POETRY.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA

DEATH'S FERRYMAN.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Boatman, thrice I've called thee o'er,
Waiting on life's solemn shore,
Tracing, in the silver sand,
Letters till thy boat should land.

Drifting out alone with thee,
Toward the clime I cannot see,
Read to me the strange device
Graven on thy wand of ice.

Push the curls of golden hue
From thy eyes of starlit dew,
And behold me where I stand,
Beckoning thy boat to land.

Where the river mist, so pale,
Trembles like a bridal veil,
O'er yon lowly drooping tree,
One that loves me waits for me.

Hear, sweet Boatman, hear my call!
Last year, with the leaflet's fall,
Resting her pale hand in mine,
Cross she in that boat of thine.

When the corn shall cease to grow,
And the rye-field's silver flow
At the reaper's feet is laid,
Crossing, spake the lovely maid:

Dearest Love, another year,
Thou shalt meet this Boatman here—
The white fingers of despair
Playing with his golden hair.

From this silver-sanded shore,
Beckon him to row the o'er;
Where yon solemn shadows be,
I shall wait thee—come and see!

There! the white sails float and flow,
One in heaven and one below;
And I hear a low voice cry,
Ferryman of Death am I.

A SONG TO THE MORNING.

"When the final morning dawns, the day must follow, For light must ever triumph."

Say, can'st see o'er yon horizon
Faintly flush a doubtful ray?
Shout for joy! the morning cometh;
Hail the harbinger of day!

Do the mists of darkness gather,
And obscure the feeble light?
Hopeful gaze upon the heavens—
These will put their clouds to flight!

Say, can'st cull in yonder forest
One sweet bud of early spring?
Kiss the omen—kiss the token—
Summer will its gladness bring!

Do the cold winds from the North-land
Blast its blooming premature?
Be thou confident and fearless—
Heaven's promises are sure!

Buds are springing—light is dawning—
O'er earth and from the skies;
Shout for joy—the pledge is given,
Earth from bondage shall arise!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Transcendentalism,

BY PROFESSOR B. F. TEFFT A. M.

Not long since, an intelligent lady of a neighboring city wished me to tell her, if I could, the meaning of the word so often repeated, and so commonly misunderstood, now taken as the heading of this little article. After hearing what I had to say upon it, she made me engage to give a definition of it in the Repository, for the benefit of others, as there are many she thought, who use the term very frequently, without having the slightest conception of its meaning.

With this object in view, as well as to add something to the correct use of language, I now under take to redeem my promise.

It will be essential for the reader, in the first place, to be reminded, that there are three great schools of philosophy, or of speculation, founded on different estimates made of man's elementary being. The first asserts, that man is nothing but a physical organism, put into existence and kept in motion by material agencies, there being nothing in the universe but matter; the second maintains the existence of a separate immaterial, thinking mind, living within the body, but deriving all its knowledge from the outward material world through the medium of the senses; the third, claiming for the spirit of man higher powers than mere sensation and external perception, declares that, through sensation, it does not all come in this manner, there being a spiritual faculty, which like faith, transcend the boundss and limits of the senses.

The first of these schools is very properly called the sensual: the second, which was the first to assert the existence of a thinking intellect, is termed the intellectual: the third, for the reason I have just laid down, in modern works is styled the transcendental. Every man, therefore, who does not believe that all our knowledge is derived through the five senses, or that the soul has not powers transcending the reach and region of sensation, is strictly speaking, a transcendentalist.

The head of the first school, so far as history has informed us, was Leucippus, a disciple of Pythagoras; the father of the second was the renowned Thales, of Miletus; while Plato, the great philosopher of Athens was the first to establish the third on an intelligible basis.

The tanscendentalism of Plato, and of the Greek and Latin fathers in the early ages of christianity, and of Ralph Cudworth, Henry Moore and many others of the Enligsh Church, is to be carefully distinguished from the transcendentalism of Kant, who, though starting with his master, s great principle grievously errs in its application. The followers of Kant, however, such as Snelling, Ficher, Hegel, are after all, the great corrupters of this doctrine It is to them we owe the utter confusion and ridiculous nonsense of what now goes under the name of transcendentalism.

Kant in his leading work, simply lays down the doctrines of Plato, by asserting for the soul a power of thinking with ut the intervention of the senses, and then proceeds to demonstrate the laws according to which that power is exerted; but, in his subsequent publications, he goes far astray from this original foundation, in claiming for the pure reason—the name he gives this transcendental faculty—an authority entirely unwarranted either by philosophy or revelation.

His disciples, carrying the extravagance still further, and, as the French Illuminati did with Locke's doctrine of experience, attributing to this high faculty an authority above that of revelation, have led the way to the lowest depths of infidelity. The Kantanism, therefore, of our age, and particularly of Germany and of this country, is nothing but a subtil skepticism in those who understand it or an unintelligible and reckless hostility to religion in the low and ignorant.

But, in conclusion, while I deny that the sensational theory of Locke was legitimately reduced to sensualism by the French infidels, I can see no necessity for pushing the doctrine of Plato to the same extreme, as has been done by the modern transcendentalist. However, as I undertook to write an essy, I will now leave the criticism with my readers.

Foretastes of Glory increase our desires of Heaven.

Livy tells us, that the Gauls, when they had once tasted of the wines of Italy were so much taken with the pleasantness of them, that they would not afterward rest contented with a bare trade thither for their wine, but firmly resolved to get possession by conquest of the land which produced it. Thus the antepasts of glory do but provoke the desires, and excite the appetite of the believing soul. He is so far from being satisfied by foretastes, that they do but augment his thirst after a full fruition. He is not content with those small drops which are derived unto him at so great a distance from the fountain; nor are those degrees of grace and comfort, which he gains by holding commerce with heaven while upon earth, by means of prayer and faith in the worship and ordinances of God sufficient to allay his hunger.—He cannot drink his fill, nor slake his thirst, at those cisterns. A holy insatiableness doth so enlarge the capacity of his soul that the more he hath, the more he longeth for; and the wideness of his increasing desires is proportioned to the largeness of his receivings. He therefore resolves and aims, by a holy violence, to get possession of that spiritual Canaan from whence these grapes are brought; that so he may there drink of that wine of the kingdom, and of those rivers of pleasure.—*Ibedem*

Mariner's Compass.

Before the invention of the use of the pole star, and the needle and compass, it is diverting to see what a wonder was made of a small voyage; it required almost a council of heroes in Homer,s time if they were to cross the Ægean sea; and for many ages the voyage of Jason with his *Argo*nauts was the wonder of the world. It was spread abroad with all the pomp of oratory, the invention of fables and the flowers of poetry. Every youth at school reads with wonder of the ship *Argo*, fitted out to go to Colchis to fetch the golden fleece, especially as the poets represent their gods as admiring the exploit, and placing the ship in the heavens; and yet, after all, how trifling to modern navigators! But Thales the Milesian Philosopher, had not then lived; he learned the important use of the pole star from the Phœnicians, and imparted the knowledge of it to the Greeks, about 600 years before Christ. The compass is supposed to be the invention of the Chinese, and to have been brought into Europe by Paulus Venetus, an Italian, in the year 1260, and what seems to confirm this conjecture is, that they at first used the compass in the same manner that the Chinese still do; they let it float on a little piece of cork instead of suspending it on a pivot. Some ascribe the discovery to Flavio de Melphi, or Flavio Glovia, a Neapolitan, about the year 1302, and hence it is, they say, that the territory of Principato, which make a part of the kingdom of Naples, where he was born, bears a compass in its arms. Fawcett supposes it was known in France before it was discovered by the Neapolitan or Venetian, and Dr. Wallace ascribes the first invention to the English.—*Chamber's Dictionary.*

Suspicion.

Some one has defined suspicion to be the "imagination of the existence of something without proof, or upon slight evidence, or upon no evidence at all." Suspicion proceeds from the apprehension of evil: it is the offspring or companion of jealousy "Suspicions,s (affirms Lord Bacon,) are among *thoughts* like bats among birds, that ever fly by twilight." They find no resting-place in a candid and benevolent bosom. As bats shun the day, so do suspicions sink from the sunshine of an honorable and unpolluted mind. Their appropiate dwelling-place is a soul, narrow, shriveled, cold, dark, selfish, little and malevolent. Is a man to be pronounced guilty upon no evidence at all, or upon insufficient evidence? Is it not plain that suspicion is an inadequate basis for measures essentially effecting the rights, reputation and happiness of a fellow being? What security is there for the innocent, if they may be lawfully assailed and prostrated to gratify an adamantine, envious and suspicious heart? A malevolent person can, without much difficulty, set in motion a train of measures, which may for a season cause a worthy and useful member of society to be distrusted and depressed. It is easy by an ingenious hint, a shake of the head, a suspicious look, and various other artifices to bring a cloud over a person's good name, and to cast about those slanderous reports which Solomon compares to fire-brands, arrows and death There are individuals in every community, to whom no feast is so agreeable as that made on murdered reputation. These do often succeed in depressing, temporarily, the most upright and deserving, by involving them in the mists of general suspicion.

It is a severe affliction to be derpived of the means of subsistence, to be cast moneyless upon the charities of the world; it is a greater still, to be callud to consign to the grave an only relative or friend. But if from the wreck of fortune and family one is able to save what is more precious than all,—an unsullied reputation, a good name among his fellow-beings,—he still possesses something to support him; something worth living for; something by which he may honor God, and be useful in his day and generation. By making suspicion the ground of measures with respect to one, you may rob him of his last, his best, his only treasure. It is the prerogative of a narrow and uncharitable disposition to look at the dark side only of one's character; to put the worst construcion on doubtful cases; and endeavor to preserve in remembrance those lesser, venial errors and misdeeds, over which oblivion should drop her pall, and the traces of which the tears of repentance may have long since quite washed away.,,—*Christian Magazine.*

From the Christian Chronicle.

MATERNAL COURAGE.

We have rarely, if ever, met with a more striking example of materual self-devotion, united with singular presence of mind, than is offered by the following circumstance which occurred two or three weeks ago in the State of New York. The extracts which we give are made, as will be perceived from a letter written by the heroic mother herself to a friend, a few days after the event narrated had occurred.

Mrs. ——, accompanied by her daughter, a young girl about twelve years of age, and some young children with their nurses, went to visit—— cemetery. A favorite dog, named Carlo, was permitted to accompany them as escort, and the little ones were amused with his gambols as he ran and leaped by their side. On reaching the cemetery, Mrs. —— and her daughter were a little in advance of the rest of the party.

"When suddenly we were all arrested by the most horrible yelps from Carlo, who came plunging, writhing, and foaming, *furiously mad.* The dog took a circuit round, and as the shrieks went forth from ——, and——, 'He is mad! he is mad,' I echoed, 'Yes, he is mad—run for your lives'' In the same breath I tore from my shoulders a large heavy blanket shawl as my only defence. Carlo immediately made for Mary, who was running with all the speed possible—I shrieked, 'Mary, 'tis *you* he pursues—run as quick as thought.' At the same time, I kept nearly pace with the dog, and, as dear Mary turned, I enveloped him completely with my shawl, winding the corners (which I held in my hand for the purpose) closely round his neck. It was, of course, only for one moment I could hold him, but every instant counted, and enabled Mary to change her course, so that he was unable to pursue her in any direct line. But the instant he escaped from me, he made direct for her again, a frothy foam issuing from his mouth, accompanied by that unearthly yelp.

"The others had made their escape from the cemetory, and I was left alone among the dead, to contend with, and protect my child against, a raging *mad dog.* Oh, who *can* imagine my feelings! Calm and perfectly self-possessed, I remained, giving directions unceasingly to Mary, who followed them quicker than given. All the time the dog was at full speed, save when I muffled him with the shawl. It was only by Mary's making short turns and leaping upon palings that I had an opportunity to wind it round him at all. Several times he so nearly reach her as to raise his paws to spring up to the spot she occupied, and *each* time strength and thought was given to me to cover him with the shawl and wind it round his neck. Thus she escaped until aid was sent. Even that, I fear, might have been too late, had he not fallen in a fit, from which he was never allowed to rise. His head was severed entirely from the body by the heavy blow of an axe, given by a strong arm, while Mary stood directly over him, upon a high fence, whither he had pursued her.

"One week has passed, and last night was the first time I have been able to shut out from my sight that furious dog, gnashing his jaws, uttering those horrid yelps, and foaming thick froth from his mouth, running after my poor child."

In the midst of the horrors of the scene described with such simplicity and vividness, how touchingly sublime appears a mother's love. Again and again the mother offers her life in sacrifice for that of her child. Each time that the shawl was thrown around the furious animal, he might have turned upon that noble woman and made her his victim, yet still she persevered, and God in mercy made her the instrument of saving the life of her beloved daughter.

One word on the remakable *presence of mind* here displayed. It is a quality which all should cultivate. It is invaluable in the hour of danger. And who knows when that hour may be at hand? The timid and irresolutet are in imminent peril themselves, and entirely useless to others, while those who have learned to maintain a control over their thoughts, and to preserve presence of mind, are often made the happy instruments of saving those whom they love from danger and from death. X.

Questions for the Longest Day.—If twenty grains make one scruple, how many will make a *doubt?*

If eight miles make a furlong, how many will make a short *victorine?*

If seven days make one week, how many will make one *strong?*

If five and a half yards make a Pole, how many will make a *Turk?*

If three miles make a league, how many will make a *confederacy?*

Very True.—A person speaking of the saying—"Cut your coat according to your cloth"—remarked that it was "very good advice, no doubt; but if you have no cloth, you must cut your coat altogether."

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