the sense of pardon,—he took down the expositions of Owen, and of Archbishop Leighton, to dip into them, and that of the latter he became delightedly absorbed in. While thus engaged, he heard the sound of wheels at the front of the house; there was no ring of the bell—no knock—but a rap at the study door.

"Come in."

It was his son Harry, who rushed into his arms and kissed him.

He was very much overpowered. Both of them gazed and gazed upon each other, with surprise, and emotion, and tears.

"How well you are looking, Harry."

"And you, father."

Harry was dressed in the stained and tarnished uniform in which he had landed—was finely bronzed, all save his white forehead; and his smile seemed, from the dazzling whiteness of his teeth, brighter and more frank than ever. But the first embrace and the first smiles past, Harry's countenance changed its expression to one of exceeding anxiety and confusion, so much so as to startle and alarm his father.

"Why, Harry, here you are, my dear boy, in good health; and, thank God, you will see your mother, and sisters, and all the younkers, quite well, I trust, within an hour or two. What's the matter with you? Have you lost any thing of consequence? Have you brought any bad news?"

"Why, father, no, but I am not alone. I have a friend with me."

"A friend!—So much the better: we shall all give him a hearty welcome."

"I wish that I could think so; for it is a friend very dear to me."

"Why, how can you doubt it, boy? What can you mean?"

Harry fell on his knees. "Forgive me, my dear beloved father, forgive me—I am married."

"Married!" said old Blount, with a dejected tone of surprise; "married! A step the most important in life taken, and at your age, without consulting your mother and myself. You astonish me—you deeply afflict me."

The old man put his hands nervously into his breeches' pockets, and walked up and down the room in great agitation.

"My dear father, hear me; I pray you, hear me. You have been young yourself; you have known what it is to love and be beloved again; but you have not known what it is to be three years out of your native country, amid scenes of war and tumult, and there upon the wildest part of life's wilderness, to find one single soft and sunny spot of smiles. Such, father, was our love. Oh! you will love her yourself. I know you will:---my mother will:---and all will love her, for

'She is true and open as the heavens.' "

"What!" said his father, "have you married a foreigner?"

"Love is of no country," said Harry. "Forgive me---forgive me, and receive a daughter to your heart. I will not let you go until you forgive me." He seized the arm of his father, and held the passive hand in both his. "As you are a Christian, forgive me, and my whole life shall be a life of grateful duty."

Old Blount was so much moved, that for a minute or two he could not answer; his eyes were swimming; his lips quivering; and, at last, he burst out with, "Well, Harry, there 'is only one way of forgiving---fully, freely, ---whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.' I have felt, and feel sorry, and perhaps shall long continue to do so; but God has given you back to me, and 'covered your head in battle.' He has answered many of my prayers for you. Shall I murmur because he answereth not all? The deed is done. You shall never hear another word of reproach from me. Where is my daughter?"

Need it be told how the affectionate old man received the terrified and timid Juliana into his arms at the foot of the carriage-steps; and as he felt her heart beat like that of a frightened dove, and as he thought upon her being a stranger in the land, how he was every second gathering into his mind fresh motives for loving and cherishing her.

Need it be told how the mother remembered that her own was a love-match; how that Harry's sisters were reconciled to the match at once, and rather interested by the romance of it; how that to the young boys it was all a wonder and a delight; how that Juliana's imperfect English made the rude rogues laugh happy, and right out; how that, after tea, that same evening, they made her play upon the guitar and sing them a Spanish air? When, later in the evening, the bell rang, and the household assembled, the father looked at Harry with a sad and silent anxiety, Harry quickly said, "She will understand you; she has a Spanish Bible. She is a Catholic, father; but she is not a bigot, or she would not have married your son Harry. She is not a Papist: she is a Christian—more of a Christian than I am: both of us desire that teaching, and pray for that teaching which man cannot give, but which that blessed book alone can impart."

When all were gone up stairs that night but Harry and his father, and when the latter learned from his son that Juliana had already made it her request, that, should they be blessed with a family, their children might be brought up in England, and in the Protestant faith, by far the most serious sorrow he had felt about this marriage was removed.

Harry is now an old lieutenant-colonel on the staff in North America, and his eldest boy has just been appointed to a pair of colors; Juliana is an exemplary wife and mother. Old Blount is as fond of her as any of his children; and has found her so dutiful and affectionate, that, I think, he rather rejoices at the providence which brought about this marriage; subscribes to the saying, that marriages are made in Heaven, whenever it is quoted in his presence; and is fond of observing upon all occasions, when he can contrive to introduce it, that "the best way to prevent the second error, is to forgive the first." He says it is the scriptural method with sinners. Upon the Sunday next after he had received Harry and Juliana at the vicarage, he preached a sermon, which to this hour he thinks the best that he ever wrote upon that same text, in his meditations on which he was interrupted by his son's arrival:—"*There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayst be feared.*"

Old Plummet, whom a shattered knee-pan has condemned to what he quaintly terms the hop-and-go-one list, resides in the parish of parson Blount. A wonderful change has taken place in his sentiments: he now thinks it possible that men who don't speak English, and even that blacks, may be Christians. He has given up his prayer, and laughs at it, but not the short sermon; and as old Blount makes himself "all things to all men," that he may win souls, he has written for Plummet so happy and excellent a discourse upon it, and has so plainly pointed out what it is "*to do well here*," and "*to be well there*," that the veteran has hobbled out of the broad road, and is now safe in the narrow way. He often talks of Ralph Harland, Mark Greville, and the young Frenchman, and looks gravely happy when Blount says, there was good hope for them; and that "Mercy, mercy!" is the only cry that unbars the gate of heaven. The veteran never starts now at the mention of the Bible, or at the sound of his Redeemer's name, but is still fond of embodying his religion and philosophy in his grandmother's rhyming sermon; of which, now that he has gotten and can give a spiritual interpretation of it, he is not a little proud. He tells the parson that he takes in many an old soldier by beginning his lecture with—

"We come into this world naked and bare;
We go out of it, nobody knows where—
But—*if we do well here, we shall be well there*."

SLAVERY IS OF ALL KINDS.

In our efforts to emancipate another section of the country from slavery, we forget to emancipate ourselves from the many and various kinds of slavery which keeps us in bondage. There is the slavery of parties, of which we say nothing,—that slavery, which, with many, is as imperious and tyrannical as the despotic edict. There is the slavery of custom, which subjects us to a thousand troubles. There is the slavery of fashion, which makes us ridiculous and absurd, and leads us to expensive indulgencies. There is the slavery of prejudice, which makes us victims of ignorance and delusion. In short, there are numerous kinds of bondage other than that, and no better than that, which the negro slave pays the white man. When the mind, the soul, is in slavery, the case is more lamentable, and in a free country more dreadful, than when the slavery is that of the body, or of services done to the master.

Let us speak of the slavery of party. All men of warm feelings will divide into parties. It is natural, perhaps desirable, in a free country, so that the *outs* may watch the *ins*, and keep them frugal, and careful, and honest. But when party makes a slave of the partizan, party is as much of a curse to such a slave, as the power a tyrant might have over him. That man is a slave to others, who has no will and opinion of his own when he is called upon to cast his vote. He is a slave who suffers and obeys the dictation of caucuses and cabals, when such dictation conflicts with his own sense of right and wrong. He is a slave who goes with a party on all occasions, even when that party goes wrong, and sets at defiance the principles of common honesty. For slavery is of all kinds and of all degrees: and although a white man may not own a white man, yet he may own his vote, own his opinions, own his services and his hurrahs and his plaudits. Thus Bonaparte had thousands of white slaves.

In a free country there may be many, very many white slaves. The man who dares not express his own opinion because he holds an office, is in many senses a slave. He is a slave to his situation, the servant of another, who exercises an irresponsible influence over his will, who commands his political service as powerfully as the southern planter commands the agricultural service of his negroes. The only difference is in the service. The service in one case is in the fields; in the other, at the ballot box, in caucuses, or in drumming up. The slave's mind is at liberty. But the mind of such an office-holder is in thraldom.

The slavery of custom imposes upon us many restrictions. It may enslave the mind. It often does enslave the body, and put us in the power of others. But a moderate attention to custom we would by no means repudiate. It is the most innocent slavery to which we are subject, and often such subjection is useful.

The slavery of fashion is often commented upon. It is best to follow fashion in a small degree, at least so far as not to distinguish ourselves from our fellow men. But when fashion becomes a tyrant, when it fluctuates perpetually and is never established long enough to gain a name, when it destroys the health and too seriously lightens the pockets, when it endangers character; then it is time to put forth the declaration of independence.

But after all, such slavery is not so hurtful nor commonly so obnoxious, as the slavery to which prejudice subjects us. As we free ourselves from prejudices and found our opinion upon judgment, we become free men. Prejudice has more slaves than tyrants. Prejudice has more victims, than masters have. Prejudice and ignorance, commonly go together; they are companions. Prejudice is ignorance's instructor. Prejudice imposes edicts, hundreds obey. Prejudice forms opinions, and many are their slaves. Prejudice refuses lessons, and is established in its own self conceit. Indeed the prejudiced man is he whom you can do any thing with, provided you flatter his prejudices.

Thus it is easy to see that freedom as well as the appellation of a freeman, belongs only to one who forms his own opinions, and who knows how he formed them,—who investigates what he acts upon, and who acts for himself,—who takes the best means of gaining information. Our country needs emancipation from party slavery as much as from negro slavery. For the first enslaves body and soul, and the other but the body alone. It is as much the interest of the slave master here, and the slave master there, to keep us all in bondage. Emancipation is as desirable here as there.—*Portland Advertiser.*

ANTIQUITY OF MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

We read in Genesis, that ships were as old, even on the Mediterranean, as the days of Jacob. We likewise read that the Philistines brought thirty thousand chariots into the field against Saul; so that chariots were in use 1070 years before Christ. And about the same time architecture was brought into Europe. And 1030 years before Christ, Ammon built long and tall ships with sails, on the Red Sea and Mediterranean. And, about ninety years after, the ship Argo was built, which was the first Greek vessel that ventured to pass through the seas by the help of sails, without sight of land, being guided only by the stars. Dædalus, also, who lived 980 years before Christ, made sails for ships and invented several sorts of tools for carpenters and joiners to work with. He also made several moving statues, which could walk or run of themselves. And, about 800 years before Christ, we find in 2 Chron., xv., that Uzziah made in Jerusalem, engines, invented by cunning men, to be on the towers and upon the bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal. Corn mills were early invented; for we read in Deuteronomy, that it was not lawful for any man to take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge; yet water was not applied to mills before the year of Christ 600, nor windmills used before the year 1200. Likewise 580 years before Christ, we read in Jeremiah xviii. of the potter's wheel. Architas was the first that applied mathematics to mechanics, but left no mechanical writings behind him; he made a wooden pigeon that could fly about. Archimides, who lived about 200 years before Christ, was a most subtle geometer and mechanic. He made engines that drew up the ships of Marcellus at the siege of Syracuse, and others that would cast a stone of prodigious weight to a great distance, or else several lesser stones, as also darts and arrows; but there have been many fabulous reports concerning these engines. He also made a sphere which showed the motion of the sun, moon and planets. And Polidonius afterwards made another which showed the same thing.

In these days, the liberal arts flourished, and learning met with proper encouragement; but afterwards they became neglected for a long time. Aristotle, who lived about two hundred and ninety years before Christ, was one of the first that writ any methodical discourse on mechanics. But, at this time, the art was contained in a very little compass, there being scarce any thing more known about it than the six mechanical powers. In this state it continued till the sixteenth century, and then clock work was invented; and about 1650 were the first clocks made. At this time, several of the most eminent mathematicians began to consider mechanics; and by their study and industry have prodigiously enlarged its bounds, and made a most comprehensive science. It extends through heaven and earth; the whole universe, and every part of it, is its subject. Not one particle of matter but what comes under its laws. For what else is there in the visible world, but matter and motion? and the properties and affections of both these are the subjects of mechanics.—*Emerson.*

NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.

This whirlpool, which is several miles below the Falls at Niagara, is a large deep basin, about the size of Primrose Hill, at the back of Chalk Farm, in which the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence revolve in one perpetual whirl, caused by their being obstructed by an angle of the steep and dreary banks which overhang this dreadful place. Mr. Wallace the blacksmith, had a son, a fine youth, who one day went down to the whirlpool, and the current proving too strong for him, he was carried into the whirl. His poor distracted mother sat on the gloomy bank for hours and days, and beheld the body of her own darling carried around in a circle by the water, sometimes disappearing for a time and then coming up and revolving upon the surface of his watery grave, and thus continuing for several days, no human aid being available even to obtain his remains. After five or six days bodies which get into this dismal cauldron are carried down the river. It is usual for persons rafting timber from places between the Falls and the Whirlpool, to get off the raft before they come to the basin, first placing the raft in such a position as may best enable it to float down the stream without being carried into the whirl.

On one occasion however, one of the raftsmen refused to leave the raft—he was not afraid, all would go safe; entreaty was unavailing, and the raft, with the unfortunate headstrong man upon it, made its way downwards, and was soon drawn within the fatal circle, around which for three days and three nights it continued to revolve, all the efforts of a thousand anxious spectators proving unavailing. The continual and sickening motion he underwent, robbed the poor sufferer of all power to eat—sleep he could not—a dreadful death was before his eyes, so much the more terrible that it was protracted night after night in such a place. At last a man was found who ventured into the whirl as far as he could with the hopes of life, a strong rope being tied around his middle, one end of which was on shore. He carried a line to throw to the raft, and succeeded: the agonized sufferer fastened it to the raft, and in this way he was drawn on shore, and his life preserved.—*M'Kenzie's Sketches of the United States.*

THE CASHMERE ANGORA SHAWL GOAT.

The last number of Silliman's Journal contains a description of this animal and the attempts to domesticate it in Europe. The first race imported from Persia to France under the patronage of the government, promised little profit to the owners. They were healthy and hardy, of various sizes and colors. The soft fleece, which alone was valuable, was very small in quantity, overgrown and almost concealed by long hairs. After a few years, a very superior herd was raised at Versailles, possessing the best qualities of the original Cashmere, with those of the soft, silky-haired native Angora. Some of this improved breed yielded thirty ounces of down in one season, and the whole herd produced from twelve to twenty ounces each; while the original Cashmere never yields more than *four*, and seldom exceeds *two* ounces. The animals are less capricious than the common goat, may be more easily kept in a flock, and are more docile than sheep. The down falls in a manner similar to the wool from the sheep, in the month of March, and may be taken off in locks, by separating it gently with the hand from the skin. It is best, however, when sheared off in one fleece, as soon as it begins to loosen. The parallelism is thus better preserved, and it is more readily combed and prepared for manufacturing purposes.

They are not difficult to keep, but are allowed to remain all winter in open sheds. Like all other browsing animals, they prefer the leaves of trees, but thrive well on hay, straw, green fodder, or in meadows. Mr. Polonceau, the owner of the flock at Versailles, at first gave them aromatic herbs, occasionally, for a year or two; but, of late, has discontinued the use of them, without any injurious effect. The down commences growing in September, and arrives at full maturity in March, when it falls off, unless removed artificially. The British Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, awarded to William Riley their gold Isis medal for his importation from France of a select number of these animals with a view of introducing them into the colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, the Southern parts of which are in corresponding *south* latitudes with Cashmere in Thibet, and Angora in Asia Minor in the *north*. Versailles, where this herd is so flourishing, producing more down than in their native districts, is twelve or fourteen degrees farther north than Angora, which is in north latitude forty, or two hundred miles E. S. E. of Constantinople.

The correspondent of the Journal, from whose letter we have abridged these particulars, concludes with the following suggestions:—

From reviewing all these localities, we may presume that our own country with its boundless varieties of climate and vegetable productions, may yield such favored spots, as will enable the enterprising agriculturist to domesticate this valuable animal, as well as the choice varieties of foreign sheep; and with much greater probabilities of success, than attended the first attempts at the culture of silk, which was, for ages, believed to be a particular gift of Heaven to China, from whence it was not deemed possible to extend it to any other region of the globe.

M. Polonceau, who has the choicest herd in Europe, perhaps the only one of Cashmere Angora, disposed of four to the King of Wirtemberg, in 1828, for the small sum of three thousand four hundred francs, and in 1831 parted with thirteen more to Mr. Riley, as above stated. This race of animals have not in the least degenerated, since they first came into M. Polonceau's possession, ten years ago, but their peculiar properties become annually more and more fixed. The superior quality and quantity of their fleeces, with the precious nature of the material, offer strong inducements to the agricultural capitalists of some of our mild hill countries, to obtain some of them by way of trial.

The herds of M. Polonceau are probably, by this time, so numerous as to enable him to sell a sufficient number for an experiment, which, if successful, would secure a profit to the proprietor, and accomplish an important national object. The peculiarities of climate and vegetable productions of Angora with the habits of the goat on its native soil, might be ascertained beyond doubt, by application to our countryman, Commodore Porter, who is investigating a variety of subjects, in that part of Asia which is most interesting to science, manufactures, and commerce.—*Boston Courier.*

RIGHTS OF FREEMEN.

Since the passage of the Reform Bill, considerable excitement has taken place among the fair sex in England as to their civil rights. One lady (unmarried) of fortune and family, named Mary Smith, of Stanmore in York, had presented a petition to the House of Commons, on the subject, in which she said that females were only kept in thraldom among barbarian and heathen nations: but that in England, which had risen to such a high pitch of civilization, such restrictions should be abolished. She complained that females were amenable to the laws and liable to be punished for their crimes while they were tried by judges and juries of the opposite sex; they should therefore be allowed to sit upon juries. In fine, she prayed that unmarried females of mature age, should be put on a footing of equality with the male sex; and be admitted to a share of the representation.

The petition was read by Mr. Cobbett, amid shouts of laughter from all sides of the House. A member then observed that it would be an awkward circumstance, if six unmarried females and six males were on the same jury, and that they happened not to agree in their verdict, they might be locked up together all night. Mr. Cobbett said, that the House might perhaps think that of no consequence. He had known males and females to be locked up in the same room together, and even to sleep together, both in England and America, without any awkwardness ensuing from it. The petition was laid on the table; so that the qualifications of females to sit on juries, or to be returned to parliament, are in a fair way of undergoing a discussion in that body.—*Even. Star.*

The neglect, or more properly the perversion of natural advantages, is strikingly exemplified in the conduct of those classes of this country who are the most favored by circumstances. It would seem as if under the invisible influence of supreme justice,—ever active to equalize the lots of humanity,—we restrict ourselves socially in proportion to our exemption from political trammels. Unburdened from the state by the weight of laws, we counterbalance our freedom as citizens by the voluntary subjection of ourselves as men, to the social despotism of opinion, to which is applied the name of *public*—with as much reason as that of *world* is to a coterie of gossips.

The mighty circumstances which cast us a strong young people upon these fresh shores, disenthralled us from the tyranny of European custom as well as from that of government. Boldly and wisely have we used our liberty in the construction of our political system; but in much else we have been blind to its value or we have abused it. Original in our principles of government, we are in our manners and many of our habits servile imitators. The result is, the littleness inseparable from any imitation of the kind, and the awkwardness which is the effect of unfitness, superadded to the native vulgarity of the foreign copy. We set up the idol fashion, and we worship it in the spirit of exclusiveness;—a false idol, even where it is rendered imposing by the prestiges of custom and the pomp of aristocratic circumstance—a mean spirit even where the worship is sanctioned by national institutions and hereditary usage. Here, where the idol stands—not on the high pedestal of time-honored privilege, crowned with precious stones and shining in rich robes—but on the shallow basis of ephemeral pretensions, unadorned, in naked deformity, the worship is self-degradation.

Were the social defect to which I allude, on the surface—a mere partial disfigurement of bad taste, a blister, without depth, the fine point of ridicule were enough. Or, were it nothing more than the impertinence of a few pretenders, aiming at the hollow distinctions of ostentation, contempt alone would be its due: it would not move indignation. These are but symptoms: the disease is deep seated. In every community, (in this for example,) in that portion of it which should be the freest, there is a slavery of the mind—a double slavery; to the object which is little, and to the means to obtain it which are debasing. The object is the outward shows, the public sensualism, if I may so speak, of life: the means are, the soul-absorbing, soul-contracting gathering of wealth. The mind is sold, that the body may be gaudily decked. What is called fashionable life is wholly corporeal. For what is the intercourse of the self-important actors in it more than the mechanical movements and automaton mutterings of puppets—*etiquette* being the wire that guides them? What are their equipages and halls but so much superfluous raiment? Means and leisure which might be prolific, are barrenly dedicated to empty nothings. The substantial goods of existence,—the gladdening, the heart purifying,—are cast away! and not even is the outward form of beauty acquired, for polish and grace no more follow wealth, than does the possession of a library imbue its possessors with literature. Manners should flow from within: their only pure source is in the heart—in high and proper feeling. The manners of outward putting on—the factitious accompaniment of conventional observance, are to the ease and frank bearing which unconsciously attend a cultivated mind, what the changeless color of a painted cheek is to the tint of nature varying with the heart's impulses.

This coarse poison which thus blotches the face, as it were, of the social body, pervades other of its limbs. The small circle, drawn in the spirit of exclusiveness by vulgar vanity, casts a glare over the wide circumference. To a crowd without its jealous limits, it is radiant with attraction; to those particularly upon whom fortune has sprinkled her golden dust, the object of envy and admiration and hope: Seeing that gold is its basis, as well as the stuff of which its ornaments are made, they task both mind and body to produce that which is the smoothest key to open its barriers, and the surest source of brilliancy when within them. What a waste of energy! What a prostitution of mind! What a shallow result! What an unprofitable existence!—*Volume from the Life of Herbert Barclay.*

New York, October 24.

AN UNNATURAL PARENT.

About six weeks since, a well dressed female, in company with a gentleman, whom she represented to be her husband, applied to a respectable but poor widow lady living up town, for board. The terms being acceded to, the gentleman on the following day brought the lady, whom he left, at the same time saying, that business of an important nature very unexpectedly called him away from the city for a few days, but that, in the interim, he wished every attention bestowed on his wife, for which, upon his return, he would make the most ample compensation. This attention in the course of a short interval became absolutely necessary, inasmuch as the lady, whom the widow had not the slightest conception to be in a state of pregnancy when she applied for the board, before the end of the third week gave birth to a child. Day after day passed without hearing from the husband, until at the end of the third week, the widow, whose means were limited, became apprehensive that the promised reward would never be realised. Communicating her doubts to the lady, she immediately dressed herself, went out under the pretence of enquiring for letters from her husband, or otherwise satisfying herself as to the cause of his prolonged absence; but strange to relate, never returned, leaving the widow the additional burthen of an infant three weeks old. Several days having elapsed without receiving any tidings of the lady, the widow was under the necessity of taking the child to the Almshouse, where she communicated the facts above stated, and left it to their care.

The Commissioners of the Almshouse, after investigating the case, having reason to suppose from some expressions that dropped from the lady as reported by the widow, that she belonged to Philadelphia, despatched an officer in pursuit of her for the purpose of bringing her back to the city for trial under a law of this State, which makes the abandonment of children under a certain age an indictable offence. The officer, after a couple of days spent in the search, was fortunate enough to find her, and notwithstanding her protestation of not being the person whom he was in pursuit of, added to the declaration of her respectable parents that she was unmarried, and also that she had been temporarily absent for a few weeks during the summer, on a visit to a relation, but never in New-York or its vicinity, he insisted upon taking her before a magistrate.

This was done, the lady being accompanied by her parents and friends, but when the serious penalties attending the abandonment of her child were stated by the magistrate, added to his entreaties to tell the truth, she burst into tears and admitted the whole. The surprise of the parents may be easily imagined: their indignation at what they believed at first to be an unfounded and slanderous charge, gave place to a feeling of pity for their once virtuous but deluded child; and a desire to avoid the painful consequences of a public trial. This latter alternative was avoided by the parents, who made ample provision to have the child restored to its mother, and the warrant discharged.—*Courier.*

Silver Mines in Mexico.—From Silliman's Journal we learn that there are about five hundred places in Mexico celebrated for the explorations of silver in their vicinity. These five hundred places or towns include about three thousand miles. The ore is generally to be found in veins, and but rarely in masses or beds. There are between four and five thousand veins or masses in the whole exploration. The quantity of silver in the ore is about 1-448th to 1-595th of the weight of ore. The most extensive vein is in Guanaxua, it being from 120 to 150 feet thick. The annual amount of silver procured in Mexico during the latter years of the 17th century weighed 134,434 lbs.

Public meetings are the order of the day. In a late York paper we notice a call for a meeting of the Bachelors of the borough, on *business of importance.*