POETRY.

OH SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

To *Youth* not harshly! since the wound
Upon the sapling green,
Still scars the ancient oak which hath
Its four-score winters seen.

Oh! soon—full soon doth sorrow chill—
Full soon the dark clouds lower;
Why shouldst thou tear thus ruthlessly
The pearls of the flower?

To *Age* not harshly!—age hath had
A weary weight to bear;
Troubles that well might pale the cheek,
And mark the brow with care.

Not harshly!—she is hearing now
Sweet hom-old tones again;
Why shouldst thou rudely break upon
The dear, familiar strain?

Why shouldst thou wake her to the thought
That love and joy are fled?
Why dost thou make her long to share
The quiet of her dead?

Not harshly! He has erred, indeed—
And yet thou dost not know
The wearing grief—the keeper's power—
The bitterness of woe.

And when she fell—thou wast not there
To mark his agony;
Thou couldst not hear the frenzied prayer—
The wild, unearthly cry.

Oh speak not harshly!—the dark clouds
Have but just rolled away,
And yet a gleam of sunlight down
To gild *Her* changing day.

Why sternly check her joyous mirth—
When, ere to-morrow's sun
The golden ray will be as gray
Like those of April bone?

Not harshly: thou art mortal, too,
As she or thou has erred;
And would not God's mercy deal with thee
As thou dost deal with her?

Then speak not harshly!—since a time
May be in store for thee,
When hope for some kind word wouldst give
Treasures of land or sea.

Jour. of Com.

LOANS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A loan is an intrusted possession, to be returned, or repaid. When not limited by any stipulated term of continuance, it may be reclaimed at the volition of the owner; and its temporary use generally implies a favor or obligation of gratitude.

Strictly speaking, are not all our earthly gifts loans? We are accustomed to speak of them as if their title was inherent in ourselves, yet their unannounced departure often corrects this error, and discloses the tenure by which they are held.

All history is but a field to illustrate the shadowy nature of ambition's honors. Multitudes who, by virtue or valor, laborious service or hazardous enterprise, deemed themselves wealthy, or secure of popular favor, have been made examples of its uncertainty. This was Aristides in his banishment, and Socrates under the chill of the hemlock, and Columbus in his sequestration at Valladolid, and the fallen Wolsey in his remorseful admission:

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in my old age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Still more touching was the exclamation of the noble Strafford, on his way to the scaffold: "Put not your trust in Princes, nor in the son of man, with whom there is no help."

The strongest antitheses of fortune and of life have been exhibited in different ages and climes, by those who have held the hereditary sway, and borne the envied insignia of royalty. Hippias and Hipparchus taught ancient Greece the frailty of pride and power, when vengeance, unsheathing her sword, by myrtle leaves concealed," struck one a lifeless corse, and drove the other a fugitive, to Persian wilds. The same lesson was given to proud warred Rome by the sons of Anius Martius, who, when the sceptre on which they would fain have fixed their youthful grasp turned like the rod of Aaron to a serpent, fled away, wrapped in peasant's weeds, leaving a stranger seated upon their father's throne. How mournful is the voice from England, our own ancestral clime, when the second of the Stuarts came forth beneath the shadow of his own palace at Whitehall, to die, and one of the meanest of the people reddened his axe in the life-blood of his anointed sovereign! France made her sixteenth Bourbon and his beautiful Queen beacons amid the quick sands of rank and splendor, as she hurried them from the brilliant fêtes of the Tuileries, the gorgeous gardens of Versailles, to the bar, the prison, the guillotine. Bonaparte read the fearful "*Mene, Mene, Tekel*," on the conquering banners of the allied Powers, in the capitulation at Paris, in the solitudes of Elba, on the rough face of the great grey rocks at St. Helena. There, the heavy surges, breaking against the shore, spoke hoarsely day and night of the glory that was departed, as first the ghostly "majesty of buried Denmark" accosted the musing melancholy Hamlet.

Wealth, though one of the most coveted, is also among the most transitory of loans. It is unnecessary to revert to storied annals, or foreign lands, for a commentary on the inspired assertion that it taketh to itself wings, and flies away. It is subject to the sway of all the elements. Fire may devour it, water submerge it, earth swallow it, winds sweep it away. Its tendency to transition, to disappearance, without leaving a trace behind, is obvious to all; while the conscientious mind perceives yet another evil, *the danger of abuse*. "What way can Christians take," says the pious John Wesley, "that their money sink them not into perdition? There is but one way, and no other, under heaven. And this is it: let those who *gain* all they can, and *save* all they can, likewise *give* all they can. Then the more will they grow in grace, and the more treasure will they lay up in heaven."

Wealth unallied to benevolence and a sense of responsibility, is perilous to our eternal interests. Faithfully used as a means of influence, of imparting happiness, relieving suffering, enlightening ignorance, it is one of the richest blessings. What an example have we at this time, and on our own shores, of the noble adaptation of this gift to the highest purpose! The world has never seen in a female form such a union of rare endowments, unbounded liberality, and unostentatious goodness, as is now exhibited by our Swedish guest, Mademoiselle Lind. With the wonderful talents which, as the sister of the nightingale, she possesses, she cheers, charms, and elevates, with a singular freedom from all selfishness and display; while, with the harvest of those exertions, she feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, comforts the desolate, aids the holy temple to uplift its spire, and the school to gather listening children under its brooding wings, in all future generations.

"O yes there is, that doth inherit
A God gifts and angel spirit,
Bidding streams of gladness flow
Through the realms of want and woe;
Midst hunger, cold and misery's lot
Kindling pleasures long forgot;
Seeking minds oppressed with night,
And o'er darkness shedding light;
She the orphan's speech doth know,
She hath done their deed below,
And when o'er this misty strand,
She shall clasp their waiting hand,
They will fold her to their breast,
More a sister than a guest."

But to return to our subject—*loans*. Some of them, we perceive, expire by their own limitation. The season of youth is one of these; its beauty, must pass away. Come at each resistance, regret are alike ineffectual. The rose and lily upon the cheek, like their prototype in the garden, must blight and die. It is not, on this account, bear in our hearts murmur of ocean's tinted shell. Time will tarnish and shred away the shining, luxuriant tresses. Why should we dread or be ashamed of the snows that he showers upon the temples?

He will scarcely forget to furrow the forehead. Let us meet his ploughshare with an added smile. The eye must abide in its brilliance; the ear, peradventure, forfeit its exquisite perceptions, and the limbs their elastic play. Since these possessions are fleeting, is there aught that can supply their place, or console us for their departure?

To every period of life, as to every changing season, there is a peculiar privilege, an unexampled claim. Grave autumn may not wear the buds of spring, but it hath the glory of harvest. There is a beauty that surmounteth age. We will therefore seek, if advanced years are our portion, the evergreen that crowns the winter of life; we will wear the serene and adornment of cheerful interest in the young and in passing events, the offer forbearance, a broader charity, the spirit of those who, drawing nearer to a cloudless clime, should reflect its smile. We will take the beauty of heaven in exchange for that of earth, and be content.

Our most precious earthly loans, next to the salvation of the undying soul, are the partakers of kindred blood, the dear objects of affection and friendship. Yet, by the tenure of this transitory existence the most never go from us or we from them. The order of precedence is known only to the Eternal. Whether the silver haired grandsire or the earliest babe shall be first summoned, [illegible] of his strength, or the [illegible] like a pure violet beneath his [illegible], the mother in the tenderness of her unfaltering love, or the son upon whose young arm her weariness rested as a prop, is known only to Him who formed our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust. "For within a little while we return to that form from which we were taken, when the life that was lent us shall be demanded."

But in what manner should the heart's loans be restored? We return a book to its owner, with thanks for the privilege of its perusal; and repay money with interest for its use. How shall we render back our soul's chief jewels, when he who intrusted sees fit to claim them? Must it be without tears? No, the voice of nature may have utterance, and we are permitted to weep, but not to murmur or repine. We should resign our precious ones, unmurmuringly, with gratitude for so long a period of intercourse and enjoyment—with praise, if they were fitted for a higher state of existence, and called by the simple pet a Father to his home of rest in heaven.

Thus should we leave our dearest earthly friends, and our own lives also, meekly in his hand whose infinite love and wisdom will do no wrong, either to them or to us. *Our own lives* said I? Have we ought that we can call our own, to hour or the next moment? The eloquent apostle answers us: "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price. Therefore glorify God in your bodies, and in your spirits which are God's."

May we, who have together contemplated the nature of our earthly loans, the uncertainty of their continuance, the suddenness of their flight, and the fitting modes of their restitution, be taught faithfully to use, or fortified quietly to resign them, and with an eye ever turned to Him who hath a right, when he will, to reclaim his own, revere Him, in the stillness of the soul."

SPIRITUAL INTOXICATION IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

In dram shops there is a gin which bears the fine name of cream of the valley; in some of our gaols there is administered to persons under capital sentence a cream of the valley of death, which is not a whit less intoxicating than the other spirituous stimulus. The one is sometimes smuggled into prisons against law, but the other cordial is not introduced in a bladder surreptitiously, but by the chaplain who thinks fit to supply it; and there are frequent instances of its producing a state of ecstasy in which the convict, going to death with rapture, appears an object more to be envied than commiserated, and presents an example far more for encouragement than warning. Chaplains who can work up the mind of the condemned to this ecstatic state, appear to derive much satisfaction and pride from their success; and they manifest an affection for the criminal proportionate to his susceptibility to their spiritual stimulants.

The last example of this class is that of Elias Lucas, who suffered for having poisoned his wife, in concert with his sister-in-law, with whom he had been carrying on an illicit intercourse, and who was likewise condemned to death for the murder. Both prisoners evinced perfect composure in meeting their fate, which it appears that the man had been taught to regard as a special grace, cutting short a life of sin, perfecting his soul, and dismissing him straight to sure to the joys of heaven.

The chaplain of the Cambridge gaol, the Rev. H. Roberts, having read the funeral service over the convicts immediately before they were turned off, cried out in a clear, loud voice, "God bless you; God bless you, sir;" and Lucas whispered to the executioner, "I am going to God—I am going to God."

He had written two letters in the condemned cell indicative of the state of mind to which he had been worked up. One is addressed to his parents, in which he assumes the character of a monitor, warning them to take care of their souls, which he seems to have thought in danger from which his own was free; as, not having committed murder, he had not had the benefit of that spiritual chastening which had been his blessed lot. Having told his father to let the thought of his sin "melt his stony heart" he proceeds to [illegible] a —

"Dear friends, I hope to meet death with pleasure and joyfulness. I have to measure to take me from this world of sin, and sorrows and temptations, into a world of pleasure and comfort there to have no end; where tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrows shall be no more. Remember this comes from the lips of a dying sinner, but you have Moses and the prophets; neither will you believe me till destruction cometh upon you as sorrow upon a woman in travail with child, and you will not escape. But I am in hopes of a better world above. I am in hopes that God has pardoned my sins and wickedness before I go hence, through Jesus Christ, my Lord."

Another letter to his fellow-prisoners he concludes thus—

"Turn then, turn away from the miserable path of sin; receive this as a voice from the dead, and when, my unhappy fellow-prisoners, we meet again, may it be with the happy spirits of those who are the children of God in heaven. I feel comfortable in looking forward to happy eternity, and when you receive this shall be no more your fellow-prisoner."

How few closing a life of virtue on a peaceful death bed quit the world with this degree of confidence and elation! Addison, indeed, showed how calmly a Christian could die; but to see how more than calmly, how joyfully men can die, we must resort to those examples worked up by gaol chaplains out of the assassin material.

The heads of the Church would do well to exercise some superintendence over [illegible] of these reverend gentlemen, and to [illegible] any excesses of spiritual comfort in which they may indulge in order to work up striking examples of their conversion of the reprobate from a state of grace. As for penitence in cases of the class we have in view, not a trace of its real nature is to be found. On the contrary, the criminal rejoices that he committed the crime, as through its consequences and chastisement his career of sin is cut short, and he is sped to the joys of heaven. To console and comfort is certainly the duty of the chaplain, but not to intoxicate—not to over stimulate with hopes and promise, as we see in this example, to a state hardly short of ecstasy. The comforting which makes the death of the worst sinners as full of steadfast reliance and joyous hopefulness that of the most holy saints, for the sake of uniformity, must surely exceed the just measure of spiritual solace, and would render the modern *Newgate Calendar* a sort of supplement to Fox's *Book of Martyrs*.

The administration of the Sacrament to the Mannings was the subject of much animadversion, and in the present instance of Lucas and Mary Reeder there was not only the repetition of that rite, implying a state of grace, but also another example of a similar questionable sort. The report of the execution states:

"The bodies having been suspended the usual time, they were taken down and conveyed into the gaol, and buried within its precincts—and, *what is rather unusual*, the Rev. Mr. Roberts *read the funeral service over them* in the presence of the officials."

This was the reward even after death for the state of ecstatic religious rapture to which the male criminal had been wrought up. It is for the clergy to look to these excesses, and to judge whether they are for the honor of true religion, and for the interests of morality and justice.—*Littel's Living Age*.

THE WONDERS WROUGHT BY STEAM.—Amongst the many remarkable establishments visited by Lord John Russell in and near Manchester, the large iron works of Messrs. Nasmyth and Patteroff excited very great interest. Amongst the numerous objects shown was an immense steam-hammer, upon Nasmyth's patent principle, which the firm have been constructing for a house in New York. It is the largest hammer on this principle that has yet been made, and falls with a weight of five tons. The entire weight of the ponderous machine, with the upright shafts between which the hammer moves, is about six tons. It was not, on the occasion of this visit, in a condition to be worked, but that the principle of its motion might be seen, and the nice exactness of judgment with which that motion can be regulated from the breaking of an egg-shell to the forging and welding into shape of the heaviest metal, the party were taken to a smaller steam hammer which was at work. It is [illegible] and-a-half hammer. One of the first experiments shown at it was the breaking through [illegible] an immense bar of iron taken from a furnace at red heat; and not less surprising to witness was the ease with which [illegible] iron, seven inches square, was [illegible] by means of an immense [illegible] and [illegible] tion of a punch to it, by which it was pierced through with the aid of the heavy blows which the hammer dealt [illegible] a block of [illegible] dry wood [illegible] was driven by the huge hammer with blows that did not exceed the weight of the implement wielded by the human hand; and then with a single crushing stroke the block of wood was shattered, so that there was scarcely a fibre in it that clung together, and the moisture or sap which it had retained flew out in all directions. Again, it was regulated to fall with the greatest nicety upon any object placed under it, and Mr. Nasmyth, placing on the bed of the machine a wine-glass containing an egg, the hammer fell only with the weight to crush the top part of the egg down till it was flush with the top of the brittle vessel containing it, and the glass was removed uninjured!—*Littel's Living Age*.

INDIANA.—This State, so rapidly improving in population and wealth, has a number of railroads, and on none of them is a car allowed to run on the Lord's-day for either freight or passengers. This speaks well for Indiana.

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B. Liberia Herald

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