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THE MUSES' BOWER.

From the Christian World.

THE SUMMER BIRDS.

BY MRS. A. B. WELBY.

Sweet warblers of the sunny hours,
Forever on the wing—
I love them, as I love the flowers,
The sunlight, and the spring.
They come like pleasant memories,
In Summer's joyous time,
And sing the gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places
Where the golden sunlight falls,
We sit with smiling faces,
To list their silver calls;
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew—
Amid the midst of even—
They warble on as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven.
How sweetly sounds each mellow note,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
When dying zephyrs rise and float,
Like lovers' sigh, away!

Like shadowy spirits seen at eve,
Among the tombs they glide;
Where sweet pale forms, for which we grieve,
Lie sleeping side by side.
They break with song and solemn hush
Where peace reclines her head,
And link their lays with mournful thought
That clus'er round the dead.

For never can my soul forget
The loved of other years;
Their memories fill my spirit yet—
I've kept them green with tears;
And their singing greets my heart at times,
As in the days of yore,
Though their music, and their loveliness,
Is o'er—for ever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night
Comes with a low, sweet tune,
And sets a star on every height,
And one beside the moon—
When not a sound of wind or wave
The holy stillness mars,
I look above, and strive to trace
Their dwellings in the stars.

The birds! the birds of summer hours—
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers—
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear the thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

In the stillness of the starlight hours,
When I am with the dead,
O! may they flutter 'mid the flowers
That blossom o'er my head,
And pour their songs of gladness forth
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips whose broken melody
Shall never sing again.

HOW SWEET.

How sweet it is at close of day,
To turn our thoughts to Heaven,
To lift our hearts to God, and pray
Our sins may be forgiven.

How sweet it is at early light,
A thankful song to raise,
For the soft slumbers of the night,
And health of by-gone days.

How sweet it is to ask of God,
His guidance and His care;
His strengthning, His sustaining rod,
While we are toiling here.

How sweet it is to turn aside
From all the ills of life—
Forgetting vanity, and pride,
And every worldly strife.

How sweet it is when storms arise,
And darkness palls the air;
To turn aloft our tearful eyes,
While bow'd in humble prayer.

How sweet it is in every hour—
At morning, noon, or night,
To own the Lord's protecting power,
And triumph in His might.

And oh! how sweet 'twill be at last,
When Pleasure's fount is dry,
The burdened soul on Christ to cast—
Who intercedes on high.

But purer still will be our joy,
When life's vain scenes are o'er,
Upwards to fly from earth's alloy
To Canaan's peaceful shore.

Of such pure joy may we partake,
When our short race is run—
May we loud Hallelujahs wake
To God—the Father—Son.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE UNION.—The fifth anniversary of the American Temperance Union was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, on the evening of the 4th inst., and a more interesting meeting it is said, was never before in that city. At an early hour, the spacious building, in which it was held, by far the largest in the city, capable of accommodating 4000 persons, was filled to overflowing; and it is beleived that 3000 persons went away unable to gain admittance.

The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Chancellor of the University, took the Chair at 7 o'clock precisely. The choir having sung a temperanc anthem composed for the occasion, the Rev. Dr. Cox opened the exercises with a very beautiful and appropriate prayer.

An abstract of the fifth Annual Report of the Executive Committee was then read by the Secretary, Rev. John Marsh. The report gives a detailed account of the operations of the Union since the adjournment of the Convention held at Saratoga on the 5th July last. The number of signatures obtained to the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors in the country since that period, is 500 000.

Of this number 30,000 are in Kentucky, 6,000 in Ohio, and through the great West more than 200,000, of whom every seventh man is reported to be a reformed drunkard, and every fourth man a reformed tippler. In Maine are 50,000, of whom 5 000 are reformed drunkards. In Boston more than 20,000 during the winter have signed the pledge, of whom 13,000 are Washingtonians reformed drunkards. In the city of New York 16,000 have reformed. In Central and Western New York, 50,000; in Philadelphia, 30,000; in Pittsburg, 10.000. And the whole number of reformed drunkards in the United States is above 50,000; and of reformed tipplers and moderate tipplers there are twice as many.

The Report contains a very minute account of the origin of the temperance movement made by the six original founders of the Washington Temperance Society of this city, and attributes the great triumph of temperance principles in every part of our large and populous country, mainly to their extraordinary exertions.

It is stated in this document that all the distilleries have been stopped in Philadelphia, all in Brooklyn, in Waterville, &c., so that where 12 gallons of whiskey were manufactured one year ago, not one is now made. It speaks of the efforts of the American Temperance Union (among other Societies) which has issued 120,000 Journals, 550,000 Youths, Addresses, 40,000 Temperance Almanacs, and 10,000 Hymn Books.

The report containing the above information at large, a number of useful statistical tables, and numerous other facts connected with the cause, will be printed and circulated throughout the Union.

At about half-past eight o'clock, the President introduced to the audience the Hon. THOMAS F. MARSHALL, who was greeted with a prolonged and enthusiastic peal of applause. When it had subsided, he commenced an address which occupied in its delivery one hour and a half, and which was listened to with the deepest attention. The New York Herald of Thursday contains a full report of the address.

The following extract is copied from the address as published in the New York Tribune, and will, we are sure, be read with pleasure:

Mr. Marshall said he had prepared his imagination to some degree for the nature of his own emotions, at the strangeness, the exceeding strangeness, of the scene by which he was now surrounded. That I, said he, should in the month of May, be standing in the city of New-York! in the midst of an assemblage like this whose numbers so far as my past experience, though that experience has been somewhat large in addressing crowds, has gone, exceeds any estimat I could have made—that I should be standing here and addressing an audience like this on the subject of Temperance, may justly I think be considered as one of the phenomena which attend this great moral revolution. The gentleman who preceded me, and who gave a general outline of the facts in the year which have marked the progress of the cause, has stated enough I think to satisfy any one that there is something in the present movement of the human mind on this subject that properly and justly marks it as an epoch in the history of men, and classes it as one of those great and extraordinary moral and social movements which from time to time have swept over the world and advanced mankind in their progress from ignorance and barbarism to their present state of civilization and power.

Is there not—and I frequently ask the question of myself, and it has not diminished in importance since I first asked it—is there not something passing strange in the movement by which we are surrounded? I think that the gentleman read from his report, that of the vast number who have taken the pledge, there are in Kentucky—the State from which I come—some 50.000. Never in the history of my State has there been a subject which has effected such a movement in the public mind as this—and it is a State liable to strong and violent movements; yet never have I known anything like this, moral, political or religious. Why, geutlemen, in the cities of Louisville, Maysville and Lexington—with the character of which cities, with regard to alcohol, it has been my misfortune to be most intimately acquainted—at this time, if a poor wayfaring man who has an appetite, as they say there, for the crittur,' and who had so little philosophy—who was so slightly acquainted with his own physical structure as to imagine that a dram would materially aid him on his journey, should seek one there, he would scarcely find it within those ancient abodes of drams and drinkers. Lexington is in my own district; I was born and reared within ten miles of it. and at this time have the honor to represent it on the floor of the Congress of the United States. Of that district she is the centre and the pride. Now I am not fond of the marvelous; the habit of my mind has not been to look for the miraculous in any thing. Perhaps the leading defect—the most striking feature of that mind, is a proneness to skepticism; and yet so remarkable are the facts in connection with this subject with regard to myself, (and they are undoubted facts,) that I sometimes think it not inappropiate to the subject, and perhaps not injurious to the cause, to refer to them.

Well, then, gentlemen, within all the bounds of the Universe there breathed not a man who knew or cared less for Temperance Societies or of the progress of the Temperance cause, than your humble servant, some four months ago. I had never been to a Temperace Meeting in my life, and I make the acknowledgement with shame and contrition, I had never been in a temperace meeting in my life; and if I chanced to pick up a temperace paper, or a political paper with any thing about temperance in it, I threw it instantly aside, as smacking of fanaticism and far beneath the notice of a person of my great ambition and vast intellect! I knew nothing of the state of temperance or of its history; and I cared as little as I knew.

On this subject I do assert that I had no correspondence with home or with any one at home; for the less they knew about my movements the better did I like it—until I joined the Temperance Society. Now, though I by no means intend to make myself the hero of a marvellous story, let me state a fact, and it may have what bearing or what effect you choose, but that it is a fact, I gage the honor of a gentleman. Without knowing any thing about things at home I joined the Society of Reformed Drunkards on the 7th of January, at night. Somebody—I didn't—wrote home about it; and somebody—a great many bodies I believe—wrote to different newspapers about it—and I had the fecility, in the course of a few days, of seeing myself posted as among the honorable (and I speak this not ironically) the honorable fraternity of reformed drunkards, from Boston ranging along downwards towards, and I believe, reaching New Orleans!

But the next mail—the very next allowing time for the news to reach my home—brought me the news that a most extraordinary stir had taken place; and that at that very particular time, in the village and vicinity of Lexington and all over that district which I represented in Congress, a tremendous movement had been witnessed; a Temperance Society had been formed, and the President and Vice President of that Society, elected just at the time that their Representative in Congress had taken the same step without the slightest correspondence--men, gentlemen, whom, if I was any judge of the matter, and I certainly ought to be a very good judge, I had left in a state of most comfortable inebriety, the last night I passed at home. They must needs celebrate my departure, after that rational fashion; snd we *did* celebrate it after *such* a fashion that it was with the greatest difficulty that I was enabled to commence my journey eastward: and the condition in which I left them rendered it impossible for them to make, or to have any share, in a *movement* of any sort—either moral or physical!

In an adjoining city I had a brother, who asked, & indeed required of me in Washington, if I ever alluded to the matter, to be kind enough to draw a line of distinction between him and myself; for he says he never was as bad as I, and yet I know perfectly well he was in all conscience bad enough Now that brother joined the Temperance Society at that city, on the 7th of January, at night—precisely the date at which his elder brother took the same step, and the next I heard of him he was made President of a Temperance Society, and was lecturing most learnedly on the subject in the adjoining county.

Now how happens it that these simultaneous movements take place in different parts of the world without the slightest communication, correspondence, combination, or conspiracy? I say isn't this a striking account, as though it was even magical? Is it not singular and does it not mark this as at least a most extraordinary movement, as I termed it, of the human mind? It is gentlemen, a movement of the human mind, not of any particular individual or collection of individuals, nor can it be ascribed to any particular exercise or agency whatever. You see how it has swept and is still sweeping over the whole world with the force of a whirlwind. Whence it comes—I was going to say—we know not; but perhaps this would be to indulge in the skepticism of which I spoke, too far for the proprieties of this presence and of this audience. Whence then did it come, and how did it happen? May it not be that the human understanding is surrounded by a moral atmosphere just as the human body is surrounded by a natural atmosphere? May it not be, that, as certain changes are produced and certain effects are impressed on the body by the natural atmosphere which we breathe, and as these same changes are often effected at the same time in different parts, may there not, I say, be an analogy here between the mind and body and the element in which we live and breathe.

May it not be that he who formed the human mind, connected by a mystic and strong tie of sympathy all the minds he has created? Is it fancy, rather than philosophy, to suppose that there may be such a secret and mystic connection which we cannot understand nor explain, but which we feel; and that this chord of sympathy, established by Him who created all, may be from time to time swept over by the Master Hand of the Creator and made to sound in tones of loud and stirring music through the whole human race? And surely if ever there were a time and facts which went to show that this is in philosophy and not in fancy, this is the very time, and these are the very facts by which we are now surrounded.

And the agency, too, how simple, and to the eye of science how perfectly inefficient! What an utter want of proportion between the effect and the instrument by which it was achieved! The Temperance Pledge! A simple declaration that we will drink no more! And the Temperance Pledge offered, and Temperance preached not by wise men and philosophers—but by men plucked from the ranks of the very lowest outcasts of society! men without character—without any of the ordinary means of influence—without learning—without wealth—without social dignity—without eloquence, even, except that all-powerful eloquence which deals with truth alone; these are the instruments which that power, whatever it may be, which set in motion this great cause, employed in its achievement.

That it will go on, gentlemen, I do not permit myself to doubt. Its final and complete success could not and would not astonish me more than that which has already happened. I know that the Temperance cause has yet vast difficulties to encounter; I know that the Temperance cause has yet to grapple with most serious opposition, & I fear the most bitter hostility. It has to encounter not reason—not truth—not argument—but it has to encounter pecuniary interest; and, that which is more potent than all, established and inveterate habits—known by the name of *fashion*, and of elegance and pleasure. It has all this to encounter, and the death grapple in which it is to close at last, has not yet come on.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMERFIELD.

The first time it fell to my lot to hear him was the Sabbath after he had delivered the celebrated address before the American Bible Society. Tho' comparatively few knew where he was to preach, yet curiosity, highly awakened by the rumor of his eloquence, led some of the *elite* of the city to trace their steps to the Methodist church in Duane st. There was little in this house to please an eye accustomed to the more gorgeous decorations and tasteful workmanship of costlier sanctuaries. The dress & appearance of the worshippers, too primitively neat and plain, corresponded with the external appendages around them. The house was far from full when I entered. In the altar sat one, a young man, with an eye which swam in liquid lustre; a countenance sufficiently marked to attract the most superficial observer; and whose name since has spread far and wide as a sort of compeer in the race of eloquence, with Summerfield himself. Soon the house began to fill more rapidly.

The gay apparel, the easy, *nonchalant* air, the plumed bonnet, the flowing tresses, strikingly contrasting with the place and the more staid hearers, who had but taken their accustomed places, and appeared not to be diverted from their wonted seriousness by any unusual circumstances of novelty, showed that strange feet had wandered thither; and that strange occupants now filled these free uncushioned seats. After a while, a man of about sixty years of age, his hair quite white, with slow step and down cast look, walked the middle aisle, and entering the altar, took his seat on the right side facing the door, close under the pulpit.—'That's the father!' was the audible whisper, almost sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the parent himself, which went from pew to pew among the new comers. And now the church was full; when just as the minute hand reached the appointed time, with a minute punctuality, which was always afterwards observed, the youthful preacher entered the eastern side aisle. I see him now.—With an eye fixed upward, looking neither to the right nor left, with neither a slow nor rapid step,—gracefully, unembarrassedly, he moved along. ascended the pulpit stairs, and. not hurriedly, but calmly, meekly, saintly, knelt down for a few seconds, deeply engaged in silent devotion. How did that beautifully unearthly countenance strike all hearts: itself reading a lesson upon both the glory and the pleasure of the world. Here was a youth of unexampled genius, elevated by grace above both one and the other.

The text chosen on this occasion, and the only time I ever heard him speak from the same passage was Hebrews xii. 1, 2;—"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right of the throne of God." Having spoken in general terms of the nature and effects of the oratory of Summerfield, it will not be necessary to add many more particulars on this point at this time. It is sufficient to say that, often as I heard him after this, I scarcely ever heard him to equal, I doubt whether he ever excelled this early effort. He certainly summoned to the noble contest all his intellectual strength.—All the pathos, all the fire, all the sweetness, which he so eminently possessed. were here concentrated; and in one continued corruscation of light and heat flashed upon his charmed auditory. I distinctly recollect that many of his allusions, as indeed the passage itself would naturally suggest, were drawn from the cursus or the ancient running contest.

But instead of countless spectators to witness the contest of beings like ourselves, crushed as a moth, we had legions of angels, mingled with the "glorious company of martyrs," and the 'spirits of just men made perfect,' On the course the competitors strained every nerve, laid out the whole of their husbanded strength, flying along with panting breast, bloodless check, undiverted eye and hand, reached forth to grasp the prise; not for a branch of the palm or of the laurel;—not to be hailed by the voice of the chosen herald as victor, and crowned; but we saw men endured with the noble faculty of reason; the object of the Creator's peculiar love; designed to act as the chief organ and vehicle of his praise; manfully contending for the prize of eternal life. We saw the competitor for the prize; we heard the light tread of his swift foot, as he sped with almost blinding velocity along the glorious race course. How dim to the vision grew the earth!—Cities, walls, palaces, kings, thrones, and potentates; wealth, power and grandeur, the chant of the viol, and the music of the harp; all the gay scenes and sounds that ravish the eye and fall sweetly upon the ear, dwindled in size to a speck; died away as in the far distance upon the ear.

The man realized the ethereality of his nature—then he felt, at least while the lucid rays of eloquence divine were emitted from the almost irradiated speaker, 'his high and holy calling.' Powerful, indeed, was the effect produced by this memorable sermon. Long and deep was the respiration which the audience drew, when the speaker sat down amid the commingling scintillations of light which himself had kindled. From this time he was followed by applauding, delighted multitudes—neither did that voice cease to charm, nor that divinely illumined intellect fail to pour light into the understanding, and to carry conviction to the heart, until death closed those lips, and the soul, as in a chariot of fire, ascended to our God and his God.

But I must quit a theme which burns upon my heart—having already taken up so much space,—perhaps at some future time I may resume this subject, and speak of some of the social qualities of the ever-loved, ever-lamented Summerfield.—*The Classic.*

Prices Current for April.—The month of April is at an end, and we may as well show city quotations for sundry articles during that period.

Honesty—Very little in market, and no demand.—We hope, however, to see a change, but cannot recommend shipments.

Impudence—Always in demand. It is an article in general use, and the consumption is constantly increasing.

Modesty—Like honesty, we cannot recommend any to be sent this way. It was formerly used, but modern society has dispensed with it altogether.

Knowledge—Used only by a few; quite a drug in the market.

Patriotism—Many pretended buyers, but hard of sale when brought to the scratch. Nothing can be done with the article till next election time.

Science—It is hard to tell the genuine article, there is so much of counterfeit in market. When pure, it finds a ready sale.

Money—Most infernal scarce. Any quantity could be disposed of, and we recommend shipments.

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