, and, having sung an evening hymn in the Esquimaux language, lay down to rest about ten o'clock.

In this miserable habitation the missionaries remained for seven days, reduced to the utmost misery for the want of food. The weather then cleared up—they discovered a new track of ice, and returned in safety to their own homes.

### REMINISCENCE OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

It was my misfortune to be a somnambulist, and for the edification of your readers, I will relate a strange adventure which happened to me some ten or fifteen years ago, when residing in my native town.

It was a fine moonlight night in July 18—, returning home after a ramble with a few friends, I threw myself, tired and sleepy on the bed. I dreamed—I was walking at the sea shore when suddenly my old school master who had been dead some time, pushed his head out of the water, and made towards me. Now this man had always been my dread at school, and Satan himself was not half so hateful to my memory. As he approached me I saw, but could not escape his grasp, as the old fellow laid his powerful hand on my shoulder, I started and awoke—good God! what were my feelings when I opened my eyes—I was sitting on the rail of a delapidated bridge, two miles from home, and dressed as when I went to bed. The moon was shining in the water, and the stars glistening all around me.—No human being was near, and horror completely took possession of my soul, alone, and in such a place, I dare not rise, and scarcely ventured to move, there I sat looking at the waves as they flowed to and from me, like a statue.

At length I mustered courage, and set out for home. A stray dog and one or two half starved cats now passed me, as I stumbled over a large stone which lay in the road, still onward I went, heedless of any thing till I approached the old meeting house, which I was obliged to pass in my way homeward, just as I was turning the dark corner, the clock struck two, and I took to my heels, and never looked back till I gained my chamber, and wiped the sweat, which stood in drops from my face.

I then began to look about me, and after satisfying myself that I was alive, and no damage done, went to work to see how I got into the street so quietly, as I awakened no one in my passage down stairs. It seems I had opened my chamber door, walked through a long entry to the head of a pair of back stairs, which led into the kitchen, and instead of going out of the door I got out of a low window, & made off through a gate which led into the street.

### HIGH LIVING AND MEAN THINKING.

How much nicer people are in their persons than in their minds. How anxious are they to wear the appearance of wealth and taste in the things of outward show; while their intellects are poverty and meanness. See one of the apes of fashion with his coxcombries and ostentations of luxury. His clothes must be made by the best tailor, his horse must be of the best blood, his wines of the finest flavor, his cookery of the highest zeal; but his reading is of the poorest frivolities, or of the lowest and most despicable vulgarity. In the enjoyment of the animal senses he is an epicure—but a pig is a clean feeder compared with the mind, and a pig would eat good and bad, sweet and foul alike, but his mind has no taste except for the most worthless garbage. The pig has no discrimination and a great appetite; the mind which we describe has not the apology of voracity; it is satisfied with but little, but that must be of the worst sort, and every thing of a better quality is rejected by it with disgust. If we could see men's minds as we see their bodies, what a spectacle of nakedness, destitution, deformity and disease it would be! What hideous dwarfs and cripples!—What dirty and revolting cravings, and all these connexions with the most exquisite care and pampering of the body! If many a conceited coxcomb could see his own mind, he would see a thing the meanest object the world can present. It is not with beggary, in its