POETRY.

A PATIENT'S REPLY,

On being asked if Dr. Jephson, of Leamington, di not make Walking a very prominent feature in his

"He does, Sir, so much so that some have the notion The secret is his, of perpetual motion; For all the disciples who Jephson obey, Walk out in all seasons, all hours of the day. They walk when the North wind blows piercing an

They walk when their mouths are so stiff they can't

They walk in the midst of the fogs of November, They walk in the drizzle and damp of December; They walk when it thaws, and they walk when it freezes, They walk for all causes, to cure their diseases. They walk when they have not a limb that is sound, They walk when they cannot set foot to the ground They walk when each limb in their bodies may ache, They walk when their poor backs are ready to break;

They walk when they are fasting, they walk when they They walk when so weary they had rather be besten; They walk after fainting, hysterics, and fits, They walk in their senses, and out of their wits;

They walk it they are commoners, they walk if they are

They walk whether middle-age, young, or in years,-Epileptic, dispectic, paralytic, what not, No matter what ails them, all set off jog trot. The plethoric walk in the hope to get pale, The pallid walk in the hope to grow hale; The stout and unweildy, they are walking for that, I have, you will not be so sceptically disposed to The bony and shivering, they walk to grow fat. If some walk too slowly they are joined by the master, Then, surprising to see, they walk faster and faster,-At other times, body or mind makes resistance, But with him they can walk any moderate distance. 'Tie rumoured, Jephson's trained infants are able To walk the first month,—that must be a fable; However, we soon may perhaps see without wonder Small babies all walking at six months and under,--Liliputian pedestrians, standing quite strong, Tiny peripatetics, not yet two feet long: For who knows what wonders may meet me, in question, When walking, like steam, shall be brought to perfection, Which it must be in Learnington, when, without strife,

Walking forms the chief end and main business of life."

THE SONG OF NIGHT. Who am I, with my ebon vest? Spangled with stars, over earth I creep, And I scatter the dews of gentle sleep On every weary eye; And I give to the spirit rest, As over the earth I peep From my home in the cloudless sky.

Who am I, with my sable wings? Shading the face of Cynthia tair; Filling the world with a silence rare. Or the song of the nightingale. I am loved by all living things In earth, and in sea, and air, In the mountain, and wood, and vale.

Who am I, with my zephyr wild? Fanning the leaves of the quiet grove, Telling all nature of rest and love, And golden dreams of bliss; I send forth my fairest child Over lakes and sweet streams to rove. And to close up each flower with a kiss.

Who am 1, but the Spirit of Night? I am the child of the golden sun; And when first through the heaven his race was run, I rose from the purple west, Bringing sweet slumber and slight, And a heaven of peace and rest.

WISCELLANEOUS.

From the Bristol Times.

LOCAL LEAVES, BY A STREET LOUNGER. NO. II.

THE CATHEDRAL AND COLLEGE GREEN.-It is Charles Lamb, I think, who says "a cathedral is religion;" but this is one of those savings more emphatic than true, uttered without deliberation, and echoed without thought. A cathedral is not religion, but with well constituted minds it may be made an impressive and imposing aid to religion. Heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,

And ever-musing melancholy reigns, to many an imagination amidst the arched intersections and solemn lines of its sacred architecture; but it is not well to allow the mind to be carried away into a morbid feeling which attaches an undue importance to the circumstances of place and ceremonial, for if we accustom ourselves to look only embryo Conservaties growing up for the cause; and for serious thoughts surrounded by the sombre grandeur of the Gothic pile, the rich and mellowed light of the painted window, and the atmosphere as it were of other ages, we torget the commisterence of that awful influence which equally pervades the simple church and the ancient structure, proud in its age and its pillared proportions. "What though | what respect does the memory of the man merit, the temple stretch its massy porches, and rear its | whose benevolence has bequeathed the means of loity dome." says Birt, talking on a far different | embuing so many youths with the sentiments of topic, one which bears no analogy to this, "what I good citizense! It is said of Colston that it was his though the eye be charmed with exquisite propor- | practise to stand at the Cathedral door, when in tions, and everything in sight and sound contribute | Bristol, and pat with a parental fondness the newless to the banpuet of the imagination and the feast of of the boys as they passed in-"A good churchman, taste; the Christian will retreat from the scene of | Sir, a good churchman." How thankful should we these enchantments—he sees a hand that beckons | all be that in the proscription of our Church of him away, and hears a voice through all its arches | England charities, this noble one was saved, and | considerable interest, and procure for the speaker a | with more chilled and shryiking horrour than is tell saying 'Here no man hath seen God at any time.'" This passage, let me say, I quote more for its intrinsic eloquence than for its applicability to the present subject, to which indeed the author never meant it to apply; for I believe many a serious impression and many a subline aspiration have been awakened, when from the pealing organ and the full voiced choir has rolled forth the volumned anthem, filling the lofty arches to their very keystones with the sounds of praise. I have myself often and often felt and owned the "influence of the place," and | rial attendants" if I may so speak, are not confined though no regular attendant, there are times and in

a temper of mind, when I love to visit its sombre high pews of the choir; there are others & humble to his mental growth and vigor. He cannot even precincts, and give way to that luxury of "far resist- at en lants, whom you will usually see on the forms understand the force and the point of the borrowed girls are sauntering or smirking amongst its columns | the anthem, or lounge for a few moments around the some conception of the meaning, but it is never ad . day morning is more in unison with my taste, when and season of worship. Some of them for years and philosophy of mind, that one mind cannot tuny

1 --- - who will all - - why

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found-Now green in youth, now withered on the ground Another race the following spring supplies, They fall successive, and successive rise; So generations in their course decay,

So flourish these when those have passed away. A walk across the Green at such an hour and a such a season, when the sear skeletons of the summer foliage are dancing round in rustling eddies to the piping of the moaning wind, prepares one for solemn reflection, and nature abroad seems to predispose the thoughts for the scene w thin; then take your seat, not in the rewed choir, but in the most remote and secluded spot, where the deep tones of the organ and the cadence of the chant reach you with softened effect and the gloom abroad is felt within, enhanced by surrounding associations—then, doubt, as many of us are, the power of time, and place, and circumstance, to add to devotional feeling land rase to solemn thought. Even the old monuments have the rinfluence and edification for us: the mailed and recumbent figure, whose deeds of prowess and strength of arm the Latin line recounts, tells us in his overthrow how true the shaft that neither buckler nor breastplate can turn as de ; from every escutcheon, with its lofty quarterings, the elegiac verse of Gray is illustrated, that heraldric pride and pomp of power await alike the inevitable. moment which overtakes all-the base and noble, the slow and swift of toot, and every monumenta inscription, though lotty in its language, is but a trophied memorial to the conquest of death.

The regular Cathedral goers are a peculiar people; not comprising so much (as strangers might suppose) the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, but persons from various and many remote parishes of the city. Some whose faces for forty years almost have been as familiar to subsachristan and vergers as the Minor Prophets on the pannelled screenregular as the Sunday comes you will see them in their places, and their own places only; and it is a fact which I have noticed, that the Cathedral men (as they are called, and there are Cathedral women too) are more punctual far in their attendance than most of the congregations at parochial churches. do not care to mention names, but those who have been at any time in the habit of attending the Cathedral will recal at this moment to mind the faces of several whom they have seen, as long as they can recoilect, regularly in their places-or rather the places they have adopted-men who by mere custom have learned to sing the chants as well as the choristers, and who have seen and heard several generations of Prebends and Canons, including the facetious Sydney Smith, pass in succession, to death or promotion, before them. To these even the more popular anthems do not come amiss, and they have established a speaking acquaintance with the organ, for whose health and strength they have learned to grow affectionately solicitous and critically watchful, so as to know when stop is ailing or a pipe a little out of order. Let a precentor give a crabbed chant or an unpopular anthem, and not all the eloquence of the best prevendal sermon will bring the Cathedral-goer back into good humour with himself and

the chapter for the whole Sunday. What led the "Regulars" first to cast their lot in the Cathedral, and choose a Collegiate Church in preference to their own parish one, I cannot saythe original motive of some is lost in the distance of time-some from pique I dare say of some parish minister-some from the love of Cathedral music: (I have one at this moment in my eye with whom this partiality is a passion) -some because they beheve the Cathedral the highest point of Churchmanship, and others because, they could not tell you why, only they went as mere children and have continued the practise as men-some because they belong to the Ecclesiastical Courts; and one has to me because Colston's boys go there, and he loves to see them march in through the side ais!e and defile from right to left, while from his place in one of the prebendal seats he mentally counts the number of gratifying sight to see so many trained up to be loval subjects and sound Churchmen-living pledges to the stability of state and institutions. "That woman," said the Spartan mother, "deserves in st who has bred most sons to the Commonwealth;" and those boys, like brands plucked from the barning, are riend follow with glistening eye this little regiment of blue pelisses and red stockings as they wound under the old Norman archway to the Lower Green, through the cloisters, and emering the Cathedral at the little Western portal walk in lengthened line with pattering footsteps across the echoing pavement to their places in the choir.

But the regular Cathedral goers, the "immemoto those who occupy the cushoned stalls and the

words which Homer has placed in the mouth of eligible person for a vacant seat, thrust themselves | the individual under consideration never puts forth. there have been a dozen standing in the aisle, and as good." many by the glass door, deliberately cast his eye over all, from one to the other, and then walk into the midst and select a single person for promotion, I suppose, perhaps, because his or her devotional developments were largest, and most certain to profit by the service—though for a high church servant this savours rather strongly of the Calvinistic doctrine of election. He can see through the face down into-the heart, I dare say-a peruliar git which made some of the members of the Cathedral once say with more point than raverence, "It was better to be a door keeper. &." I leave it to the Chapter to finish the quotacion.

From the Chris ian Wa chman. ORIGINAL THINKING.

We have read with no small degree of pleasure. and address delivered before the Adelplain Society of the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, by Rev. George W. Eaton, Professor of Civil and Ecclesiastical History; on "the Duty and the Rewards of Original Thinking." It is a truly Vi uable and seasonable product on, worthy to be twice read by every student. The evils against which the address is intended to warn young men, is a more dangerous one than many are aware; and more fatal to solid intellectual attainment. After speaking of the duty, arising from the possession of an intellectual nature; and the rewards attendant upon it, which are the pleasures of the exercise, the personal respect and dignity which it confers, and the power which it gives to do good, the writer warns young men against the practice of borrowing and joining together the thoughts of others. Having described the ill effects of such a course, he pro-

"How different the man who has cultivated the

power of original thought. He has a perennial wellspring within, whose supplies can never fail. Suffer a word or two farther on this subject. It is one of more than ordinary importance. I do not know whether there be in the Institution now any such 's rmonmongers as I have described. I should hope not. But I know there have been, and I have marked the sad influence of their course. All original investigation was declined. Native powers of a very respectable order, which if cultivated would have made the possessor a man of no ordinary power, were suffered to remain folded up and mert. The good brother was busily engaged in getting up sermons to preach on Sabbaths to some church he was supplying, and he had no time to think. And having quite a reputation as a finent, acceptable speaker. and being tolerably respectable in the recitation room, (for a man with a good me nory and some strightliness may contrive to get along without absolute disgrace with his class, though he do not stir his faculties very deeply.) he perhaps forgot that thinking was of any unpertance. So, when be approached the termination of his course, and had to prepare a commencement exercise, when he was onecessity thrown upon his own resources, he exhibited painful and morthlying proof to his instructors, of his inherent feebleness. He had lost the main benefits of his course. I have described the case of one individual, but only as the representative of a too numerous class. And what is the destiny of such an one in the great wor'd! Truly a "wandering" star, passing from church to church, and stay. ing just long enough in a place to preach out i buible of hashed up sermous, and leaving no trace of himself behind. I have enlarged the more upon this surject, be ause there is a strong temptation, i. this day of books and pamphlets and papers, ac "skeletons," and all other kinds of "assisia", 'to decline the labor of excogitation, and resort to the I heartily sympathise with him-it is a fine and a more easy task of compilation. There are so man grand and beautiful thoughts eaber tod in the sock shops of other minds, scattered all along the the. oughtares of intellectual life, and so many vehicles in readiness to carry us, without self-exection, on "flowery beds of ease," to almost any point we wish t is hardly to be wondered at that so many refuse the drudgery of thinking, and choose rather to gather up the fine thoughts of others, so happi v concerned and sirted to the reastes, and to throw themselves upon the cushioned seats of the convent cles, to bear them to their wished-for point of destination. It really requires very little thought to get up" in this day a decent sort of a sermon, in the way I have I told that more fication alone has stilled the torture of described, and which, it spoken well, may awaken his aching limb, connot receive such invelligence pretty little reputation; and when there happens to by the heart which, pure heretotore, and ful of earpreserved to the church and state. I have seen my | be an unhappy combination of vanny and indelence in the character, there will be an irresistible probensity to repeat the questionable procedure, until

n becomes a fixed and regular habit. But how wretchedly such an individual mislakes his true to benefit others, or to secure a solid reputation. makes no real improvement, for aithough he may be continually transcribing, memorizing and mouthing | "acquainted with sin," and have made it our bod "inwardly" digested, and hence contribute nothing I of lite.

less" and some what melancholy musings of which by the monuments and stone pulpilts outside, who | thoughts, of which be makes so liberal a use. How the heart is at one season more susceptible than at never enter the glass door, and never hear a sermon; is this? you will ask. Surely he must understand another. It is not so much on your bright sunshine | who bring their prayer books and read them undis- | what he selects and arranges and adapts to his days in summer, when smart shop-boys and shop- turbed and undistracted by the idlers who look in for purpose. No, he does not. He may indeed have that I love to pay my visit: the dark autumnal Sun- | monuments, trifling with jarring levity in the sound | quate, and is generally incorrect. It is a truth in the a winterish cloud overhangs the city, and a thick | years have not been missed from their places, and | comprehend the conceptions of another, unles it is in mist muffles the bells; when the withered leaves | with them the subsachristan or a solemn faced ver- | a state approximating to that in which the concepfalling fast like yellow flakes from the old trees in ger will accasionally relax himself in a short colloquy tions had birth. Indeed the proposition may be the Green, are every one as they rustle along the during service. These people cannot afford nor do stated in stronger terms. We cannot thoroughly ground filled to the serious eye with matter of ad- they care for the luxury of a pew; who ever saw understand the menning of an author, unless we are monition more instructive than the written page of them, when the old functionary in the black gown able ourselves to reproduce his conceptions. This poet or philosopher, reminding one of the beautiful and white head is tooking sagaciously around for an obviously requires a degree of mental effort, which forward with the foretinger and thumb all inadver- I have myself heard men preaching, when, notwithtently in their waiscoat pocket. As this official, this standing their loud vociferations and energetic gessub-Saint Peter, has moved actively about with his ticulations, the vacant eye and blank countenance keys, locking in, like a railroad conductor, person assured me, that they did not know what they were after person, I have often wondered by what power I talking about. It was all "body exercise which of physiognomy he has made his elections-all profiteth little." It is a grand mistake to suppose doubtless very judicious. I have seen him when such preachers can effect any great and permanent

> INNOCENCE -O innocence! now glorious an : h-pev a portion art thou to the breast that posses os hee! Thou fearest beither the eyes nor the ongues of mer. Truth, the most poverful of all things, is thy strongest friend, and the brighther the ight is in which thou art displayed the more it discovers thy transcendant beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base theif, suspects every eye that cholds him to be privy to his transgressions, and v ry ton u that mentions his name to be proclaim ing h in. Fraud and falsehood are his weak and treacherous allies, and the lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to shame and punishment, The poorest should conso e themse ves, that hough few of the other good things of life are their lot-innocence, the best of all things, is always within their power; for though fortune can make a man unhappy, she can never make him completely and requarably miscrable, without his own consent.-

ARCHTISHOP HUTTON .- When Dr. Mat hew Hut-

on was Bishop of Durham, at he was traveling over Jum, betwixt Wensleydale and Ingictor, a triend vho was with him was surprised to see him suideny d smount, and, having delivered his horse to a servant, walk to a particular place at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down and remained some time in prayer. On his return, his friend took the liberty of asking his mot ve ter so singul r an act. The Bishop informed him that when he was a poor boy, without shoes and stickings, travelling this mountain on a frosty day, he remembered that he had disturbed a red cow, then lying on that identical place, in order to warm his legs and feet on that spot. Thus it is by the glorious constitution of this humble offspring of a muc-walled of tage, as veil as those born in a palace, may, by industry and mern, rise to the highest stations in church or state. Such was the case of Dr. Hutton, who was made Ba hop Durham is the year 1589, where he was be aved by all who knew him, and in the year 1594 was trauslated to and made Archbishop of York. ile wis succeeded at Durham by Dr. Tobias Matthews, who also succeeded him at his death as Arcabishop at York. The desi endants of Archbishop Hutton, after his death, resided for a long period of time at Northailerton and vicinity, and from one branch of that family sprung that eminent man, the late William Hutton, Esq., F. R. S., the venerable historian of Birmingham and the Roman Wull, and author of several other highly important historical and local publications .- Church Mag.

EVERY DAY LYING -There is semething consoling in the reflect on - (says Lamus Blanchard is the New Monthly) -- that great as is the vice of Tyng, amedenths of it as is now in practice spring from the virtues! The vilest miscreant, for one to uttered in malice, tells a handred in pure courtesy, in compliance with refined usages, or charity towards the felings of another. Why do people request "the ionurs," and "iest very happy," a dezen times :day! Why are they so "exci-sively grad" to her something, or so "extremely serry" on the other hand! They experence petther ple isure nor regret, we know, as the words expressive of these sensations pass their lips. They are notorious y technic a when they profess to be truly comercied, or hositive'y delighted. But they are lying upon a industriance, a sympathetic principle. They mend to deception; no self-interest prompts them; they are victous out of kindness and delicary. Can spire o sel'-sacrifice be carrie thartner, than in sur ender up truth for the sake of pheasing an ev day as maintaine who agrees to di-pense with sin-

CONSCIOUSNESS OF SIN.

On! there is nathing to equal these moments of desperate awake mig when we first become conscious that we are corrupted? when some sudden shock arouses us to a knowledge of our title position, and shows us that the ground we have so long been carelessly treading, is hollow beneath our fort, the precipice near at hand to which we have been blind v directing our step! The sick man woos dest resolution for the right, has been led away by temptation, and only wakes to feel the bitterness of us marable. attue; to know that the days of menty and to a crosse are over; that vice is become a come ar thing; that all is known of which w interests, whether his object is to improve himself, | should have been triorant; and all forgotten which should have been most carefully treasured in or memories; that in our forrow we have be on the finest thoughts and expressions, they are never | companion and fellow-traveller in the great journe

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