as the whites. I attended there on the Sunday morning after my arrival, and not knowing the hour of service, went late. When I discovered this, on approaching the door, I lingered for a moment or so, doubting to enter. But directly the beadle, arrayed in robes of black bombazine, with a stick in his hand, came forward, invited me in, and immediately led me up near the pulpit, and shewed me into what is called the magistrate's pew, in which certain municipal officers may, and some of them do sit, and where are also placed respectable strangers. A fine-looking young man was reading the service,—and he read it beautifully too, especially the commandments,—giving the seventh precisely in accordance with Dr. Johnson’s instructions to Garrick. ‘Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.’ This fine reading led me to hope for a fine sermon. But in this I was disappointed. It was a mere jingle of religious common-places and metaphors, so arranged as to form antitheses, and the young man had an antithetical voice,—the high and low tones both good. Sir William Temple says, (in substance,) in his “Observations on the United Provinces,” that national habits and peculiarities, however some may suppose them a mere matter of whim, will generally be found, on examination, to have their origin in some necessity of circumstance or situation. And he refers the Pharisaical cleanliness of the Hollanders, of which he gives many amusing instances in his own experience, to the dampness of their climate. They must scrub or grow mouldy. Perhaps the same remark may apply to persons. Whenever you see any one with a slouch in his gait, or who wears out one shoe faster than the other, you will nearly always find, on a close scrutiny, that one shoulder is a little higher, one leg a little longer, or one side, in some way, a little more developed than the other. Now this young man’s antithetical voice had, for aught I know, given him antithetical style. Perhaps the same remark may apply to persons. Whenever you see any one with a slouch in his gait, or who wears out one shoe faster than the other, you will nearly always find, on a close scrutiny, that one shoulder is a little higher, one leg a little longer, or one side, in some way, a little more developed than the other. Now this young man’s antithetical voice had, for aught I know, given him antithetical style. However this may be, his sermon consisted in nothing but a continual pairing off together of opposite common-places. “This moment man is so and so; the next, he is so and so. Today, &c., &c.,” high key; “tomorrow, &c., &c.,” low key. In short it was

all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now Master up, now Miss,
And he himself, one vile antithesis.”

His lengthening host through the palm-vale wound;
The purple shawl on his locks he bound;
He hung on his shoulders the lion skin,
Martially sounded the cymbal’s die.

Like a sea of termites, that black, wild swarm
Swept, billowing onward: he flung his dark arm,
Encircled with gold, round his loved one’s neck:
“For the feast of victory, maiden, deck!”

Lo! glittering pearls I’ve brought thee there,
To twine with thy dark and glossy hair,
And the corals, all snake-like, in Persia’s green sea,
The dripping divers have fished for me.

“See plumes of the ostrich, thy beauty to grace!
Let them nod, snowy white, o’er thy dusky face;
Deck the tent, make ready the feast for me,
Fill the garlanded goblet of victory!”

And forth from his snowy and shimmering tent
The princely Moor in his armor went.
So looks the dark moon, when, eclipsed, through the gate
Of the silver-edged clouds she rides forth in her state.

A welcoming shout his proud host utters:
And “welcome!” the stamping steed’s hoof rings:
For him rolls faithful the negro’s blood,
And Niger’s old, mysterious flood.
"Now lead us to victory, lead us to fight!"
They battled from morning far into the night;
The hollow tooth of the elephant blew
A blast that pierced each foeman through.

How scatter the lions! The serpents fly
From the rattling tambour; the flags on high,
All hung with skulls, proclaim the dead,
And the yellow desert is dyed in red.

So rings in the palm-vale the desperate fight;—
But she is preparing the feast for the night;
She fills the goblets with rich palm-wines,
And the shafts of the tent-poles with flowers she twines.

With pearls, that Persia's green flood bare,
She winds her dark and curly hair;
Feathers are floating her brow to deck,
And gay shells gleam on her arms and neck.

She sits by the door of her lover's tent,
She lists the far war-born till morning is spent;
The noon-day burns, the sun stings hot,
The garlands wither,—she heeds it not.

The sun goes down in the fading skies,
The night-dew trickles, the glow-worm flies,
And the crocodile looks from the tepid pool
As if he, too, would enjoy the cool.

The lion, he stirs him and roars for prey,
The elephant-tusk through the jungle make way,
Home to her lair the giraffe goes,
And flower-leaves shut, and eyelids close.

Her anxious heart beats fast and high:
When a bleeding, fugitive Moor, draws nigh:—
"Farewell to all hope now! The battle is lost!
Thy lover is captured,—he's borne to the coast,—