

T H E D E I T Y .

BY MISS MARY GARDINER, OF SHELTER-ISLAND, SUFFOLK COUNTY.

BENEATH the quenchless light
 Of the broad day-god's life-imparting ray,
 Wrapt in the gloomy clouds of mental night
 That round him thickly lay,
 The ancient Persian bowed, and at that shrine
 Worshipped the glorious effluence as divine.

THOU! whose creative voice
 Called from the depths of chaos form and might,
 Bade at a word unnumbered worlds rejoice
 In that effulgent light;
 Sun of the Universe! to THEE I bow,
 Almighty God! list to my humble offering now!

Before the stars of night
 In circling systems moved through yonder sky,
 THOU! from Eternity's unmeasured height,
 Wrapt in immensity,
 Beheld the earth chaotic solitude,
 And ages roll away in their infinitude.

Can human thought explore
 The boundaries of THY kingdom, or define
 Mid all the orbs that sweep the blue vault o'er
 Those that remotest shine?
 E'en Science pauses in her proud career,
 Furls her tired wing and sinks o'erwhelmed to Earth's low sphere.

Before her glancing eye
 The clouds of ignorance have rolled away;
 She calls the lightning from its throne on high,
 And marks the planet's way;
 Bids the frail bark o'er Ocean's bosom glide,
 And from her mystic cells rolls back the heaving tide.

And in her search sublime,
 Measures the sunbeam in its trackless flight;
 Earth yields her secrets, and both space and time
 Are subject to her might:
 E'en from the unseen air the mysteries flee,
 But THOU! Eternal ONE! no searching can find THEE!

THY voice of majesty
 Throughout creation's wide expanse is heard;
 In the low South-wind's fitful melody,
 The music of the bird;
 When by the tempest-breath the clouds are riven,
 And the loud thunder peals through the deep vault of Heaven.

And in the measured chime
 Of low waves dashing on the sunny shore,
 The streamlet's flow in the bright southern clime,
 The cataract's loud roar,
 And the hollow moan of the restless sea,
 When the storm-spirit sweeps on pinion swift and free.

And to the human soul,
Speaks not THY still small voice in accents strong?
Bidding Remorse like scorching lava roll
Its fearful tide along;
Blighting and withering all that yet is fair,
As blasting winds that sweep upon the desert air.

And when the burning tears
Of heart-felt penitence before THEE fall,
And from thick gloom and agonizing fears
Ascends the fervent call;
THY voice of mercy bids Hope's angel form
Shine like a beacon-light amid the wild night-storm.

It soothes to calm repose
The fitful quivering of the spirit's lyre,
And falls, as rain-drops o'er the dying rose,
On passion's wasting fire;
It bids us hasten o'er Life's waters home,
As summer breezes call the bird o'er ocean's foam.

Lo! in yon darkened room
Glad angels wait to bear a soul away;
Death waves his pinions, and the fearful tomb
Opens to receive its prey:
Low, dirge-like music stirs the troubled air;
Hushed is each voice, each breath, for THOU, O GOD! art there.

Swift o'er the marble brow
The cold dew's gather; oh! what hand shall guide
The trembling spirit on its passage now
To regions yet untried?
Raise the dark veil hung o'er that mystic land,
And light the wanderer's path from time's receding sand?

The starless night of thought
Was lit at Mercy's shrine with purest ray,
And heavenly truth so long, so vainly sought,
Shone forth in its mid-day;
As angels tuned their harps to higher strains,
And rose the star of peace o'er Bethlehem's hallowed plains.

Then the INCARNATE came,
Veiling his God-head in the human form;
Not with the clarion's voice, the trump of fame,
The earthquake and the storm:
He came — the living GOD, creation's King!
Humble, despised, unknown — joy, 'peace on earth' to bring!

Oh! fearful was the hour
When Vengeance poured on his devoted head
The wrath of ages, and stern Death had power
His fiery shafts to shed;
The sun his radiance veiled in midnight gloom,
And woke to life and light the tenants of the tomb.

Mysterious Three in One!
My spirit bows, by matchless love o'erwrought;
Thyself all-knowing yet by all unknown,
Beyond the height of thought!
Justice and Mercy in thy works combine,
As o'er the raging flood the glittering rain-bows shine.

THOU watchest o'er the birth
 Of every flower that springs to bloom and die,
 The sparrow falls not to the breast of earth
 Unnoticed by thine eye ;
 And suns and systems at thy glance have passed.
 As withered leaves are swept before the wintry blast.

And when the voice of Time
 Shall chant the death-dirge o'er Earth's ruined fanes ;
 When the archangel's voice in tones sublime
 Shall echo o'er her plains ;
 Unchanged, unchanging, THOU shalt rise o'er all,
 While Nature's face shall rest beneath Oblivion's pall.

MIND OR INSTINCT.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE MANIFESTATION OF MIND BY THE LOWER ORDERS OF ANIMALS.

'In some are found
 Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
 That man's attainments in his own concerns,
 Matched with th' expertness of the brutes in their's,
 Are oftentimes vanquished and thrown far behind.'

COWPER.

THE cultivation of the intellectual endowments of man has raised him to such a degree above the other orders of animated existence, that he claims the exclusive possession of the Thinking Principle ; forgetting, while he surveys the monuments of human intelligence, that they are but the evidence of his advancement from the savage state ; and that while he remained in that primitive condition he might be considered, in fact, as many degrees below his present position in point of mental capacity, as above that of the most sagacious animals ;* forgetting also that had he continued in a state of nature, like some of the tribes of Africa or America, leaving others to judge of his intelligence from the rude vestiges of his civilization exclusively, they could scarcely attribute to him more intellect than they would to the beaver, or even to the ant.

Animals, unlike men, do not improve materially in different generations, because they generally require no artificial means to promote their happiness ; neither have they the gregarious principle to the same extent as man ; but some of those which have, exhibit the extraordinary intelligence which will presently be cited.

The object of this inquiry is to ascertain, by the examination of facts, whether the principle called INSTINCT manifests the same intellectual qualities as MIND, without having any reference to its *moral* attributes. It is not claimed that each one possesses that rare combination of mental properties which distinguishes the human species ; but merely that there is a similitude in the intellectual operation of memory, in men and in animals ; the same of abstrac-

* The term 'Animals' will be confined to orders below Man.