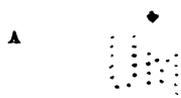


THE
W·E·S·T·E·R·N
LITERARY MESSENGER,

FAMILY MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, MORALITY,
AND
GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

94
VOLUME X.

BUFFALO:
JEWETT, THOMAS & CO., PUBLISHERS,
Commercial Advertiser Buildings.

.....
1848.

INDEX TO VOLUME TEN.

	Page.		Page.
Acadia, arrival of the, 14, 206, 214,	317	Claudine—a tale,	305
Aunt Patty Sultonstall, a tale,	17	Correspondence—J. C.,	329, 378,
Astonishing Fact, a tale of paralysis,	16	Church, Rev. Pharellus,	331
Adams, Death of J. Q.,—Editor,	76	Church music—Ranke,	339
Adams, (J. Q.)—T. H. Benton,	78	Cathedral of Puebla,	359
An Address, before the Erie Co. Teacher's Institute—Geo. W. Clinton, Esq.,	81	Culture of Celery,	361
A love of a Singing-Master—Mrs. Kirkland,	80	Cowper as descriptive poet—W. L. Eaton,	377
Admiral, letter of Mrs.	91	Dying boy, the,	36
Adams, (J. Q.) Religious views of	92	Delights of Gardening—Lamartine,	36
Adams, (J. Q.) Funeral of,	93	"Democratic Review" notices of	44, 128, 251
Adams, (J. Q.) Funeral Honors in Boston to,	99	Death—Mary A. Bettis,	76
A Cute One—Three days sight,	103	Douglas Fred. North Star,	99
Allen's "Domestic Animals," notice of,	109	Divine Revelation—J. Q. Adams,	130
A wise Self-reliance ensures success, an address by Laurens P. Hickok, D. D.,	113	Dr. Dowling's "Power of Illustration,"	139
Arrine's "Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes," notice of,	172, 124	Debate in a farmer's club,	151
Address to Husbands—M. Howit,	151	Domestic Architecture,	151
Arabic Literature—Editor,	168	Duffenbach, the Surgeon,—T. S. Fay,	202
Arms J. Q., Letters to his son on the Bible and its teachings,	197, 233, 190	Death not painful,	310
A Novelist's Plantation,	198	Departure of Missionaries,	352
Astronomy—the new Planet—Ion,	200	Encouragement to young Farmers, 10	210, 262, 245, 364
Anecdote of temperance Deacon,	222	"Evangeline" again—Editor,	77
American, arrival of the,	221, 333	Everett's "English Versification,"	92
A Chariot race,	313	European News, 124, 154, 185, 204,	210, 262, 245, 364
Anniversary meetings,	310	Effects of Genius and Eloquence,	250
Agricultural Address—G. W. Clinton, Esq.,	321	"Edinburgh Review,"	261
A bit of Romance,	341	Early hours of labor,	353
A tale of the Desert,	401	Foreign Items, 45, 61, 150, 176, 192,	208, 390, 396
Beggars of Paris,	7	First conquest of Mexico,—Editor	73
Barker Hon Geo. P. Death of,—Editor,	11	Foreign Periodicals—their republication,	123
Buffalo Horticultural Society—J. C. Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery,"	37	Fashionable preacher,	132
Barton's Col. J. L. Reminiscences of Western N. Y.,	67, 250	French speeches,	133
Burning of Indian widows,	74	French Kingship, its sickness and death—Editor,	137
Britannia, arrival of the, 93, 238, 351	351	From the London Times,	210
British policy in Canada,	134	Forrest's Retirement from the Stage,	257
"Blackwood's Magazine," notice of,	171, 268, 331	Fire at Detroit,	252
"Buffalo Medical Journal," notice of,	171	Flight of horses,	251
Buffalo—G. W. Clinton, Esq.,	203	Fashionable amusements,	253
Bannerhasset and his Island,—Bobalinks come,	240	Forests of Oregon,	311
Bryant's "Oration on the death of Thomas Cole" notice of,	299	Facts about digestion,	32
Benedict's "History of the Baptists,"	316	Floriculture—W. R. Coppock,	328
Bryant a prophet—Editor,	316	Fruit in England,	379
Beautiful thought,	321	"France, its King, Court and Government,"	361
Buffalo route between New York and Cincinnati,	333	Griswold's "Prose writers of America" a review of—Editor,	8
Battle of Dunbar—Headley,	338	Cutta percha, a history of,	15
Bread upon the Water—T. B. Arthur,	385	Governor Tompkins and Lewis,	54
Courage in Women,	7	"Godey's Lady's Book,"	60, 264
"Columbian Magazine," notices of,	12, 16, 204, 293	Good sermon,	37
Congressional, 27, 29, 46, 77, 93, 101, 127, 191, 215, 224, 237, 246, 270,	385	Gray, the hermit of Lynn,	101
Census of Buffalo,	29	Geology,	150
Cole Thomas, death of,	47	Ghost of Ganargwa,	213
Character of Danton—Lamartine,	69	Georgia gold diggers,	239
Cause of the French Revolution	139, 140	Gaines Mrs. Gen.,	273
Clinton's G. W. Esq. Lecture on Human Progress,	145	Germany,	276
Cambria, arrival of the,	191, 251	"Gems from Tupper," notice of,"	331
Caledonia, arrival of the, 141, 206, 292	292	Hog Concerto,	10
Cox Dr. and the Wagoner,	174	Hanging up the stocking,	38
Coolness and good fortune,	174	Horrible death,	137
City Tract Society,	169	Headley's "Sacred Mountains,"	49
Chartist demonstration,	217	Hosmer Rev. G. W. discourse on the death of J. Q. Adams, notice of,	109
California and Oregon,	256	How do you spell boots,	169
Chinese Agriculture,	271	Hibernia, arrival of the,	175, 266
Cure for Jealousy,	280	Have faith in yourself—Editor,	157
		Hunter of Tallulah,	274
		How he rose,	266
		Household drudges—Grace Greenwood,	275
		Hine's "Herald of Truth," notice of,	300
		Headley's "Oliver Cromwell,"	318
		Handel,	237
		"It grows as it goes," a tale—Mr. Elliot,	2
		Influence of Washington—Bancroft,	7
		Influence of Religion, Babbly,	250
		Indian War in Oregon,	278
		Incidents of a day's Excursion	357
		Interesting trial,	381
		"Judson Sarah B." Memoir of,	137
		James River,	244
		John Clare—the Peasant, poet—J. H. Bixby,	264
		Japan,	302
		June Exhibition of the Buffalo Horticultural Society,	314
		Jenkin's "Life of Sias Wright,"	318
		"Knickerbocker Magazine," 108'	171, 272
		Knowlson's "Complete Farmer,"	60
		Lectures before the Young Men's Association, Buffalo N. Y.—	42, 67, 113, 145, 225, 299
		Liebeg's "Letters on Chemistry,"	11
		"Literary World,"	12, 140
		Laughter, a scrap—Editor,	25
		Literature of Humburg,	34
		Lord's Dr. J. C. Lecture—the Star Aldebaran,	40
		Lyon's "Manual of Education,"	130
		Legislation of New York, 23, 44, 60,	119
		Ladies and Railroads	138
		Legend of the black vein of Sombereti,	180
		Loose ends of Thought, J. H. Bixby,	248
		"London Quarterly Review,"	252
		Life insurance,	2-2
		Lake Superior Mines,	309
		Love and Law,	310
		Lamartine's Holy Land, Review of,	331
		Lake Pleasant,	342
		Literary Imposters,	343
		Leap-Year Calls,	369
		Literature of Mexico,	3-7
		Late Massacre in Oregon,	393
		Marrying Cousins,	10
		Mexico, news from,	31, 60, 172, 225, 367
		Mount Etna, a story of,	33
		My Leanness! my Leanness!—Elizabeth,	40
		Mirabeau,	65
		Mexico, first conquest of,	73
		Method in business,	154
		Mr. Luckynan—By an Idler,	138
		Match for Tom Thumb,	163
		Money and maladies—Wm. Cox,	163
		Mission of the Teacher,	183
		Mission of the Flowers,	184
		Materialism and Idealism—Editor,	225
		My First Parlor—Miss M. A. Denison,	241
		Mormon Conventicle—J. G. Whittier,	269
		Making needles,	276
		Manchester, N. H.,	261
		May Exhibition of the Buffalo Horticultural Society,	297
		Monument to De Witt Clinton,	298
		Martinique,	350
		Mexican barbarity,	392
		Mexican Indians,	398
		Michigan Correspondence,	392
		Niagara Suspension Bridge	15
		Ninevah, ruins of,	39
		Nazareth and Mount Carmel,	68
		Miss Martineau,	68
		New feature in our paper—Editor,	108
		"North British Review,"	155, 315
		New Dramatic Poem,	167
		Napoleon's prophecy,	212
		New Territories,	249
		Niagara, arrival of the,	300, 303
		Nichols A. P. Esq. Lecture—The Golden Age,	299
		Novels and insanity,	338

INDEX TO VOLUME TEN.

	Page.		Page.		Page.
New Gleanings from old fields		Title of acts passed at the 71st		Elgiva—The Recluse,	17
No. 1,	363	session of the N. Y. Legislature,	190	Extract—H. E. Graunin,	87
Novel Correspondence,	306	The Yankee Girl—Mrs. H. Stowe,	193	European Freedom—W. K. Cole,	828
New Gleanings from Old Fields—		The Indian Chief,	199		
No. 2,	351	The Telegraph,	207	Forgiveness—J. Clement,	227
New Gleanings from Old Fields—		The Power of Love—Mrs. Child,	237	Fair Margaret—W. H. C. Hosmer,	392
No. 3,	395	Tricks upon birds,	261		
Origin of the Electric Telegraph,	159	The Surgeon's revenge,	261	Geraldine, a Sonnet—J. H. Bixby,	360
Old familiar places—J. H. Bixby,	152	The West—Rev. E. L. Magoon,	267		
		Tennyson's new Poem,	284	Heretofore—W. H. C. Hosmer,	184
"Pictorial History of England,"		The Lily and the Brook,	280		
12,	124	Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy,"	299	Iron—Mrs. S. J. Hale,	73
Popular Education—Editor,	41	Taylor's "Tacitus,"	308	I was happy once,	273
Pomological meeting in Buffalo,	104	The Emu in his native forests,	308	Italian Patriotic Song,	280
Progress of the Northwest,	111	The Ballot Box,—S. W.,	312	Impromptu—On hearing unkind	
Parents and Children,	132	The Hyena,	326	remarks—The Recluse,	360
Prussia and the Rhenish Provin-		The bear and the tea kettle,	328		
ces,	150	Two death-bed scenes,	337	Keep Cool,	144
Police Poetry,	170	The hurricane,	340		
President's Message,	173	The two Brothers,	341	Lines,	40
Paris Correspondence,	182	The Viennese,	343	Last lines of J. Q. Adams,	72
Profits of Farming,	201	The music-master—a tale,	353	Lines—Adelia,	104
Puffing—Editor,	220	The Lord sent it, if the Devil		last lines by Sarah B. Judson,	136
People of Accombe,	216	brought it,	356	Life and Death—H. R. W.,	192
Progress of the Glaciers,	249			Lines,	216
Precocity of Intellect,	281	"Union Magazine,"	155, 237, 363	Look at the bright Side,	256
Power of Example,	296	Using up a gang of Robbers,	262	Live to do good—G. W. Bethune,	264
Prince Albert's Address,	308	Utily,	342		
Power of early Musical Impress-		Vulcan and Venus—Lord Mor-		March—W. C. Bryant,	91
ions,	342	path,	181	My Bird—Fanny Forester,	263
Profane Swearing—C. P. S.,	360	Vegetable Physiology—R. W.,		Moonlight on the Grave,	304
Phenomenon,	366	Haskins,	379	Musings—Miss Alice Carey,	321
Publications from the West,	381	Venice and the United States,	211	My Father's Grave,	385
President Buchez,	307				
		Warren's "Now and Then,"	12	National Hymn of Italy,	16
Ruxton's "Mexico and the Rocky		"Water Cure in America,"	26	Our Country—Mrs. Sigourney,	351
Mountains,"	43	Welby's Poetry,	59	O! Listen, Man,	409
Rattlesnake on a steamboat,	58	Washington's Birth-day at Leroy,	78		
Resolute contentment,	165	Wheaton Henry, Death of,	119	Song—C. S. Percival	56
Remarkable meeting,	200	Willis in Philadelphia,	327	Song—Miss Phebe Carey,	168
		Washington's Library,	215, 329	Sonnet—W. H. C. Hosmer,	225
Scene in the Inner Temple,	1	Wokeson's S. Lecture on the		Sonnet—J. H. B.	401
Sue Eugene,	4	Right of Suffrage,	325		
Ship on the Ocean—Pierpont,	6	Western Eloquence,	266	The flower of Scotias Clime—Mrs.	
Storming of Chapultepec,	20	What constitutes good Farming,	327	Sigourney,	1
Sermon, a good one,	37	What a gentleman may do, and		The Modern Eve—H. Gates,	8
Singular case,	73	what he may not do,	241	The Family Jewel—J. Clement,	9
Sismond's Literature of the south		Wonderful Phenomenon,	356	The Saw-Mill—W. C. Bryant,	28
of Europe—review of,	91	Winthrop Hon. R. L. address on		The Play-things,	32
Skipper's Jack-at-a-pinch,	97	Washington,	372	To Miss B.—W. H. C. Hosmer,	33
Selling dry goods,	135			To Ellen—Marianna Hendee,	65
Specie overboard,	170	Young's "Science of Govern-		To the unknown Valentine,	72
Sewing machine,	213	ment,"	12, 316	To America—M. F. Tupper,	75
Siamese twins,	250	Young Men's Association,	263	The Changeling—J. R. Lowell,	80
Spectacles for a Printer,	272	Yucatan,	201, 269	The Baptism—J. Clement,	81
Sunday school Missionaries,	288			The youth of the Heart—Mrs	
Spencer's "Caesar's Commem-				Sawyer,	96
ories,"	299			The World for Sale—Rev. H.	
Separation of Church and State,	311	Poetry.		Hoyt,	112
Sandwich Islands,	348	A Sketch—Ida Vale,	24	The Beauty of Dying—J. Clement,	112
Sympathy of nature for her pain-		Addition to Gray's Elegy,	38	To my Album—Mrs. Sheldon,	132
ters,	348	A Mother's Gift,	64	The Returning Pestilence—Dr.	
Sagacity of swallows,	326	A Ballad,	136	Lord,	153
Slaughter at Naples,	335	A Song for May—Adella,	209	There's something good in every	
		A Wall for the Smitten—Miss		heart,—T. A. Gould,	100
The Reformer and the Conqueror		Heidee,	241	To Death—Prof. Kendrick,	161
C. S. Percival,	81	A Ballad,	248	The Gone Before,	177
The streamlet in the City—G. H.		A tale of Italy—Marianna Hendee	337	The Voice of the Grass	180
Salsbury,	56	A Prayer—The Recluse,	311	To Minna—Ion,	193
The unequal match,	65	A beautiful Dream,	301	The Holy Land—Lamartine,	200
Tricklers from the pen of an I-				To the Glow-Worm—John Clare,	264
dler,	92, 104	Bring Music	32	The Thrush's Nest—John Clare,	261
Tupper's "Hactenus,"	75	Burial of the Beautiful,	228	The Stricken Heart,	272
Treaty with Mexico,	87	Birth-day Sonnet—J. H. Bixby,	312	There's Nothing in Vain—Eliza	
Things by right names—Wm.		Birth of a Child—M. F. Tupper,	331	Cook,	278
Dwight,	90	Consolation—Park Benjamin,	67	To my Child—Mrs. Eames,	280
The Gentleman,	119	Christabel—Ida Vale,	88	The Mystic Star—M. H. B.	353
The Enchanted Piper—Miss A.		Caguga Lake,	384		
Browne,	129			Upward!	57
The two kinds of Knowledge,	133	Death's Angel—Miss Alice Carey,	145	Where art thou, Brother?—Mrs.	
The Canterbury Pilgrims—Haw-		Denise of a Young Student—		C. A. Chamberlain,	127
thorne,	177	J. Clement,	305	We must part,	289

Western Literary Messenger.

VOL. X.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848.

NO. 4.

For the Western Literary Messenger

The Star Aldebaran.

A LECTURE BY JOHN C. LORD, D. D.

Delivered before the Young Men's Association Feb. 14, 1848.

This is a fixed star of the first magnitude situated in the eye of Taurus. It is the largest star of the groupe, and with four others in the face of Taurus composes the Hyades; it is commonly called the Bull's Eye. The Hyades is a cluster of stars situated about eleven degrees South-east from the Pleiades, consisting chiefly of small stars so arranged as to form a figure like the letter V. "At the left," says an astronomer, "on the top of the letter is a star of the first magnitude called Aldebaran, which is distinguished from most of the other stars by its ruddy appearance." Palilicium is another name of this star, and the usual cognomen of Aldebaran is supposed to be of Arabic origin. The parallax of this star is not known and of course its distance from us cannot be determined, that it is immense and almost beyond the power of numbers to compute is obvious from the ascertained distances of those fixed stars which are more within the range of our observation. The distance of sixty-one Cygni is found to be about 592,000 times that of the earth from the sun, and light travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second is more than nine years in passing from this star to our planet. Vast as this distance is, there are observable stars, and Aldebaran is probably one of them who are perhaps a hundred times farther from us and from whom the passage of light to the earth may be reckoned by centuries. But it is no part of our design to enter upon the details of the vast subject of Astronomy. There are those here far more competent to such a task than the speaker, some of whom have won a degree of deserved celebrity in this department of science. The Star Aldebaran is simply our motto; we use it as some preachers improve passages of Holy Writ merely by way of accommodation. This is a convenient mode when one is desirous of having no very close connexion between his text and his sermon, of hanging a great variety of topics upon the thread of his discourse like beads of different sizes and material strung without form or order. But though we intend to be discursive we hope not to be tedious. The Star Aldebaran is not so comprehensive a topic as the one selected by an old author who wrote in Latin and who entitled his book "De Omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," "concerning all things and some others," which at least was giving his readers fair warning of the Herculean task they were about to enter upon. Some may condemn us as presumptive in selecting so high a theme. What can he tell us of this star, upon whom no man has laid the measure, or stretched a line upon it? Will the wings of his imagination carry him over that impassable solitude of space that separates the Earth from the Star Aldebaran, will not his pinions melt like those of Icarus before he has fairly taken his departure from this planet? With the writer of the aforesaid book upon "all things and some others," the speaker is likely to fall into the condemnation of unpardonable presumption. On the other hand it will be said that the topic is unworthy this en-

lightened age in which there is so much to admire and applaud, that a man is a fool to talk about any other stars than those which began to shine in the 19th century, and before whom Aldebaran and all the ancient lights must "pale their ineffectual fires." What presumption is this, says one, to bring before us an insignificant star whose twinkling is only noticed by a few visionaries who are behind the intelligence of the age, unmindful of those glories which have newly risen to drive away the darkness of antiquity. What utility is there, says another, in discussions about stars?—what money is there to be made out of such investigations?—what impetus can be given to that progress which is the glory of the modern generations and the shame by contrast of the past? How can any man have the face to leave the beaten track of glorification to go into the forbidden paths of ancient and forgotten things? How much better these themes whose popularity is an exhaustless as is the appetite of the vanity to which they minister, which are sure of success, which never fail of that applause which the law of reciprocity demands agreeably to the Scotch proverb "some thing for some thing," or "flatter me and I'll flatter you." But notwithstanding these anticipated criticisms we hope that our star will meet with favor, that Aldebaran being a fixed star may be allowed to shine without the aid of borrowed light. We hope the Press, if they condescend to notice our Star at all, will be favorable, and being native and "to the manor born" we may expect at least that stereotyped compliment with which most of our predecessors and all the lecturers from abroad have been gratified, to wit: "that the distinguished gentleman fully sustained his high reputation to the gratification of the numerous and intelligent audience," &c., &c. This saves all details and that particular criticism which we confess we fear Aldebaran could not safely encounter. We have no expectation of shining as a bright and particular star, and desire no greater encomium than the usage demands. We ask no brighter coloring for Palilicium pictures from the press than that which is used at every sitting and for the common portrait, which in the poetic and elegant phraseology of the West "is as large as life and twice as natural."

We hope the antiquity of Aldebaran will be excused, for he has continued to shine while many lesser though apparently brighter lights have gone out. Many a Meteor has startled the nations and filled the horizon with light which has only left behind it darkness more intense; but Aldebaran began to shine when the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." From that day to this, with uniform and steady lustre he has looked out upon the mutations of human affairs. Upon Eden the garden of God

* The equanimity of a Sub-Editor of a Daily Paper in this city seems greatly disturbed by our remarks; he looks as solemn as an Owl upon our pleasantries, and shoots us Indian like from every bush and over the shoulder of every new Lecturer. A good hearty bark at us in the outset, instead of this stealthy snarling would perhaps have freed him from those *statulent* points! which seem, notwithstanding their windiness, to have pricked him. Most humbly do we assure the learned gentleman that we did not mean him either in this place or in our general remarks upon Progress and Self-reliance.

showe the Eye of Taurus, whose light was shed upon the primitive and happy pair who sat by the tree of life, and saw its silver leaves glimmer in the rays of Palilicium. He looked pitifully out upon the ruins of the fall and saw those generations who filled the Earth with violence. The light of this star gleamed upon the waters that swept away the inhabitants of the old world and covered the earth as with a garment. Upon Aldebaran and his constellation Noah and his household gazed from the Ark with hope, seeing that God had not disturbed the heavenly bodies, the stars yet shone in their courses, though he had smitten the earth with a curse. His rays played scornfully upon the towers of Babel which sought to lift themselves among the stars and were thunder-smitten. He looked into the eyes of the star gazers who in the plains of Chaldea first sought to mark the laws of the heavenly bodies and to map their courses. Upon that night of fear when the Angel of the Lord smote the first born of Egypt in every house, looked out Aldebaran.— His beams fell upon that company who wandered through the wilderness and heard the voice of God from the precipices of Sinai. Upon the shepherds who watched by night in Galilee and heard the annunciation of a Saviour's birth, beamed Aldebaran—his eye rested upon the Sepulchre of the Lord of Life and upon the Roman guards that watched its portals. He saw the wolf nurtured-founders of ancient Rome, and shone upon the Kingdom, the Republic and the Empire. His light was reflected from the Pagan altars and from the Christian temples of the Eternal City. Her Kings and Consuls, her Dictators and Tribunes, her Senators and Emperors passed in succession before Aldebaran. He saw her rise and fall and the broken fragments of her empire out of which the modern kingdoms of Europe came, and he shines on with the same calm and holy light which beamed from him at the beginning. Think not the less kindly of Aldebaran for his age, if he has made no progress he has at least lost none of his pristine glory. If he does not glow the more and shine the brighter in view of the amazing advances of the nineteenth century, think what an apology he has before whom so many generations, with the same bright hopes, the same fond anticipations, the same expectations of progress and the same certainty of success, have passed and been broken on the rock bound shores of time. Consider how he is bewildered in his conclusions by his experience of the past, not perceiving *as we do*, that our pride has any better foundation; or our progress any more certain result than that of other ages whose expectations have perished and over the broken monuments of whose magnificence, Aldebaran now shines as he did in their day of promise and glory.

Perhaps the stars are offended because we have departed from the faith of their ancient votaries. We hold up to scorn the pursuits of the old Astrologer who saw, or fancied he saw, connexions infinite in the universe, who ignorant of the sublime discovery of modern times that men are born under *bumps*, believed that they were born under stars, and watched the conjunctions of the heavenly bodies and marked those which were predominant in the house of life. He cast a horoscope of the heavens (the *benighted man*) instead of drawing a chart of the head. If Mars was in the ascendant he predicted the characteristic of fiery carnage for the child born under the influence of the blood red planet, while with a wisdom which excites astonishment among the heavenly bodies the moderns predict combativeness from a particular protuberance of the brain. Nor should it be forgotten that our Aldebaran has a red and fiery appearance like Mars, and is possibly a

vehement and passionate star and the more readily angered to see the Astrologer driven from his tower, his Astrolabe broken, his lofty conceptions ridiculed, his high imaginings of connexions between the immortal soul of man and the glorious orbs that preside over his birth cast down before the earthly and sensual speculations of modern philosophy. Possibly he has incited the other stars to join in a conspiracy not to honor this gifted and remarkable, this unsurpassed and unsurpassable age with any extraordinary degree of shining or unusual commotion, on account of this dishonor cast upon the ancient votaries of the heavenly host. The stars have the presumption to think that the old delusion was more pardonable than the new, more honorable to them and more agreeable to the analogies and connexions of the universe. They have the hardihood to believe that there are higher significances in them than magnitude, motion and distance, and that God created them and suspended them in space not only that they might be measured, their motions ascertained, their revolutions counted and their distances observed, but to teach great moral lessons of the Being and glory of Him who made them, and of the immutability and accountability of the creatures who are able to survey and comprehend them, and the foolish stars, think that even judicial astrology fanciful as it was and false in its application, was yet a nobler and more excusable error than some of the philosophies of this *enlightened* generation.

Possibly the stars blinded by ancient prejudices have an idea that the old exploded Alchemy, the parent of our modern Chemistry, is not without a counterpart in our times which *we know*, thanks to our freedom from all prejudices, are the days of progress and perfection. It is highly probable that Aldebaran, that old fashioned star, has a notion that the search after the philosopher's stone, the effort to transmute the metals to gold, based upon a true philosophy that all metals and all forms of matter having a common basis being resolved by fire into certain gases, and failing only because our chemistry is not as perfect as that of nature, was as respectable a pursuit as that which seeks to demonstrate a universal animal attraction which transmutes souls and passes them out of their own natural bodies to those of others. He might argue, if stars reason, that the partial success which has attended the efforts of the French chemists to form diamonds from carbon, proves that the attempt of the Alchemist to manufacture metals was not really so absurd as this enlightened age imagines or at least is no more ridiculous than some things which characterize a generation which so easily discover the *mote* in the eye of the former generations without perceiving the *beam* in its own. If our star has such notions it certainly is an explanation of his extraordinary equanimity in view of our progress, and an apology for him and the other stars for not holding a jubilee over the 19th century.

Besides the stars are prejudiced in favor of that old gospel, the proclamation of which they heard in that hour of sorrow when condemnation, depravity and death became the sad inheritance of our race. They heard its annunciation in that day of doom, they saw its light break upon the darkness, they have watched its course and progress through successive dispensations for more than six thousand years, and they believe in it yet! They do not see *with us* that whatever is old is necessarily false, and whatever is novel is for that cause to be received as true. With the suspicion common to age, and they are old enough to be in their dotage, they regard the new gospels which *we discover* to be the forerunners of a grand political and philosophical millennium, with little favor,

they think the old is better and will finally work its divinely predicted end. They have seen a great many failures of similar inventions in their long watch as sentinels of the sky and they foolishly conclude that those of our projection are no better. Unhappy stars who because they have themselves made no advances, but shine with the same light and revolve in the same orbits as at the beginning, who for the reason that they see no law of progress in that vast mechanism of Almighty God in the natural universe which moves in the same grand order, obeys the same laws and fulfills the same end as in the day when GOD said "let there be light and light was;" who because the Creator has endowed the different orders of his creatures with powers which distinguish them as angels or men; as greater or lesser lights are known among the heavenly bodies, and as one star differeth from another star in glory, conclude that men are likely to continue men while in the body, characterized in every age by similar powers and wholly unable to usurp the thrones of the Cherubim. Because they have never seen a star leave the orbit for which it was made to pass into another, or a planet become a sun, they reject the doctrine of progress, and with an inconclusive reasoning marvellous in our eyes, they judge that the men of the 19th century are of like passions and of like intellectual endowments with those of former generations whose passage over the stage of life they have marked for so many centuries.

But while the benighted stars have watched, and the red eye of Aldebaran has been looking out upon the generations of men, what human eyes have marked the constellations and returned the gaze of Taurus? Who was it in Arabia that seeking the cool night to traverse the burning desert inflamed by the sun, and charmed with the aspect of the great star in the Hyades gave him the poetic and magnificent name of Aldebaran?—How many travellers in that cloudless and arid climate have watched for the appearance of this star and hailed him and his fellows with joy: as Southey makes his pilgrim in the desert exclaim

"How beautiful is night!

See what a balmy freshness fills the air—

How beautiful is night."

In the plains of Arabia in the days of the Patriarch Job, within a few centuries after the flood, men looking at the stars heard voices from the heavenly host—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus and his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?" Some of the Arabians saw God in the stars and said "He commandeth the sun and it riseth not and sealeth up the stars which alone spreadeth out the Heavens which maketh Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the South." Others in that early and primitive age profanely worshipped the Host of Heaven, "kissing their hands" to the moon walking in her brightness, and adoring the stars shining in their courses. Our star is named in the ancient and sacred book of Job whose Chimah and Chesil are Taurus and Scorpio; and Dr. Hales reckons the time of Job by the allusion made to Aldebaran and his position. Distinguished among his fellows, the chief in his constellation, how many eyes in every generation have watched Aldebaran. Some in the ignorant yet beautiful simplicity of the child who fancied the stars were openings to let glimpses of the heavenly glory through. Others in the dawn of science perceiving something of the truth, observing the revolutions and motions of the heavenly bodies, and though ignorant of the true astron-

omy, yet conjecturing what is now demonstrated that all "are but parts of one stupendous whole," perverted the great and just idea of mutual influences and dependencies to the uses of judicial Astrology, which though false in its details was still a grand and poetic imagination which had its foundation in truth. How many eyes who have watched the stars have since, it may be, fathomed their mysteries, having been clothed upon with the spiritual body and permitted to inspect the universe as we now survey the planet we inhabit. As it is now demonstrated that thought may be communicated upon the lightning's wing, as messengers swifter than those creations of the great dramatist who at their master's bidding

"Trode the ooze of the salt deep,

And ran upon the sharp wind of the north,"

and "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," are now performing the business of men and passing their messages without the perceptible passage of time—the doctrine of a spiritual state and a spiritual body ought no longer to appear incredible to the most skeptical philosophers. A glimpse of the powers of the world to come seems to be given us in this mysterious agency, which breaks over the barriers of time and space, and is not amenable to the laws which ordinarily regulate all material things. As in the gradations of creature existence there are links connecting the different orders of being, from an insect to an angel; so there may be between the various modes of existence, between the natural body and the spiritual body, between the life that now is and the life to come, an agency which, while belonging to the one manifests something of the powers of the other. Who can with any consistency impeach the doctrine that the soul in another life may be clothed upon with an organization, in which it shall pass with a rapidity exceeding that of light, seeing that it can employ an agent here whose motion is independent of time, whose speed is unlimited by space?

It would be no unfounded and visionary speculation, then, if there were no warrant from sacred scripture, which would transport in another organization to this distant star, those who in time gazed into the eye of Taurus, in the watches of the night, desirous to know the secrets of that glorious galaxy.

"Forever singing as they shine,

The hand that made us is divine."

To them Aldebaran is now seen a glorious sun around whom revolves a vast planetary system—a world filled with life, to whose inhabitants our planet is invisible, and who behold the sun of our system a twinkling star adorning their night, as ours is illuminated by the Hyades, in that beautiful system of reciprocity and mutual dependence which characterises the material universe, and is analogous to that great law of love that binds all intelligences in the moral government of God.—Perhaps those to whose vision the secrets of Aldebaran have been exposed have found this law unbroken there, and discovered in that great world a race who have never been corrupted by the mad ambition to become as Gods knowing good and evil, who have never been bewildered by proclamations of a law of progress from that arch rebel who is 'King over all the children of pride,' that 'Covering Cherub' who once sat 'amid the stones of fire,' but fell from his high estate because he would be higher, and now

"Prince of the fallen, around him sweep

The billows of the burning-deep."

Perhaps the temptation ye shall be as Gods, and 'ye shall not surely die' was resisted in Aldebaran,

whose *simple* inhabitants yet rejoice in their original holiness, content with their Eden, and knowing neither sin, sorrow or death. We may suppose that they who now with angel's flight pass round the mighty orb, which was once seen by them as a twinkling star, behold an unbroken law and a perpetuated paradise. They survey an innocent world, creatures uncontaminated by sin, happiness unmingled with the alloy of transgression. No curse has entered there, no cry of violence is heard, no voice of brother's blood ascending to the heavens, calling for vengeance. No warring elements contend for mastery, emblems of the unruly passions they are commissioned to chastise, no ministers of death, pale visaged and remorseless pursuing with hot haste the fallen and condemned, whose life for their sins is made as a vapor, and whose days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. The king of terrors has no dominion where sin has had no entrance, and the shadow of his fearful power has never fallen on Aldebaran. Those who dwell in that fortunate world know nothing of evil and have no more thought of becoming Gods than has Aldebaran himself of leaving his sphere to revolve in the eccentric orbit of a comet. Pride, passion, envy and revenge are unknown; covetousness, ambition and cruelty are words not found in their language, and having fulfilled their day in peace and happiness they pass from that form of life which confines them to their particular world to become citizens of the universe, as Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and "was not for God took him," so in the unfallen worlds, the change from the first and inferior form of life to the second and superior, may be without pain, surprise or fear. In the entire frame-work of the universe there are two manifest designs, two distinct ends, the one is found in the isolated world intended for the first form of life and observation to the rational creatures, in which they are confined by the impassable barrier of an atmosphere, and from which they cannot escape, but by a radical change in their mode of life, by passing from an animal and natural into a spiritual body subject to different laws; the other is seen the entire system, designed for the second and higher order of life, in which released from its former and limited organization the soul enters upon the Universe and becomes a citizen of the commonwealth of the entire material creation and is at liberty, unless prevented for transgression, to range over the whole and to inspect it with the same freedom with which a single planet, or world, was surveyed in the first and inferior form of existence. We think that this is indicated in the *structure* of the Universe, and that knowing that our world, and all single and particular worlds were made for the inspection of rational creatures, we are bound to infer, that all suns and systems in the ascending series to the whole vast, and to us infinite creation, which is yet one in the correspondence and dependance of its parts and the unity of its plan, are designed to be seen and comprehended, surveyed and examined, in a higher form of life.—To doubt this is to disregard the obvious analogy which is presented by our own position and powers, in respect to our world and the present existence. Has God made planets to be inhabited by rational creatures, who are capable of surveying and mapping its parts, calculating its powers, of measuring its dimensions, of enjoying and admiring its beauties, and has he not made the entire system for the same purpose, to be seen and known in a higher form of life, as its parts are in an inferior? Is there really any thing incredible or even difficult, in this on philosophical principles? Are there not changes in the inferior forms of life and within our own inspection, as marked and

marvellous? The water worm that in its dark and slimy bed, apprehends only the few inches of sand in which it makes its circuit, and the few shells which lie within its observation, having fulfilled its first mode of organic life rises to the surface, casts off its skin, which it leaves a dead thing floating on the water, and rises into the atmosphere and looks upon the sun, still an insect indeed, but an insect now with wings, beautifully appaerelled and capable of a flight and of a survey, which by contrast with its former condition is as remarkable, as a transfer from a planet to a Universe.

But it is time to forbear, for some of you may suspect me of a design to preach, rather than philosophise, a thing unpardonable before a literary association, and when dealing with so fanciful a subject as a star. Yet we must be allowed to magnify Aldebaran, that he may shine among the other stars which have attracted your attention this winter, and won so much deserved applause. Every man for himself, is the motto of our world, whatever is the maxim of the Aldebaranites, of course every man for his own star, to do the best he can to make it twinkle among its fellows.— Besides, have not progress, self reliance, self improvement, and other matters of glorification been the great themes of the winter ably urged, powerfully vindicated, so that those of the contrary opinion, hide their diminished heads, with the sole consolation that if the doctrine of progress be true, they belong to the movement, and if self reliance be the grand secret of success, they have only to put a good face on affairs, and make up by a commendable self esteem for the slights and neglects of the public. By the law of progress ought not the *new* invariably to surpass the *old*, and should not the *last* lecture be always reckoned the best? While upon the popular principle of self reliance is not a man justified in standing to his own opinions, right or wrong, if all the world were against him?

But as one popular fallacy sometimes destroys another we would respectfully suggest, that some future lecturer take up the subject of the omnipotence of public sentiment. It would be easy to show, in the first place, that majorities are always right; and secondly, that they should always rule; and thirdly, that he who refuses to follow their lead ought to be forthwith hanged up, being worthy of death, as a terror to evil doers, unless, indeed, that long desired law abolishing the death penalty should be enacted, which is to constitute the crowning demonstration of our progress. The lecturer might show that all the responsibilities of individual opinion are avoided by adherence to majorities—all the trouble of thinking, and all the odium of singularity. He might add, that the age of heroes and prophets has passed, that in the progress of human affairs it had come to be seen that the only just dominion is that of public sentiment, and that the multiplication of cyphers whose product was formerly thought to be nothing, is now demonstrated to give a grand sum total in the new arithmetic; or in other words, while the individual (by the supposition) is a mere cypher, whose opinions are of no importance, the judgment of individuals in the *aggregate* are the perfection of wisdom and knowledge. But is self reliance compatible with a proper submission to popular opinion? Is it not swallowed up as were the little serpents of the Egyptian sorcerers by the serpent rod of the new prophet, whose name is LEGION?

But if there are Philosophers in Aldebaran, which is highly probable, if literary associations and lectures are established in that distant orb, it is possible that their views might differ altogether from ours on the subject of self-reliance. In their ignorance and simplicity, they might give utter-

ance to such sentiments as the following:—"We are happy in having escaped the fate of the apostate angels who fell from their high estate, as it has been revealed to us, by the sin of pride, forgetting their dependance upon God, in whom all creatures live and move and have their being, they set up for themselves and lost their thrones in heaven; it is intimated in our Scriptures also that in an obscure and distant world, a similar ruin resulted from a similar cause, beware then O ye dwellers of Aldebaran of a like presumption trust not in yourselves, but in Him who made you, rely not upon your own wisdom, but upon His, whose understanding is infinite, glory not in your own strength for there is no power but of God, in your most arduous efforts seek his aid, without whom we can do nothing, and who when we work in this necessary dependance of the creature upon the creator works in us to will and to do so that we can do all things through the divine assistance. The security of all the innocent and holy is in their *felt dependance*, the misery of all fallen beings is their self-reliance. In this ignorant and simple way, it may be the Philosophers of our star speak to their admiring, because unenlightened congregations. It is a remarkable fact that there is an old book in our world which contains similar antiquated sentiments, which says among other things that, "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," and it is upon record that a stalwart old fanatic by name Oliver Cromwell, who believed in this book, told his soldiers on the eve of a great battle, which he won, as he strangely enough did the most that he fought, "to put their trust in God and keep their powder dry," placing self-reliance in a secondary and inferior position, while our progressive philosophy has made it the first, if not the sole means of success. But no better light has beamed on Aldebaran, no new philosophies, no social systems of human invention, they go along the old beaten track of duty, and obedience and dependance and if ever our rare inventions enable us to communicate with this unfortunate world, and who can limit our progress, we ought at once to send missionaries to its benighted inhabitants that they like us may become as Gods knowing good and evil. We might transfer to them political apostles from the extremes of both our great parties without any irreparable loss to ourselves who should teach them the principles of progressive democracy.

We might also spare without great damage to our world, a few of those renowned discoverers who invent new gospels every year, to instruct the Aldebaranites in the mystery of a progressive religion and to inform their ignorance in regard to the causes of apostasy and transgression, resulting not from sin, as their musty old books declare, but from the defective social systems under which God placed angels and men, a remedy for which, thanks to our progress, has now been discovered. In fact we might colonize a portion of our political and religious reformers and of our progressive philosophers with high advantage to ourselves, whatever might be the result to Aldebaran, and as charity begins at home, their exodus as missionaries from us would wear a highly philanthropic and benevolent aspect.

Possibly this scheme might result in annexation, as did the early emigration of a band of Reformers to Texas, and if Aldebaran should prove refractory and our means of communication would enable us to transport the munitions of war, we might reform them as we have the Mexicans, by the eloquence of cannon, and convince them by the gentle persuasives of powder and ball, and

enlighten their darkened understandings with bombs and burnings.

Unhappily it is not demonstrable that these desirable results can be immediately accomplished, or that our communications with Aldebaran will be speedily opened. One hates to question any thing in the line of progress, but candor compels us to say that there are difficulties of distance and atmosphere to be overcome, which lead us to conclude that this achievement will be reserved for a future and of course a more enlightened generation.

But unconscious of these machinations against the peace and prosperity of his inhabitants, Aldebaran shines on happy in his comparative ignorance of our remarkable world, esteeming us only as one of the lesser lights made to revolve around and depend upon those great luminaries, who, with himself are centres of systems, suns, in whose light and heat the inferior planets rejoice.

Perhaps Aldebaran and the other Stars if they were fully advised of our improvements, and advances, and could be made to appreciate them, would say to the earth as the Cedars of Lebanon are represented in the Scriptures to have said to the thorn-bush: "come thou and reign over us," to which, with the briar we might be supposed to make the like magnificent reply: "come and put your trust under my shadow."

But other than fanciful or satirical thoughts are suggested by the night watchers—those glorious sentinels who indicate the vast and yet undiscovered army who lie back of them in the profound depths of space.

How immeasurable is that Omnipotence which fashioned these vast bodies which communicate and continue their motions, which holds them in their courses, which works their grand and complicated mechanism without disruption, disorder, or confusion.

What contrasts of permanency and continuance with change and decay, arise in the mind from the contemplation of the fixed stars from this world of ours. The red eye of Taurus, that looked out upon the fresh wrought capstones of the greatest of the Egyptian Pyramids, raised to their lofty position amid the voices of shouting millions, which like the noise of many waters, celebrated the completion of a monument which was to perpetuate the fame of their king and the glory of his subjects—now shines upon its time worn summit with the same lustre, though the name of the monarch is forgotten, and the dust of the people by whose labor it was erected, has covered and concealed its base.

The beams of Aldebaran rested upon the towers of Babylon in her day of pride, and gleamed on the gigantic image in the plain of Dura, to whom all nations and tongues were commanded to do homage by the proud Prince who filled the throne of the first Universal Monarchy:—the same star now glistens on the waters of the Euphrates which have long since buried beneath their marshes the last memorial of the golden city which sat a queen among the nations.

That race of giants who founded the hundred-gated Thebes, ages before the wing of the Roman Eagle was fledged for conquest, who built the temples which Homer celebrated, which mock the efforts of succeeding generations, who designed and elevated that wonderful statue of Memnon which the morning sun made vocal, who wrought the mysterious and massive features of the Sphinx—saw Aldebaran gild their yet unrivalled monuments of art, genius and mechanical power:—their pigmy successors, barbarous and hunger smitten, wander by the light of the same star among ruins, the grandeur of which has hardly been im-

paired by the flight of thirty centuries—for Memnon and the Sphinxes still keep watch and ward over 'Thebais Hecatonpylos.'

The soldier who watched by night upon the Walls of Tyre, the ancient Mistress of the Sea, when Alexander was thundering at her gates, saw the beams of Aldebaran cast upon the fleets and armies, which girt in their deadly embrace the Emporium of the Commerce of the East, 'whose merchants were princes;'—no wall, no sentinel, no towers or ships, or hostile legions—sees Pallicium now, he shines on a bare rock where a few poor fishermen spread their nets to dry.

Upon a collection of rude huts on an island in the Seine, and still ruder fortifications of the wild Gauls, looked the Star Aldebaran two thousand years ago—now the same light rests upon a city of a million of souls, to which the civilization, the arts, the literature, and the *profligacy* of Athens and Corinth have been transferred, and flourish with something like their pristine vigor.

Upon Druidical rites and human sacrifices shone Pallicium once in a distant and petty isle of the Northern Atlantic, which the imperial Cæsars thought hardly worth their conquest—upon the same spot the modern Babylon now rears her Christian Temples, sending her fleets to every sea, her colonies to every continent, the Star of Dominion rests upon the ancient Britannia, soon to dawn upon the dwelling place of her sons in the New World, for "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Less than four centuries since upon the bleak inhospitable coasts of an unknown continent, roamed a few savage hunters and warriors in the wilderness, who thought the stars shone to light the brave and virtuous Indians to the happy hunting fields in the sky. That wilderness is now occupied by the teeming millions of a vast confederacy of States before whom the forests and their tenants have disappeared, who have leveled the mountains and filled up the valleys—who have chosen their emblem from the heavenly host and spangled their banner with stars—That banner now visits every sea and floats triumphantly over conquered cities, continually adding new States to that Galaxy, which symbolizes a power that already casts the dawning light of its destined preeminence upon the startled monarchies of the Old World. And the flattered nightwatchers follow the star spangled banner with earnest gaze along its destined path of conquest, and Aldebaran gazes out on all those changes with the same calm and conscious smile.

And over the ruins of the new Dominions shall Pallicium shine; upon their broken power and departed glory, shall the eye of Aldebaran gaze and this young Empire, like its eagle emblem, spreading its wings for conquest, shall fall like its predecessors in the paths of progress and be broken forever and the pitiful stars shall look down upon the wreck of our glory, and say, alas, alas, how art thou fallen, O son of the morning, and made thy bed in the dust, and become like to those who have gone before thee into the sides of the pit.

Thy grave, O Hearer, shall Aldebaran watch, when the fire of thine eye is quenched, when the bloom on thy cheek has faded, and guard the portals of thy grave until the day when the Master of Life shall cast down the throne and break the dominion of death. Thy spirit will soon leave its house of clay, and pass out upon the universe, and perchance to this distant star, thou mayest wing thine uninterrupted way, and bethink thee, as thou surveyest its glories, that its light is resting upon the remote planet of thy birth, and glistening upon the marble that affec-

tion has reared to thy memory over the deserted and decaying tabernacle that once enshrined thy soul, and which is again to receive it when raised a spiritual and incorruptible body by that word of power, that from emptiness and nothingness, from darkness and chaos, summoned at the beginning, matter and motion, light and life.

What an image of immutability and eternity is a fixed Star pointing us to a future and endless existence to another and a better life—a *light-house* of the skies directing the mariner on the Ocean of life to a haven of eternal rest—a *window* in the heavens revealing glimpses of a glory which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard,—an orb, the magnitude of which teaches that true and divinely appointed progress which consists in the expectation of, and the preparation for, another and higher organization when the walls of our earthly house shall be broken,—an eye beholding all things, penetrating the secrets of night apt emblem of that Omniscience with whom the darkness and the light are alike.

Happy will it be for us if we learn the lessons which are taught by the heavenly Host. Fortunate will the speaker to night esteem himself if Aldebaran meets with your favor, and is allowed to take a humble place behind those stars of the first magnitude which have shone upon this congregation from evening to evening in this place from whom if our star differs, it is with all respect. None will be offended who are lovers of truth which is always more readily elicited by discussion, and, if any are disturbed by our comparatively feeble and unequal advocacy of old fashioned opinions, they will only manifest their own want of confidence in the popular dogmas which they uphold.

Govs. Tompkins and Lewis and Camel-driving.

We copy the following from the Correspondence of the N. Y. Home Journal. If not true, it ought to be :

Very soon after the elevation of Tompkins to the chair of state, after his triumphant success over Governor Lewis, the latter was elected to the Senate from the middle district, and chosen a member of the Council of Appointment. At one of the sessions of this council, Governor Lewis introduced the subject of the recent election, and expressed his surprise at the result—more especially marvelling at the change of popular opinion in a particular town in Otsego, where, his friends had assured him, there was but one man in it, who would vote for the "Farmer's Boy." "Don't you know how that was brought about?" asked Tompkins. "Not I," replied the ex-Governor; "but should like to know the cause." "Well, then," said the other, "it was thus: The solitary voter you mention, did, for a long time, stand alone—the butt and ridicule of all his townsmen, for his staunch adherence to the "Farmer's Boy;" and one day, at a large meeting, they began, as usual, to roast him for his singular predilection. Says your particular friend, Judge S.: 'Is it possible that you mean to vote for Daniel D., the "Farmer's Boy?" Why! he was sold, ten years ago, by his father, for twenty bushels of potatoes! Really! it is disgraceful to stick to a fellow who was held so cheap by his own relations.' 'Well, Judge,' was the reply, 'I don't know anything about the story, but, if you say it is, it must be true; but, I've heard tell, that, since that time, he has been a member of the State Convention—a member of the Assembly—and a member of Congress; is that true?' 'Yes,' said the Judge, 'but what of that?' 'Why, just this: I know,