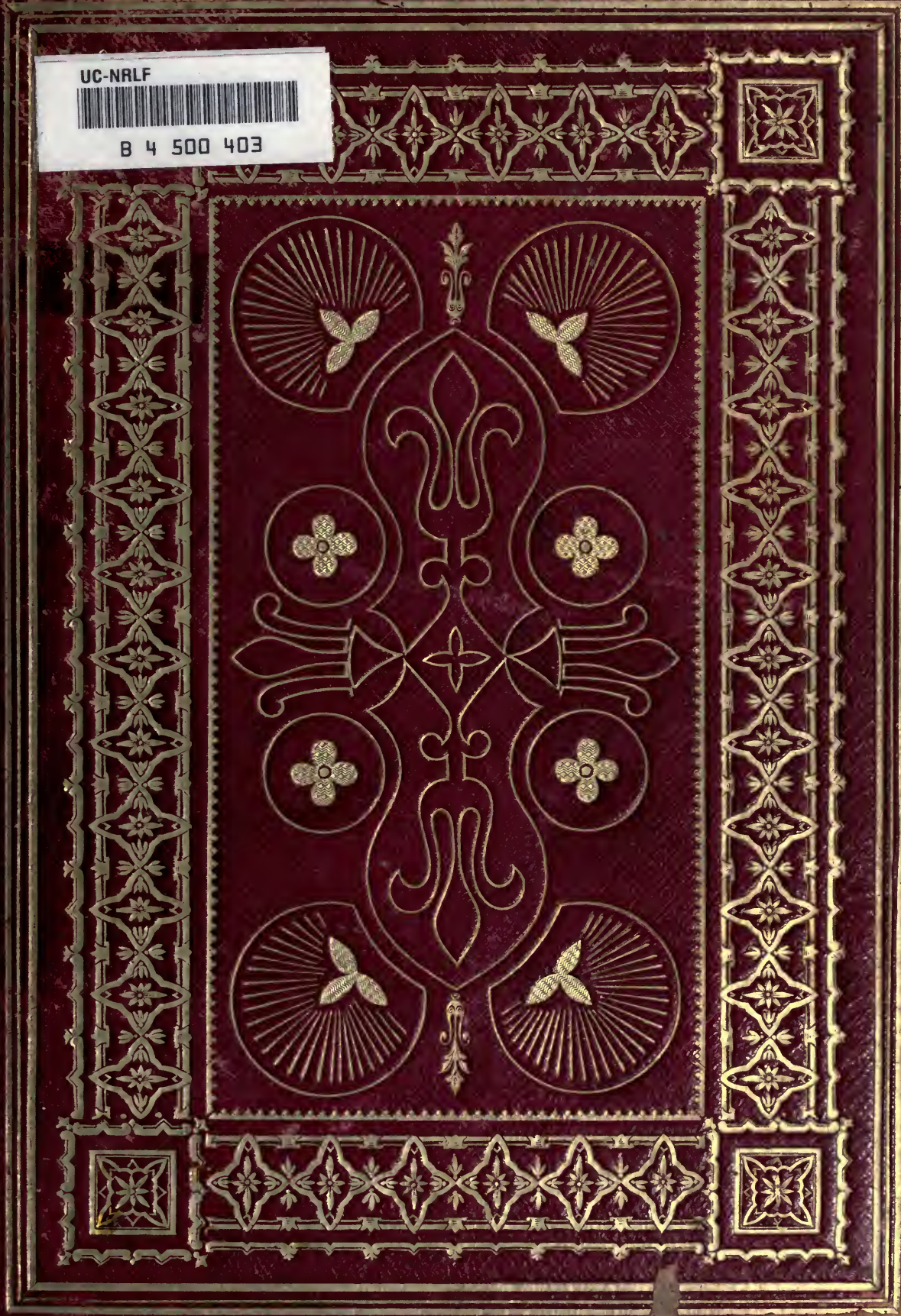


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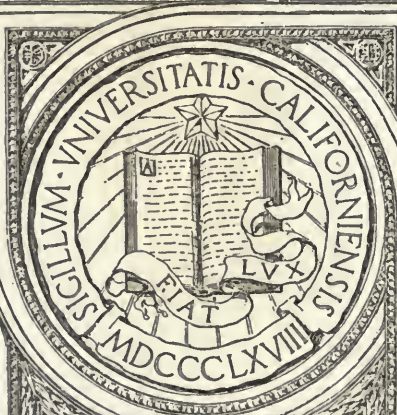


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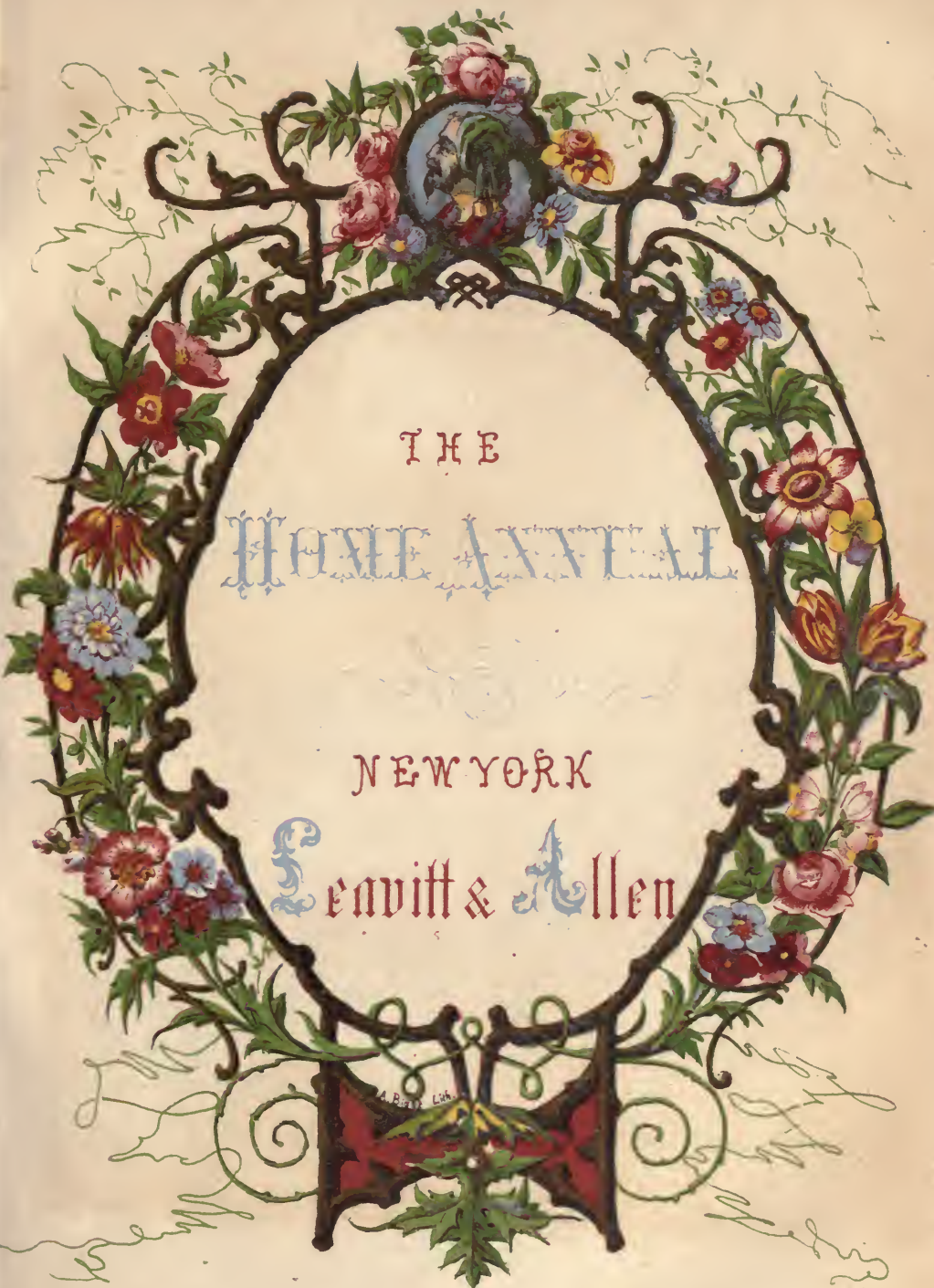
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THE
HOME ANNAL

NEW YORK

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A. B. B. Co.

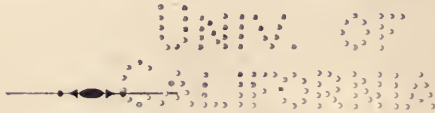
THE

HOME ANNUAL:

EDITED BY J. T. HEADLEY.

WITH

Sixteen Elegant Engravings.



NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY LEAVITT & ALLEN,

27 DEY STREET.

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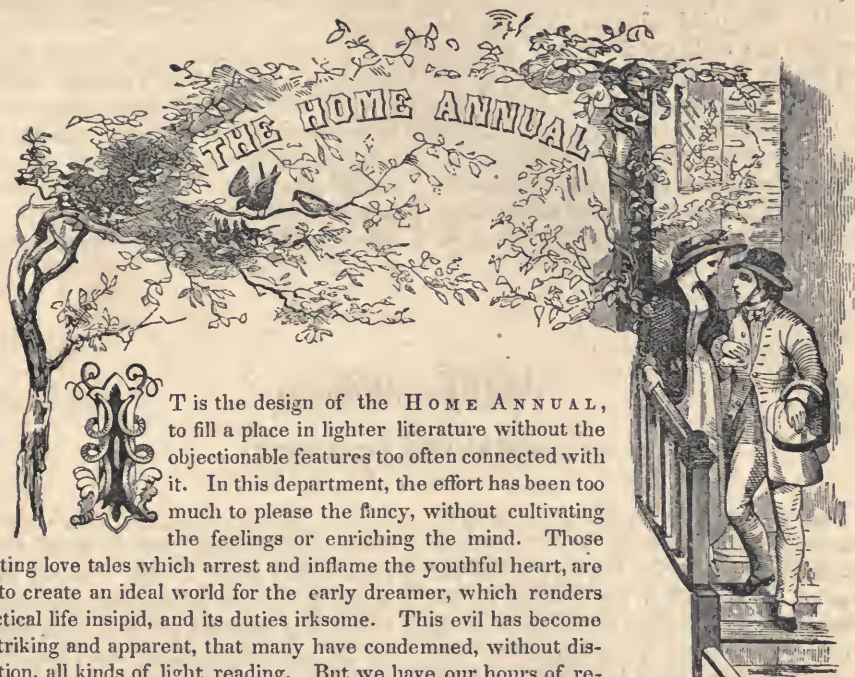
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T is the design of the HOME ANNUAL, to fill a place in lighter literature without the objectionable features too often connected with it. In this department, the effort has been too much to please the fancy, without cultivating the feelings or enriching the mind. Those exciting love tales which arrest and inflame the youthful heart, are apt to create an ideal world for the early dreamer, which renders practical life insipid, and its duties irksome. This evil has become so striking and apparent, that many have condemned, without distinction, all kinds of light reading. But we have our hours of relaxation as well as study—our love for the beautiful as well as for the substantial; and it is poor policy to give up the world of taste to those who will abuse it. Nature is diversified in her scenery; there are the solid cliff and the graceful vine depending from its sides—the substantial wall, and the flowers it encloses—the thunder-cloud and the rainbow—the deep, broad river, and the graceful rivulet—the terrific swoop of the eagle, and the arrow-like dart of the swallow—all attractive, yet all diversified. It is the same in the wide field of literature; and if we reject every thing except that which seems made for mere utility, we



reject half that the Deity has bestowed. To refine and polish is a part of our work in this world. The mind takes its hue from the outward and real; and its inward creations are but the representation, in some form or other, of materials which the Creator has scattered around us on every side. If, with such a furnished storehouse before us, we cannot select objects of beauty and taste without sinking into the tameness of essay writing on the one hand, or merging into the inspid-

ity and folly so common on the other hand, the fault lies in ourselves and our depraved inclinations.

Light reading has become widely popular in this country, and an extensive medium through which thought and expression are conveyed, and it is not proper or wise that the religious and moral world should surrender it without an effort. The good is every where mixed with the beautiful, and it needs only the disposition ever to keep them so united.

HENRY MORLEY.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

FEW who lived in the summer of 1832 in this country can ever forget it. It was made terrifically memorable by the devastations and woe left in the track of the so-called Asiatic Cholera. I well recollect the intense anxiety with which its progress through Europe was watched by almost every individual—the terrible sensation of despair the news of its arrival on this continent created—the expectation in every breast of its soon being in their neighborhood, and the pang with which the certainty of its proximity fell upon every heart. Vast multitudes died of the disease. Still greater numbers died of fear, or at least of the disease, provoked and driven rapidly on to a fatal issue by it. My notes of my own experience furnish abundant evidence of the strong predisposition which fear created for the disease, and of the speedy termination of it in all such cases. I see the names of strong and hale men, in the pride and vigor of manhood, men who would have marched up fearlessly to the cannon's mouth, who yet quailed and bowed down in turn before the mysterious foe they could not see, and died in a few hours.

The scourge fell upon all places alike. It gave no notice of its approach; it did not even creep gradually on from town to town, but, having done its fearful work in one city or village, fell with appalling suddenness upon some distant point, and men rose from their beds in the morning to learn the dreadful news that the scourge had come. It despised all quarantine laws and health regulations.

I was appointed health officer for the village in which I lived, and regularly boarded every steamer that made its daily approach to our wharves. I never detected a case of sickness of any kind on board, and yet, while engaged in the performance of the duty, the disease made its appearance in the midst of the place, under such circumstances as to put to fault all the theories of contagionists.

I believe no class of men was exempt. It fell upon all alike. At least, such is my own experience, and few saw more of it than I did. The strong and vigorous, the sickly and weak, old and young, beauty and deformity, all furnished their victims to swell the hecatomb offered to the destroyer. No precautions could ward off the attack. The drunkard forsook his cups, or the glutton began a life of abstemiousness in vain. If there was any one thing more than another that procured exemption, I believe it was courage, or rather fearlessness. To this I attribute my own escape. I was in the midst of the disease for several weeks, and saw it around me in all its horrors, but I had not the faintest idea that I could take it myself. I should scarcely have believed it if I had found myself laboring under the symptoms of its approach.

When it fell upon New York thousands upon thousands fled. The city was desolate. I well remember the feeling of loneliness with which I was oppressed as I wandered through parts of the city usually the most frequented, now desolate and deserted; for I had early re-

paired thither to see the disease and make myself familiar with its character and treatment. I frequented the public hospitals, and was constantly occupied in them, day and night, and now, like the rest of my profession, I must confess an utter ignorance of the true character of the disease, so far as any practical knowledge is concerned. It is yet most emphatically the scourge of God, whose ways are hid from man. The many die of it; the few recover, and they scarcely from the aid of medicine.

With what information and experience I had acquired, however, I was as well prepared as I could be, when I was called to ——— Prison, where it had broken out, to take my place in the hospital there. More than a thousand men were confined at that time within its walls, and it was expected that the disease would find food of the kind best suited to it there. It did rage terrifically. In the short space of thirty days, more than eight hundred had been treated, and of that number about ninety had died. It might have been expected that the convicts would have been driven to despair—that they would have felt as if they were tied up to certain and inevitable death, and so would have been disposed to escape. But such was not the case. They knew the whole history of the progress of the disease—I know not how—and had been expecting it, and when it came I venture to say no community was better prepared for it. They were well cared for, and they took good care of each other. It is probably owing to this that the record of that hospital will show a greater per centage of recoveries than any other in America or Europe.

From the first day on which the cholera appeared in the prison it gradually increased, till at almost every hour of the day and night, some new subject was added to the list. At that time its virulence and severity was such, that almost all who did not recover died in from five to seven hours after the attack, and some as early as in three hours. The distress and anguish were such as to appall the stoutest heart, and were aggravated not a little, to the looker on, by the fact that the sufferers were criminals confined in hopeless bondage, and could not fly from this still terror. This circumstance, added to the fear which it served to augment, was no doubt one cause of the rapid increase of the disease; so that at the end of a month it had expended its violence, and, as if satiated with the blood of its victims, though not foiled nor conquered, it withdrew

as suddenly as it had made its descent. It appeared in a night, and it vanished in a night. On the evening of the thirtieth day, with the hospital overflowing with patients, every ward filled, and every bed occupied, in the midst of one of the most terrible thunder-storms ever witnessed in this country, the last name was added to the list of victims, and in a few days the hospital was clear, and nothing was left to tell the tale of how fearful a pestilence had swept by. It passed like an angel of wrath on that fierce thunder-cloud, and returned no more.

Among the large number of convicts at that time in the Penitentiary, it would have been wonderful if there had not been some men of education and talents. Accordingly there were representatives from all the learned professions. The clergy were represented by two individuals, one from the Presbyterian and one from the Methodist Church; the former, a young man of most profound knowledge for his years—a fluent speaker of several modern languages, and well versed in the ancient classics. The bar sent two of its own number there—men of no small eminence at the time, in a profession where eminence is of so difficult attainment. Our own profession was not without a witness. He was a man who, under favorable circumstances, would have been an ornament to the science, but poverty and ambition drove him to crime. He forged his own father's name to a note of hand, and his own father sent him to prison. There was a quack also there, and, I doubt not, if he had been left at liberty he would have been a prince among his fellows. The trade was not as prosperous then as it has become since under more honorable names, and he took to stealing to increase his income. I learned the histories of these individuals from their own lips at the time, and have had them corroborated since. To them the prison was a solitude and a hell.

On the seventeenth day of the prevalence of the disease, a patient was presented who immediately attracted my attention. I will not attempt to describe any peculiarities in his person or manner which struck me. It may have been nothing but an impulse which we often feel, driving us to exercise kinder feelings towards one than another. I know that I spoke to him with more than common kindness of manner and tone, and I know also that I felt at once an interest in him which had been excited by no other. In answer to my inquiry for his name, he replied in a distinct, but wonderfully

soft tone, "Henry Morley." He was affected with some of the symptoms which generally preceded a severe attack of the cholera. He made no complaints, but only stated his symptoms, and that the keeper had directed him to apply for medical aid. I made the usual prescriptions and dismissed him, and amid my ceaseless duties he passed from my mind.

It was about a week before I saw him again. He was then brought in, prostrated by a sudden and severe attack of cholera. With an instantaneous revival of even more than my former interest, I directed every care to be taken of him, and myself paid every attention to him. Under a full sense of the severity of his attack, he was calm and undisturbed, and seemed to have lain down to die. I said to him: "Morley, you are worse than when you were here before."

"Yes," he replied. "Do you think I will die, doctor?"

I said I could not tell—that his attack was very severe—but we would do all we could for him.

"Oh! do not try to encourage me with hopes of life—tell me that I shall die—that I cannot recover—that there is no hope of my living—but do not talk of getting well again. I do not wish to live."

I could not forbear a gentle reproof, even under circumstances of such a nature, and feeling that much depended on the quiet of his mind I left him for the night, having given the attendants directions to spare no efforts in his case through the night, or as long as he might live. I might not see him alive again.

I cannot better continue the present narrative than by referring to my journal, which I kept at the time, for the history of this case. It is as follows, omitting notes of mere practice:

Sunday morning.—Morley is still alive, and I think his desire to die is the great reason why he lives. He is no better, but in the utter prostration of body under which he suffers, his mind is yet active. Such is not usually the case in this disease. As I approached his bed this morning, he said to me: "You may think me very foolish, and perhaps mad, to utter the wish which you heard last night. I am ashamed of myself, doctor, but I have suffered so much—so much!"

"But you suffer no more than these thousand others, your fellows, whom like circumstances have subjected to the same fate," said I.

"Oh! you mistake me, doctor," he replied. "It is not this. It is not my confinement—I would not murmur if justice demanded chains and stripes. It is not this marble coldness of body, nor these cramps which rack my limbs like torture. Oh, no! It is none, nor all of these—it is that one crime—that deep disgrace to myself—the deeper disgrace to my religion. I am a fallen angel—and I fear I added the crime of murder to my other sin."

His effort and excitement overcame him, and I left him to the care of his nurses, with orders that he should be kept perfectly quiet. I am more and more impressed with the idea that he is worthy of more sympathy than the common felon.

5 o'clock P. M.—Nature, or constant application of efforts, has at length produced a slight change for the better. His eye is brighter, and the cold, marble-like feeling of his body has given place to a gentle warmth. The cramps have ceased, and on the whole his general symptoms are all more favorable. I think he may yet recover. I have therefore refused to hold any conversation with him for the present.

Monday, 12 o'clock.—My patient is decidedly better to-day, and since morning has made considerable improvement. I regard his case as one to strengthen my opinion that in this disease especially fear is a powerful exciting cause. His utter indifference to it has, I believe, done much to conquer it. I told him I thought he would now recover rapidly, and he replied: "And yet I cannot but feel a regret at the prospect. Were I free, it would be all the same, for death would certainly be preferable to this anguish under which I must forever live. How infinitely happy must they be who have never been guilty of actual, open crime against the laws. And yet, what man is he that sinneth not?"

I suggested to him that perhaps it might be of service to him to converse with the chaplain, who was a very kind and good man.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and I know all he would say to me. Yet, doctor, if I might venture to make a request, which of course I have no right to make, and your kindness in this place can scarcely sanction, it would be that I might have a little more solitude while I am sick. You smile as if you suspected some sinister designs. I assure you I have none. I only wish to have more opportunity of communing

with my own heart, than I can have, surrounded by so much misery that I can do nothing to alleviate, and which seems to remind me so strongly and so constantly of what I am."

The room now occupied as the hospital is the chapel, a room capable of seating about fifteen hundred persons. The seats have all been removed, and the whole area, below and above, is occupied by beds. I have had Morley removed to the extreme end of the south gallery, and a sort of small room made by surrounding his bed with blanket curtains. One of the small windows, closely barred, lets in the light over his head, and altogether it looks quite comfortable and cheerful. Morley is very thankful, and his eyes filled with tears as I stepped within the curtain after he was removed.

"God bless you for this, doctor!" said he. "I did not expect it. Your kindness makes me feel that all is not dark."

"Try," said I, "to open your own heart to a little light. You may yet be far happier than you now think."

"You do not know all, my dear sir," he replied. "If a man's guilt, and the consequent disgrace and misery, extended no farther than himself, he might harden his heart, or bury his sorrow out of sight. But it is not so. And mine has fallen like a mildew on one heart that was too pure and good for me, and I fear it broke. I do not feel so much for myself as for that one effect of my crime, and sometimes I think I shall go mad. I have such an agony here, in my forehead, and I want so to shrink down into some dark corner, and yield myself up to madness or gibbering idiocy. If I only knew that she were alive, and had forgotten me and my crime, that my curse had passed by her—but it cannot be, for she loved me to the last. Doctor, I have had a letter from her *here*—since I have been in prison, a convicted felon. I have preserved it, and I have it now; and all the vigilance of our argus-eyed keepers has not detected it through two long years. It told me she still loved me; and it is a canker eating into my heart, for I never read it but to feel how unworthy I am of that love."

This conversation has opened my eyes to a new feature in the character of my patient. But there is something—much still behind. It is no love, nor care for woman's love, that has made the burden of this man's sorrow. I shall seize upon the first opportunity to learn more. The fact of his having received a letter since

he was imprisoned, and preserving it till this time, shows how vain in many respects are all attempts to prohibit intercourse between men who work together. Indeed, all the convicts seem to be perfectly familiar with the news of the world without.

I tried to show Morley that the consequences of his crime, whatever that might be, were not to be alleviated by vain regret, and that in no case could there be cause for such unmitigated remorse. But he has so long accustomed himself to viewing it in his own way, that his strong mind has given a deeper hue to his guilt than even the strongest moral code confers. He will not allow that repentance should make the mind more quiet, viewing, as he does, the consequences as reaching to, and involving the happiness of others. "Nothing," he says, "can ever restore to them what my crime has taken from them." Such feelings of remorse as these must originate in a benevolent mind.

Tuesday morning.—Still improving, but an incident has occurred this morning which must exert a powerful influence upon him. We do meet, now and then, with strange coincidences, as they are called.

I had scarcely entered the hospital this morning before I was surprised by a visit from my young friend, the Rev. Mr. E—. Being in the neighborhood, with a fearlessness perfectly characteristic of his noble mind, he had come in to see me and my patients. Of course I was glad to see him, and after the first few words of kindly greeting and mutual inquiry, I took him with me in the morning round of the hospital. He had many questions to ask as we stood by the bedside of the various patients, and with his natural kindness and benevolence, he would often address a few words of hope or comfort to the sufferers. I left him thus occupied while I visited Morley. I had hardly finished my inquiries to him, and congratulated him on his improvement, before the curtain was drawn aside, and E— entered. The scene that ensued I shall not attempt to describe. I left them a few moments together, when E— again joined me. His face was expressive of the most profound grief, and his eyes showed that he had been weeping.

"It is very strange," said he. "I knew he was here, and had intended to inquire all about him; but meeting him so suddenly, and under such circumstances, quite unmanned me."

"I saw at once," I said, "that you knew him."

"Knew him! We were the nearest of friends from our boyhood. We grew up to manhood together; we studied together—I had almost said, out of the same books—the same through college. We were examined together and licensed at the same time, as *ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ*. Should I not know him? And he here!" he groaned aloud.

I did not interfere for a moment with this burst of feeling, but when he became more calm I told him of my interest in the man from the first, and of my conviction that he was no common person, though I knew nothing of his history.

"You must know it," he replied; "and if you say so, I will spend this evening with you, and we will talk about him. You may rest assured he is not a depraved man, and I never loved him as I do now, and I am certain he was never more worthy of it."

It is arranged that he should pass the evening in my little office adjoining the hospital; I shall then know something of the history of this singular man.

6 o'clock.—Morley has spent a restless day, and I have been fearful of a relapse. His interview of this morning agitated him greatly. This evening, however, he is more quiet and comfortable. If he pass a quiet night, I shall feel relieved of great anxiety.

10 o'clock.—N. B. I here enter as part of my journal, and as necessary to fill out the narrative I may one day write of this interesting individual, the history I have just listened to from the mouth of my friend E—.

"I told you this morning," he began, "that we grew up together from childhood. I knew every thought of his heart, as he did of mine. I told you we studied together. It was only our lessons, however, that we thus studied. His other studies he pursued alone, not because he did not choose to have me with him, but because he was immeasurably beyond me in the faculty or power of acquiring knowledge. He commenced in his mere boyhood with old scholars and writers of former times. He drank in knowledge as the earth drinks in the dews of heaven. It seemed the aliment of his soul; and, day and night, he read, and wrote, and thought, and listened to the lectures of learned men, and went away and pondered on them, till he had made their thoughts his own. He would thus have grown infinitely beyond my reach, had it not been that in the routine of recitations and the duties of the classes in

school and college, we were obliged to be together. But as it was, I early began to look up to him, and wonder at the difference there can be between two men.

"It was only in the pursuits of learning that he went beyond me. Our affection for each other remained the same, unchanged and unchanging through all the intercourse of years. It may be that we loved each other, as the strong and the weak mutually cling together, from innate conviction of dependence and support. We read together the poets of our own language, and from them we went to those of others, and he led me like a child, encouraging me when I faltered, putting words into my mouth when we talked of what we had read, filling my mind with great and stupendous imaginings, and thus moulding me more and more after himself.

"Such was our life at school and college. He mingled little with the sports of others, yet so much as never to be thought austere or cynical. He was esteemed by all, and no one felt aggrieved when he bore off the highest honors of his class. They belonged to him. He then commenced his studies preparatory to becoming a minister of Christ. Here, as a student, he relaxed not a particle of his ardor, while, through all his course, none was more exemplary as a Christian, none, I believe, more in heart one. It is this, I find from his conversation this morning, that gives the darkest hue to his crime, dark enough of itself—it is this that makes his remorse more keen.

"He became a preacher, and in the whole list of clergymen in the Presbyterian Church, with which he was connected, I know of none who gave more promise of great usefulness and popularity than Henry Morley. It is past. Henceforth he must be dead to the Church—to the world.

"From this time I saw little of him, but we kept up a constant intercourse by letters, and in them he was always the same as when we had been together. They were filled with the deep poetry of his imaginative soul, mingled with a stern devotion to the sacred office he had taken upon himself. The faith and hope of the Gospel shone resplendent in all he wrote, and I owe to him, more than to any other man, the clearness of my own views of Eternal Truth. I tell you, Dr. L—, there is no hypocrisy in him. He is now as sincere a Christian, I believe, as lives upon earth. It was wonderful how he fell.

"I must here recur to an early period of his life. While in college, in pursuance of his love of nature, he spent a large portion of his vacations in travelling on foot through various parts of the country. In one of his excursions he had wandered into a neighboring State, and on Saturday evening stopped at the house of a clergyman, who had been an old friend of his father's, and passed a week with him. Here commenced an acquaintance with the minister's daughter, Ellen B——, that ripened into the warmest and most sincere love. That love, all the sin and trials that have followed have not been able to efface, and I know that at this moment, were he free, Ellen though aware of his guilt is ready to become his wife. I saw her not many days ago, and, hearing I was to be in this neighborhood, she besought me to come and learn something of Henry. She would have written to him, but I knew it would not be allowed to reach him, and advised her not to do it. She did not sink and fade under the disgrace of being the betrothed bride of a convict, but has maintained a calm determination to await his release and then become his forever. But I must return to his history.

"As soon as he was licensed to preach, he received numerous calls to become the pastor of churches, and he fixed upon one in a beautiful village in the interior, whither he immediately repaired, and entered upon his duties, expecting soon to be married and take his wife to his pleasant new home. He had not been there however many weeks before, in an hour of sudden temptation, he committed the crime that brought him here. I cannot understand it, sir; he attempts to give no explanation of it. He had never seen the moment before when he would not have trampled on temptation, and especially to such a crime, which could not for one moment escape detection and disgrace; as easily as he could have crushed a worm. But to him it was the "hour and the power of darkness." He fell like a star from heaven. An hour had not passed before he was in the hands of the officers of the law. He did not resist—he did not deny the charge. He admitted it in all its aggravation, and from that moment his noble heart was bowed down in agony and remorse.

"Doctor, is it not true, that there are moments—perhaps mere instants—in the life of every man, when, if the tempter throws crime in his way, he cannot resist, but yields as if to the voice of doom? Is he deranged—crazy—luna-

tic? How fearful to be thus even for a single instant deserted of God.

"He sent for me. I found him in prison, waiting the form of trial, for he would not, and did not deny his crime. He wept like a child. He did not rave. There was no wildness, but a deep self-loathing—an overwhelming conviction of the disgrace he had brought upon his friends, upon Ellen, but oh! vastly more upon his Saviour, and the religion of which he was the minister. I spent the whole time with him till the trial. He was urged to plead for his acquittal. His friends—and he had not a few in that dark hour—wished to plead sudden derangement. He refused. He would not shrink from the punishment due to *his* crime as much as to any others, though he could not comprehend how he had been led to do it. He offered no extenuation and was sentenced.

"He was then more calm. He had entered upon the expiation of his guilt, as far as men were concerned. He now wished me to go and see Ellen and offer her what consolation I could, and gave me a letter to her, in which he confessed all his guilt—related minutely every circumstance of it, but did not palliate it in the least. He knew that he had now become separated at an immeasurable distance from her innocent love, and yet all this did not give him the agony that he felt when he reflected on the disgrace he had entailed on her. The rest of the letter was filled with the deepest self-loathing and remorse.

"I came with him to this place, and saw him within the doors, and then went on the sad errand with which he had entrusted me. Ellen had heard all before—but with utter incredulity; and now, when she read the confession" from his own hand, she did not blush at his memory, but said to me, as she looked up through her tears: 'He is not guilty to this heart, sir. He does not know me, if he thinks I can be thus estranged.'

"She was as noble in soul as she was beautiful. She was in need of no consolation from me. That letter, sir, I believe she answered. She heard of a criminal being sentenced to this prison soon after, and went to him and told her tale in such a way as melted the man's heart. Whether he ever delivered it I do not know. I presume not.

"You have now the history of the man—my friend—my more than friend—my brother. You can little conceive my joy this morning when the first shock of meeting him had passed

at being able to converse with him. I told him in few words of Ellen's faithfulness, and where she was living, not many miles from this place, and that strong efforts were being made to procure his release. I know not whether his were tears of joy or sorrow. I think, however, they will produce a change in his thoughts, and perhaps for the better. They may open his heart to more of hope."

I have abridged, considerably, the account given by my friend E—; but it is substantially his, and has of course not diminished my interest in Morley. I may be able to render him some aid in the efforts his friends are now making in his behalf.

Wednesday morning.—I waited for E— this morning before going my rounds, as I wished to give him another opportunity of seeing Morley. We found him much better—quite cheerful, and a good deal more resigned to life, though he does not say so very vehemently.

From this time I find little worth noticing, in my journal, of this individual, as new cases of great violence of attack rapidly increased, and he was gradually convalescing. On the morning succeeding the night of the terrific thunder-storm which I have before mentioned, however, I find the following entry :

"Morley is gone. Last night, in the midst of a most terrific thunder-storm he made his escape, from the hospital, through a window where the bars had been a little bent, by letting himself down by his bedclothes. The whole country has been scoured since an early hour, but nothing can be heard or seen of him. In such a night and in so feeble a state he must have perished. So ends the history of this singular man. His escape is the more unfortunate, inasmuch as his pardon arrived this morning."

I immediately communicated these facts to E—, whose distress was intense. But as he was on the eve of departing for New York, where the cholera had ceased, I saw no more of him for years. In a few days, the hospital was clear, and not being any longer needed I took my leave, and thus closed my acquaintance with prisons and Cholera Asphyxia.

* * * * *

After spending about three years in the practice of my profession in one of the pleasantest villages in the interior of Connecticut, the mania, so prevalent about that period, for speculating in wild lands, seized me also, and resigning my business, I migrated to one of the

western States. But soon becoming disgusted with the gambling operations of speculators, and being yet a single man and not tied down with a family, I went farther south. There I fixed upon a residence, where I afterwards spent many happy years. It was soon known that I was a physician, and although I had not intended to follow my profession, I received occasionally a call to see some one who was sick.

It was only a few days after my settlement there, when a messenger came for me to go a few miles into the country, to see a child of the Rev. Mr. A—r, who had been severely injured by a fall. More for the sake of making what might be a valuable acquaintance, than for any other reason, I immediately set out.

The roads in that region are always bad, and at that season of the year worse than at any other time, so that my progress was slow and toilsome. I at length reached the place, though it was considerably after dark. Giving my horse to the servant, I approached the house, whence I distinctly heard the moans of the little sufferer. I paused a moment before an open window, to observe the group within. The beautiful mother held in her lap a child, as beautiful as herself, apparently about two years old, and evidently in great pain. A man, who seemed the father, stood with his back towards me, and looking with earnestness on the sick child. Suddenly he turned. Could it be possible? Henry Morley stood before me! I could not be mistaken. I hastily entered the room, and in a moment our hands were locked in warm recognition. The child was soon relieved, and then I ventured to make my inquiries. They were soon answered.

The night of his escape, he had found his way through the storm to the place where E— had told him Ellen was to be found. There, it need not be told, he found a heart ready to receive him. Under the ministering care of his happy Ellen he soon recovered. They heard the report of his escape and probable death, and did not contradict it. On his perfect recovery they were married, and immediately came to this retired place, where I was the first of their old acquaintances who had found them, except their devoted friend E—, to whom they communicated all their movements, and who had once visited them.

Under the name of A—r, he had resumed his clerical office, and devoted himself warmly to the good of the people.

RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.*

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

It is said that Webster had scarcely arrived in London, before he ordered a carriage and drove to the Tower. There is probably no building in the world so fraught with history, and around which cluster so many and varied associations as this. Kings have held their courts there, and there, too, lain in chains. Queens, princes, nobles, and menials, have by turns occupied its gloomy dungeons. The shout of revelry, triumphant strains of music, and groans of the dying, and shrieks of murdered victims, have successively and together made its massive walls ring. Every stone in that gray old structure has a history to tell—it stands the grand and gloomy treasure-house of England's feudal and military glory. Centuries have come and gone, whole dynasties disappeared, and yet that old tower still rises in its strength. It has seen old monarchies crumble to pieces and new ones rise—the feeble town become the gorgeous and far extending city—the Roman galley give place to the fleets of commerce—the heavy-armed knight, with his hauberk and helmet and shield, disappear before the cabman and omnibus driver of London. The pomp and glory of knightly days have vanished before the spirit of trade and the thirst for gain. The living tide rolls like the sea around it; yet there it stands, silent yet eloquent—unwasted by time, unchanged by the changes that destroy or modify all things human. It has a double effect, standing as it does amid modern improvements.

The moment one crosses the ditch and passes under the gloomy arch, he seems in another world—breathing a different atmosphere, surrounded by new associations, and hurried back, as by the spell of an enchanter, to remote antiquity. We seem to be conversing with a new race, living in another world,

and watching the progress of a different life. All the armor ever worn in ancient days—every instrument of torture or of death, used in the dark ages—crowns and sceptres and jewels are gathered here with a prodigality that astonishes the beholder.

We enter by the "Lyons' Gate," and crossing what was once occupied as the royal menagerie, pass to the Middle Tower, near which is the Bell Tower, where hangs the alarm-bell, whose toll is seldom heard.

Here John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned for refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII., and afterwards executed. A little farther on is the "Traitor's Gate," and near by, the Bloody Tower, where it is said the two princes—nephews of Richard III.—were suffocated by their uncle. The armory is mostly gone, having been destroyed in the conflagration which took place a few years ago. But here is the Horse Armory, a hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty-three wide, with a line of equestrian figures, as if in battle array, stretching through the centre. A banner is over the head of each—the ceiling is covered with arms and accoutrements—the walls with armor and figures of ancient warriors; and over all rest the dust and rust of time. That row of twenty-two horsemen, large as life, armed to the teeth, with helmet and cuirass and breastplate and coats of mail, and lances and swords and battle-axes and shields, sitting grim and silent there, is a sight one will not easily forget. They seem ready to charge on the foe, and their attitude and aspect are so fierce, that one almost trembles to walk in front of the steeds.

But pass along these dusty kings and knights of old. Here sits Edward I., of 1272, clad in mail worn in the time of the cru-

sades, and bearing a shield in his left hand. So, haughty king, thou didst look when the brave and gallant Wallace lay a prisoner in these dungeons, from whence he was dragged by thy order, tied to the tails of horses, and quartered and torn asunder with fiendish cruelty.

Next to the tyrant and brute sits Henry VI., who, too feeble to rule the turbulent times, became the inmate of a dungeon here, and was one night darkly murdered in his cell. Gay Edward IV., in his dashing armor we pass by, for here sits an ancient knight in a suit of ribbed mail, with ear-guards to his helmet and rondelles for the arm-pits, and altogether one of the finest suits of armor in the world. Beside him is another knight, his horse clad in complete armor, and a battle-axe hanging at the saddle-bow. Beware, you are crowding against the horse of old Henry VIII. That is the very armor the bloody monarch wore. His relentless hand has grasped that short sword, and around his brutal form that very belt once passed, and beneath that solid breast-plate his wild and ferocious heart did beat. Horse and horseman are clad in steel from head to heel; and as I gazed on him there, I wanted to whisper in his ears the names of his murdered wives. Here all the pomp of royal magnificence honored the nuptials of Anne Boleyn, and here, three years after, she lay a prisoner—the beautiful, the honored and rejected—and wrote from her dungeon to her relentless lord, saying:

“Let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, when not so much as a thought thereof, ever proceeded * * * Try me, good king, but let me have a lawfull tryall; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges, yea, let me receive an open tryall, for my truth shall fear no open shames * * * But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincipally and cruel usage of me at his general judgment-seat, where both you and me myself, must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not, (whatsoever the world may think of me,) mine innocence shall be openly recorded and sufficiently cleared.

From my dolefull prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.

Your most loyall and ever faithful wife,
ANNE BOLEYN.

It availed not proud, king, and that beautiful

neck was severed at thy command; but at that dread judgment to which she summons thee, her tremulous voice—lost here on earth in the whirlwind of passion—shall be to thy ear louder than a peal of thunder. Katharine Howard is another swift witness; last, though not least, the Countess of Salisbury. This high-spirited woman, though seventy years of age, was condemned to death for treason. When brought out for execution, she refused to place her head on the block, declaring she was no traitress, and the executioner followed her around on the scaffold, striking at her hoary head with his axe until she fell. But I will not dwell on these separate figures. As I looked on this long line of kings sitting motionless on their motionless steeds, the sinewy hand strained over the battle-axe, the identical sword they wielded centuries ago flashing on my sight, and the very spurs on their heels that were once driven into their war steeds as they thundered over the battle plain, the plumes seemed to wave before my eyes, and the shout of kings to roll through the arches. The hand grasping the reins on the horses' necks seemed a *live* hand, and the clash of the sword, the shield, and the battle-axe, and the mailed armor, rung in my ear. I looked again, and the dream was dispelled. Motionless as the walls around them they sat, mere effigies of the past. Yet how significant! Each figure there was a history, and all monuments of England's glory as she was. At the farther end of the adjoining room sat a solitary “crusader on his barbed horse, said to be 700 years old.” Stern old grim figure! on the very trappings of thy steed, and on that thick plaited mail, has flashed the sun of Palestine. Thou didst stand perchance with that gallant host led on by the wondrous hermit, on the last hill that overlooked Jerusalem, and when the Holy City was seen lying like a beautiful vision below, glittering in the soft light of an eastern sunset, that flooded Mount Moriah, Mount Zion, and Mount Olivet, with its garden of suffering, and more than all, Mount Calvary, the voice from out that visor did go up with the mighty murmur of the bannered host, “*Jerusalem, Jerusalem!*” On that very helmet perchance has the scimitar broke, and from that mailed breast the spear of the Infidel rebounded. Methinks I hear thy battle shout, “*To the rescue!*” as thy gallant steed is borne into the thickest of the fight, where thy brave brethren are struggling for the Cross and the Sepulchre.

But crusades and crusaders are well nigh

forgotten. For centuries the dust of the desert has drifted over the bones of the chivalry of Europe. The Arab still spurs his steed through the forsaken streets of ancient Jerusalem, and the Muezzin's voice rings over the sepulchre of the Saviour.*

But let these grim figures pass. Here is the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh lay a prisoner. By his gross flatteries he had won the favor of Elizabeth, who lavished honors upon him until she at length discovered his amour with the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton. Her rage then knew no bounds and was worthy of her character, and she cast the luckless, accomplished courtier into the Tower. Up and down this very stone floor he has paced day after day, pondering on the sad change that has befallen him, and sighing heavily for the splendor and luxury he has lost. He did not, however, despair; he knew too well the weakness of his termagant mistress, and so one day as he saw from that window the queen's barge passing by, he threw himself into a paroxysm of passion, and in his ravings besought the jailer to let him go forth in disguise and get but one look of his dear mistress. His request being refused, he fell upon the keeper, and finally drew his dagger. Good care was taken that this extraordinary mad fit should be reported to Elizabeth. Raleigh followed up the news with a well-timed letter, which so won upon the vixen that she liberated him. Said he, in this rare

* I would say, by way of precaution, that though the above two paragraphs may have been seen by some in a work not written by me, they are still mine, and not another's.

epistle: "My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in so many journeys, and am now left behind in a dark prison, all alone. While she was yet near at hand that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less, but even now my heart is cast into the depth of misery. I that was wont to behold her *riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure face like a nymph—sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus.* Behold the sorrows of this world once amiss, hath bereaved me of all, &c.

Elizabeth was at this time *sixty years old*, ugly as death's head, and yet the foolish old thing swallowed it all. Her tiger heart relented and she released her cunning lover.

It seems strange that a woman of her strength of intellect could have a weakness so perfectly ridiculous and childlike. But flattery was never too gross for her, and Raleigh knew it. He had often filled her royal ear with such nonsense before, and seen her wrinkled face relax into a smile of tenderness—comical from its very ugliness. So goes the world; every man has his weak side, and the strongest character is assailable in some one direction. Pride, or vanity, or envy, or covetousness, or passion, furnish an inlet to the citadel, and it falls.

I may yet refer to the Tower again, for its walls are eloquent of the past.

THE OLD BRICK-CHURCH-YARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION."

My garret window looks out upon the old Brick-Church-yard. Seven years ago, when I first climbed into this fifth story, an old board fence was around it, and the gray stones, thick-set within, marked the crowded graves of the fathers who built this venerable church, and dedicated it to the worship of God. Four or five years ago, a neat iron railing was set to guard the sacred enclosure; the falling-tomb-

stones were taken up and laid in rows, flat upon the ground, with their inscriptions upward, telling that somewhere in those parts the men whose names they wear are buried.

This was a decided improvement, and it alters the face of things materially—so much so that a passer by might stop and inquire if this were indeed the veritable spot that in early years was the up-town and almost out-of-town

burial-place. But there is the old stone tablet over the door, bearing the venerable record,

A Presbyterian Church,

ERECTED

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1767.

And there stand the walls, time-honored and sacred: the hammer of the Goth hath not yet smote the sanctuary. How soon it may be the prey of modern avarice, none may know.

Just now I heard the sound of a shovel on the stones, and looking out of my window I saw a man among the tombs, clearing off the rubbish that the winter had gathered on the prostrate stones, and he was now making the inscriptions legible by a process more summary than Old Mortality pursued when he dug out the letters with his chisel. It struck me as a very foolish work the man was about, if he means to restore those records so that the names will be read and remembered. It is too late for those people. They had their day; good men and true they were, and their names ought to be held in lasting memory; they built this Brick Church, and founded this noble congregation, that stands its ground manfully, while one after another of its neighbors is travelling upward—that is to say, toward the upper part of the city. But the men who slumber in the old yard are forgotten, or will be soon, and these stones that are still fresh and sound will crumble, and perhaps the very ground in which the bones are crumbling, will be desecrated by the march of modern improvement, and be compelled to give up its dead before the trumpet's call.

It has been so with others; and it is not a little strange that the old Brick stands yet. Mammon has his greedy eye on it, and would be glad to set up an altar in the midst of these hallowed courts. I believe the god did make proposals to the Trustees a few years ago, and holding out a bag of dollars, said, "All these will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me;" but the Board of Trust was true, and Mammon went away, and made a bargain elsewhere.

But he will come back again and buy them out—not now; the present generation will not trade away the bones of their fathers, but the next will, and this sacred spot, right here in the heart of the city, a silent, solemn lesson for men to read and think of as they rush along to or from Wall street, will be covered with

stores, and nobody will dream that the dead are here.

In that corner, the nearest to Nassau, is a large square stone that has been a rostrum for preaching. A crazy carman was in the habit of holding forth daily to crowds in the street, and the police interfered, so that he was prevented from preaching *in the streets*, as it was contrary to the statute. The man climbed the iron railing, and on the monument in the corner, with the neat rail in front of him, declaimed to the gaping multitude, who heard him with more attention and in greater numbers, now that he had found a holy spot to stand on. There was something rather startling in the sight of a man holding forth from the top of a grave-stone; it was literally a voice from the tombs, and it told somewhat on the hurrying multitude; there being no law against *hearing* in the streets, but only against preaching, the congregation could not be disturbed, nor the noisy speaker. I used to throw up my window and listen to the strong tones of his stentorian voice rising above the murmur of the crowd, and the scene was at times a study for a thinking man. There were the dead in the yard, and the living in the street, only a fence between them—only a step between them—and those outside, all, all would soon be as the others, and like them forgotten. The carman-exhorter has not been this way lately, and I do not know what has become of him. Perhaps, most likely, he has joined the *silent* assembly!

But I hear the shovel again on the stones. The man is hard at work, and now a long row of stones are cleared, and they tell to heaven, for they cannot be read but by looking down, that there were men and women here fifty or a hundred years ago, and that is the deepest interest they impart to the great majority who will ever cast an eye upon them. Yet it is a sacred duty, and the men are to be honored, who guard this spot with such holy diligence and care. Keep off the Vandals of modern speculation as long as possible. If needs be, tie up posterity to the trust, in such legal perplexities that they can never safely alienate this consecrated ground. I love the old word for grave-yard, "God's ACRE." It speaks to the soul. The dead are his. Blessed are they who die in him. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Their dust is precious in his sight. He watches it, and will call it up.

THE
LONDON
PUBLISHED
BY
W. H. YOUNGER
AND
SONS,
15, NASSAU ST. N.Y.



Engraved by W. H. Tucker

“When t' e great Archangel shakes the creation,
Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,”

these stones will heave, and these buried will come forth. What an uprising then! Let them sleep till then, I pray, in His name, who *alone* is the resurrection and the life.

Seeing this man at work reminds me of the grave-yard where my forefathers lie. It is on a hill, in the midst of a rural village, from almost any part of which you can see the resting-place of those who once walked the streets and lived in the houses that are now tenanted by others. In the time of the Revolutionary war, a detachment of the British forces took up their quarters in this burial-ground: they tore up the grave-stones and used them for oven-bottoms; sweeping them out after they were heated, and then placing their bread to be baked on the smooth stones, and when the

loaves came out, they bore the reversed inscriptions of the stones, somewhat in this style, YROMEM EHT OT DERCAS, &c. The colonel pitched his tent directly at the head of my grandfather's grave, and gave as his reason for selecting that spot, that he wanted to tread on the old rebel every time he stepped out. The old gentleman was an ardent patriot, and by his voice and pen had roused a spirit of stern resistance to tyranny in the people among whom he lived; and hence the spite which the British officer cherished, when he found that a sudden death had placed the bones of a brave man within reach of his insults. It is easy to throw stones at a dead lion, or even to talk boldly when your enemy is six feet under ground.

But that man is still at work with his shovel, and I will step over while the gate is open, and scrape from those stones some reminiscences for the Magazine.

SPRING.

BY EDWARD F. COLERICK.

SPRING, bright Spring hath returned again;
Old Winter hath gone afar,
To his home away in the northern sphere,
'Neath the ray of the polar star.

Again she hath unsealed the fountain,
Again set the rivulets free;
And gently they murmur o'er the earth,
Sweetly singing of Liberty.

Her genial ray hath again recalled
Fair Flora's beautiful train,
To scent the breath of the dewy morn,
And smile on the earth again.

Her bright smile hath again called forth
The squirrel and the bee,
From the recess of their wintry homes,
To join in the jubilee.

The balmy breath of the sunny South
Comes whispering o'er the lea—
The birds are warbling their merry notes,
Away in the greenwood free.

Once more is the violet creeping
On the bank of the silvery stream,
Where the finny tribes are darting about,
As they wake from their wintry dream.

The children are sporting on the green,
The robin is building her nest,
The butterfly floats in the sylvan wild—
All nature is happy and blest.

But alas! how soon will Spring depart,
With all the joys she's given—
Eternal Spring and endless joys,
Are only found in Heaven.

NOVEL WRITERS ABROAD

AND

NOVEL READERS AT HOME.

AMONG the wise and the good, there are now two large classes, each holding widely different opinions respecting the novels which are most current at the present day. One class receive, without hesitation, all the issues of the press, in the shape of light literature, provided only that they are genteel and fashionable. They decide upon the merits of their literature, very much as they do upon the fitness of an article of their wardrobe. The question with them is not whether this thing or that thing is tasteful, becoming, desirable in itself, but whether it has received the approbation of the leaders in the world of fashion. For such it is sufficient to know that a novel has been published by some respectable house, and that it has, orderly and legitimately, found its way into good society. The least we can say of such men is, that they have a most defective and dangerous standard of judgment; and in multitudes of cases, probably that is the most we ought to say.

Another class, with as little discrimination, have taken the other extreme, and proscribe, without ceremony, every thing in the department of fiction. This, it is true, is very natural. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that virtuous, intelligent, thinking people, with their eye upon the evil accomplished by modern romances, should decide—adopting the principle which has wrought such miracles in another branch of reform—upon total abstinence from all literary productions, which wear not the garb of sober fact, considering every thing fictitious as necessarily intoxicating and poisonous. Their notions, however, in our view, are plainly too radical, and are the result rather of prejudice than of discriminating and unbiassed judgment.

The true position, we conceive, lies between these two extremes. Fictitious literature is a blessing or a curse according to the moral and social impress which it bears. It is one of the most efficient modes of conveying both good and evil to the mind and the heart. It is, indeed, a most dangerous engine in the hands of wicked men. But it can be wielded with the happiest results by writers who have caught

the inspiration of morality and piety, as well as profound learning and brilliant genius. Our Saviour used, not unfrequently, to take advantage of this mode of instruction; and no one needs to be told, that some of the most beautiful and impressive sentiments that fell from his lips and are left on record for us, are in the form of parables, or allegories.

But it is no part of our purpose, at present, to discuss this point. Nor shall we attempt to draw the precise line between those works of fiction which are either positively happy in their influence, or are simply negatively innocent, (if such a thing is possible,) on the one hand, and those which have a tendency to dissipate the mind and poison the affections, on the other hand. We wish rather to draw attention to the fact, which is gradually becoming more palpable and alarming to us, that romances of the baser class find their way more readily to the firesides of the virtuous, Christian family, than formerly—that there is a growing insensibility in the community, to the evil influence of this species of literature—that works of fiction of a tone of morals formerly proscribed in intelligent, virtuous families, have now free ingress there, or, at least, are admitted and tolerated, with little of the appearance and less of the strictness of quarantine. From the era of Walter Scott, we think there is discoverable a downward tendency in the morality of fashionable novels; and it grieves us to concede, as we are compelled to do, that the wave of foreign literature, which bears on its bosom blight and death wherever it rolls, is making some advances in the domestic sanctuaries of those who, in other respects, sustain a high character for moral principle and active piety, and who would lose a right arm rather than knowingly yield an inch to the genius of vice. We can scarcely be mistaken in our fears. It must be so. How otherwise are we to interpret the kind apologies for the most dangerous, though most fashionable novels of the French school, which we now so often hear from the lips of men and women, who, we have been fain to

believe, are governed by religious principle? Why, it seems to be necessary, not unfrequently—strange enough, after all that has been said—it seems to be necessary to go back to first principles, and gravely to debate the question with thinking, reasoning, virtuous, Christian readers, whether Eugene Sue's romances may not, on the whole, do more good than mischief! The political, perhaps the philosophical notions they inculcate, are many of them represented to be sound and worthy of respect; and so we are called upon to consider whether these acknowledged excellences, in some portions of a novel, may not counterbalance the conceded vicious influences of the rest! Just as if a work, when weighed in the balances, might be admitted to be a companion for our sons and daughters, according to its aggregate of sound politics and philosophy, when it is acknowledged that its influence is most harmful upon the heart.

A rapid glance at the history, for the last half century, of the light literature current in the families of Anglo-American Christians, particularly that department which may be classed under the head of romance, must satisfy every one that in its moral tone, there has been a lamentable deterioration, and that, among the class, who, of all others, might be expected to be most solicitous for the morals of their families, there has been a yielding of ground.

How was it, for instance, in the latter portion of the last century? What was the character, then, of the works of fiction which were prepared for virtuous readers in England and America? The sewers of iniquity in France did indeed, at one period, force their turbid, deadly waters across the British channel, and thence some drops found their way to this country. But aside from these issues, which had a brief popularity among Christians (nominally such) in this country, we look in vain for the poisonous works which have obtained such a currency in these days. In the age of Johnson, we venture to say, it would have been a very difficult matter to find a book, inculcating the morals (if that term is not a misnomer) of "Eugene Aram," to say nothing of the "Mysterries of Paris," in the hands of strictly moral young men and women. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that a serpent would have been received with as much cordiality in the domestic circle of such men as Wilberforce, and Newton, and Cowper, as either of these literary excrescences. The works of fiction which were then found upon the tables of pious fami-

lies were what they professed to be—teachers of a pure morality, if not preceptors of genuine, spiritual religion; and thousands and tens of thousands of youth were made better by wholesome truths conveyed in this manner. Before a virtuous parent admitted a novel into the bosom of his family, we are warranted in believing that he ascertained what was the character of its author, and assured himself of its innocence at least, if not of its positive healthful influence. What a contrast do our modern novels present, to the tales which were then, after a rigid censorship, admitted to the social circle of those who professed to be governed by the principles of the religion of Christ!

Compare Hannah More's "Cœlebs" with one of the most unexceptionable novels of the present day, and what a striking contrast is presented. The distinguished writer of that fiction, which obtained such universal celebrity among all classes in England and America, aimed in this, as in all her efforts, particularly those of her latter years, to elevate, refine and bless, as well as to amuse and entertain. She infused into the creations of her imagination the leaven of virtue and religion. Nor was it that false virtue which strains at a gnat and swallows a camel; or that counterfeit, sentimental, mawkish religion, which expends its energies in buds and blossoms, and yields no fruit, ripe and heavenly. When we rise from the reading of such a book as this of hers, we feel that our precious time has not been wasted—that our passions have not been inflamed—but while we have been interested and instructed, a hallowed spirit has been breathed into the soul. We are conscious that the tendency of the whole is to make us better, and we pray that its legitimate influence may never be lost. The most popular novels now before the American public, and which are smiled into favor to some extent by American Christians, possess a character widely different. The least we can say of them is, that they enervate the intellect, deprave the imagination, inflame the appetites and grosser animal propensities, poison the affections, harden the heart.

Take another example from Oliver Goldsmith. What is the moral character and influence of the "Vicar of Wakefield," for instance? The sole end and aim of the author of this book would seem to be, to induce a love for all the Christian virtues in the family where it is a visitor. Call that pleasant fiction a novel, call it a romance, a love-story, a moral tale—it

matters not by what name you designate it—the moral lessons it teaches accord with the spirit and tenor of the teaching of Christ. True, it is destitute of all modern extravagance. It has some piety—*cant*, it would be called by some, whose religion is cold as a polar iceberg—in its pages. *Love* is not caricatured there. The domestic and social affections, unstained and pure, are naturally and symmetrically, as well as ingeniously portrayed. No false, exaggerated views of human nature are delineated, unless, indeed, they are held up to ridicule or indignation. No insinuation is introduced, unfavorable to virtue and spirituality—no half-careless, half-unmeaning remark, calculated to bring a blush on the brow of purity.

To a great extent, the same is true of the fictitious works of Dr. Johnson. We are far from approving, unqualifiedly, all he ever wrote. We never heard of but one man who could do this; and he, we believe, has gained no enviable fame by doing it. Johnson was a great man, with many littlenesses—a shrewd man, with many palpable errors of judgment—a strong man, with much imbecility. We think he was unduly severe, often greatly and culpably unjust, as a critic. Moreover, we have never had a very exalted notion of the doctor's peculiar stamp of piety. He seems to have been a religious man; but his religion often evaporated in rhapsodies about the mere washing of the outside of the cup and platter—too often, to suit our own individual taste. Still he was a rigid moralist; and the creations of his giant intellect, in the shape of fiction, admit of no censure on the score of morality and virtue. If they do not tend to raise the soul toward heaven, they do not draw it down toward the pit.

These, and such as these, were the novels, or (if that word is here inadmissible) the fictitious writings, which obtained currency among moral and professedly religious people, in the latter part of the last century, to the exclusion, almost entirely, of a class of lax morality, tending to make the heart worse instead of better.

Then came the reign of Sir Walter Scott—along the *Great Unknown*—since, in the opinion of many, too well known. It is not our purpose to attempt a *critique* of the productions of this great genius—the greatest and most brilliant in his department of literary effort the world has ever seen. We think he has been too enthusiastically extolled, and too radically and unceremoniously condemned. This much we may say in passing, however, that, though

the reader will find, throughout these novels, many excellent moral sentiments—though he will seldom, if ever, come in contact with any thing of a positively vicious and corrupting tendency—he will need the lamp of Diogenes to find in these pages any approbation of the religion of the heart, *unless that religion be cast in the author's favorite mould.*

We intended, however, only to mention Scott, as the master, or rather the founder, of a new school of novelists—as a sort of connecting link between such writers as Goldsmith and Hannah More, in the last century, and Bulwer and his more shameless and unblushing fellow-laborers, in this. The star of Sir Walter Scott had no sooner set beneath the horizon, than innumerable luminaries of less magnitude appeared—too many of them false lights, tending to lead the soul away from virtue, purity, and heaven.

We trust we shall not be misunderstood. We do not charge this great genius with being the willing cause—he was rather the innocent occasion—of this constellation of novels, which could so well have been spared. We believe that there has been an adulteration in the coining of our light literature—that part of it, at least, which has currency in virtuous and pious families—and we wish to show that it has been adulterated, and to trace the causes by which this debasing process has been effected. What a fall has there been, in a few brief years, from Scott to Sue! *Facilis descensus*, indeed! If, however, our modern fashionable romances, whether of the Anglo-Saxon or French school, were confined to the circle of libertines and infidels, whose attachment for the theatre is stronger than for the house of God, we might, with some show of reason, be silent. But knowing as we do, that they are endorsed practically with the signature of those who occupy the ranks of virtue and religion, and that, in many instances, they—the genii of such men as Bulwer and Sue—are allowed to be the guardian angels in the chamber of the young, long after the evening orisons of the family have gone up to Heaven, it were a crime to be dumb. Christian parent! as you watch, with a parent's pride, the development of some fair flower in the cherished garden of the domestic circle, take care that there is not a worm at the root—an insidious, stealthy foe to the peace and purity, the beauty and glory, of that flower—which will check its healthful growth, consume its vitality, and prostrate its fair form in the dust!

THE BROTHER'S FAREWELL.

BY REV. FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

“Thy rest is won, sweet sister!—praise for this!”—HEMANS.

DEAD! art thou dead?
Loved one! dost thou not listen to my blessing?
Canst thou not feel a brother's fond caressing?
Has thy soul fled?

Oh, have I now
No sister?—Yet thy spirit seems to linger,
For death has left few traces of his finger
On thy fair brow.

Alas, how soon
The things of earth we love most fondly perish!
Why died the flower our hearts had learned to cherish,
Why, ere 'twas noon?

I cannot tell—
But though the gloomy grave be now her dwelling,
And though my chastened heart with grief is swelling,
I know 'tis well.

'Tis well with thee—
'Tis well with thee, thou pale and silent sleeper!
Though I am left, a sad and lonely weeper,
Alas for me!

How sweet the smile
I saw, when we love's last office paid thee—
Methought thy spirit blessed us, as we laid thee
To rest awhile.

'Tis well for me—
'Tis well—my home, since thou art there, is dearer—
The grave is welcome, if it bring me nearer
To heaven and thee.

I'll not repine—
No, blest one! thou art happier than thy brother;
I'll think of thee, as with my angel mother,
Sweet sister mine.

I'll check this tear—
'Tis sweet to my sad heart, with sorrow riven,
To think that thou wilt come to me from heaven,
And bless me here.

Still would I share
 Thy love, and meet thee where the flowers are springing,
 Where the wild bird his joyous notes is singing—
 Come to me there.

O come again,
 At the still hour, the holy hour of even,
 Ere one pale star has gemmed the vault of heaven--
 Come to me then.

I shall not dwell
 Long in this stormy world, so full of weeping—
 Soon shall I sleep where thou art calmly sleeping.
 Sister, farewell!

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE battle of Monmouth was not only one of the most important battles of the Revolution, from the new views it gave the officers and nation of the value of discipline, but it also clearly illustrates the character of Washington.

THE English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing through New Jersey, on its way to New York. The whole country was filled with the marching columns—the baggage-train alone stretching *twelve miles along the road*. On the rear of this army, in order to cut it and the baggage-train from the main body, Washington determined to fall, and sent forward five thousand men to commence the attack. The command of this belonged to Lee, but he refusing to accept it, it was given to Lafayette. The former, however, thinking it would have an ugly look, to decline serving in such an important battle as this promised to be, changed his mind and asked for the post assigned him, which was generously granted by Lafayette. The morning of the 28th of June, was one of the sultriest of the year; yet at an early hour, Lee, who was but five miles from Monmouth, where the British army had encamped that night, put his troops in motion. Pushing rapidly on, through the broken and wooded country, he at length emerged on the plain of Monmouth, which, like that of Marengo, seemed made on

purpose for a battle-field. Forming his men in the woods, to conceal them from the enemy, he and Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre, and lo! all the ample plain below them was dark with the moving masses. To the stirring sound of music, the steady columns of the grenadiers moved sternly forward, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight, while far as the eye could reach, followed after the immense train—horses and wagons toiling through the sand and filling the air with dust.

Wayne descended like a torrent upon this line of march, and soon the sharp rattle of musketry, and roar of cannon, and heavy smoke, told where he was pouring his troops to the charge. Lee, in the mean time, with the rest of his division, took a circuitous march to fall on the head of the corps with which Wayne was engaged, when he learned that the whole British army had wheeled about and was hurrying back to protect the rear. That plain then presented a magnificent appearance. Far away the cloud of horses and wagons was seen hurrying from the field, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell, one after another, in the order of battle—the artillery opened like a sudden conflagration on the plain—the cavalry went dashing forward to the charge, and amid the pealing of trumpets, unrolling of standards, and shouts of men, the battle commenced.

But at this moment, Lee, who had not expected to meet a strong force, and not liking to have a heavy battle thrown on him, with a morass in his rear, ordered a retreat; and the brave Wayne, grinding his teeth in rage, was compelled to fall back, and came very near being cut off in the attempt. Across the morass, and over the broken country, the division kept retreating, with the victorious columns of the British in full pursuit.

In the mean time Washington, ignorant of this shameful retreat, was marching up with the other division of the army. As the sound of the first cannonade broke dull and heavy over the woods, the troops were hurried forward, and the soldiers, eager for the encounter, threw aside their knapsacks, and many of them their coats, and with shouts pressed rapidly on. It was a terrible day—the thermometer stood at *ninety-six*—and as that sweltering army toiled through the sand and dust, many sunk in their footsteps overpowered by the heat. Washington had dismounted where two roads met, and stood with his arm thrown over the neck of his white steed that was reeking with sweat, listening to the cannonading in the distance, and watching his eager columns as they swept along the road. Far in advance, he heard the thunder of artillery that was mowing down his ranks, while before him fluttered the flag of his country, soon also to be enveloped in the smoke of battle. A shade of anxiety was seen on that calm, noble countenance; but the next moment it grew dark as wrath. A horseman, bursting into his presence, cried out that Lee was in full retreat, bearing down with his divided ranks, full on his own advancing columns. The expression of his face at that moment was dreadful, and with a burst of indignation that startled those around him, he sprang to the saddle and, plunging the rowels in his steed, launched like a thunderbolt away. A cloud of dust alone told where he and his suite sped onward, and those who looked on him then, with his usually pale face flushed, and his blue eye emitting fire, knew that a storm was soon to burst somewhere. He swept in a headlong gallop up to the van of the retreating army, and the moment his white horse was seen, the brave fellows, who had not been half beaten, sent up a shout that was heard the whole length of the lines, and "*Long live Washington,*" rent the air. Flinging a hasty inquiry to Osgood, as to the reason of this retreat, who replied, with a terrible oath, "*Sir, we are fleeing*

from a shadow;" he galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a face of fearful expression, and thundered in his ear, as he leaned over his saddle-bow, "*Sir, I desire to know what is the reason and whence arises this disorder and confusion.*" It was not the words, but the smothered tone of passion in which they were uttered, and the manner which was severe as a blow, that made this rebuke so terrible. Wheeling his steed he spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiment, saying, "On you I depend, to check this pursuit;" and riding along the ranks he roused their courage to the highest pitch by his stirring appeals, while that glorious shout of "*Long live Washington,*" again shook the field. The sudden gust of passion had swept by; but the storm that ever slumbered in his bosom was now fairly up, and galloping about on his splendid charger, his tall and commanding form towering above all about him, and his noble countenance lit up with enthusiasm, he was the impersonation of all that is great and heroic in man. In a moment the aspect of the field was changed—the retreating mass halted—officers were seen hurrying about in every direction, their shouts and orders ringing above the roar of the enemy's guns. The ranks opened, and under the galling fire of the enemy, the steady battalions wheeled, and formed in splendid order. Washington then rode back to Lee, and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, "*Will you, sir, command in that place?*" He replied yes. "*Well,*" then said he, "*I expect you to check the enemy immediately.*" "Your orders shall be obeyed," replied the stung commander; "and I will not be the first to leave the field." The battle then opened with renewed fury, and Washington hurried back to bring his own division into action.

It was a glorious triumph of discipline, and the power of one master mind, to see how those retreating troops recovered their confidence, and formed under the very fire of their pursuers, before the panic had been communicated to the other portion of the army.

But the danger had only just commenced; the few regiments which had been thrown forward, could not long withstand the heavy shock to which they were exposed. Swept by the artillery and enveloped in fire, they were gradually forced back over the field. They fought bravely, as if they knew the fate of the battle rested on their firmness, yet the advanced

corps finally fell back on the reserve. On this, too, the victorious legions of the enemy thundered with deafening shouts—the grenadiers pressed furiously forward—the cavalry hung like a cloud on our flanks, while the steadily advancing cannon galled the ranks with a most destructive fire. Our whole line of battle began to shake. Washington, with the rear division, was not yet up, and every moment threatened to throw Lee's whole shattered corps back in disorder upon it. Every thing quivered in the balance, but at this terrible crisis, the noble, the chivalric Hamilton, with his hat off and his hair streaming in the wind, was seen crossing the field in a sweeping gallop, making straight for Lee. Knowing that the fate of the battle rested on his firmness, and fearing he might shrink again under the heavy onsets of the enemy, he flew to his relief. Reining up his foam-covered steed beside him, he exclaimed in that lofty enthusiasm, which that day saved the army: "I will stay with you, my dear general, and *die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat.*" Nobly said, brave Hamilton!—the firmest prop of American liberty stands fast in this dreadful hour.

In this critical moment, Washington appeared on the field, and rapidly formed his division in front of the enemy. Casting his eye over the battle, he saw at a glance the whole extent of the danger and strained every nerve to avert it. His orders flew like lightning in every direction, while full on his centre came the shouting headlong battalions of the enemy. Both his right and left flank were threatened almost simultaneously; yet calm and collected he sternly surveyed the steadily advancing columns, without one thought of retreating. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than at this moment. Ordering up Sterling with the artillery on the left, and the other portion of the army to advance, he watched for an instant the effect of the movements. Sterling came up on a furious gallop with his guns, and unlimbering them, poured such a sudden fire on the chasing columns, that they recoiled before it. At the same time the veteran Knox hurried up his heavy guns on the right, and began to thunder on the dense masses of the enemy, while the gallant Wayne, at the head of his chosen infantry, charged like fire full on the centre. The battle now raged along the whole lines, and the plain shook under the uproar. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Americans, and the fierce fire of

our artillery. The hotly worked batteries of Knox and Sterling were like two spots of flame on either side; while the head of Wayne's column, enveloped in smoke and flame, pressed steadily forward, bearing down every thing in its passage, and sweeping the field with shouts that were heard above the roar of the artillery. Every step had been contested with the energy of despair, and under the oppressive heat, scores of brave fellows had fallen in death, unsmitten by the foe.

The whole English army retreated, and took up a strong position on the ground Lee had occupied in the morning. Almost impenetrable woods and swamps were on either side, while there was nothing but a narrow causeway in front, over which an army could advance to the attack. The battle now seemed over; for under that burning sun and temperature of ninety-six degrees, the exhausted army could hardly stir. Even Washington's powerful frame was overcome by the heat and toil he had passed through, and as he stood begrimed with dust and the smoke of battle, and wiped his brow, the perspiration fell in streams from his horse, which looked as if it had been dragged through a muddy stream, rather than rode by a living man. The tired hero gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's position, and, notwithstanding its strength, and the heat of the day and the state of his army, determined to force it. His strong nature had been thoroughly roused, and the battle he sought thrown unexpectedly upon him, and well nigh lost, and he now resolved to press it home on the foe. All around him lay the dead, and the cry for water was most piteous to hear; while those who bore back the wounded, were ready themselves to sink under the heat. The eye of Washington, however, rested only on the English army, and ordering up two brigades to assail it, one on the right flank and the other on the left, he brought the heavy guns of Knox forward to the front. In a few minutes these tremendous batteries opened, and the English cannon replied, till it was one constant peal of thunder there over the hot plain. In the mean time the burning sun was stooping to the western hills, and striving in vain with its level beams to pierce the smoke and dust-filled atmosphere, that spread like a cloud over the field. Still that heavy cannonade made the earth groan, and still those gallant brigades were forcing their way onward through the deep woods and over the marshes to the attack. But

the almost insurmountable obstacles that crossed their path, so delayed their march that night came on before they could reach their respective positions. The firing then ceased and darkness shut in the scene. For awhile the tread of the battalions taking up their positions for the night, the heavy rumbling of artillery wagons, and the moans of the wounded, and piteous prayer for water, disturbed the calmness of the sabbath evening, and then all was still. The poor soldiers, overcome with heat and toil, lay down upon the ground with their arms in their hands, and the two tired armies slept. Within sight of each other they sunk on the field, while the silent cannon, loaded with death, still frowned darkly from the heights upon the foe. The young moon just glanced a moment on the slumbering hosts, then fled behind the hills. The stars, one after another, came out upon the sky like silent watchers, while the smoke of the conflict hung in vapory masses over the woods and plain. Washington, determined with the dawn of day to renew the battle, wrapped his military cloak around him, and throwing himself on the ground beneath a tree, slept amid his followers. So did Bonaparte, on the first night of the battle of Wagram, sleep by the Danube, lulled by its turbulent waters.

But at midnight the English commander roused his sleeping army, and quietly withdrew, and before morning was beyond the reach of Washington's arm. So profound were the slumbers of our exhausted troops, that no intimation of the departure of the enemy was received until the morning light revealed their deserted camp. The prey had escaped him, and so Washington slowly followed on, moving his army by easy marches to the Hudson.

This battle, though not so bloody as many others, was one of the most remarkable of the Revolution. The presence of mind and firmness of Washington, which restored it after it seemed lost, the steadiness and bravery of the troops that rallied and formed right in the face of their pursuers, and the energy and strength which not only overcame pursuit and restored the day, but finally broke into a furious offensive, scarcely have a parallel. Especially do we feel this to be true when we remember the extraordinary heat of the day, and that the troops from a little after sunrise till sunset, marched and fought on a field where no water was to be had. I never heard of a battle be-

fore, lasting twelve hours and with the thermometer at ninety-six Fahrenheit. It seems impossible that troops could be aroused to put forth such exertions under such a scorching sun. The fact that many fell dead with a sunstroke, shows that on this sandy plain the suffering from heat and want of water must have been intense. Over twenty thousand men packed into that valley, and struggling a whole day in such a temperature, made doubly worse by their own smoke and fire, is one of the most remarkable spectacles the history of war presents.

Immediately after the battle, Washington reinstated Lee in his old command, thus showing that he meant to overlook the whole matter. But the latter had been severely galled by the rebuke* he had received, and, still farther irritated by the severe remarks made by the officers on his retreat, wrote a saucy letter to Washington, which called forth a short and severe reply. Stung by this additional attack, he wrote a still more impertinent and ridiculous letter, demanding a court-martial to decide on his conduct. Washington wound up his letter to Lee with a curtness and tartness uncommon for him, declaring that he "was guilty of a breach of orders and of misbehavior before the enemy; in not attacking them as he had been directed, and in making an unnecessary, disorderly and shameful retreat. Lee's reply was: "You cannot afford me greater pleasure, sir, than in giving me an opportunity of showing to America the efficiency of her respective servants. I trust that the temporary power of office and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise,

* There is some doubt about the exact language used by Washington on this occasion. Weems says that he exclaimed, as he rode up, "For God's sake, General Lee, what's the cause of this ill-timed prudence;" to which the latter replied, "No man, sir, can boast a larger portion of that rascally virtue than your excellency." This eccentric historian, I know, is not considered very reliable authority; but the language here given corresponds precisely to the characters of the two men, in the state of mind in which they then were, and to me bears internal evidence of truth. Mr. Sparks informs me that he once asked Lafayette at La Grange, what the expression of Washington was on that occasion. He replied, that he did not know and, though near them both at the time, could not have told an hour afterwards. He said it was not the language but the *manner*—no one had ever before seen Washington so terribly excited; his whole appearance was fearful.

to offuscate the bright rays of truth. In the mean time your excellency can have no objection to my retiring from the army." A more insulting letter could scarcely have been written, and he was put under arrest immediately. In August the court-martial sat, and he was tried under three charges: First, for disobeying orders in not attacking the enemy; second, for "making an unnecessary and disorderly retreat;" and third, for "disrespect to the Commander-in-chief in two letters." He had a fair trial and was found guilty in all three charges, except that in the second, the word "shameful" was expunged, and "in some instances" inserted before "disorderly." He was suspended from the army twelve months. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on him, and his indignation against Washington burst forth like a torrent, and never lost its intensity till the day of his death. Many exceptions have been taken to this decision, and even Mr. Sparks thinks the charges not fully sustained by the evidence. Lee's defence is, that he *did* attack the enemy in the first place, and that he did not order a retreat in the second place—that when he found the whole English army on him, he fell back, and Scott's brigade, forming a large portion of his division, mistaking an oblique movement of a column for a retreat, crossed over the marsh without his orders. That he could not reverse this movement in face of the enemy safely, and so he fell back also, intending to form his men in the first favorable position, which did not occur till he reached Washington. This statement at first sight is very plausible, but when sifted amounts to very little. In the first place, it is a mere farce, to say he attacked the enemy in the spirit of his instructions. On the same ground the firing of a single platoon might be called an attack. He knew, and every body else knows, that Washington meant more than he performed by an "attack." It is ridiculous to quibble on the letter of his instructions in this way. Washington did not send him forward with five thousand men to execute a manœuvre. In the second place, it is asserted that Lee's orders were discretionary, and therefore he cannot be charged with disobedience of them by retreating if he thought best. His orders were to attack the enemy, unless there were "powerful reasons to the contrary." I see precious little that is discretionary in such an order. No general-officer receives one less so, unless he is acting under the direct eye of the Commander-in-chief; or if he does, it

is always construed in this way. No man, if ordered with five thousand men to "attack the enemy *at all hazards*," would feel himself bound to do so, if on coming up there were fifty thousand men strongly posted, instead of five thousand as supposed. A man would be court-martialed for carrying out the letter of his instructions under such circumstances. The whole thing lies in a nut-shell. When a man like Lee is sent forward with half the army, on purpose to commence the attack and bring on a battle, he is expected to do it; and, under such orders, he is under obligation to do it, unless he finds circumstances so utterly different from what was expected, that there can be no doubt the Commander-in-chief would change his orders if he were present. No such difference existed in Lee's case, and he was bound to put himself in a position where he could commence the attack. The whole defence made on the word discretionary is a mere quibble, and only serves to reveal the weakness of the argument it is designed to support. The mere fact that he declares he intended to make an attack, when Scott, retreating without his permission, forced him also to retire, shows how he construed his discretionary orders, and makes all he says about having "saved the army by a timely and judicious retreat," supremely ridiculous. He either did, or did not, design to attack the enemy, before Scott retreated. If he did, the retreat about which he boasts so much was an accident, and not in any way owing to his excellent judgment; if he did *not*, he violated his orders, and the whole story about being *forced* to retire by Scott's movement is a falsehood.

He has been accused of designing to ruin Washington, but this is not so clear. At first sight the plain facts seem to be—he went into the battle reluctantly, and only to save his reputation, and hence would not fight if he could help it. Having no confidence in his troops, or in his ability to make a successful attack, he would if possible refrain from doing it. Hence he wavered and hesitated, when the utmost promptness and decision were necessary. This uncertain action deceived his troops, who knew not what was expected of them, and so Scott retreated at the first appearance of a retrograde movement. Lee, glad of an excuse to follow his wishes, did not order him back, and retreated also. In the mean time he designed to occupy the first strong position he came to, but finding none, continued to fall back until met by Washington.

There are only two objections to this charitable construction. In the first place, he had marched over the ground just before, and he knew that behind that morass was the best place to make a stand between him and Washington, yet when the latter came up there was no demonstration towards a rally. The second is, he retreated nearly five miles without once sending word to Washington, who he knew was rapidly advancing unapprised of his flight. The excuse, that he expected to rally and make a stand every moment, and thought he would not shake the courage of the advancing troops by announcing a pursuit he expected to check, is utterly worthless. It might bear him out during the first mile of his retreat, but not when he found himself to be almost upon Washington's division. He was too old a soldier not to be perfectly aware, that there was no danger so great as to come in full flight unannounced upon a body of advancing troops. He knew there was scarcely one army out of a hundred that could be rallied under such a sudden shock, and that the steadiest would be dreadfully shaken. It was the height of madness to pour his five thousand disordered troops upon an equal number unprepared to receive them; and this refusal to apprise Washington of his movements is the darkest thing about

the whole affair. Nothing prevented the catastrophe he was precipitating but the providential arrival of a farmer, who reported his disorderly retreat. Still it is unjust to accuse Lee of the base motive to destroy Washington. There was never any low trickery in his actions, none of this underground treacherous dealing about his character. What he did, he did boldly, nay defiantly; and hence it is more reasonable to look for an explanation of his conduct in these traits than in one he never seemed to possess. The truth of the whole matter doubtless is—his anger being aroused at the summary manner in which the Commander-in-chief had set aside the decision of the council of war, he would just as soon have the attack unsuccessful as not. Going into the battle with those sullen feelings, he put forth no effort and showed no zeal, and retreated at the first appearance of strong opposition. Attributing his repulse to Washington's self-will, rather than to his own bad management, he, in his savage anger, wished to see him punished, and determined to let events take their own course—charging the whole responsibility over to his obstinacy in not regarding the opinions of his officers. His insulting letter to the latter, which he knew would recoil upon him, sprung out of this same reckless, independent feeling.

MORAL EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

BY J. B. WATERBURY.

WHAT kind of training is required that woman may fulfill the duties which the Creator has assigned to her?

The answer to this includes the whole range of female education; but we shall confine our remarks to one point, namely, the culture of the moral affections. Piety and virtue bear to intellectual endowments a relation somewhat similar to that which light bears to vision; they are the graceful and appropriate media of their development. Any system of education, therefore, which does not include, as of pre-eminent importance, the culture of the moral affections, is essentially defective. But should not this department be left with the parent, or be assigned to the divine? Is the mere instinct

to be charged with so delicate a task? Without wishing to lessen the responsibility of the two former in this matter, we still must insist on the teacher's duty, to keep this point in view in all the discipline which he may exercise, and the instructions which he may impart.

We cannot conceive of a well-regulated system of education which does not include it. Strenuous efforts have been made to separate the two departments; but experience will prove, if it has not already, that such is the mutual dependence of the moral and intellectual faculties, the latter cannot be properly developed, without a co-ordinate attention to the improvement of the former. Hence the instructor of youth should be a religious man; and the

standard of piety and virtue should be the Bible.

What is woman's loveliest trait? Is it not a high sense of moral virtue? Is it not a character, chastened and purified by the influence of religion? There is more poetry than truth in the idea of innate perfection, even with respect to that sex, confessedly superior in natural grace and loveliness. Woman partakes of the sad inheritance of the fall. Once the companion of man in holiness, she is now his co-partner in sin and its dreadful consequences. Religion must therefore exert upon her its transforming effect, ere she is fitted to discharge fully the duties of her station. Her filial duties, her conjugal duties, her maternal duties, are all, in a very important sense, religious duties. They should be contemplated in the light of religion, and discharged, not simply from the promptings of natural instinct, but through holier motives. Where this is not the case, passion is very apt to supply the place of principle, and selfishness may become the only stimulus in her responsible vocation.

In Paradise, woman was the helpmeet and fit companion of man. The fitness was complete in moral, as well as mental and physical adaptation. The greatest loss which has accrued through sin, is the overthrow of that moral perfection which assimilated her to angels. Unless that loss be supplied by the grace of God, she must remain disqualified, in a very important sense, for the sphere to which she was originally appointed.

If, as the companion of unfallen man, her crowning excellence was holiness, is it less needful now, when there is so much in his rough and selfish nature that calls for her softening and chastening influence? Having originally proved the medium of moral delinquency to her partner in bliss, there is a moral propriety, it would seem, in her becoming *now* the instrument, under God, of leading him by example and by persuasion back to the "fountain of living waters."

The moral education of females is, in one point of view, more important even than in the case of the other sex. We refer to the agency which they have in forming the character of future generations. The earliest impressions—the very germs of subsequent character—are given through female influence. National characteristics are traceable to the nursery. There, in its sequestered duties, toils and sacrifices, are we to look for the nation's future

efficiency and glory; there are we to look for the material to improve our social and political state; and thence are we to derive the standard-bearers in the army of God. The world's redemption is intimately connected with female influence. Already a signal mark of this has been given in the exalted honor assigned to one of the sex, as a medium of introducing to our lost world "the mystery of godliness;" and from that period onward, woman seems destined, by her Christian virtues and energies, to indemnify, to some extent, the loss which her priority in sin brought upon the race.

How contemptible, in this view, is a merely fashionable education, in which the high attributes of woman's nature are overlooked, and the child of fortune is trained in merely graceful motions, and to flippant and heartless ceremonies! We have no patience with a system of education, which robs woman of her legitimate influence, and makes her the plaything of a day. Without denying the importance of exterior polish, we yet place the moral education of females first and highest. This is the grade which divine wisdom has given it. It bears to every other adornment the relation which the central gem bears to the rest of the diadem.

Woman never has risen—never will rise to the region of her proper dignity without it. Insulated instances of unsullied virtue, of heroic patience, of a chaste simplicity, have been transmitted to us through the pages of the classic historian. But the infrequency of such examples, and the laudatory strains in which they are exhibited, only serve to show the general laxity of female morals, and the insufficiency of any motives, less powerful than Christianity furnishes, to elevate and perfect the character of the sex.

Where shall we look for the finest and most natural exhibitions of female character? Some would point us to the writings of Sir Walter Scott, or to the pages of his subsequent imitators. But we are not satisfied with these. The very perfection with which the novelist seeks to invest his heroine, deprives her of her naturalness—makes her evidently the creature of fancy, rather than the type of real existence.

But a still more important defect is the want of a moral basis for her virtues. The grace of God has little to do in the production of these heroines. Instinctive loveliness is all the religion which such writers seem to con-

sider necessary. Poor human nature, with its deep under-current of evil, is dressed up in hypocritical garb, and presented to us as an angel of light.

How different are the moral portraits which the unerring pen of inspiration has sketched! If we would see the character of woman truly and faithfully drawn, with its weaknesses and its virtues—weaknesses the result of sin, and virtues the production of holiness—if we would see her as she is, as she ought to be, and as by divine grace she may become, we must resort to that book, whose sketches are based on deeper and more accurate views of human nature, than are to be found even in a Scott or in a Shakspeare.

The perfection with which the writers of romance seek to clothe their characters, without any reference to religion, is calculated, in several very important respects, to mislead the young and confiding heart. Human nature, by the fictitious impersonation, is more traduced than honored, whilst the necessity of religion to perfect the character is virtually denied. The contrasted reality seems actually worse than it would have seemed, but for the delusive impressions which had filled the imagination; whilst, in the view of many, characters so perfect in all the social relations are pronounced as fit for heaven as for earth.

Human nature suffers, and religion suffers, by such fictitious representations. Though committed in the regions of fancy, the error is not so venial as many suppose: for the education of our youth—more especially that of young females—is influenced by the false coloring and indirect scepticism of this species of writing. The realities of life, and the duties of life, are so unlike all that has been portrayed and presented, that domestic and household virtues are contemned, whilst the motives which should inspire and sustain them are neither felt nor appreciated.

Truth of every kind is lovely, and error of every kind is productive only of evil. But moral truth is more lovely than all; and whatever tends to obscure or to pervert, or to annihilate it—whether the malign influence operate through the reason or the imagination—strikes a blow at the dearest interests of our individual and social being.

As the companion and helpmeet of man, in a world like this, where there is so much need of sympathy under trials and encouragement under difficulties; where woman's province is

to strengthen man's purpose of good, and to repress his tendencies to evil; where she is a ministering, rather than a governing spirit; where affection should always be under the control of principle; in such circumstances, who will not see and admit the necessity of a thorough moral education? Compared with it, all other adornments are but as the chaff to the wheat. They who seek in female education nothing more than exterior accomplishments; those things which captivate, but will not endure; which are more calculated to draw together superficial admirers than to awaken and secure the interest of virtuous minds; inflict an injury upon the sex and upon society, more serious and lasting than is generally apprehended. The ulterior view, it may be supposed, with young females and their natural guardians, is an honorable connection in life, and the prospect from such connection of at least an ordinary amount of happiness. But if the lighter accomplishments are the only, or the principal, education bestowed upon them—whilst the moral training is overlooked—how, in the very nature of things, can such hopes be realized? How little companionship can the man of sense find in a wife thus superficially educated; and how strongly tempted he would be, under such circumstances, to seek society elsewhere than at his own fire-side. In perplexity and trouble also—circumstances as common, surely, as an unanxious and prosperous state—of what value would be the opinion, even if sought, of such a mind? How slender a basis for mutual sympathy would exist! But the woman of mere external accomplishments may be still more unfortunate. She may find herself linked to one destitute of moral principle; whose admiration soon changes into indifference, and whose respect—a feeling not to be despised even in so intimate a relation—she has not the power of securing.

As to the education of children—especially their moral training—what unsuitable hands are hers to conduct a business of such vast moment!

There is reason to believe that no small amount of domestic infelicity may be traced to the defective moral education of females. Self-control and self-sacrifice are principles which enter very sparingly, we fear, into the education of young ladies. And yet, on the exercise of these principles, more than on any thing else, depend the realization and security

of domestic bliss. For the want of these, learning, even, is no equivalent; and brilliant accomplishments, without them, are like the verdure on the sides of a volcano, which a man might be willing to admire, but among which it would be perilous to take up his abode.

The idea, then, of a thorough moral education, based on Christian principles, should never be lost sight of, either by parents or instructors. Other things may be useful and important; but, in relation to domestic life and the general interests of society, this is indispensable. Never can woman exert her legitimate influence without it. Christianity harmonizes with the modesty of her sex, by giving her a great deal of *real*, without giving her a great amount of *nominal* influence. It throws a veil between her and the vast results which, in her unobtrusive sphere, she is capable of accomplishing. Usefulness, without conspicuity, is her legitimate motto. The council-chamber, the camp, and the public mart are uncongenial and inappropriate spheres. Yet many an important public measure, for which the statesman receives the eulogy of the age, may, peradventure, be traced to woman's influence. To the mother of Washington, could it have been a less grateful vision to witness the sublime results which were wrought out by his patriotism and his valor, than to have accomplished the same by her own direct instrumentality? Can woman's heart beat with higher rapture, than when she sees on the records of honorable fame the name of a son in whose early training she has borne a conspicuous part? Her pen, too, can persuade, where her voice, by the verdict of her own modesty, should be silent. The department of letters is as open to her as to the other sex; and where circumstances afford leisure, she may contribute something to the temple of science; giving her aid, if not in erecting the solid column, at least in furnishing the scroll and the acanthus to beautify its summit. In the world of poetry but few of either sex can, by innate genius, be said to be fairly naturalized; yet *here* woman has spoken in tones that have done much to exorcise from the public mind the demoniac spirit which a Byron and a Shelley had breathed into it. We cannot refuse our humble tribute in this place, to the gentle muse of a Hemans, whose plaintive notes fall like the tears of angels over fallen humanity.

It is not, in general, by awakening visions of greatness, that the female character is to be improved. It is to but a few, and at long intervals—as in the case of Hannah More—that talents and opportunities are so remarkably awarded as to render the individual a great public benefactress. It is rather in the retired duties of domestic life that woman's peculiar and powerful influence lies. She there plants the germs of a world's glory or disgrace. Immortal material is there put into her hands; a trust which—whether she be aware of it or not—has more solemnity and responsibility than the framing of a nation's constitution, or the planning of its most important internal improvements. Our glory and happiness as a people depend far more on our moral and social characteristics than on the development of any physical advantages which may augment our wealth or add to our territory. Hence the nursery is the field of hope and of promise, and *there* is woman's influence exerted for a nation's weal or woe. Every mother has a little commonwealth of her own. She is not indeed the nominal head, but her influence in that embryonic community is constant and formative. Madame de Staël, with offensive and egotistical vanity, inquired on one occasion of Napoleon, who, in his judgment, was the greatest woman of the age? With some truth, but with more irony, he replied, "She who has borne the greatest number of children." Had he but added, "and trained them in the best manner," the reply could scarcely have been more appropriate.

We have offered these few suggestions to illustrate the importance of educating the moral principles, whilst we are aiming at the implantation of knowledge. The attempt to separate the two is injustice to the mind. The moral and intellectual character have a connection as intimate as the light and heat of the solar ray. We hope that all who are concerned in the training of young females will bear in mind that a merely ornamental education is like the stucco which is said originally to have been laid on the pyramids. Time and the elements have long since swept it all away; whilst a thorough education—including the discipline of the heart—is more enduring even than the pyramids themselves, outlasting the vicissitudes of earth, mingling with the grandeur and sharing the duration of eternity.

THE NOVICE.

A Tale of the French Revolution

Translated from the French.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAREWELL.

THE last notes of the Vesper Hymn had died away beneath the gothic arches of the Abbey of St. Pont of Avignon. The nuns, with a serious air, quitted silently their stalls; the novices followed them with eyes bent to the ground; the young pupils, under the care of their teachers, with difficulty restrained their gaiety until they reached the threshold of the church, when they dispersed themselves, like a flock of young birds, over a large terrace, shaded with linden trees: two young girls alone, arm in arm, separated themselves from their companions. They reached a small meadow, which served as a place of retirement to the nuns, and seating themselves upon a stone seat, remained for a moment with clasped hands and tearful eyes. The eldest of these young girls was scarcely eighteen; her lovely brown hair was hid beneath a head-band of cambric; she was fair, with a countenance expressive of modesty and holy calm, but she possessed a tender and affectionate heart; her name was Cecilia Combault, pious, poor, and noble. She was destined to take the veil of St. Bernard, in the Royal Convent of St. Pont.

Her companion, beautiful and animated, with sparkling black eyes, and flowing ringlets parted on her fair forehead, wore a loose dress of green and white China silk, which set off a pretty figure, and her spotless white handkerchief was fastened under her chin, by one of the medallion pins, so much the fashion at the present day.

The countenance of Laura Reger, usually so cheerful and gay, was at this moment sad and gloomy: she pressed the hand of her friend, and said: "Must I then leave you? Must I go, and you remain?"

"Alas! yes, dear Laura; you weep."

"If you only knew how much my heart is oppressed!—I shall no longer see this dear Abbey, the nuns who have been so kind to me,

our friends, our companions; no longer see you, my sister, my Cecilia; is it possible? my heart will be with you when I am gone."

"You will also be much regretted; but, Laura, you will return to your family; you will live with your uncle, who loves you so much; you can attend upon him, and contribute to his happiness."

"It is true, my uncle's house is very gay; but while I shall be enjoying myself, you will be alone and melancholy, my Cecilia."

"We are never sad when we devote ourselves to God," replied the young girl, with a serious air.

"You have no regrets! you do not desire to return to the world!"

"This temple is my world; I know no other," said Cecilia with a smile; "I have no relations but my good aunt, and I shall pronounce, with all my heart, the vows she has pronounced; like her I shall belong only to the Lord—it is a noble, a glorious destiny!"

"You make me more contented; it is your vocation, as the nuns say. I am not so wise as you," added Laura, shaking her head; "I wish much to see a little of the world. Ah! if I could only divide myself between the Abbey and my uncle's house!"

They remained silent for a few moments, regarding each other with tenderness.

"You will not forget me," said at length Laura.

"Can you think it possible? My memory is too faithful. But stop, I have been thinking of you, accept this trifle as a proof of friendship. I shall soon have nothing to give." And the young girl handed to her companion a workbag, embroidered with taste; their ciphers were united in the centre of a wreath of flowers.

"How kind and attentive you are!" cried Laura, "you think of every thing, and I have nothing to give you. Ah! if," and detaching the rich pin which confined her handkerchief, she presented it to her friend, adding: "My mother wore it, keep it for my sake."

"And our vows of poverty? have you then forgotten them, my dear Laura?" said Cecilia with a gentle mockery; "go, your pin is too brilliant to fasten the veil of a poor nun."

"Have I then nothing to give you?" said Laura sadly.

"Will not the remembrance of you be ever present? Can I go to the dormitory, to prayers, to the chapel, without thinking of you. Ah! it is not here we can forget."

"Nor in the world, for no where shall I find a friend like you."

A lay sister interrupted them.

"Your uncle waits for you, mademoiselle, and the reverend Mother Agatha wishes you to hasten."

"We must then say farewell! pray for me, Cecilia. I shall not see you to-morrow when I wake."

"Courage, dear Laura," said Cecilia in a low voice; "be happy, and think sometimes of us."

"Always, my Cecilia; farewell!"

CHAPTER II.

Two years passed away. It was in the year 1792, and the report of the events which took place in Paris, in Legislative Assemblies, reached even the quiet of the cloister; monastic vows were abolished, and the gates of the Abbey of St. Pont had been thrown open by the commissioners of the executive power; but the vows of the cloister, a powerful and invisible barrier, had held the spouses of the Lord within the sacred sanctuary more securely than bars or bolts. Notwithstanding, deep anxiety dwelt within those walls, hitherto so tranquil, and it was with timid steps, and troubled looks, that the nuns took their way to the council-chamber, where the Abbess had summoned them.

It was an imposing sight, when, invested at the same time with religious authority and feudal power, the Abbess of St. Pont, surrounded by her dignitaries, seated herself beneath these gothic arches, clothed in gloomy magnificence and sober grandeur. The portraits of their predecessors appeared to look down upon those who had succeeded them in the cloister.

The statues of the saints were still standing, the ancient arches still rose solid and majestic, defying the ravages of time, but how much all else was changed.

The temporal officers of the Abbey no longer hastened to obey the orders of their superior; the numerous vassals no longer rendered hom-

age to their powerful sovereign. The nuns alone clustered, like a timid flock, around the sacred throne. The reverend mother, Gertrude of Combault, Cecilia's aunt, was distinguished among her spiritual daughters by her dignified and amiable manners, as calm and firm in these tempestuous days, as when she presided at the large assemblies of her order, to render justice to her vassals. Her features retained the same expression of calm seriousness, but the fire which animated the eyes of the martyrs, shone in her looks. She made a sign, and silence was established; all the nuns accustomed to obedience, checked their fears, to listen to the voice of her, who, during many years, had been their guide and their counsellor.

"My children," she said, "an impious power has taken upon itself the right to violate the vows received by God himself; it is permitted to destroy them; it has opened the doors of this house, these doors which you had closed behind you, to protect you from the corruptions of the world, and the cares of life. But thanks be to God, none of you have cast a look behind, none of you have broken your vows to your Saviour, to profit by the shameful liberty offered you by the world; I look around me, I see you all my sisters, my companions, and my children!

"Dear brides of your Divine Master, nothing—is it not the truth—nothing will ever induce you to abjure these sacred vows, these voluntary promises which bind you to the sanctuary of the Lord! Promise me, in life or in death, you will continue faithful to your vows."

All the nuns, moved by the enthusiasm of the Abbess, cried with a unanimous voice: "Oh, yes! we promise to God and to you."

"It is well, my children, I receive this oath; neither in this world, nor in heaven will the daughters of St. Bernard be separated; but there are some among you, who do not belong to the Lord. Sister Odile, Sister Hildegarde, Sister Angelica, approach."

Three young girls who wore the white veil of novices obeyed the order of the Abbess.

"My children, you are still free, and this house, which can no longer shelter you, has not the right to detain you. Your families demand you; return to them, and remember while in the world, that you have worn the livery of the Lord. Messengers from your friends await you; go, my children, you must leave us."

The young girls knelt and received the blessing of the Abbess, then withdrew weeping.

"And Sister Cecilia!" said a timid voice.

"Cecilia is the last of her family, she has no other relation but myself, no other refuge than this house," replied the Abbess in a low and melancholy tone; "she will share my lot whatever it may be. The sparrow hath found her a house, the swallow a nest where she may lay her young."

"Even thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my king, and my God, are the sanctuary that I desire!" said a sweet and gentle voice, repeating the verse of the Psalm.

The Abbess turned, Cecilia leaned upon her chair.

"Yes, poor dove, you have chosen your refuge, but the vulture is ready to chase you away."

At this moment the portress entered, pale, and with terror pictured in her countenance.

"My reverend mother," she said, "the commissary who ordered the doors of the Abbey to be opened, has entered the outer court, followed by a body of armed men. What are the orders of your reverence?"

"That all the community attend in the chapel: come, my children, our place is in the sanctuary, follow me."

The nuns let fall their veils, and two and two advanced to the chapel, which communicated with the audience-chamber by a low-arched door. The Abbess prostrated herself before the altar, the nuns took their places in the oaken stalls, blackened by age. They heard on the stairs, in the court, in the depths of the cloister, the noise of a multitude. At length the door of the chapel was thrown violently open, and a tall, fiendish-looking man entered, followed by an immense crowd, ragged and fierce. The scene was one of intense and fearful agony. The contrast between the pale, collected, peaceful Abbess, and the delicate, shrinking, terrified group around her—helpless, yet mighty through their very innocence and helplessness—and the rude and boisterous crew that broke so suddenly upon such uncongenial ground, polluting the sanctity and repose of the retreat by unwonted violence, added to the terror of the scene. A brief pause ensued, enforced upon the rude assaulters by the sight that presented itself to them. At length, gathering courage from their desperation, the crowd pressed on, in a manner at once menacing and

disordered. The worthy chief of this turbulent army advanced to the Abbess, who, immovable on the steps of the altar, with proud and calm looks, appeared to defy this ruffianly multitude, with their menacing gestures. Cecilia placed herself near her aunt; the same resolution, the same courage sustained the virgin of twenty years, and the woman bending beneath the weight of trials and mortifications.

"What do you want," said at length the Mother Gertrude; "you who enter so boldly into the house of God?"

"We want the keys of the Abbey treasury; deliver them to us with a good grace, and you may depart in peace with your gentle flock; if not"—

"The treasure is a deposit confided to my care; I shall only give it to my spiritual superiors, from whom I received it, and I order you to quit this house immediately, which you profane by your presence and your sacrilegious intentions."

The commissary looked with astonishment at the Mother Gertrude: "You are proud," he said, "very proud, but we shall know how to make you change your tone, before the world is an hour older—once more, the keys!"

"Heaven preserve me from delivering the sacred vessels into your impure hands!"

"There is no need of so many words," said a man in the crowd, approaching the chief; "there is in the altar a pyx, worth ten thousand crowns—it is well known in the country—this way."

The Abbess looked at him who had spoken; it was a farmer, to whom more than once, in times of scarceness, she had returned his dues. "Man shall have for enemies those of his own house," said she with a sigh.

The rebuke was not without its effect. The ingratitude as well as the violence and wrong of his unmanly assault, rose to his mind with clear and emphatic admonition, in spite of the rudeness of his nature, and his long familiarity with crime. Seeing that he was recognized, it was with some difficulty that he could summon the courage to proceed in his violent attempt. But he was committed to his army, and the prize was too tempting. Perhaps, if unattended by his more remorseless crew, and left to the impulses of his nature alone, as now excited by the memory of obligations incurred, he would have abandoned his intent, and left the Abbess with her helpless band in the quiet in which he found

them. But he dared not shrink in the presence of his comrades, lest they should taunt and insult him for his weakness; and the fear of appearing a coward was sufficient to overcome the hesitations of kindness, and he resolved not to be thwarted from his purpose.

CHAPTER II.

THE commissary cast a covetous glance upon the altar; the sun shone brightly at that moment, illuminating with its rays the golden ornaments of the sanctuary.

The eyes of the brigand sparkled, he turned, seized an axe from the hands of one of his companions, and rushing within the sanctuary, cried: "We shall have the treasure without keys."

The terrified nuns fell on their knees, and replied to the shouts of the multitude by prayers and stifled sobs; the intrepid Abbess remained in the same attitude; her cheeks, lately so pale, glowed with holy indignation, her looks raised towards heaven, appeared to seek an avenger from thence.

"While I live, none shall touch the holy of holies!"

"Well, then, die!"

The axe glistened in the air, and the Abbess St. Pont fell, struck by a mortal blow; the blood which flowed from her forehead, stained her veil and her scapulary; she extended her hand to Cecilia, who knelt beside her, and murmured, "pray for them," and expired calm and courageous as she had lived. Blessed that her closed eyes could not behold the destruction of those places so dear to her. Blessed, that her ears heard not the sacrilegious blasphemies. In an instant the work of destruction was accomplished; the cross which adorned the altar was cast on the pavement; the sacred ornaments, remarkable for their beauty and richness, became the prey of the spoilers.

The trembling nuns abandoned the desecrated chapel; Cecilia, alone, remained prostrate near the body of the Abbess; she awaited without fear that death which she believed to be inevitable, and in the midst of the tumult, her inward prayer arose to heaven, like a bright light, which the tempest could not extinguish. The commissary, laden with the treasure, was on the point of retiring, when he perceived her.

Here again his better nature was near a triumph. The sight of such helplessness and innocence touched his feelings, in spite of the excitement and fury which the preceding scenes had necessarily produced. There was a momentary question arose in his mind, whether to remove, by similar violence, the object that occasioned this uneasiness at his heart, or to attempt to atone for what had already been done, by showing kindness to one so pure and unprotected.

"Who is that young girl?" he inquired of one of the servants of the Abbey.

"It is the niece of—of her," replied the man, pointing to the inanimate body of the Mother Gertrude.

"Ah! I would not spare one of the race; come, my pretty one," added he, touching Cecilia with the point of his sabre, "rise, and follow us."

"Follow you, where?"

"Where? to prison, and from thence"——

Cecilia rose immediately: she covered her face with her veil, and with a gesture more eloquent than words, she pointed to the remains of the Abbess, and said: "Will you not, at least, bestow the rights of sepulture upon her whom you have assassinated?"

"A hole in the ground—a handful of lime over her—come, walk!"

The novice, by an effort of that modesty which reigns supreme in some minds, suppressed even the expression of grief; nothing betrayed her feelings; she walked firm and tranquil, in the centre of this revolutionary rabble; her peculiar dress drew upon her a fatal attention; her white veil, the rosary which was suspended from her waist; these proscribed and detested tokens, discovered her to the raging populace.

In this manner she arrived as far as the street, in which was situated the prison, built in part on the ruins of the Pope's palace. Horrible shouts rent the air when she appeared; she raised her eyes, an innumerable multitude thronged the street; she shuddered in spite of herself, when she beheld those looks of curiosity, or implacable hate, fixed upon her. Her story circulated through the crowd; "It is a nun of St. Pont! an aristocrat!—let her die! let her die! Why wait for a trial? Death to the aristocrats!"

The voices of the people united in one savage cry; the commissary and his followers were repulsed, and Cecilia found herself sur-

rounded by a group of cruel, half-naked men, who directed towards her the points of their swords.

"Oh, my aunt!" she cried, "pray for me!"

Death hovered over her—but at the same moment, the crowd opened, and gave place to a tall young man of commanding figure and firm, decided manner, who was dressed in the uniform of an officer; he thrust back one of the men nearest to Cecilia, and addressing the troop of assassins, he said: "What has this child done to you? are you men? you who turn your arms against an unprotected girl?"

"She is an enemy of the people, she must die!"

"An enemy of the people! a girl who has never left her convent?"

"Hold your tongue, you fop, or we will send you *ad patres* together," said a man with a ferocious countenance, clenching his fist at the young officer.

"Touch me not! and you," said the young man, addressing himself to Cecilia, "confide in me; fear nothing, I will die before they shall lay a hand upon you."

"Do not expose yourself," she replied, "my life is devoted; your goodness—your courage may save those who have a wish to live."

Without listening to her, he withdrew her from the crowd, and all struck by his attitude, and the resolution which flashed from his eyes, fell back at his approach, but the multitude which opened its ranks to let them pass, closed immediately behind them. Flight was impossible; the young people arrived thus at the prison, still followed by the people, whose fury, scarcely subdued, a word or a gesture would have awakened. The young officer appeared to have made up his mind; he turned, and said in a loud voice: "I deliver this woman to be judged by the people."

"Bravo! bravo! officer; justice or death!"

"Young lady," he said in a low voice, "for want of a better, the prison is a refuge; when the doors are closed, you will be tranquil for some days; during that time I will *act*, I will endeavor to save you. Your name?"

"Cecilia de Combault. Yours, that I may remember you in my prayers?"

"Estève Gorsaz; enter quickly and fear nothing."

The door was open; Cecilia passed under the black and gothic arches, where the commissary had preceded her; the charge was inscribed; they made the young captive cross a

gloomy corridor, and she found herself in the small cell which served her as a prison.

CHAPTER III.

The visions of a dream could not have passed more rapidly, or presented a more frightful tragedy, than that which, after having deprived Cecilia of her only protector, had driven her from the pure shelter where she had passed her youthful days, and placed her in the horrors of a prison, with the prospect of a cruel death. The young girl sank upon a bench; she pressed her forehead with her hands, as if to recall and concentrate all the powers of her mind. The death of her aunt, the violation of the sacred temple, her own danger, and the generosity of her youthful defender, all rose to her mind; the remembrance of the Abbess caused her tears to flow, but she restrained them immediately.

"We must not weep for the martyrs," she said to herself. "Oh, my aunt! blessed servant of the Lord! look down upon your orphan, left alone in this unhappy world, and obtain for me the gift of a death like your own! You used to say, 'The crown is for those who have well fought!' You are now in the army of those victorious servants; but in your happiness remember Cecilia!"

These aspirations elevated her mind; she felt that, although alone, persecuted, exposed to death, she was not abandoned.

"God is here!" she thought; "God is in the prison; he sees, and watches over me." She looked around to familiarize herself with her new abode, which one thought (wonderful power!) had now made dear to her. It was very small, with white walls, lighted by a window placed near the ceiling; an oaken stool and a straw bed were the only articles of furniture; it was almost a cell. The walls were bare; some inscriptions badly traced in the stones, revealed the sad leisure and the poignant sufferings of the poor prisoners. But the novice had preserved her rosary, and on searching the pocket of her dress, she found there a small book; it was "The Imitation," a precious volume, which contained within, light, consolation, peace and truth. She read a chapter, and, strengthened by that Christian resignation superior to all this world can bestow, she slept calmly, without having touched the supper which the jailor's wife had brought her.

On the third day, she was invited to descend

to the court-yard, where all the prisoners were assembled. Cecilia obeyed the summons with reluctance. She found herself in a large and gloomy court, where several persons were walking, or sitting upon stone benches. The men read the papers, purchased from the porters; the women conversed among themselves; but all looked sad and melancholy. They saluted Cecilia with respect, without daring to speak to her; for her dress inspired interest, and forbade familiarity. She seated herself by an old lady, who took no notice of her approach. Cecilia looked at her, and saw, with compassion, that she held in her hand a lock of jet black hair, upon which her eyes were fixed with a mournful expression; from time to time she murmured: "My son! my poor son!"

The novice, much affected, turned away her head; but her name repeated close by her side attracted her attention. "Cecilia, is it indeed you that I find here!" said a well-known voice. Laura was near her, embraced her, and loaded her with questions, crying and laughing at the same time, agitated by contending emotions.

"Laura! dear Laura!" Cecilia at length replied; "why do I find you here? Oh, my God! in what a miserable place do we meet again; in the court of a prison! But your uncle, where is he?"

"They have killed him!" replied Laura, shuddering at the recollection. "He had enemies, or rather the people were jealous of him. His riches attracted attention, and as he did not favor the principles of the revolution, they made that an excuse for putting him to death. Oh, my uncle! my good uncle! I saw him; what sufferings he endured! I could do nothing but weep; one of the men became angry with me and brought me here. What melancholy days and nights I have passed in this prison! during the day I trembled at every footstep, at every noise; at night, I fancied I saw my uncle, with his white hair stained with blood, his eyes open, in the last agony, bending towards me! Before this I was so happy! and you, my Cecilia, and your good aunt? Alas! I scarcely dare inquire for her."

"She is dead," said the novice, raising her eyes to heaven; "died like a saint, as she had lived. We have both lost the protectors of our youth; but our Father who is in heaven will protect and watch over us."

Cecilia related her sad story to her friend; but when she pronounced the name of Estève Gorsaz, she thought she perceived a slight

blush overspread Laura's pale countenance. "Estève Gorsaz!" she repeated; "my uncle knew him; he visited at our house: he is the son of a banker in the city; but, instead of following his father's profession, he took up arms when war was declared, and my uncle would not see him again."

Cecilia inquired no farther; she obtained permission from the jailer for Laura to share her cell with her.

This reunion alleviated the pains and sorrows of captivity; voyagers in a vessel ready to sink, they were more closely bound to each other, and loved the more the more they suffered. They excited each other to courage; the novice encouraged her friend by the strength and firmness of her mind; Laura sometimes brought a smile to the lips of her companion by a ray of her former vivacity; but this happened but seldom, for the trials this young girl had encountered were too great for her strength. The scenes of death through which she had passed had left a deep impression on her memory. Gloomy fears and frightful dejection succeeded these short moments of gaiety; when she would weep in Cecilia's arms, and demand those days of happiness and of pleasure which she might never hope to see again. During these hours of despair, Cecilia discovered in the heart of her friend an affection, of which, perhaps, she was herself ignorant. The novice suffered with more resignation, and contemplated without terror the terrible future which awaited her. Death could not alarm her, who had so often meditated upon the close of life, and who had long before renounced its joys and embraced its severities.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten days had passed. One morning while Laura still slept, the jailer's wife quietly called Cecilia. "You are wanted in the parlor," she said. "A young man has a ticket of admission; you must not detain him."

"A young man!"

"Oh yes! an officer. Come, come, he has good news, I am sure."

The novice hesitated; but yielding to the persuasions of the woman, she descended. Arrived at the grate, a man waited for her on the outside; he looked up—she recognized Estève Gorsaz. They were alone; she saluted him, and seated herself; he remained

standing before her, looking at her with emotion.

"Young lady," he said at length, "time is precious; suffer me to explain myself with candor. I promised to save you, and since that moment I have not ceased to think of you—of you, so noble, so young, so worthy of interest! but I have not been able to procure your liberty—they have refused it to me! A messenger from the Convention has arrived at Avignon; and to-morrow, perhaps to-night, the horrible tribunal he has organized will hold its first meeting. You will be sent for, I know, and your appearance before these partial judges is like a sentence of death. Death! and you are scarcely twenty years old! Death! when God permits you to live, when you can enjoy happiness! and what a death! Young lady! Cecilia!" he added, "there is but one way by which you can be saved, and on my knees I entreat you to accept of it! Become my wife, and in less than an hour you shall leave this place, free and in safety; for no one dare touch the wife of a republican soldier. Grant me the power to save you, to devote to you my life; I only ask the right to snatch you from the hands of the executioner, to consecrate my days to you, and to surround yours with happiness and peace!"

Cecilia could not reply; emotion, surprise, kept her silent; the words of Estève sounded in her ears; she raised her timid eyes, and beheld him beaming with hope and devotion: a new world appeared to open before her; she discovered happiness of which she had never dreamt, the blessing of a union with a true and noble being; she beheld herself the mother of a family, waiting the return of a husband, who had the features and form of Estève.

The young man seeing her silent and pensive continued: "You are afraid, I can readily conceive, at the thought of trusting yourself to me; you do not know me, but I swear to you that I am an honorable man, and I love you, Cecilia—yes, I have loved you since I saw you, so noble, so courageous, in the midst of your murderers. Is death preferable to me? Oh! save yourself, if not for mine, for your own sake! save yourself, to be to me as a sister, if you will not be my wife! All the rights you confer upon me, by becoming mine in the eyes of the world, I renounce, I restore them to you; I wish only for your life—I only wish for the power to render you happy, according to your desire."

"It cannot be," she said with effort.

"And why? I am unworthy of you, I know it; but ready to perish in the waves, will you refuse the hand of the vilest man stretched out to save you? Here is a danger as great, a death more dreadful. Cecilia, do not reject me! Dare you destroy the instrument of your deliverance? I am ready to suffer every thing, if I can only save you!"

"But are you ignorant," said the young girl hesitatingly, "that I belong not to myself, I am devoted to God?"

"You have not pronounced your vows, you are still free."

Cecilia remained silent for a moment; the conflict of her mind rendered her more touchingly beautiful; on one side the world offered itself to her, with all its attractions, a life of happiness with the only man she could ever love; on the other, a frightful death—but beyond that the bright visions of eternity.

The conflict did not last long. "These vows," she said with animation, "these sacred vows, I have a thousand times pronounced in my heart! I belong to God—by my own free choice I gave myself to him when yet a child, and I entreat of him to accept of the rest of my days. "Yes, Lord!" added she with enthusiasm, "I promised you a life of obedience, poverty and purity; receive my vows, O my Divine Master! receive them yourself, since I cannot pronounce them in the presence of your ministers, and at the foot of your holy altar!"

Estève uttered a cry of despair, and supported himself trembling against the grate. Cecilia was on her knees, her eyes shone with celestial light, a brighter color was on her cheeks; never had she appeared more beautiful than at the moment when she devoted herself to death.

"What have you done?" said at length Estève quite overcome; "what induces you to despise thus your life? Cecilia! unhappy child!"

"Would you abandon your colors in the moment of danger?" she said with warmth.

"No, certainly."

"Well, then," and she drew from her bosom an ebony crucifix, "behold the standard of the sovereign under whom I have sworn to live and to die; ought I to abandon it in the hour of peril?"

"These are vain scruples," he said; "but there is yet another way; listen to me, Cecilia, for the last time; consent to follow me; I have

here an order to pass, which the mayor of the city, a friend of mine, granted to my solicitations; he waits to perform the marriage ceremony, and secure thus your liberty. Submit to a mere ceremony, which, I swear to you, shall not bind you for the future; become my wife according to law, and in a few days you shall pass the frontier; once in Italy, you will demand, and will easily obtain, a divorce; you will live in the world or in a convent, it is immaterial, so that you are saved. I shall see you no more! you will without doubt forget me; still it is immaterial so that you live! My mother will receive you as her daughter, during the few days you pass under my roof. Come, Cecilia, O come, accept the life which is again offered to you!"

She looked at him with grief, and said in a low voice: "I honor and esteem your devotion, sir, but I cannot consent to what would be perjury in my eyes. May Heaven bless you for your kind intentions, and grant you a happy life!"

"Without you! no! no! Thank God, death can be found at the cannon's mouth, as well as on the scaffold, and we shall not be long separated."

"In the name of that love which I believe," said Cecilia with a grave voice, "allow me to express to you my last wish. You must not die for me, you must live, for your own happiness and that of another. I have a sister, a friend; suffer me to commit her to your care."

"Where is she?"

"Here a prisoner like myself, exposed to the same dangers. She loves life, she is formed for happiness. Oh, that it had pleased God that she had been the object of your noble devotion! your vows would have been accepted, she would live, and you would be happy with one another."

"That cannot be," said he in his turn with animation; "I love only you!"

"What! the life of a human creature is in your hands, and you will deliver her to the executioner? you can lift the stone from her sepulchre, and you leave her there to die? You reject the only request that I can make you? You refuse this comfort to my last moments? Since you began to speak, Heaven inspired me with this idea, and I should have been glad to have seen my Laura saved by you, happy with you."

"Laura!"

"Yes, Laura Reger, my companion, the sis-

ter of my choice and my love. You know her, you know that she possesses amiable and noble qualities."

"I do not love her—no duty can oblige me to make such a sacrifice."

"And if she loved you with all the love that a wife owes to a husband, could you not love her in return? Pardon, Laura, I have betrayed the secret which I discovered in your heart. In the name of the attachment of which you have given me such a tender proof, fill not my soul with bitterness; let Laura replace Cecilia, and let my last moments be comforted by the certainty of your happiness. You consent; is it not so, Estève?"

The young man, completely vanquished, fell on his knees. "You are an angel!" he said; "and when you speak I must obey. I will marry Laura."

The novice clasped her hands and wept tears of joy. "I will send her to you," she said; "take her away immediately. You will be her father, her brother, and her husband. Be tender and good to her, and never let her know that you loved me before her. Farewell, Estève, my last prayer shall be for you both!"

Estève uttered a groan; she made him a last sign, and left the parlor.

CHAPTER V.

Laura waited impatiently the return of her friend, who embraced her and merely said, "Monsieur Gorsaz is waiting to speak to you in the parlor; go, I flatter myself he has good news."

Laura blushed, and stammered out a few words. Cecilia again embraced and encouraged her, and the porter opening roughly the door, cried, "Come, young lady, Captain Gorsaz is impatient. He is in favor with the authorities, and has permission to see our prisoners—and they will say he has too many privileges! come, then, young lady!"

When Laura was on the threshold of the door, Cecilia pressed her hand, and pronounced the word, "Farewell!" The door was then closed, the light footsteps of the young girl died away in the long gallery, and Cecilia was alone.

An hour passed, an hour of suspense and uncertainty, and which appeared unusually long to the young prisoner. At length the jailor's wife entered, exclaiming: "Miss Laura is gone! Captain Gorsaz has taken her to his mother, and they say that he is going to marry her—however, she is free. But in spite

of all, she cried bitterly, and said she wanted to return to you, Miss Cecilia, that she would not leave you. 'The captain said, 'We will see her again, we will save her.' He looked very sad for a bridegroom: oh! how pale he was! They will make a handsome couple when they are a little more cheerful."

"Frances," interrupted Cecilia, "I have a favor to ask of you; if I die here—you understand me?—take this little book and this rosary to Laura; I shall leave them on the table—she will recompense you. Farewell, Frances; God reward you for your kindness to me!"

Frances, much affected, went out bathed in tears.

Cecilia looked around her, examined the solitary chamber, and said softly: "All is finished, Laura is saved, she will be united to him whom she loves, Estève will be happy with her. All is right; it only remains for me to die, and God will support me. He will pardon, I trust, the struggle I endured on finding that I could be happy here below. Love for him triumphed, and now I belong to him forever!"

That same evening the novice was cited to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, in spite of the efforts of Estève, who had again petitioned the authorities of the city; suspect-

ed, noble of birth, and a nun by profession, the sentence could not be doubtful, and she heard it with that intrepid firmness which had characterized her whole life.

Our task is finished; we shall not follow her during her last night, which was spent in prayer and self-communing; we shall not follow her to the scaffold, where she appeared neither pale nor agitated at the approach of death; but where, to all who beheld her, she was like an angel going to take her flight towards heaven, and who, prepared to leave the world, loses herself in contemplating the supreme bliss she deemed herself about to possess.

The union of Estève and Laura, at first slightly cold and sad, after the birth of two children became more warm and confiding. Their girl, according to the wishes of both parents, was named Cecilia; and it appeared that the image of their angelic friend, always present to their memory, was reflected in the heart and features of that child. At first, Estève trembled when he found in the eyes of his daughter that look which he had so much loved; at first, Laura would weep when that infantine voice reached her ear; and both blessed God that they had in their house this living portrait, this faithful representation of the Novice of St. Pont.

THE YEARS.

BY ERASMUS PERRY.

THE Years roll on, the Years roll on;
And shadows now stretch o'er the lawn,
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn,—
 The morn of mortal life;
And dusky hours to me have come,
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,
And quenched the light, and ceased the hum,
 With which my way was rife.

I now look backward on the path
Whereon I've walked 'mid wrong and wrath;
I look, and see how much it hath
 Of bitterness to tell;
But life's hard lessons must be learned;
By goading care is wisdom earned—
Then upward let the eye be turned,
 And all earth's scenes are well!

On roll the Years, the swift, still Years;
And as they pass, how feeling sears—
How dryeth up the fount of tears—
 Emotion's fires grow dim;
This pulse of life not long can last,
And as the Years go hurrying past,
The blooms of life are earthward cast,
 And withered heart and limb.

The Years, the Years sublimely roll!
Unfurling, like a lettered scroll—
Look on! and garner in thy soul
 The treasures of their lore;
It is GOD'S WRITING there we see;
O read, with deep intensity;
Its truth shall with thy spirit be
 When years shall roll no more.

ON THE
ADAPTATION OF ONE'S INTELLECTUAL EFFORTS

TO THE CHARACTER OF HIS OWN MIND AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH
HE IS PLACED.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE necessity of adapting all one's intellectual efforts to the character of his mind, furnishes a wide range of varied and interesting thought, finding illustrations in the mathematician and poet, the novelist and chemist, the historian and the humorist. To trace out the workings of different minds in their peculiar departments, would be a delightful and instructive task. "Know thyself," was written on the temple of Apollo, and though a heathen injunction, outweighs volumes of wholesome counsel. Perhaps there is no motive operating so powerfully on the mind of the young student as the unexpressed desire to excel as a speaker, a man of letters or of genius. Probably there is no vision which floats so dazzlingly before the spirit of the ambitious scholar as the sight of himself holding an audience spell-bound by the force of his eloquence or the displays of his genius in some department of learning or of art. If the secrets of the studio were revealed, the dreams of the ambitious sleeper uttered aloud, and the irrepressible longings of his spirit breathed in the ear, they would all speak of this one bright vision. True, this dream, except in a few cases, is never fully realized. It results from the consciousness of power which the soul feels as it first steps across the threshold into the great intellectual universe, and expands to the deepening, growing prospect above and around it. But a man may sit forever and gaze upon the hill-top of his desires; invested though it be with real splendor, without industry on his part he might as well gaze on the

moon. To have this industry well applied; to excel at all in our primary exertions, or after efforts, we must let the mind work to its natural tendencies.

Neither the mind nor its tendencies are created by education; they are simply developed, corrected and strengthened. Every mind has its peculiarities, its own way of viewing a question, and its mode of presenting it. In some one thing it is better than in all others. There are the feebler and the stronger powers, and *to know where one's intellectual strength lies* is the *first* lesson to be learned, but it is one that many never learn. Our taste is not the judge on this point, for taste is only a cultivated quality, receiving its character from the influences under which it has been educated. Mistaking *taste* for genius is the rock on which thousands have split. It has hurried many a young and struggling author into scenes of bitter disappointment and an early grave. A *taste* for poetry is not the divine "afflatus," nor a love for eloquence its heaven-imparted power. Mistaking taste for genius effectually prevents a man from understanding his true intellectual strength. One perhaps has been educated to consider the true power of a speaker to consist in logical argument and calm, deliberate discussion; while his own mind is highly imaginative, and its power consists in the force and beauty of its illustrations; the new forms under which it presents truth; its resistless appeals, and impassioned bursts of feeling. To comply with the rigid taste under which it has been educated, that mind would leave un-

touched its greatest powers, and labor to lead out those most weakly developed, and which never can become more than ordinary. On the other hand, a cool mathematician, whose imagination never flew beyond a diagram, may possess a wonderful penchant for the pathetic and highly figurative. He may struggle forever, but his efforts will be like measuring poetry by the yard or gauging beauty with rule and compass. How many illustrations of this truth have been presented to each of us in our lifetime. My memory refers this moment to two. One, whose mind was of a bold and ardent character, wished to be reputed a cool and laborious metaphysician. To secure this reputation, he labored through life against Nature herself. Sometimes, when suddenly excited, he would break away from the fetters in which he had enthralled himself, and burst with startling power upon his auditors. But he controlled these ebullitions of feeling, as he termed them, and with the power of excelling as an orator, he died as a common metaphysician. The other probably never could have been a great man; yet all the excellence he possessed consisted in the plain, practical, common sense view he took of a subject adapted to instruct or benefit his hearers. But he had a wonderful taste for the pathetic. He fondly believed he was fitted to stir an audience with lofty feeling, and bear them away on the resistless tide of strong emotion. Mistaking the structure of his mind, he consequently always failed, but consoled himself with the reflection that no human power could arouse and agitate such marble hearts. He never tore a passion to tatters like a declamatory schoolboy, but he gently rocked it to rest, then made a serious caricature of it. He would turn even a tragedy into a comedy. "Know thyself," is a difficult but necessary lesson. Many a man considers himself a sound critic of a speaker's or writer's power, while he brings every one to the same test—*his own taste*. But minds are as various in their construction as natural scenery in its aspects. There is the bold outline of the mountain range, with its rocks and caverns and gloomy gorges; and there is the great plain, with its groves and streamlets. There are the rough torrent and headlong cataract, and there is the gentle river, winding in perfect wantonness through the vale, as if it loved and strove to linger amid its beauties; there is the terrific swoop of the eagle, and the arrow-like dart of the swallow; there are

the thunder-cloud and rainbow, the roar of the ocean and the gentle murmur of the south wind; all, all unlike, yet all attractive, and all possessing their admirers. The same Divine hand that created and spread out this diversified scenery has formed mind with aspects as various, and it appears most attractive in that which the Creator has given it.

I recollect of seeing, some years ago, a contrast drawn by a western man between Dr. Beecher and Bishop McIlvaine. I do not recollect the author's name, nor can I now recall much of the comparison; but, among other things, he remarked, that the structure and movement of their minds were as different as the structure and movement of their bodies—one abrupt, vehement and rapid; the other calm, easy and graceful.

The thoughts of one are like a chest of gold rings; of the other, like the links of an iron chain. One makes the sky above you all sunshine and beauty; the other makes one half of it too bright for mortal eye to gaze upon, the other half with thunder-cloud piled on thunder-cloud, and above all the wheels of Providence rolling. These men are both eloquent; yet how different the orbits in which their minds revolve. One never could be the other. One is the torrent among the hills; the other the stream along the meadows. One startles; the other delights. One agitates; the other soothes. One ever asks for the war bugle, and pours through it a rallying cry that would almost wake the dead; the other cries, "bring out the silver trumpet," and breathes his soul into it till the melody dies away in the human heart like sunset on the heavens. Some one drawing a contrast between Lord Brougham and Canning, remarks that the mind of one (Lord Brougham) is like a concave mirror, converging all the rays of light that fall upon it into one tremendous and burning focus; the mind of the other, like a convex mirror, scattering the rays as they strike it, till it shines and glitters from every point you view it. So Longinus, speaking of Demosthenes and Cicero, says one is like the mountain torrent, bearing away every thing by the violence of its current; the other a consuming fire, wandering hither and thither over the fields, ever burning and ever finding something to consume. Every great speaker and writer in our own land has his peculiar style, that no other one can appropriate to himself. How do all these varieties occur? From obey-

ing the great—I might say greatest—maxim, “Look into thine own heart, then *write*.” Walter Scott would doubtless have died an ordinary man if he had continued the law, to which external circumstances seemed resolved to chain him. No one supposes that every man has powers so strikingly developed as those I have noticed. The upward tendencies of some minds are so powerful, that no education can subdue or change them, and, Titan-like, they will arise, though mountains are piled on them. But in more ordinary ones the better qualities are not so prominent; they must be sought out and cultivated. These varieties as really exist in the most common intellects as in great ones. A backwoodsman very soon knows whether he is better on the dead lift or vigorous leap, but how few who write or speak know in what direction their *minds* work with greatest power; and yet, till they do, they never can receive their best cultivation. A man destitute of imagination might as well attempt to fly with leaden wings, as strive to excel in highly descriptive and ornamental or figurative writing. While, on the contrary, let one with a youthful, ardent and highly imaginative mind, assume the deliberate judge and deep philosopher, and aim to make every word weigh a pound, and he will appear at best like a child with his grandfather’s spectacles on. And yet the world is full of these unnatural efforts, till the mind often loses all its elasticity and playfulness on the one hand, and all its force and power on the other. Indeed, sober-minded men often compliment themselves on the soundness of their judgments in condemning writers and speakers, when they ought to be reproved for the narrowness of their views. That man who, on listening to a beautiful poem, satirically inquired at the close what it all proved, doubtless considered himself blessed with a vastly deep and philosophical mind. What did it prove? It proved there was harmony in the universe besides the jingle of dollars and cents—that there was beauty in the world besides lines and angles, railroads and canals. Many seem to think there is nothing proved, except by a long train of consecutive

reason. As if the stars and the blue sky, the caroling of birds and the music of running waters, proved nothing! They prove much to one who has an eye and ear to perceive and understand them. Said a great scholar and distinguished man once to me, “Mrs. Hemans never wrote a single line of poetry in her life. *Vastly profound!* Methinks such a man could discourse systematically on the compact, scientifically-built wall of a garden all day, and never behold a single flower it enclosed. For such minds beauty and harmony are created in vain. It is this rigidity of taste that often paralyzes the powers of the finest-wrought minds. The variety which God has created is disregarded, and every one is brought to the same iron-like standard. The mind is doubtless, in a thousand instances, injured before it is old enough to compare for itself. How many parents regard institutions of learning as so many intellectual mills, into which every variety of mind is to be tossed, and come out well-bolted intellectual flour! How little do they study the different characters of those under their control! and while they fondly believe they are granting them equal opportunities by the course they pursue, they are using means adapted to develop the best powers of one and the weakest of the other. Let not the reader suppose that the intellect is self-educated; that Nature is an unerring guide, and he must follow as far as she leads. She directs to which species the variety belongs, gently admonishing man to cultivate it according to the character of the plant. Nor do I suppose that she has enclosed a path for any particular mind to tread in without deviation to the right hand or to the left, but that there is *one* in which it can move with greater facility and pleasure. There is one aspect of it more attractive than all the rest. I may be considered as having given an undue importance to this subject, but I am confident that no one has advanced far without knowing what his best powers are. Cultivate an ordinary mind so that it may possess its greatest power, and it will be regarded as a giant in this world of misapplied effort.

THE TALE OF AN ITALIAN.

AN INCIDENT OF CITY LIFE.

MANY seem to have an idea that the tales of sorrow they hear are all mere fictions, because they do not see the subjects. They do not go where they are and seek them out. Sorrow—true sorrow—does not show itself openly. In a city like New York, for instance, a stranger would see, in the crowds that throng the thoroughfares, the semblance of nothing but busy happiness. Splendid misery, although it may, and does exist, is treated by those who are its subjects, and by others, only as a poetic fiction, and does not show itself abroad. Misery gloats and fests itself in solitude. That is the proper aliment of the heart that corrodes. Society requires a cloudless brow, though the brain beneath it may throb with agony, and the heart heave each pulsation with pain. But sorrow, severe as it may be in the halls of rank and wealth, is but a feeble type of the grief, and misery, and despair, that are to be found in the abodes of abject want. There, where life—human life—is but a grade removed from animal existence—where its poorest comforts are rarely if ever seen—where food and clothing are scarcely known, and warmth comes only with the season's change—and where blessed health is almost a stranger—it is there that misery reigns in all its ferocity, and fixes its iron fangs into the heart of hearts. Virtue may shed a beam of joy into such scenes—but where these are co-tenants with vice, it is a bitter that knows no sweet. The blessed sun rises in vain, for its light brings no comfort—and the still night, with balmy sleep, offers no balm nor forgetfulness. It is like *“the valley of the shadow of death.”*

To the physician of truly benevolent feelings, these are scenes of every-day occurrence. He sees misery in all its forms, and, if he choose, may do much to relieve it. But it is, alas too often, his lot to see the wretched lie down and die hopeless of relief, and only cheered in their last hours by a sympathy that comes too late to save. Such was the case with

the subject of the following sketch, taken from my notes of early practice.

It was one of those damp, disagreeable days in the month of January 18—, when the so-called January thaw was prevailing, and the heavy snow which had been for some days lying upon the ground was rapidly disappearing, that word was left at my office for me to call, as soon as I returned, at a hovel in the outskirts of the village. Every young practitioner must go through the same course of induction into business, by attending all the poor and outcasts in his neighborhood, and my initiation had not yet been completed. Since I have been years in business, I still make it a point of stern duty always to answer as readily the calls of the poor as of the rich. I get my pay from the latter for my care of both.

I did not reach home till after dark, when, taking my lantern in my hand, I picked my way as well as I could through the mud and half-melted snow to the door of the hovel. As is very often the case in such circumstances, there was in fact no sort of urgency for my coming, the poor woman being only “complaining” a little for a day or two. Kindness, and a control over one's temper, however much cause there may be for irritation, is never lost, and having administered kindly to the trifling ailment of the woman, I prepared to go. At this moment, a woman from a neighboring house entered, and, seeing me, asked me to call and see a stranger who had been found sick on the road, and brought into her house that afternoon. I of course went immediately to see him, though the place was at the distance of nearly half a mile. It was just on the edge of a dense forest, and few abodes of poverty can be found, especially in the country, to compare with it. It consisted entirely of one room—and in one corner, upon an article meant no doubt for a bed, lay the form of a man apparently in deep sleep. This I soon found to be the effects of some cold and fatigue. It was with difficulty he could be

aroused, and when he was, I discovered that he was a foreigner, and could not speak English. I accordingly prescribed for him, and enjoining upon the inmates the necessity of taking good care of him through the night I left him.

January 7th.—Kindness and humanity never lose their reward. It has often seemed to me that the helpless insect, I turn my foot aside from crushing in the path, showed by mute actions a sense of gratitude, and appreciation of the act. I find my patient of last night sensible, and evidently deeply impressed with my attention. He has been aroused from the stupor in which he lay, and considerable reaction having taken place, I have bled him freely from the arm, which has relieved the pain he seemed to complain of in his breast. He has also considerable cough.

Besides prescribing such medicines as he requires, I have had his other wants attended to, so that he is now more comfortably provided for, although he is too ill to be removed.

10th.—How stupid I have been. For some days past I have been racking my brain to understand the *signs*, by which my patient tried to communicate with me. By one word he uttered this morning, which I understood, I was reminded that he might perhaps speak in Spanish which language I understand, and I asked if he could. He exclaimed with a gesture of extreme satisfaction, "O sí, señor, sí!"

I am thus relieved from much embarrassment in treating his case, which is a complicated one, an old disease being aggravated by his late exposure. I do not believe he can long survive. He tells me he is an Italian, and lately from his own country.

13th.—For three days he has been troubled very much with palpitation of the heart and symptoms which indicate extensive structural disease of that organ. This morning I find the disease has acquired considerable more intensity. After conversing some time with him, he suddenly exclaimed—"Ah! señor, qui pena."

"Adonde esta la pena?" I inquired.

"Aqui—aqui!" said he laying his hand upon his heart.

I was more surprised at his manner than the expression, and drawing my seat nearer to his side I inquired the meaning of it. He covered his face with his hands, and sobbing bitterly, exclaimed, "Victoria—mi cara Victoria!" I began to fear his intellect had been affected, but soon mastering his feelings he said, "I cannot tell you now—to-morrow, if I am alive.

I am not mad, sir. When you come to me to-morrow I will tell you all."

After administering a soothing draught I left him.

The next morning I received from him the following relation. Told in the soft, passionate language of Spain it made a deep impression upon my feelings.

THE ITALIAN'S TALE.

I had resolved that the memory of my life should go down with me to my grave. But the few words you have spoken to me in a tongue that is not an utter stranger to my ear, and your undeserved kindness, have called back the thoughts of other days, and though the recollection may be bitter I will open to you my heart. It did seem hard for me to die thus—in a strange land and in such a place without a friend to trust in. But now it will not be so. You know what youth is, and in your own experience can doubtless find some pardon for the follies of one like yourself. All I ask of you is to reveal nothing till I am dead. Then you may do as you please.

My family was one of the first in Florence. Being the youngest of five sons, I was early destined for the Church, and, educated in all the superstitious ceremonies of the Catholic faith, was early taught the belief that the highest attainment was that entire separation from the world which the leaders of our orders professed to obtain. Not only the pomps and vanities of life, but its pleasures and social enjoyments were condemned, and he who would be nearest heaven, was he who feared to miss one footstep on earth, lest he should lose the heaven beyond. Yet, ascetic as I was taught to be, I had seen enough in my boyhood, in my father's halls, to give me, at least, a taste for the world's pride, and it was not with the greatest satisfaction that I took the cowl and commenced my mission in Spain. I travelled through its beautiful valleys, and saw proud mirth in the courtly halls, and humble contentment in the shepherd's cot, and the more I saw, the more I felt myself an outcast.

I pass thus hastily over this part of my life, because it was only a scene of strife between my duty to God, and the love of the world, and that I may come to that which decided my fate.

The last rays of the sun lingered on the mountains as I paused in a deep valley in the north of Spain. "I gazed on the scene, as the

light below grew dim, while above it seemed to sleep so calmly on the mountain tops. The last song of the bird was heard as he sunk quietly to rest—the distant sound of the flocks, as the shepherd drove them homeward, fell distinctly on my ear, and I sighed, for I felt most lonely. As I was rapt in the contemplation of the beautiful view before me, a shepherd passed, and devoutly crossing himself humbly asked my blessing.

“My blessing,” I replied, “you have, my son. But methought as I looked but now upon this vale, that ye who dwell within its peaceful bosom, needed not for human blessing.”

“Nay, father,” he said, “thy blessing is that of Heaven.”

“True, my son,” said I, “but with this quiet hamlet before me, I almost forgot ye needed Heaven’s blessings more. Night draws on apace. I am Father Eugenio”——

“What!” he exclaimed, interrupting me, “the Father Eugenio with whose virtues all Spain resounds?”

“Nay, my son—my caring forbids me to listen to such praise, and my heart is far from it. Let us seek thy cot, for I am weary.”

“The castle hall is yonder, and its lord even proud of Father Eugenio’s presence.”

“Nay, I seek not the hall of pride, but the cot, where peaceful, quiet happiness is found, and like my master I would shun the world’s noise and tumult.”

In silence he led the way, and as he paused at the cottage door the shades of twilight deepened into night. But the moon rose from behind the eastern hills and cast its gentle light upon the valley, and I felt more deeply than ever before the goodness of the great Author of all things. The bay of the watchdog came softly over the air from the castle, and there was nothing to interrupt the peace of the scene. It was holy—and I felt how pure ought to be the hearts of those who are brought up in these vales, away from the pomp and vanities of the world. As we entered the cottage, the shepherd’s daughter met us, and when he pronounced my name, with all the grace and beauty of even the humblest of Spain’s daughters, she bent her knee, and crossing her hands upon her bosom, craved my blessing.

“Heaven bless you, daughter—bless you,” said I, and she rose and prepared the evening repast for her father. Wearied and exhausted with the toil of the day, I sought my bed, and slept in peace. How little did I think it was

for the last time. How little did I think, that in that vale where the distractions of life were unknown, and where at first I had been filled with the purest emotions, I was doomed to leave the last remnant of sanctity, save its outward garb. *O cielo!*—how my brain burns with the memory. Little did I think, when I rose in the morning, and prayed that the passions that bind us to earth and estrange us from heaven might be subdued in my heart, that ever after an idolatrous love, stronger than that I gave to my God, would mingle in my prayers, and pollute the fountain of my holiest thoughts.

“Peace be to this house,” said I, as I entered the room where the family was assembled. At the head of the table the father took his seat, and gave me the place on his right hand. Opposite me sat his daughter Victoria, who had received me the night before. My fatigue had prevented me from noticing her then, but now as she sat before me I saw her in all her native beauty. Her hair was braided in a raven coronet around her brow, and better became her than a diadem of gems. And who can look into the dark burning eye of one of Spain’s daughters and be unmoved? I had before. I had wandered through all that romantic country, and seen all its beauties, and had laid my hand upon the head of her proudest maidens to bless them, and forget them. Now I forgot I was a consecrated priest of the most high God, and opened my heart to an idol which entered its inmost shrine. Day passed by after day, and still I lingered. I visited the neighboring hamlets, but night always found me under the same roof with Victoria. I strove with the passion—I tried to tear it from my heart—I felt how utterly I was separated from woman’s love by my sacred office—but I could not go. The humble cottagers asked my blessing, and my soul shrunk in horror as I felt how vain it was. Yet with practised command over my conduct, I did not betray the canker at my heart. With her I roved the valley and gazed on the beauties of the glowing world—we lingered abroad at twilight, and watched the last rays of the sun as they tinged the tops of the Pyrenees. We gathered flowers in the wild dell, and I taught her their names and their virtues—and to me every herb and stone possessed a charm, while her dark eye glowed in answer to my descriptions. She took her guitar and sung the “Evening Hymn to the Virgin,” and then I quailed—for I felt my apostacy.

"Why do you tremble, Father Eugenio," she inquired. "The chill air is blowing down from the mountains—let us return."

And I was a hypocrite. I replied, "Nay, daughter, I thought of HIM and his goodness, and my sin," while I thought only of her.

A month passed away and still I was there. Under the sanctity of my garb no one thought that I gave one thought to earth or its happiness, whilst the Father Eugenio, whose holiness was the praise of all, was lost to all virtue.

The heart that is filled with strong feelings and strong affections gives its own hue to those with whom it is conversant. We see this every day in our intercourse with all our fellows. How then shall it be with a gentle woman, exposed continually to that intercourse which makes her own the thoughts and feelings of another. She becomes soon captivated, and so it was with Victoria. She loved me. I knew it. O no! she would have never believed that she could sin so deeply.

But I must hasten on with my story. I returned one day from a visit in the valley, just as the sun was setting, and Victoria stood by the door watching my approach. We gazed upon the last ray as it faded and left behind the star that warms all hearts. I spoke to her of its beauty, and we talked of the God above till I shuddered at my sinful hypocrisy. I turned to her, and with a mockery of holy feeling, said: "Daughter—to-morrow I must leave you."

As if it had discovered to her her heart, with the suddenness of lightning she said: "Leave us to-morrow—leave me—O Father Eugenio!"

We forgot what we were. We forgot all but ourselves, and as I pressed her to my heart I exclaimed, "Victoria—I love you—I love you!"

It is said that those men who have been drowned and afterwards recovered describe the sensation of drowning as by no means painful, but on the other hand attended with feelings of pleasure. But they describe the feeling of recovery, as the suspended circulation is slowly and painfully restored, and the blood creeps sluggishly back to its accustomed channels, as, beyond description, agonizing. Such must have been to Victoria the discovery of her heart. Slowly and imperceptibly she had drunk in the fatal poison, deceived by its sweetness, till all at once she felt how much too far she had gone. As if the words I had spoken had restored her to her virtue, she withdrew from my embrace, and with a strange mastery over

her heart, she said, "Father, I have sinned—forgive me: let us part."

"Part!" said I; "we whose hearts have beat like one? Yes, Victoria, we must part. To-morrow I leave you, and by long penance may hope to expiate my sin."

"And I," she exclaimed—"how can I be forgiven?"

She took from her bosom a small cross and placed it in my hand.

"What is this?" I asked.

She only replied, "That when you look on it you may pray for a penitent," and turning entered the house. That cross I have worn next my heart till now, and when I am dead, will you take it and keep it as a token of a heart's mad idolatry—a heart that forgot its God?

But I will hasten on. In the morning Victoria was gone. Search was in vain—she could not be found. I left that part of Spain. I inflicted unheard of penance on my body. I would have gone naked and barefoot to my grave if I could have rid myself of the curse that hung upon my soul. I had not only sinned myself, but I had brought guilt upon a heart that before was holy. Whole nights have I lain upon the ground in untold agony, and prayed for the pardon I could not obtain. Yet I continued to wear the garb and perform the offices of my calling, till the Father Eugenio, who was known for his virtue, became almost sainted for his humility and severity of faith. Spain's monarch and nobles bent their knees for his blessing and in his hypocrisy he gave it. The proud and the humble both rejoiced in the laying on of his hands who almost feared to pray for himself.

* * * * *
It was high festival in Rome. Crowds were gathered from all parts of the world, and I was among them. The last tones of the organ died away in the vaulted roof of St. Peter's, and still I knelt at the altar. A strange quiet had come over my spirit, and I prayed with hope of pardon. I heard a sigh, and raising my head, I saw that all had left the church except a nun who knelt by my side. She seemed in deep anguish of soul, and sighed often and deeply. Thinking to speak words of comfort to her, I addressed her. She raised her head—*it was Victoria.*

She had fled from her father's house, and taken the veil. Yet, strong as her vows were, there was a love she could not subdue. Better

if she had stayed at her father's hearth; better she had died before she broke from her first dream of love. Now it was too late. Fate had thrown us together, and we would not be separated. I led her from the church, and throwing off my priestly garb, resolved no more to desecrate the holy character.

We were pursued. I know not how it was discovered, but it was soon known throughout Rome that Father Eugenio, the meek and virtuous, was apostate, and had drawn away a sister from the convent. I told it to Victoria, and that we must fly. I was standing with my arm about her—I felt her shudder—she raised her eye to mine—she groaned, and her head fell upon my shoulder. I held her a moment, supposing she was trying to subdue her feelings, but seeing that she did not move, I raised her head. She was dead. The struggle had been too severe—her heart had broken.

I heard a tumult in the street, and my cowardly and guilty heart told me that I was the cause. I laid the body hastily on a couch, and escaped. Once more I passed through Spain. The news of my fall had not reached there, and I had resumed the garb of a priest. I was fondly received and honored. I visited the quiet vale where I had first seen Victoria. I feasted my heart on the associations of former days. I lingered among the wild scenery where I had wandered with her; I called her name, and waited for an answer, but it came not. I was lonely and desolate, and my grief for a lost idol men called my penitence.

The news, however, was not long in coming from Rome, and again I fled—in the agony of

my soul I cared not whither. I recollect little of what followed for many weeks. There is an indistinct idea of tossing in a ship for many days, of wanderings from place to place, till I found myself here. Now I shall die, and then I shall meet my Victoria—"mia cara Victoria!" And when I am dead, then take the cross from my heart, and keep it, as I said, in remembrance of a heart's mad idolatry—a heart that forgot its God.

January 25th.—Last night the priest Eugenio died. I think it my duty always to urge upon men, in view of approaching death, the important consolations of religion, and recommend them to converse with a minister of their own faith. How dark the passage to the grave must be to those who go down through it in gloom and without hope beyond. To this man, although educated in the doctrines and hopes of his church, beyond most others, religion had been always a form and external observance. As there was no priest of his own church in the place—and had there been, he would not have seen him—I proposed to him to permit me to call in a neighboring Protestant clergyman. He consented with little hesitation, and I believe his mind was thus opened to hopes unknown to him before. How glorious that hope which can throw such clear light all through the gloom of the dark valley.

I took the cross from its resting-place, and had his body decently buried. He will be forgotten; but that love will burn again in some passionate soul, to light a heart it cannot sanctify.

DEATH.

A MIGHTY sceptred monarch sways
The realms of mortal breath;
For every human soul obeys
The mandate stern of *Death*.
Death never smites a feeble blow,
Nor waiteth long between;
He cometh from the depths below
This harvest ground to glean.
He hangs a fearful gloominess
About the wizard sea;
A never-failing loneliness,
When flowing pleasantly.
But when the howling tempests rise,
Death hasteth to the fray.

And o'er the billows swiftly flies
In ruin's dread array.
In plaintive sounding melody
The breezes whisper low:—
"The agency of death shall be
Through time's all- ceaseless flow."
Death rideth on the stormy blast
Amid the lightning's play;
And shouteth when the war-clouds fast
Their many victims slay.
He floateth on the noiseless breeze
In fragrant summer time;
And hideth 'mid the leafy trees,
Whence music sweet doth chime.

He glideth where deep waters flow,
 And spreads the ripple wide ;
 And stands where fetid marshes low
 Extend their sluggish tide.
 He saileth on the sun's bright beam,
 Like love's resistless glance ;
 And where the festive torches gleam,
 Whirls in the giddy dance.
 Death mingleth tempting pleasure's cup,
 And crowns all earthly joy ;
 He hovers where the song goes up,
 Commissioned to destroy.

He filleth every spot of earth,
 Like all-pervading light ;
 And all that claimeth mortal birth
 Death smites in giant might.
 There's horror in the very air
 When o'er the dead we bend ;
 There's mingled terror everywhere
 If Death an arrow send.
 What wonder then we stand aghast
 When summoned far away ?
 For Death, unwelcome till the last,
 Fills up the grave for aye. T.

THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

THERE is yet extant a letter from Mrs. Stoddard, of Northampton, to her daughter, Mrs. Edwards, of East Windsor, in which she congratulates her upon the birth of a son—that son since so well known as the elder Jonathan Edwards.

It is a touching epistle, written in the quaint style and orthography of a century and a half since ; and, while the mother rejoices in the health and happiness of her child, she communicates intelligence of events deeply afflicting their domestic circle, as she comprises in a few simple words a narrative which thrilled our school-days with fear and terror.

She writes to her daughter that the Indians had made a descent upon the peaceful settlement of Denfield, and taken her half-sister, Mrs. Williams, (a daughter of Mrs. Stoddard, by a former marriage,) with her children, into captivity. And she tells her, too, of the death of a brother, in a prison, "*at a place they called Brest, in France,*" whither he had been carried after having been taken a prisoner from an English vessel.

The heart of the mother had been wrung with anguish, but a sweet spirit of piety and submission breathes throughout the letter ; while mingled with these more important events, are the trifling details of domestic life, and the kind remembrances of maternal love, as she sent a silver roringer to the baby, and an ounce of pins to the mother. We had then no manufactures, and such gifts were not to be despised.

The more important events to which that let-

ter referred have passed, like "a tale that is told ;" yet there are many in our land who may feel that they have something like a personal interest in the cradle beside which that letter was read—in the pale mother who pondered the sad news as she rocked her sleeping boy. And those who duly estimate the influence of the mother upon the heart and mind, by the formation of one affecting the destinies of many, will feel no small interest in her to whom was committed the early impressions of the future divine and metaphysician.

Mrs. Edwards inherited much of the talent of her father, the "venerable Stoddard," and New England sages of the past century believed the intellectual powers of the celebrated son transmitted, as an inheritance, from the maternal side.

Few have been placed in circumstances more entirely favorable to the strengthening and developing of the mental powers, and the cultivation of the moral affections, than was Jonathan Edwards ; and he has carried through life, and no doubt into the eternal world, the influences of a pure and happy home.

He shared the care and affection of his mother, with a large family of sisters ; and if they none of them have acquired the celebrity of their brother, they were all well educated—in the language of *this* day, we may say highly accomplished—intelligent women. Their father taught them Latin and Greek, so that the elder sisters were the first instructors of their brother, though probably not so well versed in the classics as President Wolsey. At some fashiona-

ble school of these days, they were taught painting and embroidery, while the mother communicated things of far higher importance. She trained them in the fear of the Lord, and accustomed them to habits of industry, order and economy. And, marrying into the most respectable families of their native land, they carried with them the maxims, the habits, and the principles in which she educated them, and transmitted them to descendants who have been among the most useful and respectable of the Sons of New England.

Many cares must have devolved upon the wife of a country minister in these old-fashioned times, in which the congregation looked to the minister's family as the example to the flock; and while they showed them all deference, they expected a reciprocation of all neighborly kindness and civility; and when the minister's doors were to be kept open, and the table spread for all wayfaring brethren, while the family circle was enlarged by students who were prepared for the pulpit in the study of the husband. But Mrs. Edwards was well able to meet, and well sustain them all. She was the mother of eleven children. President Edwards was her only son. She dwelt with the husband of her youth more than half a century. She survived him twelve years.

She lived until she attained her ninetieth year, and passed the years of her widowhood in the house to which she had been brought a bride—where she had rocked the cradles of her children—where the marriage benediction had been pronounced over her daughters before

they had left their father's house—where she had known the joys and sorrows of wife and widow—had welcomed the new-born, and wept over the dead. Her husband's success in the ministry doubly bereaved one whose age, position and character entitled her to all respect, and the people of her husband's charge never forgot to show her all reverence. The last years of her life she read much, and the Bible and those theological works in which the New England puritans so much delighted, were always on her table; and the venerable matron seated beside it, with her knitting, often stopped to comment on passages read aloud by her daughter, who never left her, to the ladies of the neighborhood, who were fond of assembling in her parlor. And after the social visit, before they separated, the daughter would read a chapter from the book they loved so well, and then the aged woman commended them to God in prayer. And while many sought counsel and comfort from her, it was believed she was used in the conversion of many—who shall shine as jewels in the crown of her rejoicing.

She was said to have been a woman of fine personal appearance, dignified and polished manners, educated in Boston, the seat of the provincial court, accustomed to all the etiquette and ceremonial of the colonial aristocracy, and teaching and observing in her own family all the proprieties of life and manners, even to that minutiæ of dress and appearance which marked the manners of the higher classes in the day in which distinctions of rank were not forgotten.

ENGLISH NOTABILITIES.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE REGALIA—BANK OF ENGLAND—THAMES TUNNEL—OUT OF LONDON—MURDERING OF THE KING'S ENGLISH—OXFORD—STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE visitor can never say enough of the old Tower, but I will here mention only one or two things. In Queen Elizabeth's Armory are stored all the varieties of ancient weapons of warfare. There are the glaive, gusarne, the bill, catchpole, Lochaber axe, two-handed battle-axe, halberd, crossbows,

&c. Passing over the rooms and instruments of torture, let us drop for a moment into the Tower House containing the Regalia. Here in a single glass case is gathered all the crown jewels, diadems, sceptres, &c., of rich old England. There are five crowns in all, and five royal sceptres, heavy with gold and flashing with

diamonds. The Queen's Diadem, made for the wife of James II., is a single circlet of gold, yet with its large, richly set diamonds and edging of pearls it cost a half million of dollars. Victoria's crown has a large cross in front entirely frosted with brilliants, and in the centre a single sapphire, two inches long and blue as heaven—it is the size of a small egg. There leans St. Edward's staff, four feet and a half long and of pure gold, and near it a royal sceptre, three feet and a half in length, radiant with its own jewelled light. There, too, are the Golden Eagle, which holds the anointing oil for their most gracious sovereigns—the anointing spoon—the great golden salt-cellar of state surrounded with twelve smaller ones, all of gold—the baptismal font, in which Victoria and the present Prince of Wales were both baptized, silver-gilt, *four feet high*—and the heavy sacramental plate—two massive tankards, &c., &c., all of solid gold.

“Only sixpence a sight,” and lo! the eye feasts on this profusion of diamonds, and jewels, and precious stones. Millions of money have been wasted on these baubles, and there they idly flash year after year, while their worth expended on famishing Ireland would give bread to every starving family, or instruction to every ignorant and depraved child of the kingdom. But this is the way of the world—millions for show, but not a cent for wretched, starving men.

With a mere glance at the Bank of England and the Thames Tunnel, and we will away to the open country—to the green hedgerows and rolling fields of merry old England. The Bank of England is a fine building; “it is an immense and very extensive stone edifice, situated a short distance north-west of Corn Hill. The principal entrance is from Threadneedle street. It is said this building covers five acres of ground. Business hours from nine o'clock until five P. M. There are no windows opening on the street; light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. There are nine hundred clerks employed in the bank, and not *one foreigner* among the whole. Should a clerk be too old for service, he is discharged on half-pay for life. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it; each of the rooms has a dial, in order that all in the bank should know the true time. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines in

perfect order, always in readiness in case of fire. The bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital £18,000,000 sterling, or \$90,000,000.”

The Tunnel is one of the chief wonders of London. This subterranean passage is thirty feet beneath the bed of the Thames river and twenty-two feet high. It is thirteen hundred feet long and thirty-eight wide, and lighted with gas. One has strange emotions in standing under these dark, damp arches. Over his head is rushing a deep river, and vessels are floating, and steamboats are ploughing the water, and he cannot but think of the effect a small leak would produce, and what his chance would be in a general break down of the arches above.

The Tunnel is composed of two arches with a row of immense columns in the centre. It is designed for carriages, but is not yet sufficiently completed to receive them. You descend by a winding staircase, and passing under the river emerge into daylight by a similar staircase on the farther side. Little hand printing-presses, fruit and candy tables, and nick-nacks of various kinds, are strung through this passage.

As I was sauntering along suddenly I heard a low humming sound which startled me prodigiously. The first thought was that the masonry above had given way, and that ringing was the steady pressure of the down-rushing waters. The bare possibility of being buried up there was too horrible to entertain for a moment. I looked anxiously around, but finding no one, not even those who lived there, the least alarmed, I concluded it was all right, and walked on. But that strange humming-ringing grew louder and louder, and completely bewildered me. It had no rising swell or sinking cadence, but monotonous, deep, and constant, kept rising every moment louder and clearer. Hastening forward I came to the farther entrance of the Tunnel, and there sat a man and boy, one with a violin and the other with a harp—the innocent authors of all the strange, indescribable sounds that had so confused me. The endless reverberations amid those long arches so completely mingled them together—one overtaking and blending in with another, and the whole bounding back in a mass to be again split asunder, and tossed about, created such a jargon as I never before listened to. The sounds could not escape, and in their struggles to do so—hitting along the roof and sides of the Tunnel—they at length

lost all distinctness of utterance, and became tangled up in the most astonishing manner.

At length I bade smoky London adieu, and driving early one morning to a stage-office, booked myself for Oxford. As I was waiting for the stage to start, I stepped into a shop near by for some crackers, thinking perhaps my early breakfast would leave me with something of an appetite before it was time to dine. But to my surprise the keeper told me he had no "crackers," and looked as though he regarded me a lunatic or fresh from some remote region. I returned his look of surprise, for there before me were bushels of crackers. All at once I remembered that *cracker* was an Americanism, and that Englishmen call every thing of the kind *biscuit*. This put matters right.

In a short time we were trundling through the long streets of London, and at length passing from the dirty suburbs, found ourselves in the open country. For a while it was pleasant, but we soon came to a barren, desolate tract, which quite damped the hopes with which we had set out.

But this being passed, we entered on the beautiful farming districts of England. The roads were perfect, and the long green hedges gently rolling over the slopes; the masses of dark foliage sprinkled here and there through the fields, and the fine bracing air, combined to lift our spirits up to the enjoying point. I had taken a seat on the top of the coach, and hence could overlook the whole country. Marlow, which we passed, is a pretty place, and the seats of English gentlemen along the road are picturesque and beautiful.

As we were descending a gentle inclination to Henly-on-the-Thames, the valley that opened on our view was lovely beyond description. But just here an accident overtook us; one of our wheels broke, and we were compelled to foot it into town. The driver immediately sent one of those hangers-on around taverns and stables to a coachmaker, to see if he could obtain a coach or extra wheel. As he came slouching back, I was struck with his reply. English people are always ridiculing the language spoken in this country, but that loafer beat a down-caster out and out. He had been unsuccessful, and as he came up he drawled out, "he hain't got nary coach nor nary wheel!" Now, an ignorant Yankee might have said, "he hain't got nary coach nor wheel," but he never would have *doubled* the "nary"—this

was wholly English. I had often noticed a similar dreadful use of the English language among the cabmen of London; they are altogether worse than our cabmen at home.

We, however, succeeded in getting under way at last, and reached Oxford just as the clouds began to pour their gathered treasures down.

I will not attempt to describe old Oxford. It is a venerable place, and the pile of buildings which compose the University one of the most imposing I have ever seen. Old and time-worn, with their grave architecture and ancient look, they present a striking appearance amid the green sward that surrounds them. Of the Bodleian and Radcliffe libraries I shall say nothing. In conversing with one of the tutors of the University, I was surprised to learn that Pusey was regarded there rather as an honest old granny than an able and profound man.

The morning I left Oxford for Stratford-on-the-Avon was as beautiful a one as ever smiled over New England. The fragmentary clouds went trooping over the sky, the fresh, cool wind swept cheerfully by, and the newly-washed meadows and fields looked as if just preparing themselves for a holiday. Again I took my seat on the top of the coach, with two or three others, and started away. We soon picked up an additional companion—a pretty young woman—who also climbed to the roof of the coach. The inside was full, and you must know that an Englishman never gives up his seat to a lady. He takes the place he has paid for, and expects all others, of whatever sex, to do the same. If it rains, he says it is unfortunate, but supposes that the lady knew the risk when she took her seat, and expects her to bear her misfortune like a philosopher.

This lady, I should think from her general appearance and conversation, was a governess. She had evidently travelled a good deal, and was very talkative and somewhat inquisitive. When she discovered I was an American, she very gravely remarked that she mistrusted it before from my *complexion*. Now it must be remembered that I have naturally the tinge of a man belonging to a southern clime, which had been considerably deepened by my recent exposures in the open air in Italy and along the Rhine. Supposing that all Americans were tawny from their close relationship to the aborigines of our country, she attributed my swarthinness to the *Indian blood* in my veins. I confessed myself sufficiently sur-

prised at her penetration, and humored her inquisitiveness. She left us at Stratford, bidding my friend and myself good-bye with a dignified shake of the hand. We of course regarded this great condescension on her part to two Indians with proper respect, attributing it to the comparative fluency with which we spoke English. She evidently thought us savages of more than ordinary education.

After dinner, I strolled out to the house of Shakspeare, a low, miserable affair at the best, and hardly large enough for three persons. Yet here the great dramatist was born. After going through it, I went to the church where his bones repose, and read, with strange feelings, the odd inscription he directed to be placed over his tomb.

It was a beautiful day, and I went out and sat down on the banks of the Avon beside the church, and gazed long on the rippling waters and green slopes of the neighboring hills and greener hedges. Cattle were lazily browsing in the fields; the ancient trees beside the church bent and sighed as the fresh breeze swept by, and all was tranquillity and beauty. I had never seen so pure a sky in England.

The air was clear and bracing, and although it was the middle of August, it seemed like a bright June day at home.

How many fancies a man will sometimes weave, and yet scarce know why. A single chord of memory is perhaps touched, or some slight association will arise, followed by a hundred others, as one bird, starting from the brake, will arouse a whole flock, and away they go swarming together. It was thus as I sat on the banks of the Avon, soothed by the ripple of its waters. Along this stream Shakspeare had wandered in his boyhood, and cast his dark eye over this same landscape. What gorgeous dreams here wrapped his youthful imagination, and strange, wild vagaries crossed his mind. Old England then was merry, and plenty reigned in her halls, and good cheer was every where to be found. But now want and poverty cover the land. Discontent is written on half the faces you meet, and the murmurs of a coming storm are heard over the distant heavens.

Farewell, sweet Avon! your bright waters, bordered with green fields, and sparkling in light, are like a pleasant dream.

EVENING.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

SWEET evening in her robes of sable hue
 Is here, and is bestowing her soft dew
 Upon the earth, and shutting up the flowers
 With her moist fingers for the sleeping hours.
 My heart is sad to-night, and on my brain
 Care heavily doth press, and bitter pain.
 And I am lonely, for no friend is here;
 But most of all I miss *my mother* dear.
 My mother!—ah! methinks I see her now,
 With those soft, loving eyes of hers, and brow
 So kind! Oh! sad am I, because I know
 That I have caused dark, bitter tears to flow
 From out those blessed eyes of hers—and now
 I clasp her hand and bend before her low—
 Methinks I feel her tears upon my cheek,
 And hear her breathe a prayer for me her weak
 And erring boy! Dear mother! let me lay
 My head upon thy heart—would God for aye



drawn from nature by A. Koelner

Engraved by W. H. Ellis

BEDFORD SPRINGS PA



It might remain ; for there I could not sin,
 Where such pure, heav'n-like virtue reigns within !
 But thou art far from me, and oh ! perhaps
 I ne'er again shall see thy face—a lapse
 Of time at least must slowly pass, ere I
 Can let my head upon thy bosom lie ;
 But if thy cheek I never kiss again—
 If never more thy tears shall wash the stain
 Of sin from off my heart, I'll not despair,
 For God, I know, will grant my mother's prayer ;
 And granting it, " O Death, where is thy sting ?"
 For then to me eternal joy thou'lt bring !

THREE DAYS IN THE APENNINES.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning had just dawned ; the golden sun of Italy gleamed upon the crest of the Appenines. The valleys resounded with the lowing of herds and the matin-songs of birds ; gaily-dressed peasants went in companies to their labor, headed by some musician, who echoed back the sweet songs of the beautiful peasant girls, that, crowned with flowers, were about commencing the vintage. All around us was magnificent ; all spoke to the mind as well as to the heart. Emerald valleys ; meadows, gemmed with flowers of every hue ; hills, picturesque and varied with cottages and villas ; above all, a heaven pure and serene promised one of the most glorious days of autumn.

Oh, then I felt awakened to a new life ! I beheld these beauties of nature with a lively pleasure, a peculiar admiration. Every thing around us recalled constantly to mind the days and scenes of my childhood, the hopes, the fervent desires of revisiting them, when thousands of miles lay between us. How often amid the deserts of Egypt, upon the burning shores of the Nile, beside the wasted fountains of Palestine, in the shadow of Atlas, and even upon the barbarous and inhospitable soil of Asia, I thought of these valleys and mountains, my beloved and beautiful Italy.

After four years of vicissitudes and wander-

ings, of sufferings and perils, it was granted me to behold once more my country and my friends. What do I say ?—my friends ! My mother was no more ! The companion of my childhood and of my later studies, Ludovico, resumed with me our excursions among the mountains, the chase of the fox, and our pilgrimages to the shrines of the Virgin and the saints. These solemnities, though in the middle of the 19th century, preserve more of the character of heathen worship than of Christianity.

Every village has its particular virgin, its patron saint ; and at each anniversary of these divinities are renewed the rural fêtes, the pilgrimages, and the re-union of thousands who prefer to revere their gods and goddesses as bacchanals, rather than to render to the true God a simple worship, an adoration purely spiritual.

A fête was announced to be given by the village of Montalto. The concourse of pilgrims, of devotees and spectators, wended their way to the shrine of San Gottardo, and the day of our excursion was the one previous to the anniversary of this saint.

Already the day was considerably advanced ; the sun flung his glistening rays over the earth ; a slight breeze blew gently from the north, and the air was fragrant with the per-

fume of flowers. Never, in all my wanderings, had I witnessed a scene so enchanting as that of the valley of the Trebbia and the villages upon its banks. What a glorious day was this! Nature herself seemed endowed with a new life, and autumn was confounded with the awakening of spring.

Far in the distance was heard the noise of the cataract as it plunged into the depths of the valley. The flocks, led by young and beautiful shepherdesses, sought their pastures; multitudes of women were already commencing the vintage; others reaped upon the brows of the rocks, while their husbands drove homeward the loaded carts, or filled the cellars with the fruit consecrated to Bacchus. All this labor was carried on amid song and music, amid joy and love. Happy friends and dwellers in this valley! how sweet and noble the life to which you are dedicated, constantly surrounded by all that nature can offer of the beautiful or the useful, with one common accord, and with brotherly love, you labor in the midst of song and music.

Ah! yes, you are right—music instructs, awakens, expands, communicates, while the harmony of its tones rules the will and the heart. Music is faith, it is friendship, it is the association of all excellence. Labor on, then, speaking still the language of angels, that language that binds us to heaven and to earth!

CHAPTER II.

The clock of the church of St. Egidio struck the hour of noon, just as we arrived at the "*Rocca di Casale*." This castle, fantastic in its architecture, built upon the summit of a mountain, still preserves the warlike aspect of the middle ages. This fief had borne a conspicuous part in the intestinal wars between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. These two parties, who disputed the victory for centuries, shedding seas of the blood of their own people, of their own nation, had been, by turns masters of the "*Rocca di Casale*." How much blood had been spilled! how many battles fought! how many skeletons were mouldering beneath those walls!

On entering the Rocca, we passed through a gate that opened by a drawbridge. We descended first by a narrow and obscure passage, and afterwards mounted to the tower by a winding staircase, in which, at short distances, were little cells, deep and damp, closed by iron

doors bolted and barred. In the great halls, now desolate and uninhabited, were still seen armorial bearings and paintings, representing battles and victories—some, a father strangling his child because he had discovered him to belong to the opposite faction; and others, sons assassinating their fathers, that they might obtain a triumph for their party even at the cost of a parent's life! How many brave men perished in that fortress! how many heroes languished there for weary years to gratify the hatred of their enemies!

The peasants of the neighborhood regarded the Rocca di Casale as a mysterious place. Never had one of them dared to approach it after nightfall, lest they should meet the wandering spirit of some one of those unhappy warriors, who for centuries had reposed there in silence and death. The warder even, the sole inhabitant of the chateau, was looked upon as a gipsy, as one who held intercourse with these nocturnal shades, the spirits who were now the possessors of the "*Rocca*."

Giacomo, such was the name of the worthy warder, after having played for us the part of cicerone, regaled us with a dinner purely Pythagorean, and which was rendered still more agreeable by his own good company, while he related to us marvellous tales of the ghosts of the castle. At once devout and exceedingly superstitious, he was fully persuaded that night after night he heard the cries of the suffering—the groans of the dying—and the noise of men prepared for battle, who, as they marched out, made the midnight air echo with the clang of their heavy and ancient armor. He insisted that he had seen, walking back and forth in the vast citadel, men of gigantic forms in white garments, others clad in black, bearing in their hands lighted torches and trailing after them long chains. During the night he had been awakened by the cry of strange voices demanding succor, prayers and *masses*: in fact, he recited for our benefit a thousand tales of this sort—all more or less attractive—tales well worthy of recital by the warm fireside of a winter evening, with the accompaniment of the wine-cup to drink to the restless spirits of the "*Rocca*."

CHAPTER III.

Little by little the sun was descending behind the Appenines. Some stars had already appeared in the blue heavens, and from afar were perceived the fires that had been lighted for the

glory of San Gottardo. The death toll sounded from Montalto, and the peasants, with uncovered heads, turned towards their church, as the Mussulman turns towards his Mecca, and prayed for the departed.

"*Pace ai poveri morti!*" whispered a young girl in the garb of a mourner. "I pray for my mother," said she, turning towards us, when surprised at our indifference she asked if we had no dead. "Is it not sweet, O Signori, and consoling to the heart," said she with deep emotion, "to render a tribute, a homage to those who have loved us so well and have suffered for us? Is it not at the tomb of those who have been dear to us that we feel renewed within us our faith, our trust, our hope in the one God, alone and perfect?"

Indovico, who had determined upon playing the part of a theologian, replied, that, according to the Scripture, there was but one place of glory, and another of eternal expiation; that purgatory was but an invention of the Church, and fruitful means of procuring money with which to maintain superstition, ignorance, and her high-handed domination over the poor and credulous. "I know," replied the girl, "that our priests make it generally a matter of merchandise, thus profaning our religion, and that they redeem souls by their prayers and their doctrines, always with a view to interest! But supposing, as you say, Signore, that our departed ones do not need our prayers, is it not consoling to repeat upon a mother's grave the prayers she taught us when we were children? Such prayers, it seems to me, animate us; they transport our souls to the celestial dwellings of the happy. "*Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur,*" added she, saluting us—and following with our eyes the path of the pretty orphan we saw her seat herself beside a grave.

At some distance from us was a cemetery, that an inattentive observer would have scarcely distinguished, so little had it been adorned by the hand of man. Its bounds were marked only by hedges, which surrounded it as with a garland of flowers and of verdure. The graves were only perceptible by a slight elevation of the earth, or by the crosses which were planted here and there among them. The weeping willow and the poplar took from this little enclosure its air of nakedness, and to this spot of respect and silence, in this last resting-place of man, the devoted and pious daughter had gone alone, to seat herself beside her mother's tomb, to pray over it and water it with her tears!

How sublime, and yet how admirable is religion! A heart tender and devoted to her who had carried her in her bosom, who had first spoken to her of a God, seeks no other consolation than a prayer, believes in no happiness, no joy unconnected with heaven! Humble and faithful, not from a blind belief, but from a conviction pure and enlightened, she trusts in and adores the Creator of all things; and in grief, her faith consoles, encourages her to bear suffering and wait for those days that are better and eternal! O Atheist! canst thou again openly deny thy God after having been witness of such a scene—beneath a starry sky, beside the tomb of the parent who is no more, and in defiance of every thing around thee that bears testimony to the existence of a God supreme, great and all-powerful? Nature, thy sole Deity, speaks she not to thee? says she not, Look upon my beauty, my composition, my fruits—thyself, a part of me? all is the work of Him whom thou deniest!

CHAPTER IV.

Although fatigued by our long journey, we were happy in the enjoyment of the scenes we had passed through and of our twilight ramble; if the day had appeared to us magnificent, the night at least equalled it. The moon had already risen; its rays, at first pale, grew more brilliant as the twilight disappeared. This sister of the sun, surrounded by millions of glittering stars, shone with unusual brightness, while their united splendor seemed to vie with the fervor of day. Oh! a beautiful star-light night! One of those matchless nights of Italy; is it not an image of whatever is most beautiful and happy under heaven? the tranquillity of a virtuous man, who, in his ripe age, reposes beneath his paternal roof, where he enjoys, in happy obscurity, the delights of domestic life? the union and reciprocal affection of a youthful pair but just united? the unlimited confidence of two real friends dwelling in solitude?

"Ah! la pure amitie, tendre, sans jalousie;
Des hommes qu'elle enchaîne, elle charme la vie."

In a word, a beautiful night is an image of perfect felicity—of a conscience pure and without remorse.

From all sides were seen approaching the sanctuary, dealers in liquors, charlatans and dentists, each prepared to plant their booths, shops or tents. The peasants of the vicinity went in crowds bearing to the holy protector

such offerings as poultry, lambs, flax or fruits, which they deposited at the gate of the convent. Numbers of sick, deformed and infirm, were kneeling in front of the church; two monks in the dress of their order stood at the door, one holding a plate to receive the alms of the faithful, the other with holy water and white ribbons which he asserted to be the exact measurement of the height of the saint. According to this holy father, these ribbons were possessed of especial virtue; they healed the sick, even of the most incurable maladies, if they were but placed upon the part affected. These two reverend personages, by giving the holy water gratuitously and the ribbons at five sous each, were charged at the same time to see that no male should enter the church. Sick or barren women, who desired to be cured of their infirmity, passed the night in the church of San Gottardo, praying, singing, &c., &c., although surrounded by mystery; but the men were excluded. Husbands were obliged to confide their wives to the care of the monks and content themselves until the morning under the porch of the chapel. But murmurs arose amid this multitude; some, who wished to be considered philosophers, said that they would rather have trusted their women to the soldiery than to men in gowns. The husbands of those within tried to quiet these malcontents, by repeating the rigorous rules of the order, the clause and interdiction of these women into the convent, and the vows of chastity by which the monks were bound; still the younger men insisted that the friars were not to be trusted as far as the soldiery!

It was already late, and it became necessary that we should seek an asylum, for, having no wives within the church, we could well dispense with passing the night in the open air. As sons of those general benefactors, the monks, we were entitled, at least, to their hospitality—and with this conviction, rang the gate-bell of the convent. The porter, after having kept us waiting a long time, at length made his appearance with a lantern in his hand, like a spirit from the shades of night. This venerable old man, bent with the weight of years and fatigues, was slowly languishing out the remainder of his existence, ready to depart from the scenes of this world.

Like a commissioner of the police, before introducing us into the convent, he demanded our names, our passports, whence we came, and what was our object? At length satisfied as to all these particulars, he received us as

friends. Wishing to spare him all the trouble we could on our account, we proposed retiring. Signori, said he with a sigh, I am accustomed to keeping vigils (and those of the most severe kind) for many years! I am *il cavallo magro* of the convent, and having here the latest and most painful duties to perform, I am obliged at all times to submit to the caprices of the monks. Fraternal love is unknown here, except in name, and to procure for us the good opinion of the world! Neither my zeal, my age, already advanced, nor my birth (and here he paused, and as he raised his eyes to heaven we saw the big tears coursing down his wan cheeks) have been able to soften, in any degree, their obdurate hearts.

CHAPTER V.

Father Placido (such was the name of the porter) had been induced to join one of the monastic orders by the intrigues of a Jesuit, who hoped, by thus disposing of him, to be able to secure to himself the inheritance of his family estates. The porter, then a young man, had loved the daughter of a patrician of the Venetian republic, but from difference of rank or fortune his suit had proved unsuccessful; *L'innamorata* was removed from Venice, and he sent to a convent in Romagna. At the age of nineteen, Father Placido had accomplished all his studies; he was ardent and generous, and endowed by nature with most uncommon capacities. The other monks, jealous and envious of his wisdom and love of study, hated him, and seized every opportunity of humiliating him. They saw in him, not merely a brother of their order, but a true son of the republic of Venice, of that republic which had made itself the light and the mistress of the greater part of the world.

In his lectures, for he held a professorship, he recalled to his pupils the happy times of Italian liberty, and the great men whom that time had produced. He spoke of Arnold of Brescia, the first reformer, as of a messenger sent from God to regenerate Italy, and to reform religion and the depravity of the Church. Girolamo Savonarola was, according to him, the prophet of the 16th century, the tribune of the Florentine people, the martyr of liberty and truth; the writings of Paolo Sarpi, and of the Bishop *Scipione Ricci*, furnished him with extraordinary texts for his sermons; in a word, he was much better fitted to have been a minister of the Reformation than a monk of St.

Francis. He was afterwards accused as a heretic and a *Carbonaro*, summoned to Rome to render an account of his conduct and of his writings, and finally obliged to appear before the terrible tribunal of the Inquisition.

To avoid the penalties and chastisements of the first accusation he must retract, and make public amends; as a *Carbonaro*, he could save himself from condemnation only by denouncing his companions as conspirators. Father Placido did neither the one nor the other; he suffered torture, and ten years of close imprisonment in the Castle of San Leo with the most unheard of stoicism and the greatest firmness. Afterwards he was sent to the convent of San Gottardo as a simple lay-brother, and was obliged to submit to the most severe rules of the order, and perform the most painful labors.

"At the age of twenty-eight years," said Father Placido, "I was elevated to the rank of superior of a convent in Romagna. Upon entering upon the duties of this office I wished to introduce reform, to oblige the monks to submit to the strict rules of their founder, and to observe solemnly the vows of their order. I began by preaching to them a new doctrine; I desired, in matters of religion, to bring them back to the times of the primitive Church, and to the simplicity of her holiness. I spoke in public against the monastic orders that abounded in wealth, and sometimes I touched, also, upon the doctrines of republicanism which were to unite divided and enslaved Italy. The monks, who loved better their own amusements and abandoned lives, felt my superiority as an insupportable yoke, and finally determined to rid themselves of me by denouncing me to Rome as a heretic and a republican."

All was silence and darkness within the convent; the lamps in the passages had been extinguished, which was not the ordinary custom; the lay-brethren, in the arms of Morpheus, snored loudly, while the father confessors were in the church, ready to give absolution to the women. The hour for the performance of the miracle approached, and we were curious to witness the intercession of the saint; accordingly we applied to Father Placido for permission to enter as spectators. This, he assured us, was impossible, and forbidden even to the lay-brothers. "All is mystery," said he, "this night in the church;" and conducting us to the chamber that had been assigned us, he gave us his benediction and retired.

On entering in my new lodgings, I believed at once they had been used for a kitchen or as a vestry, so dark were the walls; all the furniture of the room consisted of a cot, a wooden chair, a stool to kneel upon, with a large copper crucifix and a closet full of books, all dusty and confusedly scattered, as if those books had forever to be forgotten, and no more to interest any reader. A small table was near the bed with my trembling light, which made a thousand various shades around me; upon the table was a Latin prayer-book, an hour glass, and a human skull.

The dawn had not yet appeared when the church bells began to ring and announce the fête of San Gottardo; the monks were singing the morning prayers, while the husbands and all the male sex were admitted into the church. The miracle was already done; the barren women were sure to become mothers, and the sickly person believed to be cured. San Gottardo's day announced itself beautiful and serene. The convent was early full of strangers, visitors, and benefactors; the lay-monks had to receive the offers, and give as a reward leaden or copper Jesuses and small rosaries. Some of them were entertaining friends with chocolate and coffee, but the most busy were the cook and the butler. The noise that was heard from time to time any one would have believed to be the crackling of fire-works, but it was the corks of hundreds of bottles which were cleared at every moment. The fathers of the convent were not less occupied; they had to say mass, to confess, to bless those who were animated by devilish spirits, to receive money in order to pray for the souls in purgatory, or for those who were sick or unbelievers.

Prayers and toasts were addressed to the saint by every one, and a splendid sermon was preached by Father Baccus, who had lately arrived from Jerusalem, where he had been sent as a punishment for a little amour with one of his female penitents. He began his discourse by making a tremendous noise with his hands and feet, exposing little by little all the virtues of San Gottardo, his history, death, and millions of miracles. According to the preacher, San Gottardo had been a great man—not in his form, or in sciences, but in penances and sufferings; he deprived himself always of meat and fish, eating only grass and bread; he lived not in a palace like a bishop, nor in a tub like Diogenes, but in an oven, where he passed all his life and died. San Gottardo had raised

from the dead an ass, the only support of a poor laborer; granted to thousands of barren women to become mothers—this was the most dear miracle of the saint, and I believe of the preacher; he had cured millions of invalid persons, and what not;—Father Baccus finished his bombast by exhorting the hearers to give alms, &c., &c. While such a comedy was playing in the church, outside of the convent the people were not silent. The liquor-sellers were doing good business; the dentists or quacks, after having amused the crowd with songs and music and magic plays, offered to them for a sous the leaden medal of San Gottardo, blessed *in articulo mortis* by the holy father, with twenty years of indulgences, and all this gratuitously. A person who carried it on him was preserved from every danger, and from sudden death. Near the convent was a fountain called San Gottardo's fountain, in which it was believed that he appeared visible once a year.

Among the monks I met a friend of mine, who some years before professed an eternal hatred to religious orders and different principles. The surprise was great on both sides: while he believed me buried in a desert of Egypt, or, as the prophet Jonah, in the womb of a whale, I thought him in a different place from that of a convent. Entering his humble cell he began to tell me his interesting history since his entrance into a religious order.

CHAPTER VI.

I was scarcely seventeen years old when I lost my mother. My father, being entirely devoted to religion, destined me from my earliest childhood for the Church. A man of irreproachable moral conduct, he was thought to possess great piety; a saint in fact, in the opinion of the world, because he was neither a gambler nor libertine, neither given to women nor wine. Indeed he often boasted to his family of the popular estimation which he really thought he deserved on account of his works of piety and charity.

My sister, too, although younger than myself by a year, could not escape the snares that were set for us, nor avoid the sad lot for which we were destined.

My father believed that as a zealous servant of God, he could do no more holy or meritorious deed, than in offering two agreeable victims to him, by enrolling both of us in monastic orders.

To sacrifice two victims at a blow was, in his opinion, to gain two new titles to future happiness. One day he sent for me to come to his room, where, after some preliminary promises, and affectionate speeches, he explained to me his settled determination. "My son," said he, "it is now several years since I made a vow to consecrate my children to God, and now is the most suitable time to do it. You are motherless, and I see no surer means of saving you from the snares of the world than by placing you both in the ranks of one of the religious orders." I answered my father that such was not our wish; that I and my sister were as yet too young to come to any determination, that we ought to be allowed time seriously to reflect on an affair of such immense importance to us, that he should wait until our minds were more fully matured.

My father, not expecting such an opposition to his wishes, and finding promises of no avail, had recourse to threats. He told me that if *persuasion* would not determine me to act according to his wishes, *force* should. With regard to my sister, he acted with more circumspection. He charged his worthy confessor with this delicate mission, and, as you may well suppose, she was soon conquered.

He told her of a certain holy woman, who every day after dinner used to walk with Jesus in her garden, of another who received him at midnight in her bed-chamber, where they conversed about the eternal glory and the life of the blessed. He dazzled her mind by his picture of her change of life, he excited her curiosity with regard to the mysteries unknown to the people, the honors accorded to the virginal condition, the example, religious discipline, &c. He assured her that after death she would enjoy the pleasure of being beatified, venerated, sanctified, and what not. She finally yielded to these deceitful illusions, and at the age of eighteen took the veil.

Discouraged by the precipitous decision of my sister, abandoned by all my relatives and friends, assailed every day with new threats, and despairing of any other resource, I offered my neck like a lamb to the butcher, and the cowl was forced upon me at the age of nineteen.

Once entered upon my novitiate I had no news of my father until I heard of his death eleven months after I entered the monastery. As to my sister, after three months of a conventual life, she was tired of it and disgusted

with every thing that surrounded her. These poor young girls shut up from their earliest childhood in cloisters, surrounded by high walls, without the slightest hope of ever leaving them, repent of the vows they have pronounced, and ashamed of having been deceived, they become like famished tigers enclosed in cages and deprived of their liberty. Always surrounded by superannuated nuns, incapable of love or tolerance, these young victims pass their life in the midst of regrets and tears.

Engaged in an order of mendicant friars, I was obliged to live among a set of men, brothers in name but far from being so at heart,* men of the profoundest ignorance, who always live in the obscurity of their monastic institutions, strangers to all science and to every new discovery, for fear of being suspected of heresy; who pass their time in prayer, except such part of it as is devoted to scolding or chastising the novices; men, without a future and without a past, incapable of teaching what they themselves do not know, and whose only use appears to be to fill the world with beings useless to society, with coarse and unlearned monks, with badly educated laymen, who derive all their wit and eloquence from pinches of snuff and bottles of port wine.

Because I was delicate and of frail constitution, having been nursed in the lap of luxury; but above all, because I belonged to one of the first families of Italy—I was loaded with kindness and caresses, and, during the first months of my monastic life, was exempted from fasts and night vigils; nothing, in fact, was demanded of me, and for nothing was I scolded. I soon discovered that the plan of the superior was, that in the commencement I should be so treated that every thing about me should wear a smiling aspect. All these indulgences and caresses were of short duration, for, scarcely was my father in his grave, before the severest penances were heaped upon me, such as the holy fathers never thought of inflicting upon themselves. What an illusive idea the world forms of these monastic labyrinths. I myself, before entering one, had formed quite an erroneous conception of it; I thought that I would there find charity, tolerance, fraternity and love, but alas! in a short time my bright vision had vanished before the sad reality. I soon learned that these fathers (fathers in more senses than one) only lived

for the enjoyment of good eating and drinking, and frequently for the indulgence of less innocent appetites. I found that the reason that induced them to enter the convent, was rather a taste for *il dolce far niente*, than any motives of piety. As they are lazy, stupid, and ignorant men, having no taste for literature, entirely abandoned to the indulgence of their appetites, they are always ready to pounce upon any one of their body, who shows any refinement of mind, or any preference for study, over idleness and the pleasures of the table.

The time for me to take the vows* was fast approaching; at first I expressed my intention of quitting the convent and the cowl, and openly spoke of regaining my liberty, for my health was daily giving way, and continuing to live in this detestable manner would, I plainly perceived, be entering upon a career of tears and troubles. Now the superior let loose upon me all the monks and demimonks, the caterer, and even the turnspit of the convent. I was told that my desire to quit the cowl was the work of the devil, that he wished to withdraw me from under the protection of St. Francis; that, in order to withstand his temptations, it would be necessary to redouble my fasts, my hair-cloth shirts and other penances: singular and miraculous examples were quoted; the perils of the world were depicted to me in the most tragical colors; I was told that beyond the walls of the monastery I would find neither peace nor salvation; that hell was filled with apostates, who after having entered the convent had returned to the world; that many were now suffering the torments of purgatory, who, having quitted the cowl, had again returned to their duty, but who, for this first transgression, were condemned to weep and wail in purgatory, until the holy and just anger of the founder should be appeased. Some would tell me that in the world I would be always surrounded by dangers, drawn by insensible degrees to perdition, assailed at one time by the devil, at another by the women. In a word they tried every thing to shake my enfeebled resolution. Besides these means of seduction, they added the terrors of their exorcisms, apparitions and even ghosts.

A short time before the day for taking my

* "Monks make three vows, those of obedience, poverty, and chastity; the first is said to be kept best of all—I doubt it—as to the second I can affirm that it is not at all observed; of the third I leave you to judge for yourself.—Montesquieu—*Lettres Persannes*.

* *I frati nascono senza vedersi, vivono senza amarsi, muojono senza piangersi.*

vows, the fatal day when I was to make the greatest possible sacrifice, my father died, and left all his possessions to churches and convents. Thus deprived of every resource, shut out from every hope, I consented to pronounce the vows rather with my lips than with my heart (as almost all monks do), and to say to the fatal destiny which pursued me "*Fiat voluntas tua.*"*

CHAPTER VII.

At this time the dinner bell rang, and we were obliged to defer the conclusion of our interesting conversation until some more favorable opportunity; Ludovico and myself were placed at that part of the table appropriated to strangers, and the monks commenced the repast with the *benedicite* and the *mangiate bene fratres*, eat well, brothers. A profound silence reigned in the vast refectory interrupted only by the clatter of knives and forks of the monks, who devoured the chickens *in ictu oculi*, and with the most unparalleled avidity. After a few moments a novice mounted the rostra to read. The selection for that day happened to be the life of St. Gaetano, the famous antagonist of Luther, the intimate friend of Tetzel. I must commence by telling you that the author of this work was a monk, and one of those monks too of the 15th century, a dirty, ignorant, drinking, bloated demagogue.

The historian calumniated, no less than he did Luther, the prudent Erasmus and the mild Melancthon. These three wonderful geniuses, these three great lights of the 15th and 16th centuries, who did so much good to humanity, although of different religious opinions, and far from agreeing among themselves, were considered in the same light by the historian, and treated in the same manner. Luther, Erasmus, and the mild Melancthon, that celebrated Hel-lenist, that young apostle of truth, endowed with an elevated genius, of an angelic expression of face, of a most compassionate heart; who, in all his actions and words inspired only charity and love; these three, I say, were considered by this low and ignorant monk as a Diabolic Trinity.

This is a specimen of the profitable reading that is listened to in monastic institutions. To

* The sacrifice of one's self, that is, the double sacrifice of body and soul, the renouncing of all that Nature offers us and that God prescribes for our use, is a part of the religion of Cybella, of Brahma, of Buddha and of the Pythagorean School.

the newly initiated what an improving lesson, and with what love they must be inspired for those of a different religion!! This literary nonsense reminded me incessantly of those times when the monks and theologians contemporary with these three great men, embraced in the same hatred sacred and profane literature, philosophy, and the free discussion of religious matters, even that of the antiquity and authenticity of the Evangelists. I do not deny that the monks, and the whole religious hierarchy, had good cause for attacking them, particularly Erasmus. For Erasmus did them more harm by his writings than Luther by his eloquence. These orders of every name, these monks heated with wine, in vain declaimed against the Reformers; in vain burnt their works in public; in vain cursed them, anathematized them; in vain called them by turns fools, asses, heretics, ("heretics, particularly," says Erasmus himself, "for that word includes all the rest.")

While the fathers were engaged in loosing their girdles, their bellies had already begun to distend, the novices and the lay-brothers of the week waited on the table with the greatest modesty and the profoundest silence. One of these young monks having accidentally broken the plate, was punished by the father of the novices, heated with wine and anger, in the same manner as an unmanageable horse would be punished. He was forced to kneel down in the middle of the refectory, holding in his mouth a wooden bit. This poor victim was obliged to remain in this painful position during the whole of dinner-time, and as if this was not enough, the superior compelled him to say 200 *paternosters* for eight days in succession. It was an entirely new thing to me, that prayer should be considered a punishment to man. An excellent means, forsooth, to draw proselytes to this religion of love and pardon! At length the dinner over, the *agimus* and *requiemus* were chaunted, and then the whole community retired to the gardens for recreation.

What a delicious, what an enchanting view the position of the convent offered; an abode, more suitable for society and love, than for solitude and apathy. It was situated on the summit of a picturesque hill, covered with green lawns, dotted in every direction with a great variety of beautiful flowers, and here and there extensive vineyards, which appeared to lose themselves in the shades of the valley by an almost perpendicular descent. A shady

forest, abounding in herbs and flowers, and watered in all directions by rippling brooks, protected the garden from the scorching rays of the sun. A high wall surrounded this extensive garden, as if forever to separate these recluses from other men. Following the course of this enclosure was a walk between rows of Lombardy poplars, and at regular intervals were seen grottoes, where the monks were in the habit of retiring for reading or meditation.

Whilst walking in the midst of these cenobites, I remarked some frightfully hideous faces under their dirty hoods, which rather betokened barbarity than a religious vocation. They were, so at least I was told, Spanish and Portuguese refugees, the remains of the guerrillas monks of Don Carlos and Don Miguel; men most formidable in war, but most useless in peace. These monks, that were once the terror of Spain and Portugal—in fact, the absolute and arbitrary masters of them—here they were, at length compelled to fly from the just vengeance of these long-oppressed people, and obliged, as a last refuge, to take shelter in Italy, a country already sufficiently infected by thousands of others. One of them, who seemed rather a Bey of Africa than a monk of St. Francis, had been one of the most faithful and sanguinary followers of Don Miguel, the Nero of modern times, and at the epoch of the Portuguese revolution one of the editors of a paper called the “Flayed Beast.”*

Leaving in our rear these ex-inquisitors, we directed our steps, by a short and shady path, towards the house of the dead. Having arrived in this species of grotto, I contemplated with interest the last home of these cenobites, who pass their whole lives in solitude and idleness. Contiguous to the principal grotto there were four small cells, where were placed the tombs of those monks who died in the odor of sanctity (*in odore di santità*). In each cell there were paintings, if you can call paintings what were mere daubs, the meaning of which it would require a most expert cicerone to explain. Father

* The monk Macedo, editor of this terrible paper, published at Lisbon, in 1826, with the stamp of Don Miguel and the Inquisition, in the 12th number expresses himself with the most frightful calmness in the following manner: “*Fresh meat should be served every day to the people, on account of the scarcity of wheat, and this fresh meat ought to be that of the Democrats.*” As if the religion of the Man-God was nothing else but a human butchery, conducted by butcher-priests, after the manner of those of Moloch.

Angiolina told us that this place of the dead was considered of peculiar sanctity by the brotherhood; that here many came to celebrate the divine offices for the relief of the souls of those of their brethren who were undergoing the pains of purgatory. He told us also that the pictures, done by a monk of unpractised hand, filled with false ideas, and of an imagination wholly mythological, represented the four abodes created by God for the human race, viz: the World, Purgatory (created by the Church?), Hell and Paradise.

On the walls of the first cell, which was dedicated to those monks who had not yet pronounced the last solemn vows, was painted the world and its troubles—the halt, the lame and the blind; men bending under the weight of chains, murders and assassinations; kings, princes and petty princes, without a throne, without a sceptre, and without a crown; in fact, the reverend dauber had forgot nothing except the Jesuits, the Holy Office, the Inquisition and torture (*madre di tormenti*), the greatest scourges of humanity. By the side of this scale of ills was a naked Eve, which appeared to be a bad copy of the Venus di Medici, placed there as the source of all evil. Beneath this figure was written, “*Causa mali tanti mulier sola fuit.*” Unfortunate Eve! how much blame you have to bear for having tasted that sweet forbidden fruit!

To complete this mystical daub, on every side you saw the separate tombs of the novices, for each body had its own niche, as each sailor in a ship has his own berth. They were ranged in this regular order so as not to be confounded with the multitude of irreligious monks, and in order to distinguish them from one another, if they should on examination give any miraculous proof of beatification, &c. What particularly astonished me was, that, in despite of their virtues and works of piety, over the tomb of each was written with charcoal a faithful description of the worldly lives of the enclosed monks, their vices and their crimes. “This resulted,” said our liberal and enlightened guide, “from the enmity of some worthless laymen, who, not being able to revenge themselves during the life of their brethren, had, by their libels, insulted their memory after death. Over one we read, “Here lies Brother Bernadone, a monk, long and lank, a fool and an ignoramus, surpassing in his natural simplicity all the other recluses, in the number of pinches of tobacco that he had taken, and the

paternosters he had said. *Requiescat in pace.*" Over another: "Within is enclosed the putrefied body of Brother Romanino, who died, they say, in the odor of sanctity. He had the habit of drinking too much and sleeping too long (monkish customs); but in order to do a penance worthy of his sins, he went barefooted at midwinter, and lay in the snow at midnight, probably to cool the vinous spirit with which he was heated." Another said: "Here is entombed Brother Rimond, of Spanish origin, who, after having been soldier, brigand and what not, took the cowl, and became a model of the ridiculous. He resuscitated the ass of the convent, because he was not dead."

The third day of our stay at San Gottardo, I went to see the large and useless library of the convent, full of fanatical and religious works, and of libels against other Christian denominations. The philosophical books were of course all Aristotelian, while Plato was banished as a heretic and an immoral philosopher. Not a book of impartial history, but all those writers against reformers or authors who were opposed to their ultra-Catholic doctrines. There were some hundred lives of saints and of holy monks, accounts of miracles, visions, or magical facts. The martyrs of the church had their place in it, but those murdered by the fanatics of the church were forgotten. Such are the literary works studied and taught by the monks of the 19th century!

Father Angiolino was silent at my indignant remarks, and I saw that, although he did not like the religious orders, he had become so accustomed to their idle life that the life of doing nothing was very pleasant to him.

The last evening I spent in the monastery, my mind was seized by horrible thoughts concerning the human skull. I could not leave that solitary and mysterious place without learning the true meaning of the infamous writing which I found upon it the first evening of my visit to the convent.

It was already midnight, and the monks were retiring to their cells. Alone, in that dark and gloomy room, I looked again at the closet filled with the old books. I hoped to find in it some memento left by the unfortunate man who had inhabited that cell before me. My expectations were not entirely disappointed. After having carefully examined the dusty book-case, I found an old manuscript, tied and sealed with black wax. It was left to me to

discover a mystery unknown till now to the inhabitants of the convent.

The author of this manuscript was the owner of the skull which the monks had so infamously abused, and I could perceive by the style of the memento he had committed suicide. Before quitting the world his intention was to leave a record or history of his life, but being deprived of every friend to whom he could confide his secret, he left this writing among those books, believing that one day it would be discovered. He said he had been an innocent and unhappy victim to the custom of noble families, whose younger child or daughter was compelled to enter a religious order, and so maintain the hierarchy and religious aristocracy. When seventeen years old he loved a fair Italian beauty, to whom he hoped one day to be united. But his father sent him to a convent some hundred miles from home. When there, they told him that the lady he loved was dead. After eight years of monastical life in different parts of Italy, he was sent to San Gottardo, as the father confessor of the monastery of the nuns of Saint Orsola. There he discovered his beloved Maria, who had taken the veil. The passion had not been extinguished in their hearts, they had not forgotten each other, and the dark plot used to prevent their union could only irritate them against the monastical life. In vain did he write to Rome to the holy father to be dismissed from his vows.

She was an angel of beauty. She had taken the veil because she heard from her first confessor that her lover was dead. Jesuits make people die when living. Finding all other resources to fail, the confessor and the sister at length determined to fly from the convent. But alas! on the day fixed for their departure the sister Maria fell suddenly sick, and after a few days died. He assisted her as the father confessor at her dying bed. He received her last breath, listened to her last words, and pronounced the last prayer for the departed over her. She died with an angelic smile on her face, and with her hands clasped in those of her lover.

By his last words, I have no doubt that he committed suicide, and the monks, as an eternal and horrible memory of the victim, had stripped the skull, and wrote upon it infamous words. I buried the skull the day I left that mysterious convent.

TO A MOTHER

THREE TIMES BEREAVED OF AN ONLY CHILD.

'Tis said, beneath the tropic's bound
Rises a stately tree,
With graceful verdure fitly crowned—
Lofty and fair to sec.

But though its top a tenderer green
Wears in the early spring,
And the young thrifty shoots are seen
Betokening blossoming ;

And though tall spires of bell-shaped flowers,
As chiselled ivory pure,
Might rise to crown its summer hours,
And wealth of fruit ensure ;

Nor fragrant flower nor graceful fruit
That fated palm may know ;
Spring after spring its tender shoot
Puts forth, but not to grow ;

For ever comes the tiller's knife
With stroke severe and true,
And severs there that palm-tree's life—
Its old life from its new.

Back on its heart the living tide
Is turned—not there to die
A wasted fount—but channels wide
Of rarer use supply.

From that alembic shall come forth
A cordial rich and high,
A timely draught of priceless worth,
Amid the deserts dry

When he on arid sands who faints,
Revived shall bless its power,
*Sad mother, where were thy complaints,
If thine that palm-tree's dower ?*

THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

From the German of Auerbach.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

In the damp and thinly-populated street called the "Kniebis, in a village of the Schwartzwald, there stood a small house, with a stall and shed. This abode had but three windows, which were provided, in part, with paper, instead of glass; the shutter of the garret window hung but by a single hinge, and seemed ready to fall at each moment. A small garden lay adjacent to the dwelling, divided lengthwise into two equal parts by a hedge of thorns.

This house was occupied by two brothers, who had dwelt together for fourteen years in incessant hostility. Like the garden, the whole house was divided, from the garret down to the little cellar; the trap-door was open, but below each had a space partitioned off with laths; padlocks were fastened upon all the doors, as if they stood in hourly fear of burg-

lars; the stall belonged to the one, the shed to the other brother; not a word was heard in the house, except when one or the other muttered an oath.

Michel and Conrad (thus were the two brothers called) were both well advanced in years, and both unmarried; Conrad had early lost his wife, Michel had never married.

A large blue-painted chest was the original cause of their enmity.

After their mother's death, the property was to have been divided between them, as their sister, who was married and lived in the village, had already received her due share. Conrad declared that he had bought the chest with his own money, which he had earned by breaking stones upon the highway; that he had only lent it to his mother, and that it belonged to him.

Michel, on the other hand, maintained that his brother had always lived at home, eaten of his mother's bread, and could therefore call nothing his own property. After a violent personal altercation, the matter came before the burgo-master, and then before the court, and it was decreed that, as the brothers could not agree, all the furniture in the house, including the chest, should be sold, and the proceeds be divided between them. Indeed, the house itself was offered for sale, but as no purchaser was found, the brothers were obliged to keep it.

They must now purchase their own things, their beds, their tables, and so forth, at auction; this caused Conrad many a sigh, for he was somewhat more sensitive than is usual among men in his class of life. There are, in every family, various articles which a stranger cannot obtain for money; they are worth much more than he is willing to pay for them, for thoughts and remembrances cleave to them which have no value for any but the original possessor.

Such articles should be silently bequeathed from generation to generation, that their inward value may remain inviolate; if one is obliged to wrest them from the hands of others, to strive for them with a stranger for money, a large part of their original worth vanishes; they are obtained at their market price, and not inherited as a family relic. Such were the thoughts which often caused Conrad to shake his head as some old article of furniture was struck off to him, and when the black velvet-covered hymn-book of his mother, with its silver clasps and hinges, was put up for sale, and a pedlar weighed the silver in his hand, in order to judge of its value, the blood rushed to his face, and he bought the hymn-book at a high price. At last it came to the chest; Michel hemmed aloud, cast a challenging glance upon his brother, and at once offered a considerable sum for it. Conrad, without looking up, bid quickly a florin more, and he counted the buttons upon his coat, but Michel, glancing boldly around, bid higher; no one else made an offer, and neither of the brothers would resign the chest to the other—each thought to himself, "I shall only have to pay for half of it," and thus they bid higher and higher, until at last the chest was struck off for more than five times its value, for eight and twenty florins, to Conrad.

He now, for the first time, looked up, and the expression of his face was entirely altered;

scorn and mockery gleamed from his staring eyes, his open mouth, and from every feature of his visage. "When you die I will give you the chest, that they may lay you in it," he said, trembling with fury, to Michel; and these were the last words which he had spoken to him for fourteen years.

The story of the chest caused great amusement throughout the whole village, and when a neighbor met Conrad, he would remark how shamefully Michel had treated him, and Conrad grew more and more enraged against his brother.

In addition to this, the two brothers were of very different dispositions, and pursued different paths.

Conrad had an ox which he worked in the field with the ox of his neighbor Christian; at other times he broke stones upon the highway for fifteen kreutzers a day. He was very near-sighted, his gait was unsteady, and when he struck a light he always brought the tinder close to his nose, in order to be certain that it had caught fire. He was called through the whole village "blind Conradi." The *li* was appended to his name because he was short in stature.

Michel, on the other hand, was entirely the reverse of this; he was tall and thin, and walked with a firm step; he went dressed as a peasant, not because he really was one, but because it was advantageous to him in his occupation; he traded, to wit, in old horses, and the purchasers had far more confidence when bargaining with a man in the dress of a countryman. Michel had been a blacksmith, and had failed in his business; he in part sold, in part farmed out his land, turned his whole attention to horse-dealing, and led as gay and careless a life as possible. He was considered an important personage throughout the whole district; for six or eight leagues around, in Wurtemberg, in all Sigmaringen, and Hechingen, even as far as Baden, he was acquainted with the condition and complement of the stables, as a great statesman is with the statistics of foreign countries, and the position of their cabinets; and as the latter learns the disposition of the people in the newspapers, the former learned it in the taverns. In every village, also, he had some vagrant residing as an accomplice, with whom he often held secret meetings, and who, in an emergency, sent Michel a courier, namely, himself, for which service he demanded nothing more than a good

Trinkgeld* in the literal sense of the word. He employed his secret agents, also, to induce people to make changes in their stalls, and thus he almost always kept in his shed, which served as a stable, some broken-down horse, which he was preparing for a new campaign, for public life—as he called it—to wit, for sale upon the market-place. He dyed the hair above its eyes, he filed its teeth, and although the poor beast could no longer eat any thing but clover, and must starve over any other provender, yet that gave him but little uneasiness, provided he succeeded in getting it off his hands. He made use of various tricks and expedients; for example, he would hire an accomplice to chaffer and barter with him; they would dispute long and loud, and then Michel would exclaim at last, "I cannot barter; I have no provender, no room, and I must sell him, if I part with him for a louis d'or." Or he was still more crafty; for a few kreutzers he sometimes hired a stupid clown, gave him the horse, told him to ride on before him, and said to those whom he met: "Yonder goes a fine horse! if a good farmer owned him he could fatten him up, and make a capital beast of him; the frame is there, the bones are right, he wants nothing but flesh, and then he is worth twenty louis d'or." He thus found a customer, agreed upon a fee for himself as a dealer, and thus sold his own horse and received an extra profit besides. Michel was a sworn enemy to any thing like a written guaranty, in which the animal is warranted free from vices and unsoundness; in those cases he preferred to abate a few florins of the price, rather than enter into such obligations; still he was engaged in many a law-suit, which eat up horse and profit; yet there was something so alluring in this careless, idle, roving life, that Michel could never resolve to give it up.

When, in riding to market, or returning home, he passed Conrad as he was busy breaking stones on the roads, he glanced at his brother, half scornfully, half in compassion, for he said to himself: "Oh, poor wretch, you break stone from morning until evening, for fifteen kreutzers, while I, when matters go at all well, can make my fifteen florins!"

Conrad, who, notwithstanding his shortsightedness, observed this, would then hammer away at the stones, so that the fragments flew on all sides.

But we will see who succeeded best, Michel or Conrad.

Michel was one of the most amusing fellows in the village, for he could relate stories for days and nights. He was familiar with many tricks and adventures, and he could talk of religion also, and of the world. Of religion, indeed, he knew but little, although he often went to church, which no one in this district can entirely avoid; but he went to church, like many others, without thinking of his true errand there, and without regulating his life according to the precepts which he heard from the pulpit.

Conrad also had his faults, and the chief among them was his hatred against his brother, and the manner in which he displayed it. When any one asked him, "How goes it with your brother Michel?" he would invariably answer: "It still goes thus;" while he made movements under his chin with both hands, as if he was tying a knot, then threw out his hands on each side, and stretched out his tongue, meaning very evidently, "he will yet come to the gallows."

As was natural, this question was often asked him, and loud shouts followed when Conrad replied in his usual manner.

The villagers fanned the flame of hatred between the two brothers in other ways also, not exactly out of malice, but because they found amusement in it; but Michel merely shrugged his shoulders, contemptuously when they spoke to him of the "poor wretch."

The brothers never remained in the same apartment together; when they met in the tavern, or at their sister's house, one or the other at once withdrew.

No one thought now of trying to reconcile them, and when two men lived at enmity with one another, it was said as a proverb: "They live like Michel and Conradli."

At home neither spake a word when they met, nay, they did not even look at each other. Still, when either remarked that the other lay sick in bed, he would go to his sister's, who lived at a considerable distance, and say to her: "Go up, I think all is not right with him;" and then he would do his work softly and without noise, in order not to disturb the other.

But out of the house, and among their neighbors, they lived in steadfast enmity, and no one thought that a spark of love dwelt within their hearts.

This had lasted for fifteen years. With his-

* *Trinkgeld*, small fee—literally drink-money.

bargains and barterings, the money which Michel had received for his two fields had slipped, he knew not how, through his fingers; but Conrad had purchased a new field from an emigrant, and had almost paid for it. Michel was now obliged to content himself with helping other people in their bargains, and he contemplated selling another field, in order to obtain capital to trade upon his own score.

"*Now there arose up a new king over Egypt.*" This verse of the book of Exodus, Chapter I., verse 9, the inhabitants of the village could now apply peculiarly to themselves. Their old pastor was dead; he was a worthy man, but he let matters take their course. His successor was a zealous young man; he resolved to set every thing in order, and in many respects he was successful, until his ardor excited the opposition of many of his flock, and checked him in his course. But all was as yet in fair progress.

It was upon a Sunday, after church, that the villagers were seated together upon the timber for the new engine-house, near the town-hall brook; Michel was with them. He sat bent, and biting idly upon a wisp of straw. A boy of five years, named Peter, now passed by, when one of the villagers called the child to him and said, feeling in his pocket: "Look, Peter, you shall have four nuts if you will do as Conradli does. How is it Conradli does?" The boy shook his head and tried to get away, for he was a shrewd little fellow, and he was afraid of offending Michel; but they held him fast and almost forced him, and he at last imitated the tying of the knot, the movements of the arms, and the stretching out of the tongue. A burst of laughter followed, which could be heard through half the village. When the boy demanded the nuts, it appeared that the one who had promised them had none, and a second burst of laughter ensued as the boy struck the man who had deceived him with his feet and hands.

In the mean while the new pastor had descended the hill near the town-hall; he had been a spectator of the whole scene. As the man who had been struck was about to beat the boy for his rudeness, the pastor stepped quickly forward and snatched the child from his grasp; all the peasants at once arose and drew off their caps. The pastor called to the sexton, who was among them, walked with him through the village, and asked for an explanation of the matter. He now learned the

hatred which existed between these two brothers, of which the reader is already informed.

On the following Saturday, as Conrad was breaking stones upon the road, word was brought him that the pastor wished to see him the next day after morning service. He was struck dumb with wonder; his pipe went out, and for almost a minute the stone that lay beneath his wooden shoe remained unbroken. He could not imagine what was going on in the parsonage, and would gladly have run thither at once.

The message was brought to Michel as he was brushing his horses' "Sunday boots," as he called the trimming and greasing of his hoofs. He whistled the air of a coarse song, but stopped in the middle of it, for he well knew what was in store for him on the morrow. He was glad that he had time to prepare a well-seasoned reply to the sermon which he expected, and muttered a few sentences of it softly to himself.

On Sunday morning the pastor preached from the first verse of Psalm cxxxiii.: "*Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity.*" He showed how vain and empty is all happiness upon earth, when we cannot enjoy it and share it with those who have rested upon the same maternal bosom with ourselves. He showed that parents could neither be happy on this side, nor completely so beyond, the grave; when here below, envy, hatred, and malice, disunited their children. He cited the example of Cain and Abel, and showed how a brother's murder was the first venomous fruit of the fall.

All this and still more the pastor uttered with a clear and powerful voice, so that the peasants, speaking of it, said: "It pierced the very walls!" but alas! it is often easier to pierce walls than to penetrate the close-locked breast of man. Their sister shed bitter tears at the hard-heartedness of her brothers, and although the pastor repeated again and again that he did not refer to this or that one, but that each should lay his hand upon his heart and ask himself if he felt true love for his kindred, yet all thought to themselves; "That is meant for Michel and Conradli; that is aimed at them."

The two brothers sat not far from each other; Michel bit upon his cap, which he held between his teeth, but Conrad listened with open mouth. As their eyes met, Michel's cap

fell from his hands, and he stooped quickly to raise it.

A soft and harmonious hymn closed the services, but before the last notes had died away, Michel had left the church, and stood at the door of the parsonage. It was locked, and he walked into the garden; here he mused long by the bee-hives, and gazed at the busy stir of these little insects,

“Who do not know what Sunday is,”

and he thought to himself: “I also have no Sunday with my trade, for I have no true working-day;” and he thought again—“How many brothers and sisters dwell together in such a bee-hive, and all work like the old ones.” He did not keep these thoughts long, however, but resolved not to suffer the pastor to put a snaffle on him, as he said, and as he looked across to the graveyard, he thought of Conrad’s last words, and he clutched his fists.

On entering the parsonage he found the pastor and Conrad engaged in earnest conversation together. The former arose; he seemed to have given up the hope of seeing the new comer. He offered him a seat, but Michel, pointing to his brother, replied:

“Worthy pastor, I have all respect for you, but I do not sit where he is. Good sir, you have lately come into our village, and you do not know what a liar and what a sanctimonious hypocrite he is. All the children imitate him,” he continued, grinding his teeth, “how goes it with brother Michel?” he then made the gestures to which we have referred, and added, trembling with rage: “Worthy pastor, he is the cause of all my misfortunes; he has driven peace from the house, and I have given myself to Satan in my wicked dealings. You have prophesied,” he cried, rushing towards his brother—“you have prophesied that I should die by the halter, but you shall be strung up the first.”

The pastor suffered the brothers to give free vent to their rage; he availed himself of his authority only so far as was necessary to keep them from actual violence. He was well aware that when long-restrained fury is once

poured forth, love then makes its appearance; but he was almost in error.

At last the two brothers sat silent, breathing heavily, but neither stirred. The pastor now spoke, at first with a low, soft voice; he opened all the hidden recesses of the heart—it was of no avail; the two kept their eyes fastened upon the ground. The pastor then described the sorrow of their parents in the other world—Conrad sighed, but did not look up. The good man now exerted all his powers; his voice sounded like that of a rebuking prophet. He represented them as appearing before the tribunal of the last judgment, and listening to the fearful sentence: “Woe! woe! you have lived in hatred and hardness of heart together, you have severed the bands of brotherly love—go hence, to pine, chained together during an eternity of torment!”

All were silent; Conrad wiped away the tears with his coat-sleeve, then rose, and said, “Michel!”

So many years had passed since Michel had heard this sound, that he looked up suddenly, and Conrad stepped nearer and said: “Michel, forgive me!” The hands of the brothers were clasped together, and the pastor’s hand rested upon theirs, as if in benediction.

All in the village looked up and smiled as they saw Michel and Conrad walk hand in hand down the hill by the town-hall.

They did not loose their clasp until they reached their home; it seemed as if they wished to indemnify themselves for the privations of the past. On entering their little dwelling, they quickly removed all the padlocks, then went into the garden and pulled down the hedge; notwithstanding the loss of their cabbages, this sign of enmity must be destroyed.

They then went to their sister’s, and all ate together at the same table.

In the afternoon the two brothers sat together in the church, and each held a corner of their mother’s hymn-book in his hand.

Their whole life became henceforth a new one.

HENRY NELSON.

BY PHILIP PHILLIPS, ESQ.

No class of men have the opportunities of intimate acquaintance with the hearts of their fellow-men that are continually within the reach of lawyers. The profession is little understood by those whose experience in it has not been a practical one; and it is for the purpose of bringing before the minds of readers the fact that this is a responsible profession, in a greater degree than is ordinarily supposed, that I am induced to undertake the task I now commence. The romances of real life that may be found in the diary of any member of the profession in only ordinary practice, are enough to stock the brains of a dozen modern novel writers, and supply the world with light reading for an age. Romances, said I? I have but to open my own note-book, and I find the *truths* of life. Aye, here are records of joys and sorrows, of smiles and tears, of hopes and realizations glad and glorious, of yearning, bleeding, breaking, broken hearts, and deep, deep graves of loves that sparkled in the light of hope once but now faded from this weary earth. Oh, the graves of the loving and the loved are all *over* the earth, and the rest of the forgotten is undisturbed, while tale-tellers rack their brains to devise histories not half so strange as the stories of those that sleep in any graveyard in the land. I open my book at a venture. Ah! this note reminds me of the story of my friend and fellow-student in Princeton. Times have changed since our old college days, but he is unchanged. I shall begin at the beginning of the narrative, as I have learned it from him and from others, and as briefly as may be, trace the life of my quondam chum, HARRY NELSON.

In the eastern slope of the —— mountain is a gorge or ravine, through which runs a clear brook, giving out a merry voice continually. At the foot of the mountain the ravine widens into a smooth field, across which the stream flows slowly. In the summer of 1820, a cottage stood on the bank of this stream, in which resided a widow and her son—a boy of twelve at the date of the commencement of this history. Their story none knew, except that they had come there six years previously, and the widow had bought the cottage, where she still

lived. Judge Pierson, of S——, supplied her with money, which she had placed in his hands.

The cottage was silent now. All day long the widow had lain awaiting death. Night came, and the light of life had not wholly faded from the eye of the mother; and her boy still lay on the bed, with his tiny hand grasping hers in the agony of fear. A bitter agony is that, when the loving and the loved are leaving us, to return no more forever!

The night, which had been cloudy and sultry at the commencement, grew black and tempestuous, and ever and anon a flash of wild light from a distant thunder-cloud lit the mountain side, and showed the ragged peak against the gloomy covering of the sky. Shortly the tempest, which had seemed to be gathering strength and lingering until it had grown mighty, swept down the gorge, and moaned around the little cottage in the glen. The mountain trees shook in the wind and nodded their giant heads one to another, and the wail of the storm that began from afar like the wail of a desolate child, came creeping down towards the cottage in the glen, till the whole dell rang with the mournful shriek, as if it was the shriek of angels falling from their birth-place. The lightning grew frequent and vivid, until the whole scene was illuminated by a fearful succession of flashes that totally put to nought the feeble flame of the candle on the little table by the window; and yet the mother and the boy, heedless of the rolling thunder that shook the mountain's foundation, heedless of the crash of falling trees, and the wild cry of the tempest, lay silent on the bed, and the storm passed on.

It was midnight. Far away in the east lay a black bank of clouds, over the top of which one star, bright as a diamond on a queen's forehead, shone, with calm, holy rays, silvering the edges with a fringe of light, peering into the window of the widow's cottage, and falling on the forehead of the dying woman with an angel kiss.

"Open the door, my son; I grow stilled in this air!"

He rose and opened the door, and the cool, pure air came in and fanned the face of the sick mother, so that she revived, and calling

him to her side, spoke in low, earnest tones, while the boy stood by her bedside :

“ You will be alone soon, Harry !—all alone in this wide world ! You have been told what to do with the contents of the cottage, and I need not tell you again. You will find in that box yonder a paper, directing you what to do when I am dead. In the hands of Judge Pierson you will find a sum of money secured to you when you come of age, till which time the income, small though it be, will assist you. It was mine during life, and when I am dead will be yours. Again, my son, let me warn you to be true to the principles I have made your guide. You have your Bible and your God ; the last, the God of your father and your mother. Your father ! I must speak of him now. I have never shown you this miniature. Take it. I sold the gorgeous casing in which it was once set, and had this plain one fitted to it. Your father was wealthy once. But that matters not now. Enough for you to know, that he was one you need not be ashamed to think of. He is dead, and I shall meet him soon.”

She paused, and seemed in deep thought, then spoke again ; but her voice was fainter than before, and scarcely audible :

“ It was strange, very strange. He must have died alone in the forest ! How changed ! Those were bright days in old Ireland. Dear old Ireland. Harry, go and sit by the door, and tell me when the moon is rising.”

A half hour passed in silence, but the mother prayed. Anon she turned restlessly, and looked at her boy, and said : “ Harry, sing me a song of Ireland—that song I taught you by the streamside in the glen, last summer.”

The moon was just below the verge of the horizon ; and the clouds, which had gone towards the north-east, left a single faint line of silver lying over the hill from behind which she was coming. The boy raised his clear voice in the solemn starlight, and sang a song of Ireland. It floated out on the night-air, and the angels heard it ; and the mother listened, and her heart sprang back to the olden time when she was young, and heard another's voice sing that song in her ear—and her cheek lay on his shoulder ; and thus in the quick throbbing of her pulse she remembered the golden past, and then her breast was still. She was dead. The boy sang on. When he had finished he sat long and earnestly looking up at the holy watchers, then turned to his mother's bedside, and spoke ; and when she answered

not he saw that she was dead, and threw himself beside her and wept till morning. A traveller found him lying on his face beside her. A holy smile was on her lip, and was there too when they buried her.

I have given the particulars of this scene, inasmuch as they are important to the chain of evidence which was afterwards made up—as will appear in our history.

It was seven years after this that I first met Henry Nelson, the boy of the Glen Cottage. He entered the Sophomore class while I was a Junior ; and an acquaintance accidentally commenced, was continued until we became intimate friends. I have never known a kinder and a truer heart. A universal favorite, he led his class without difficulty ; and at the close of his course I returned to hear him deliver his valedictory ; an honor he fixed his eye on in preference to the Latin salutatory, which, in P——, has always been the prize of scholarship.

While in college I had noticed a peculiar disposition in Nelson to think sadly. There was a look of earnestness about his eye when he heard any moving story of sorrow, and a fondness for pathos in his reading, and in his own productions, that led me to inquire for, and obtain the history I have given above. To this was added another however, which was simply this :—He loved, and with no idle love, the daughter of Judge Pierson, who held the small property which his mother's will had left to him. The income from this property amounted to about three hundred dollars a year, which was regularly paid him, and which he had devoted sedulously to his education. But Judge Pierson was an aristocrat of the strictest sect, and the nameless son of the widow was no match for his beautiful daughter. They corresponded, however, through the assistance of a brother of the lady ; and when Harry graduated, the father, supposing all danger at an end, consented that Fred and Ellen should attend Commencement at Princeton. I remember the scene well. How beautifully she appeared in the gallery, and how her eye dimmed at the inimitable pathos of that last appeal of the student to his brethren. Harry's face was pale, and contrasted with his black gown so as to make it more so. As he commenced it began to be whispered about that he was the lover of the fair girl in the gallery, and all eyes were turned towards her. She saw none of it, however, but shaded her face with her hand, and listened eagerly to every

word; and when at last he paused in the midst of his adieu, and with choked voice exclaimed, "Good bye, God bless you all, good bye!" and reached out both his hands to grasp the many that were extended to him, I heard her sob aloud.

There was another and a sadder scene under the stars that night. I had my horses with me, and while the gay and mirth-loving were in the ball-room, I took Fred, and Ellen, and Harry, and drove out on the Trenton road towards the old Quaker meeting-house, a place not to be forgotten by the lovers of the beautiful in old Nassau. On the bank of the stream, in the calm night, they talked of the future. Fred and myself strolled away. When we returned she was weeping; and he held her hand, and looked in her face.

"I have been telling her, Phil, that I am poor, and a wanderer; and her father says she must not love me, and she may marry a wealthy man, and be happier than with me. In duty to her father I tell her thus much, and in duty to myself I tell her that I love her. She will not hear any of my story but the last. What shall I do? I am literally homeless now, and nameless. I am, as you know, satisfied that it is my duty to enter the ministry; her father would never hear of her marrying me, a poor clergyman. What can I say to her?"

Her eyes were fixed on his; and, as he paused, she exclaimed, with a smile of irresistible beauty, "Where thou goest I will go!" It was impossible to doubt her holy love, or withstand that smile.

"We must wait awhile, Ellen."

"Years—I care not how long. I will love none else but you; I can love no other. Why ask me to forget you?"

"So be it."

A party of revellers interrupted us, and we drove back to the village. Three years after this Judge Pierson was dead; having left a will, in which his daughter received a fortune if she should not marry Henry Nelson: if she did, his whole fortune was to go to Fred, his other child, provided he retained it in its form of real estate for ten years, and did not make over any part whatever thereof, or give any assistance to Ellen. If he gave any help to her, the fortune was to go to the next heir-at-law; who was to recover the same on proving the fact of such help having been given. This heir-at-law, however, was not named; and on this fact hangs the story.

True to her own heart, Ellen married Nelson. He was settled as pastor of a small congregation in the northern part of Illinois, where he had gone of his own choice to preach the words of truth. She made a lovely woman, and as the wife of the missionary, was indefatigable. They lived a happy, though laborious life, and in frequent letters from Henry I learned that his soul was strong and his hope growing brighter and brighter, as he fixed his eye on the far world beyond the river of death.

So we went on our walks in life. I entered my profession, and he was my counsellor and friend, and in his home I found a welcome often when weary of the world.

I was one day engaged in overhauling some papers which I had received from Ireland—extracts from parish registries and such affairs, which were to be used in a partition suit, then pending in the court of chancery in this State and circuit—when I was struck by the occurrence of the name of Nelson in some of the papers, and especially with the following note, made by the copying clerk:

"Henry Nelson married Harriet Wilson, and left this country in 1812. He has not been heard of since. He sailed in the ship ———. He left a small property, which Mrs. Nelson converted into money, and taking her boy with her, departed for America. It is supposed that all are dead, as their friends never heard of them again. It will be seen, however, that if living, they would take precedence, &c., &c."

I wrote immediately to Harry, and asked him for all the evidence he had of his ancestry. He replied, giving me the particulars of his mother's death, and enclosing some papers found in her cottage after her decease. I wrote to Ireland again for all the information that could be obtained, and received in return a certificate of the marriage of Henry Nelson and Harriet Wilson, a certificate of the baptism of their child, and also a certificate of the marriage of George Wilson, colonel in the British army, to Emma Pierson, daughter of Joseph Pierson of New York, which last person was the mother of Harriet Wilson.

I found the registry of the ship's arrival in this country which brought the mother and her boy, and finding it I also found the captain, an old sailor, who had retired with a handsome fortune. He remembered them well, and remembered a mark on the arm of the boy, which was on the arm of my friend, as I knew right well.

It is not necessary that I go into a detail of the mass of evidence which was collected. The most important point, and that which startled me as well as all others engaged in the matter, was that the Colonel Pierson, the father of Mrs. Nelson, was shown to be the uncle of Judge Pierson, the father of Ellen—and the nearest heir-at-law of the judge, next to his son, was none other than the son of Harriet Nelson, my chum and friend.

Until this point was reached I had not spoken to Harry on the subject, except as I have stated by asking for his means of information, and then I only intimated that he had better let me possess the facts in the case, as they might be

of use to him at some future day. I now wrote to him, requesting him to come east, and bring on Ellen with him. He came. The miniature of his father was produced, and the likeness to the father of Judge Pierson was instantly remarked by old men. The end is clearly seen. Fred Pierson instantly made over a large portion of his father's estate to Nelson, and the person who had been supposed to be the next heir-at-law did not see fit to commence any proceedings against the mass of evidence we had accumulated.

Henry Nelson and Ellen his wife, are known in their county and State. Their lives are calm and peaceful, spent in doing and getting good. Their tale is told.

SUMMER MOONLIGHT HOUR.

BY ELIA.

How calm the silver moonlight falls
On sleeping vale and hill,
While softly gleam the angled walls,
With shadows deep'ning still.

A spell is on the summer leaves,
That lulls them to repose ;
Nor rose-tree climbing to the eaves,
A dancing shadow throws.

The bee has sought her waxen cell,
From daily toil to rest ;
The bird forgets his song to swell,
And sleeps in airy nest.

A sabbath stillness breathes around,
No light-winged zephyr blows ;
And softly in the calm profound,
The stream low murm'ring flows.

Subdued is earthly passion's power ;
The calm and peaceful breast
Must sympathize at such an hour,
With Nature's holy rest.

And hearts, the weary and the worn,
In Life's more hopeful years
Revive, like drooping flowers upborne
By Night's refreshing tears.

We muse upon each folly past,
With tender, deep regret,
And pause in Life's swift stream at last,
Its turmoil to forget.

Full oft some dear remembrance clings
Around the tranquil hour,
To thrill the heart's most tender strings
With its mysterious power.

Some voice we miss, whose tender tone
We never more may hear—
Some heart responsive to our own,
Affection holds most dear.

And oft as round our weary head,
Affliction's cloud may lower,
We feel the peace around us shed,
By one soft moonlight hour.

THE INFLUENCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES

UPON THE MODE OF ONE'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT, AND DIRECTION HE SHOULD GIVE TO HIS MENTAL DISCIPLINE AND EFFORTS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

ONE aspect of this subject—the adaptation of one's self to circumstances—may seem, at first sight, to conflict with the principle, that one should consult the peculiar tendencies and powers of his own mind in his mental efforts. But it does not; for although one may possess an excellence on which he must mainly rely, yet there may be some circumstances calling forth a lower order of powers that shall exhibit the mind to greater advantage from the very beauty of the adaptation itself. Besides, the desired result does not always depend on the *weight* of the given blow, but on the direction it takes, and the point of contact. So the mind cannot always produce the greatest results by the employment of its greatest powers. That depends very much upon the minds with which it comes in collision, and the tastes it has to encounter. When there is a broad and striking contrast in the occasion, this rule is always followed. No one would make the same address on a funeral occasion and jubilee day. But reflective men go farther and adapt their efforts to the different intellectual capacities of assemblies and their various habits of feeling. The necessity of regarding this variety of taste and habits of thought is seen by one who has travelled in different sections of the world. The same speech would be very differently estimated in this State, in the far South, and in the Western States. One that would please the taste of most Southern assemblies would be considered too flowery and ornamental by an assembly here; while an address that would be regarded *here* as very sound and logical,

might rock many a Western audience to sleep. Some divines, able to control large parishes in New England, could not keep a Western congregation together. Uncultivated countries naturally draw into them men of a bold and ardent character. The startling appeal, the bold figure, and fearless action, correspond to their habits of thought and manner of living. I suppose many a sound Eastern lawyer would have been an unsuccessful rival against Col. Crockett, among the latter's constituents. I do not introduce this to show that one should assume the bad manners of others to move them. But to elevate those whose mental habits have been directly opposed to his own, to what he considers correct taste, is a long and difficult process, and never can be done unless he throws himself somewhat into the current of their thoughts and feelings. Who would think, for instance, of moving a French audience, with all their ardor, by the same kind of eloquence that he would the Dutch, their neighbors; or address an Italian assembly, with their poetic feeling and deep sentiment, in the same strain that he would an English one? Similar, though not so striking contrasts, sometimes exist in towns that border on each other. Daniel O'Connell does not harangue in the same style in the British Parliament that he does before his Irish constituents. Place a man of great and *varied* powers before a small audience of savans, perchance the faculty of a university, and if he wishes to convince them of some abstract proposition, he keeps his heart as emotionless as marble—imagination furls her wings in repose,

and naked reason toils alone. He advances from argument to argument with a watchfulness that eludes suspicion, and omitting no proof that strengthens his cause, he presses right on to the point towards which he is laboring, till at length, with all the gravity of a mathematician, he exclaims, "quod erat demonstratum." Place him the next hour as a political aspirant, in the midst of a motley multitude, and he that was a moment before all moderation, suddenly becomes all appeal and declamation. The most extravagant assertions, and exaggerated statements, bring down upon his head thunders of applause. Let him the next hour be transported before an enlightened audience, and he one moment enchains attention by a train of rapid reasoning—now startles with a sudden flight of the imagination and again delights, by the harmonious flow of his sentences. He receives the admiration of all by adapting himself at times to each. I do not suppose that minds usually possess such varied powers, but the fact is a forcible illustration of the principle of adaptation, on which those act who seek to influence others, and which must control more or less every one who would directly benefit any. Men study well the rules of the schools, but very defectively that strange and restless thing, the human heart.

This principle operates so extensively that what would be considered violent declamation in some circumstances would be the truest eloquence in others. Take, as an illustration, the speech which Sir Walter Scott puts in the mouth of Ephraim McBriar, when addressing the Covenanters after a successful battle. It exhibits his wonderful knowledge of the human heart. The Covenanters had been driven from their homes and altars by the merciless Claverhouse and his followers, till at length, hunted even among the hills and caverns, and driven to despair, they turned at bay, and falling on their pursuers, repulsed them with great slaughter, leaving the field covered with the slain. As the last shout of battle died away on the mountain air, with their brows yet unbent from the stern conflict, and their hands crimson with the blood of their foes, they gathered together on the field of death, and demanded a sermon from one of their preachers. Amid the silent dead, encompassed by the everlasting hills, beneath the open sky, those stern and fiery-hearted men stood and listened. A young man, scarce twenty years of age, arose, pale from watching, fasts, and long imprisonment—the

hectic flush on his cheek writing his early doom. But as he stood, and cast his faded eye over the multitude and over the scene of battle, his cheek burned with a sudden glow, and a smile of triumph played around his lips. His voice at first faint and low, was scarce heard by the immense multitude, but gathering strength and volume from his increasing emotion, its clear and startling tones fell at length like a trumpet-call on the ears of the throng. He wished to nerve them to sterner conflicts, and urge them on to new victories, and what should be the character of his address? Should he attempt to convince those wronged and hunted men of the righteousness of their cause? From history and law should he calmly prove the right of defending themselves against the oppressor? No; such argument would have been tame amid the stormy feelings that agitated their bosoms. He at first awoke indignation by describing their outraged altars and violated homes. He spoke of the Church, compared her to Hagar, watching the waning life of her infant in the desert—to Rachel, mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted; then suddenly taking fire at the wrongs in which he felt a common interest, he bursts forth: "Your garments are stained, but not with the blood of beasts—your swords are filled with blood, but not of bullocks or goats; neither are these wild hills around you a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and torches; but these are the corpses of men who rode to battle—these hills are your altars, and your own good swords the instruments of sacrifice; wherefore turn not back from the slaughter on which ye have entered, like the worthies of old; but let every man's hand be like the hand of the mighty Samson, and every man's sword like that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banners of the Reformation are spread abroad on the mountains in their first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In this wild and enthusiastic manner he continued, till at his single bidding those iron-hearted men would have "rushed to battle as to a banquet, and embraced death with rapture." I do not speak of the moral character of such an appeal, but of its adaptedness to produce the effect he desired, and to establish the fact that even declamation may become eloquence, and argument be equivalent to nonsense. He wished the resistance

unto blood which had commenced should not terminate through hesitating fears and calm reflection. He wished them to be upborne by the same lofty enthusiasm that sustained him in the perils and death that surrounded him. To effect these objects, he acted with consummate skill. Powerful minds study more carefully than we imagine the principle I have advanced. There is no doubt that it should be the design of all intellectual efforts to make men wiser and better. But truth may be clothed in garments various as the different phases which the human mind assumes. Its illustrations are as diversified as the forms of nature, and on the appropriateness of them its power and success very much depend. I know there is an objection in the hearts of some good men against exciting emotion; they prefer calm, deliberate reason. But the danger seems to me to consist in the *means* used to awaken it. The feelings are transient, but the effect they work while in being may not be. In agitating times men govern too much by enlisting the sympathies, while in calm and ordinary times they entirely neglect it. To hear some men speak, one would think the heart was quite a redundant thing, or at least very subordinate; and thought and reason alone regal. But the heart also knows how to play the despot, and it is more difficult to arouse it than to convince the reason. The greatest truths in the universe are as clear as daylight to the mass of enlightened men. But reason regards them with a cold and stony eye till the heart kindles upon them. It is easier to make the judgment assent than to awaken emotion. It requires a master hand to sweep successfully that strange and delicate instrument, the human heart. Any man can easily learn to adjust the strings of an instrument, and prove the design and propriety of every part, till reason is satisfied with its construction; but it is quite another thing to make it discourse sweet music, and breath forth harmony, to which the spirit's harp gives out a continual response. As much as men deprecate sudden impulses, if governed by truth they often originate right action when nothing else would do it. In the first House of Delegates, doubt, fear, and irresolution characterized all its proceedings, till Patrick Henry arose, and by a short and stirring appeal, poured his determined and excited soul into every bosom. Then the cry of "to arms! to arms!" ran like wild-fire from lip to lip. When strong emotion sleeps the baser pas-

sions often rule, and man's habitual selfishness becomes the dominant motive. One's first thoughts may not be the best, yet the first feelings on good subjects generally are.

These principles apply with equal force to writers. In all those works which impart the greatest pleasure we behold the heart of the author written out. They all follow the direction, "*Look into thine own heart, then write.*" One excels in description, another in humor; one in colloquy, another in discussion. Some minds work with greatest power when thrown into collision with other minds, as steel and flint when brought in contact emit fire.

But rules are useless without enthusiasm—they form the structure and muscles, but the breath of life is needed. It is the great moving power bestowed on man—it is, indeed, his only inspiration. When, under its influence, thoughts which reflection never could have suggested, come rushing like angels upon him, and visions, gorgeous as the midnight heavens, and as real, throng about him, until the soul toils like a giant amid the terrible elements it has gathered around it. It constitutes the wings of the soul by which it scales heights mere industry never could reach. It is the divine afflatus, and when kindled upon truth will make the laggard blood roll like lava through the veins.

An American once entered the church of Robert Hall when that eloquent divine was fast sinking under the ravages of disease. As he arose and leaned feebly on the desk, and glanced over the multitude, his eye was dull and dead in its sunken socket, and around it that dark and sickly hue which denotes great physical exhaustion. His cheek was hollow, and his voice low and scarcely audible. He proceeded in this manner for some time, when a sudden flash passed over his countenance, lighting the eye and giving fullness to the cheek. It disappeared, and the eye lapsed again into its dullness and the features into their wan expression. After a short interval that sudden glow a second time kindled over his countenance, and remaining a little longer than before again subsided away. But the intervals between them gradually became shorter, and the duration of the excitement longer, till at length the veins swelled to their utmost fullness and remained so—the eye lightened to its intensest brilliancy and burned on while thought after thought, such as seemed never to have fallen from mortal lips before, poured over the

audience, and at the close they found themselves standing erect, gazing up into the face of the orator. Enthusiasm came to him in his weakness like a good angel, keying up for him the strings of his shattered harp, which he could not do for himself—not too suddenly and violently, but gradually, till in perfect tune. It bade the player sweep it; he obeyed, and it discoursed sweetest harmony. Reason never could have strung up that man's failing sinews so, nor brought those vivid conceptions to his soul, nor poured such a torrent of eloquence from his lips. Lord Brougham never exhibits his great qualities as an orator, till he has wrought himself into this overwhelming excitement. Not till his mind seems in a state of fusion are the red-hot bolts launched from it.

It was this that made Paul appear like a minister of vengeance when he reasoned with Felix of the judgment to come. As he proceeded in his discourse, and the scenes of that terrible day passed before his vision—forgot were all—the noble auditory, his bonds, his coming fate. That palace seemed to shrink away before the descending God—its massive walls crumble before the archangel's trumpet—the throne was set—the judge had ascended the seat—before him stood that terrible throng awaiting their doom—gone was the contemptuous sneer and careless smile, and look of incredulity, and when the fearful speaker closed, the haughty Felix trembled. Not even the sneer of Tertullus could prevent conviction.

"No orator for God, or his country, or injured innocence, was ever eloquent without enthusiasm. No poet ever sung in strains that made him immortal, unless he felt the spirit of enthusiasm like the pressure of a sensible presence upon him. No artist ever made the canvases breathe with power without it. Nor, without it, would have come those great conceptions, that wrought out, made the dumb marble eloquent. Some of the most gifted have been called crazed, till the groves they have made sweet with their song are silent forever, and the world learns why they are silent, and calls to them in vain to return. Then the enthusiast is deified, and man enacts his former folly over again." Enthusiasm forces a man to forget his miserable, selfish schemes and act from his loftier impulses. "The enthusiasm of the pa-

triot is the self-devotion of Winkelried, of Tell, of Curtius, of the first Brutus, of Washington.

"The enthusiasm of the bar is the face of Moses from the top of Horeb.

"The enthusiasm of the pulpit is the pillar of fire and of cloud, the symbol of joy to the Church and of terror to its enemies." In all trades and professions, in all occupations of whatever character, enthusiasm is the impulsive power that carries one to eminence in it. The ideal perfect which it ever presents to the view, acts as an increasing stimulus to urge him on to still greater excellence, till at length he may die unsatisfied but blessing the world. A man cannot have enthusiasm without possessing with it a love for the perfect and the beautiful in that he seeks after. The conceptions it brings to the mind are all beyond the reality. It lifts the standard of perfection a little higher and higher, still urging him on, while, like the rainbow, it keeps receding as he advances. He never finds the spot where its light arch rests its foot. He can only gaze at the curve as it bows above the storm-cloud. It is to this lot pursue after perfection we owe all that is grand and beautiful in language or art. The man who boasts of being no enthusiast, is never troubled with this longing after the faultless, and never seeks it, and hence never excels. He has the good sense to be very well satisfied with what he does. He pities the enthusiastic, dissatisfied lover of perfection, as the steady old dray horse commiserated the fiery Pegasus, when he would gall his breast with such fiery leaps against his harness. If that dray horse could have spoken, he would have said, "Keep cool, Pegasus, and take a steady jog like me. You only get thumps for your pains. Besides, you wear your strength out at the start. You will not be a long liver, I fear, Pegasus."

But the soul needs excitement to give it force. This enthusiasm may not be boisterous, indeed never come to the surface at all, but calm and deep burn on like a hidden fire. It matters not, so that it only has an existence. Under its influence man breaks away from those petty fears which cramp thought and feeling, and exhibits that daring which of itself will create genius. He then writes, with his own heart not a critical audience before him.

RETRIBUTION.

A PAGE OF A PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"*Nil mortuis nisi bonum,*" was long ago exchanged for "*Nil mortuis nisi verum,*"—"Say nothing of the dead, *but good,*" for "Say nothing of the dead, *but—the truth.*" The change is a good one, and the original must have been written by some classical rogue, who was afraid his misdeeds would be talked over when he was gone.

The rule supposes, of course, that something is to be said. It is very often the case, however, that nothing—not even the truth—had better be said, either for the sake of friends, or society at large. Let their character be buried with their bones.

With regard to the subject of the following sketch, neither of these considerations operates to prevent my writing *the truth.* He had no friends—a desolate condition even in this friendless world—and his history may do good, at least that portion which I write: the history of the last days—*the last moments*—of a USURER. He was a man of almost fifty years, and lived in a splendid mansion, in the most elevated part of the village—alone. I do not mean by this that no one lived in the house with him; but that he had neither wife nor children, nor kin of any degree. The only companion in the whole large house was the female servant, who had always lived with him, and who had the whole care of the establishment, if it could be called by that name. Who she was, none knew. She saw no one; and went out no where. The coachman and gardener lived in a separate house.

I do not mean to say that Mr. S——n was himself a solitary or unsociable man. On the contrary he saw a great deal of company at his house; and gave, frequently, large dinner parties, to which all the principal gentlemen of the place were invited; and he often visited them in return. He was frequently jested, especially by the ladies, to whom such jokes seem to be very natural, on his being a bachelor, and living alone in such a large house; but

he bore their raillery with the most perfect coolness. He was considered odd in this respect, and none troubled themselves any farther about it.

Mr. S——n was a rich man—very rich. He had become so by his own means, for he had begun life a poor young man. He had made his money by usury—and often of the most grinding and unrelenting kind—and this was well known in the place, but made no difference there. He might have made it by piracy: so long as he remained unconvicted and unhung, he would be respected, if he were rich. He followed the same practice still, and seized every opportunity for making money as greedily as when he first began life in poverty. He occupied a seat in church every Sunday, as regularly as the most devout; and in quite advanced life was received into the communion of the Church.

Yet, unpleasant and repulsive as such a character ought to be to every mind of truly noble and manly feelings, I must still say, that Mr. S——n had many good traits. He was a gentleman, and what is generally called a very clever fellow. I have spent hours in his company, and found him a very entertaining man.

I have felt it necessary to say so much of the general character of Mr. S——n in order to prepare the reader for what follows. God forbid that any of my readers should die his death. I wish I could relate it in connection with the death-bed scenes of another character, which took place about the same time. But I must give them separately; and his, first.

I was sitting down to dinner, when a messenger arrived, summoning me hastily to the house of Mr. S——n. Of the cause of the summons he knew nothing. He only knew that he was to ask me to come as quickly as possible, and if I were not at home, he was to go after Dr. M——. I did not wait to swallow a morsel, but hastily obeyed the call. I entered the house in less than five minutes from

leaving my own door. The single female servant met me at the door, with a strange expression of distress on her face; and, with a gesture towards the stairs, and only the words, "up there," she disappeared into one of the lower rooms.

Not a little surprised, and perhaps alarmed at this mute demonstration, I ascended the first flight of stairs, into the sleeping-room, where I found Mr. S——n. He was sitting in his large easy chair, his feet upon a stool, and his back and head pressed forcibly against the back of the chair. A hand grasped each of the arms with such a convulsive grasp as seemed almost to crush the solid wood. Every muscle of his whole body seemed exerted to the utmost tension. His face wore an expression of the most unutterable agony and wretchedness; while he was struggling for breath as if a band of iron had been about his chest, resisting every effort to inhale the air. Each effort was attended with that extreme exertion which was almost as distressing to the bystander as to the sufferer himself. He did not breathe—there was only a quick, rapid panting, like what is often seen in a small animal, exhausted by a long chase in very warm weather; each attempt being utterly ineffectual to fill the lungs. His countenance was extremely flushed, the veins distended and prominent; his eyes bloodshot, and almost projecting from their sockets.

As I entered the room he perceived me, and fixing his eye upon me with an agonized expression of anxious inquiry, he never removed it whilst I remained. He could not speak; but through his thick, rapid panting, he attempted to utter words, which, from the motion of his lips, perhaps aided somewhat by my fancy, I translated—

"Doctor, do you think I am dying?"

It was not Mr. S——n, the calm, gentlemanly, collected money-lender. All the man seemed lost, and sunk in the overwhelming, cowardly fear of death.

Perceiving, at a glance, as I approached him, that he had experienced a severe and sudden attack of congestion of the lungs, I attempted, by a few words, to render him more composed; and then took a large quantity of blood from his arm. He was somewhat relieved by the bleeding, and I left him, after having given directions to the housekeeper for his care till I should call again. Upon attempting to lay him down, he experienced such a

degree of suffocation that I left him as I found him, in his easy chair.

3 o'clock P. M.—Mr. S——n is now easy, and has been asleep for an hour. I did not awake him.

He continued to improve, and in a few days was able to resume his business.

* * * * *

I have not written the foregoing history of the first attack of a series which eventually destroyed Mr. S——n, because there was any thing of a peculiarly interesting character about it, but because it was the first of such a series. They followed each other at various intervals, the symptoms becoming increasingly alarming, till the one in which he died. Neither do I write the further history because there is any thing more than ordinary in any of the paroxysms, nor because the account of the progress of the case is calculated to interest the reader. There was nothing in the intellectual powers of the man to develop itself here, and the narrative of the disease and its treatment could only interest the professional man. But with the future course of his sickness there were events of the deepest interest to me, and to the few who were conversant with them at the time—events deeply mysterious, and so full of crime and shame as to drive from the bed-side of the dying man every sympathizing heart, and from his own soul every vestige of hope beyond the grave. How full of fearful import is that inspired declaration, "THE WAY OF THE WICKED HE TURNETH UPSIDE DOWN."

The period of his first attack was early in the summer. In the course of six months they followed each other in rapid succession, and it became evident, even to himself, that he could not long survive. But as the weather became colder, his strength increased and his constitution seemed to acquire new vigor, so that it seemed almost probable that he might survive the winter, and perhaps quite recover. But standing, as he did, with the finger of the Almighty always pointing at him, he never lost sight, for an instant, of the truth that he was a dying man, and he lived from hour to hour in the most abject fear of death. Under such circumstances it seemed wonderful that he continued to live. It was for retribution.

I visited him almost daily, and often tried to offer him consolation in the hope of his Christian profession. But there was no comfort for him.

"No," he suddenly exclaimed, "I have no

thing, and can look for nothing, to make death one ray lighter than the pit. I hope! I! who have lived on human hearts—the hearts of widows and orphans, and drank their tears! I hope that there is any mercy for me! My religion! I never had any. I never knew any God but gold, till now I first know him in his wrath. Sir, I can tell you—but no, I will not now. 'Give me something, doctor, of sufficient power to make me sleep to-night, and come to me to-morrow.'

I complied with his wish, and when I had seen him asleep for half an hour, I left him.

I did not see him on the next day nor the day following, owing to my constant and unremitting care being necessary at the bedside of other patients. What the revelations were which he designed to make when he told me to call on the following day, can never be known. He is dead. On the third day I was preparing to visit him in the morning, when I was again summoned to his bedside.

His attack, at this time, was of an entirely new character. I found him in bed, reduced to a state of extreme weakness by a sudden and profuse hemorrhage from the lungs. I now recur to my journal for the future history of this case, as I find it accurately detailed from day to day.

Jan. 19th.—Mr. S——n has this day been suddenly attacked with a truly alarming bleeding from the lungs. After doing all in my power to arrest it, I have partially succeeded, but there can be no hope for him. He must die. I have told him so, and that he ought to be now fully prepared to meet it at any hour. The intelligence is not new to him, but being communicated in connection with the powerful proof he feels in the profuse loss of blood and the consequent excessive debility, it has aroused all his remaining energies, not to prepare for it—not to meet it as a Christian, nor even as a man—but to resist and combat it, as a fiend fighting with a fellow fiend.

"Die!" he exclaimed—"I cannot die—I will not. You must not let me die, doctor. You can save me—I know you can. You have saved me before—and you must now. I am not ready—I cannot be ready. I shall be damned without hope. No—do not tell me of hope. There is none. I am given over to despair. If God can forgive, he cannot blot out my sins, and they must cling to me forever. I dare not die—I dare not."

He changed his manner, and continued—

"Come, doctor, tell me you can cure me. I know you can. Tell me I shall get well—that I shall not die yet. I have so much to do—give me some encouragement, or if only a little, say that you have some hope that I *may possibly* recover. See, the bleeding has stopped—there—when I coughed then, there was only a slight streak of blood in what I raised. I am weak, to be sure, but"——

Another fit of coughing here ensued, when more than a "mere streak of blood" was seen. What could I do in such a case? It is one of the most trying in which the physician is ever placed, and it requires all his firmness to do his duty. It may hasten the end of his patient's life—it may produce an alarm which may in an instant terminate the scene. Yet can it *ever* be duty, to let a mortal and a sinful man go down to his grave in ignorance that his disease is a mortal one, and having no preparation to meet the hour that appals the firmest heart—no preparation to stand before his God? It cannot be. I therefore pressed firmly upon the mind of Mr. S——n the fact of his extreme danger, and at the same time told him that his only hope, if it could be called one, was in keeping perfectly quiet.

20th.—One of the most trying features in the hopelessness of this case, is that he has no friends to nurse him. Money will hire attendance, day and night, but it cannot purchase the tender—anxious—unwearying care of a wife or sister. There is no cool hand upon the brow, no careful smoothing down of the pillow—no noiseless step about the room—no eye watching the least motion to be ready to supply each want before it is spoken. Yet it does not seem altogether unfitting, that a life, spent in the sole pursuit of gold, should be dependent upon it for the comforts and consolations it can purchase in life's last hours.

I unexpectedly found Mr. S——n quite comfortable in body this morning, but his mind is keenly alive to every trying circumstance connected with his situation. He was very much distressed at his lonely condition, and asked, with much concern, why his friends did not at least call to inquire after him. He has no friends. It is an unmeaning name to him. Gold cannot purchase friendship. It springs up and grows spontaneously in the hearts that are fitted for it, and flourishes there as a perennial flower. But he sacrificed it on the altar of mammon, with all the better and holier feelings of man's nature. He denied it a rooting

place in his boyhood, and his heart became too barren in his manhood for it to grow there.

His little improvement has awakened hopes in his mind which I dare not encourage. The least agitation may bring on an instantaneous attack which would be fatal. I converse with him as little as possible, and have forbidden any one to talk with him.

12 o'clock.—I found him very much excited, and restless. It may be he is a little delirious, though it is hardly possible in his case. He talks much of the desertion of all his acquaintance, and seems deeply wounded with it.

"Doctor," said he as I rose to come away, "I shall be well yet—I am not going to die now—I shall recover, and then we will see who are the mockers. I will put my heel upon them as I would upon a worm. I can do it, sir—oh! I can do it, and I will. They have respected my wealth as long as it would add to their convenience, and they will do it again. And when once I gather them round me, I will use every means to fasten them till I am ready, and then"——

His eye burned with the most malignant triumph, and he clenched his fist till the nails seemed to cut into the flesh. Hypocrite! idiot! fool! I have never known a man more to be pitied, and yet more consummately contemptible. I sit by his bedside, when I know that he is dying, and am filled with the deepest loathing and abhorrence. He seems now to have lost all apprehension of death, and to be constantly occupied in perfecting schemes of revenge.

5 o'clock.—He is certainly more comfortable in spite of all his excitement to-day, and his hopes of life are increased. He is still engaged in planning his means of vengeance.

"Have you nothing to fear for yourself, Mr. S——n?" I inquired. "Are there none who may injure you as deeply as you meditate injuring them?"

The question seemed to startle him, and he asked what I meant. I told him plainly, that there were probably few men of characters so pure, that they could not be spotted, and it might be well for him to consider, before he went farther, whether he were entirely invulnerable. With this hint I left him.

22d.—There has been little change for two days in the condition of Mr. S——n: no change in his mind. The physician, in his round of duty, is often obliged to see much that not only pains, but disgusts, his heart; and I have to confess that in the case now before

me, I never enter the house but with feelings of the deepest abhorrence, much as I pity the wretchedness and loneliness of the man.

I found by his bedside this morning, the Rev. Mr. J——, a good old man, and full of love to all his fellows. He was striving, as I entered, to direct the mind of Mr. S——n to a better train of feelings, and was evidently in profound sorrow at the state in which he found him. His eyes were filled with tears, and his hands clasped in great earnestness, as he urged upon the dark soul of my patient the mild and refreshing promises, and hopes, and peace of the gospel. It was a wonderful contrast.

"I am told, Mr. S——n," said the minister, as I was entering the room—"I am told that you cannot recover—that your disease is of that character that you must sink under it, or that you may, suddenly, at any moment, die in the most horrid agony by suffocation. I speak thus plainly because I would impress upon your mind the importance of preparing your heart to stand before your stern and unrelenting Judge. Drop, I beseech you, these vindictive thoughts, and"——

The sick man had listened thus far without moving, but now rising to a sitting posture in his bed, and fixing his eye sternly on the minister, he said, slowly and calmly:

"Sir, I do not believe in one word you say. I have been a member of the church for years, because it was for my interest to be so. Now, unless God will aid me in my revenge, I renounce my hypocritical profession forever. I shall get well, sir, and I shall devote the remnant of my life to paying the debt of neglect and scorn due to my fellow-men."

He sunk back in bed, and the minister, with eyes and hands raised to heaven, said, "May God be merciful to him," and rose and left the room.

The angel of mercy had departed. The last appeal had been made, and now what is left? Would that I never should be under the necessity of witnessing such a case again. My very heart is sick, and I almost wish, when I call again, to find him—dead.

Midnight.—It was not the consequence of my involuntary wish—it was not the doing of man—it was not the direct effect of his disease—but Mr. S——n is—dead. It is *retribution*—not the death, but the manner of it. Though summoned in great haste, at ten o'clock, he was dead before I reached him—dead by the visitation of Heaven. What follows, I learn

from one of my students, a young man of great intelligence, who had volunteered to take care of him through the night.

Shortly after I left the house in the afternoon, there was a loud knock at the door, which the young man himself opened. A woman of about five-and-thirty years, attended by a girl of perhaps sixteen, inquired for Mr. S——n. Both were persons of plain appearance, though well dressed, and seemed, by their manner, to belong to the higher walks of life. But the elder one, especially, though she had a look of sadness in her countenance, was still a woman of surpassing beauty and grace. She walked directly in, and upon being told that Mr. S——n was just fallen asleep, and might not awake in some time, she said that she wished to see him and would sit till he awoke.

"I have learned," she said, "that he is very sick, and there is little probability of his recovery."

"Scarcely any at all," the young man replied. "Indeed he may die at any moment."

"Indeed," said she, "so bad is it? The more important, then, that we should see him. Be so good, sir, if you please, as to call me the moment he awakes. I have a few words of the utmost importance to say to him."

The young man left the room. The sick man did not wake till nearly seven o'clock, and upon being told that a lady was waiting to see him, he directed her to be admitted. "There is one then," said he, "who has not forgotten me."

Forgotten him! oh no. Through all the years of girlhood and womanhood—through all the weary months of desertion and sorrow—through all the hot and tear-washed footpaths of lonely and uncheered nursing, and rearing, and watching, and guarding the young years of the young and beautiful girl by her side—in the waste of feeling, and in the midst of the wilderness that always springs up around despised and forsaken love, *she* had never forgotten and could never forget *him*. Who would have believed that the hardened and seared man who now lay sick in that house, and who had never been known to feel sympathy or sorrow for a fellow-mortal, and who was now—with the hand of God upon him, and pressing him down into the very grave's mouth—planning vengeance upon men because they had no sympathy for him—that that man had ever yielded to the power of woman's love. Yet such is woman.

In our boyhood she weaves about our hearts the chains that never break. Her love twines itself about all our better feelings, and if, in after life, we cast it off and spurn it for the grosser love of sense, be sure the hour will come when it will work its retribution.

She stood by his bedside—the same she had been sixteen years before—the same in all, but—her love for him. And he looked in her face, and knew her—knew for what she came—and, in one moment, an instant, memory and conscience travelled back through those long, and to her, bitter years, and the hardened man covered up his face and groaned aloud, "Mary!"

"Then you know me, George S——n," said she, after a moment's pause, as if to collect herself, and keep down any of the tenderness of years ago, that might now be revived at the sight of his distress and sickness. "You know me then. You have not forgotten me. Well, I am not much changed, if I have suffered, since I was your 'beautiful Mary.' Do you remember all, George?"—

"Oh, I do—I do!" he groaned out, "you need not tell them—I remember"—

"The days when you came to my father's house, a poor young man—poor as the meanest beggar—cared for by none—and how we received you into the family, and fed and clothed you, and took you to our hearts, and when you began to forget what you had been, how you looked up and saw I was beautiful—and Aggy—my elder and dear sister Aggy—poor girl—do you remember her? I know you do. You shall never forget her, nor me. She is dead, George—dead—in the cold grave, where you will soon be, if the earth does not cast you out, or refuse to receive you 'into its bosom.'"

"Dead!" cried the sick man, "dead! How did she die? Tell me all. Yet, no—I cannot hear it."

"But you must hear it. It is for that, with other things, that I came here to-day. I have watched you, George S——n, through all the years of our separation, and waited patiently for this hour, to tell you all—all you have been to Aggy and to me. She died by her own hand, George, the very night her child was born—*your* child, the child of her shame and your treachery. Yes, let it eat into your heart till it cankers there, as it ought, and take it into the grave with you.

"You remember when my father died, after you had been gone from our house more than a year, that with all the confidence of the unsus-

pecting heart that raised you to what you were, he left our property in charge to you, to preserve it for us. You know how well you did it. Wretch! you robbed us of our property, and worse—far worse—you robbed my sister of her fair name, while you had made me your dishonored wife!"

"It is false!" exclaimed the craven wretch, who was beginning to collect himself, and was now determined to deny the whole—"why do you not take the woman away? she will kill me."

But she continued: "It is not false, George S——n. I have the proof here, though I did not come to reclaim the honor of lying by your side. You are now to be married to the grave. I am your wife and I have come to see my husband die. Will it not be good to have me close your eyes, and receive your last breath, and wipe the dew from your forehead, thus?"—

She passed her handkerchief over his brow, but he shrunk away, with a gesture of disgust. She smiled contemptuously and continued:

"George S——n, am I not your wife? Say it yourself, distinctly—am I not your wife? you dare not thus perjure your soul in this your dying hour, for you are dying, George. The dampers are gathering on your brow this moment."

"Away, fiend of hell!" he exclaimed, starting upright, "away—it is a lie—I am not dying. You are all leagued together to kill me. Will no one take her away?"

"No, George," she replied, "none will take away the wife from the bedside of her dying husband. You know me, George—you know that I was your wife, but you do not know all. You do not know how I loved you when you fled and left me in dishonor, and my sister in her shame—you do not know, how, for years, I continued to love you, and knew not where to find you—how I nursed my sister's child—your child—resolved when you should return to forgive all, and still love on. And Aggy—the gentle, forgiving girl, she told me the very day she destroyed herself, that she forgave you, and hoped that we might be happy again.

"But all that is gone by, though I feel like a girl again as I turn back to all these memories—a girl in all save my love for you. The time came when in the very place where we made our first vows—in the church where we were married—in the green fields where we used to ramble and be happy—every where where I had ever been with you, I taught my soul to hate

and abhor you, and on my sister's grave I vowed, kneeling by her side, to hate you till death. The sight of all these nursed and fed the newborn hate in my soul, but more—oh, immeasurably more!—the sight of the fair young girl that grew up by my side, with her mother's face, but your traitor's blood in her veins. And she—I taught her to hate and despise and curse her father."

The sick man had heard her, thus far, with only an occasional interruption of passion, but now he seemed to feel his weakness and the mastery she had over him, and her words seemed to enter like daggers into his soul.

"Where is she?" he exclaimed—"bring her to me—let me see her. 'I will do all I can to atone for my wrong, and whilst I live, I will use all my wealth in her behalf. Let me see her, and, Mary, by all the memories of the past—forgive me, and speak comfort to me. Do not treat me as the whole world treats me. I am deserted by all—come to me once more.'"

"Yes, I have come to you, but not to be as we have been. That could never be, if you had yet numberless years of life before you. There is between us the boundless gulf of deep and implacable hate and contempt. You are rich—very rich, in money coined from my heart, and sister Aggy's, and oh, of how many others. Your ill-got gold could never make us happy. Yet it is only right, since it cannot be restored, and is that upon which the world places honor, that your child should have the advantage of it. And it is for that, too, I have come to you in your dying hour. I do not ask it for her, because when you are dead it will be mine, and I will give it to her. She is my child now, and as beautiful and loving and gentle as her mother.

"What wonder that you are deserted—that you are left here to die alone? The traitor must suffer the traitor's doom. I am with you again—not to smooth your pillow, but to add thorns to your remorse—to bring to your mind, when it is too late to repent, the memory of all your wrongs, and forbid you to think of heaven!"

It was now that the man was unmanned. The words of his long-deserted wife harrowed up his soul. Memory travelled over all the past, and gathered up stores of anguish. Conscience was now wide awake. Revenge was crushed—every thought of revenge. The fear of death was swallowed up in the agony of his mind. Then followed a flood of confessions of foul

crimes, and cruel wrong, enough to wring the heart of any but his deserted wife. She sat unmoved and heard all. She looked steadily in his eye and saw his utter despair, and spoke no word of hope. He begged her to forgive him, but she answered not.

My young student who had been present throughout the whole scene, and had forborne to interfere, on account of his conviction of the truth of the lady's claims, now interposed and besought her to retire, lest the man should die at once. But her deed was not yet completed. She stepped to the door and called, "Aggy."

Whether it was the memory of the past, renewed with greater poignancy by the mention of that name, or whether the sound of a hasty, light step on the stairs, in answer to the call, gave him the idea that his wife had deceived him as to the death of her sister, it is impossible to tell. The truth he never knew himself. He raised himself in bed and looked eagerly towards the door. He saw the very face of her he had wronged and destroyed, just as she had been in her girlhood, more than sixteen years before. He stretched out his hands eagerly and beseechingly to her, and his lips parted as if to speak, but instead of his voice, there issued from his mouth a sudden and copious torrent of blood, and he fell back in bed—a corpse.

* * * * *

When I reached the house shortly after ten o'clock, no one was there, but the young man. He related to me the above scene, and said that the young lady seemed to be greatly affected by the result. But the elder one, stepping to the bedside and laying her hand on the forehead of the corpse, looked upward and said, "Thou hast avenged her blood and our shame," and taking the other by the hand, left the room and the house.

I directed the proper persons to be summoned, and having left the body in their charge, to be prepared for burial, I went home with a deep sense of the justice of Heaven.

The funeral took place on the second day following. A few persons assembled at the

house, more from the habit of attending such scenes, than from any feeling of friendship for the departed. As the little procession moved from the house, preceded by the minister and the hearse, an open carriage, drawn by two beautiful horses, and containing two females, took its position in the place of the chief mourners. They were the wife of the dead, and his daughter. The latter was closely veiled, and exhibited signs of deep sorrow. But the former sat stately and erect, and her dark eye flashed proudly, while her elegant attire and her flaunting plumes spoke plainly the mockery that brought her there. They reached the grave, and as the few followers gathered about it, and the sexton was preparing to deposit the coffin in it, a surprise occurred. Suddenly the sides of the excavation fell in, and the grave was filled nearly to its mouth.

"Ha! ha! ha!" scornful and wildly laughed the long-widowed wife, "I told him the earth would refuse him a place in its bosom. Come, Aggy, let us go."

She led the young lady, unresisting, from the church-yard, and entering the carriage, drove at once to the house of the deceased. She then sent for Mr. B——, the most eminent lawyer in the place, and put into his hands the proofs of her being the lawful wife of George S——n. They were incontestable, and no will being found, she became heir to his property. But this was not all. In a few days she settled upon the young lady the greater portion of the wealth of her late husband, which was enormous.

From this time all was changed with her. Satisfied with the retribution of Heaven, and afterwards apparently deeply repenting her own revenge, she erected a plain, but costly stone at the head of her husband's grave, and also caused the remains of her sister to be interred by his side. With her now full-grown and beautiful niece, the care of her first lonely years, and the pride of her maturer years, she is living in contentment and usefulness, devoting the ill-acquired riches of her husband to purposes of benevolence and charity.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A Story of the Stars.

BY WILLIAM C. PRIME.

The following poem shows a fine imagination and abounds in beautiful passages, but the writer should be more careful of his rhythms, and study the rules more. Counting on the figures is not a very elevated employment, but it is better than defective measure.—Ed.

FADING away in the far distant heaven
Lay tranquil and sweet the last rays of even,
Slowly, slowly they sank to sleep,
Then in the blue and marvellous deep
One by one the magical stars
Drove up the hills their silvery cars—
Their cars of light and glory ;
And then, in the calm of the beautiful night
One told to the others, in words of light
And love, a wonderful story ;
And the others sat silently, each in his car,
And heard the strange tale of that beautiful star,
Then pressed their white steeds up the heavenly road,
And the host sang together the love of their God.
How it filled the whole heaven ! How clearly it rang
As the steeds shook their reins and the swift horses sprang
Right onward and upward in joyful procession,
And sang as they sang on the morn of creation !

“ In a calm and quiet sleep,
Where the starbeams seemed to keep
Silent vigil holly,
Lay a child in slumber deep :
Pale was she—
Pale and lovely, as the light
Fell upon her forehead white.

“ But at midnight she awoke,
Smiled a peaceful smile and spoke
In a voice so clear and low,
That the silence seemed not broke ;
Faint and slow
From her lips fell tones of love,
Such as angels use above.

“ Come close to me mother dear,
Let me whisper in your ear
What I've seen to-night in dreams—
I saw heaven ! So fair and clear
Now it seems,
That my rest is gone and I
Must go hence—so let me die.

“ Angels stood there in my sight,
In the God-sight full and bright,
And above them stood the throne,
Ah ! that throne was pure and white.
How it shone !
From it flowed LIFE's holy tide—
On it sat THE CRUCIFIED.

“ He looked toward me—me, a child—
 Held his hand to me and smiled ;
 Smiled a godly smile and spoke.
 I so joyful grew, and wild,
 That I woke.
 ’Twas a dream-path then I trod,
 Now I go to be with God.

“ Hush ! No tears, sweet mother now—
 Press your warm lips on my brow—
 Hold me in your arms once more !
 Closer, closer—now I go
 To the shore
 Where falls life’s last murmuring wave—
 Lay me gently in the grave.”

I (sang the star) peered into the gloom
 That was gathering in that lonely room,
 And fell with a holy caress on the brow
 Of the sleeping child. She was sleeping now.

And the stars were weeping ! Yea, bowed their heads,
 And the reins lay loose on the necks of their steeds,
 As they heard the tale of the maiden that slept,
 And remembered the mother that waited and wept.
 Then bethought them again the love of their God,
 Of Gethsemane’s tear-drops, of Calvary’s blood,
 And their anthem of glory again filled the sky—
 For the faithful on earth are the blessed on high—
 And again they pressed onward and upward and far
 In the depths of the blue, till the voice of a star
 Rang out in the deep and the host turned to hear.

“ It was this holy night
 A hundred years ago,
 I saw a mother lying dead,
 Her brow was white as snow.
 Upon her cold breast lay
 A fair and lovely child,
 And as I kissed the mother’s clay
 The boy looked up and smiled !

“ Another score of years—
 The maiden’s grave was deep !
 Oh, what a countless host of griefs,
 Old earth, thy turf-mounds keep !
 On pressed the strong man still
 His stout heart-strings were riven—
 But on his lip that smile serene
 Sat like a dream of heaven.

“ I saw that smile again—
 A score of years had gone ;
 The mother’s dust had turned to dust—
 The boy was toiling on.
 Toiling and sorrowing
 He trod the weary road ;
 He held a maiden by the hand,
 Their eyes were raised to God.

“ The birth-night of the Lord
 Came on with solemn tread ;
 For fourscore years the man had toiled,
 The good old man lay dead.
 A smile was on his lip ;
 He rests beneath the sod—
 But the valiant and the beautiful
 Have met before their God !”

The stars would have shouted their anthem aloud,
 As they shout when they hear of the mercies of God ;
 But a wail floated out in the depths of the sky,
 And they knelt as if God in his glory passed by.
 ’Twas the voice of the beautiful son of the morn,
 Who shone first o’er the place where the Saviour was born.



W. B. Bartlett.
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M^o GENÈVE

M^o GENÈVE

M Osborne

TURIN, AND THE PLAIN OF PIEDMONT

1850

THE WALDENSES.

THE reader looks upon the beautiful valley of Piedmont, the home of the persecuted Waldenses.

Perhaps there are no people so limited in number, so widely known, and for whom so much sympathy has been expended, as the Waldenses. Surrounded by a corrupt Church; oppressed by the strong arm of civil power; tortured, hunted, massacred, and driven forth from their homes, they still have clung to their religion, and remained true to their principles. Now suffering, without a murmur, death and imprisonment; and now rising in sudden wrath, and falling with resistless force upon their foes; braving alike the Alpine storm and serried armies; they fix themselves in our affections, and enlist all our sympathies. So weak, and yet so resolute; so peeled and scattered, and yet unconquered; they exhibit all that is noble, and great, and heroic in man. Their very home, amid the Alpine hills—their quiet valleys, nestling in the lap of rugged mountains, add to the interest that surrounds them. Who has not thought of the “Vales of the Vaudois” with the deepest emotion, and lingered in imagination around their homes by the Alpine stream?

Though Piedmont itself is an extensive province, extending across the Alps to Geneva on the north, and resting on the Apennines around Genoa and the Po on the South, the Waldenses occupy a tract of country only about twelve miles square, and situated amid the Alps, on the confines of Italy and France. Through this small, but wild region, are scattered several valleys, which look, amid the savage peaks and heaven-piercing cliffs, like Innocence sleeping in the lap of Wrath. In midsummer they are delightful; being covered with carpets of green, which contrast beautifully with the snow summits and everlasting glaciers that surround them. Here flocks of goats and herds of cows may be seen sprinkling the sweet pasturages; and the tinkling of bells, the song of the mountaineer, and the bleating of the flocks, combine

to render them enchanted ground. But in winter the Alpine storm here lets forth all its fury, roaring through the gorges, and sifting the snow in blinding showers over all things. And long after spring has decked the plains of Piedmont in verdure, snow covers the valleys of the Waldenses.

Our first engraving gives a bird’s-eye view of the whole plain of Piedmont, with the Alps in the distance. Near by is seen the Po, winding through the plain until it is joined by the Stura and Doria. In the centre stands Turin, the capital of Piedmont. To the right, and close under the Alps, lies Rivoli; while to the left, and almost directly back of Turin, is Pignerol, a Waldensian town, from which proceeds the pass of Susa into the very heart of the Waldensian country.

Turin is about three miles in circumference, and surrounded with pleasant promenades and carriage-roads. It has thirteen squares and eighty-four streets, the latter crossing each other at right angles, like those of Philadelphia. It has a population of a hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. It abounds in nobles, many of whom are poor in the extreme, and receive their company in their opera-boxes, to save the expense of wax candles at home. The environs of the city are beautiful, decked with picturesque villas and churches.

Leaving the Piedmontese capital, let us go westward into those fastnesses of the Waldenses, where still remain the people who have withstood all the corruptions of the Italian church, survived the changes that have rocked Europe and overthrown old dynasties, and emerged pure as gold from the fires of persecution. They are a standing miracle amid the nations of the earth. That a small and rude community, a band of mere peasants, should dare resist the power of the Church, condemn her departure from the truth, and finally separate from her, and brave the fury of Catholic Europe, is certainly one of the strangest events in human history. The strong empire of the

Cæsars was dismembered, and northern barbarians occupied the ancient Roman capital. Italy was overrun and subdued, her republics wiped from existence, and she, throughout her entire extent, made to shake under the victorious tread of armies—yet there, in their mountain home, the pious Waldenses have lived, the same in manners and religion.

From the wild waking up of Europe in behalf of the Crusades, when the West precipitated itself in boundless enthusiasm on the East to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of infidels, to the terrible overflow of the French revolution and triumphal march of Napoleon—through all the changes that intervened they have remained the same apostolic church—a pure flame amid surrounding and limitless darkness—a true and faithful Christian church amid an apostate world. Clustering around their ancient religion, sometimes with the lofty resignation of martyrs, and sometimes with the sternness and heroism of veteran warriors, they have both suffered and struggled, fallen and conquered, with unequalled firmness. Now serene and quiet, their prayers and songs have filled the Alpine valleys with joy, and now their shrieks and death-cries loaded the shuddering air with sorrow. To-day, gazing on their smouldering homes and wasted vineyards, and to-morrow standing on an Alpine summit, and like the captives of Zion as they ascended the last hill-top that overlooked Jerusalem, sighing forth their sad farewell to their mountain homes—now fugitives and exiles, fleeing to stranger provinces, and now breaking with their strong war-cry through their ancient defiles, they move before us in light and shade, alternately filling us with joy and sadness, and bringing successive smiles and tears. A God-protected band, the heart of every true man loves them, and the prayer of every Christian rises to Heaven in their behalf. They have indeed been witnesses for the truth.

Of the origin of the Waldenses little is known, except what doubtful tradition has left

us. They claim to have been founded by the Apostles, and to have remained the same Church from the first spread of Christianity. But nothing certain, however, can be ascertained of them prior to the ninth century. As the Christian Church gradually receded from the truth, and began to adopt the errors which now characterize Romanism, the Waldenses, by their firm resistance to the tide of corruption, and their independent attitude, excited the hostility of both the civil and ecclesiastical power, and those persecutions commenced which have covered their name with glory and the Roman hierarchy with everlasting infamy. During the nine hundred years in which they have withstood all attempts to overthrow their religion, their history has been marked by wonderful events, some of which we design to give, with illustrations.

We shall describe the successive persecutions that deluged their valleys with blood, their manly resistance, their desolate flight and exile, their triumphant return through hosts of enemies, their pastoral life, and their battle-fields.

The first persecutions against them were carried on by the inquisition, which tortured and slew by detail. This being found insufficient, the soldiery were called in, and the sword of war hewed down men, women, and children indiscriminately. This also failing to exterminate the heretics, a general expatriation was resorted to. This succeeded only for a while, and the Waldenses still rear their altars in their ancient mountain valleys. We wish to trace them through their changing career and show how religion,

“ Diffused, and fostered thus, the glorious ray,
 Warmed where it went and ripened into day,
 ’Twas theirs to plant, in tears, the precious shoot ;
 ’Tis ours in peace to reap the promised fruit.
 By them the bulwark of our faith was built—
 Our church cemented by the blood they spilt.
 In Heaven’s high cause they gave all men could
 give,

And died its martyrs that the truth might live.”

FADING SCENES RECALLED:

OR, THE BYGONE DAYS OF HASTINGS.

BY ESTHER WHITLOCK.

THIS is the title of a book written by a lady of Virginia—a person of high literary acquirements, and a friend and correspondent of Maria Edgeworth. She has kindly shown us portions of the manuscript, which we have read with a great deal of interest. The design of the work is to sketch the manners and customs of our forefathers and of our rural districts. It is not a work of fiction, but of facts. Every thing is described with the minuteness of miniature painting, till we can see the old fence, the old rickety gate, the old fireplace, and indeed all that belongs to rustic life. Such books are destined to become popular, for the taste for the past and neglected, in our history and customs, is every day increasing. England has her pictorial history; and the customs, and costumes, and manners of the most remote provinces of Italy and France, and other countries, find their illustrations in writing or in painting; while in this land of newspapers and railroads each State is almost a *terra incognita* to the other. We cannot pronounce on this book, not having read the whole of it; but give, as a specimen, the following chapter, taken at random. The reader will agree with us that for closeness and faithfulness of delineation it can hardly be surpassed. May the fair authoress meet the success she deserves.

THE FUNERAL.

"What a simple burial it had been."—PROF. WILSON.

TOWARDS the close of the month of August, Fanny Morris went to spend a few days with a friend who lived six or eight miles from Hastings. It was a pleasant season to be in the country, when the summer fruits were in full perfection, for they had the previous spring escaped the late frost, which in the middle States is so apt to blight them, and had ripened most beautifully. Every tree, large and small, seemed to have brought its blossoms to perfection, particularly the peach trees, whose limbs

were literally loaded and bent down with their delicious burthen hanging in rich luxuriance and weighing them to the ground.

The autumnal wild flowers were just beginning to come forth in their rich colors, while here and there, some few of the "last roses of summer" were lingering, as if unwilling to fade away. The small yellow brown spotted flag was nearly out of bloom, but Fanny observed along the road side one or two, yet fresh, among the rich seed pods which surrounded them. A few evenings after her arrival at "Rosewood," one of Mrs. Ellis' servants informed her, that he had heard that Mr. Langdon was very ill. He was one of the oldest men in the neighborhood, being upwards of eighty; yet he felt so much younger that he did not appear conscious of the ravages which time was imperceptibly making on his naturally vigorous constitution. A day or two before the old man died, his son, who lived a few miles off, rode over to see his father, and complained of not feeling well himself. "Ah," said the old man, throwing his arm on the outside of the bed as he spoke, "young folks ain't good for much these days. Now, Billy, I'll bet you a barrel of corn that I'll outlive you yet." But the old man lost his bet, for early on the following morning when Mr. Oakford, the father of Mrs. Ellis, rode over to see him, he found that Mr. Langdon had breathed his last, and Mr. Oakford returned with the tidings, which appeared to effect him, for he was not greatly the junior of old Mr. Langdon, near whom too he had long resided. He also brought notice that the funeral would take place the following morning. Fanny Morris with only one or two of the members of the family attended, a seat in the carriage being reserved for Miss Penny Mirack, the house-keeper, for she had been a near neighbor, and old friend of the Langdons, and Mrs. Ellis thought it would be a pity to leave her at home on such an occasion. She was gratified

by Mrs. Ellis' consideration, and when the carriage was brought to the door, Miss Penny took a seat in with the rest.

It was a charming morning about the close of August, when the summer and autumn breezes were most delightfully blending, and the atmosphere just beginning to receive that bluish smoky tinge which so beautifully softens the face of nature.

The small plantation of old Mr. Langdon was only three or four miles from "Rosewood," and the level white gravelly road which led to it, was shaded on both sides by large oak and hickory trees, the nutty fragrance of the latter imparting a pleasant odor to the air, which Fanny remarked at the time; and she often said, in after years, that she thought the air about Hastings had a peculiar sweetness, nor was it her imagination, but the nut trees that gave it its fragrance. As they rode along, Miss Penny descanted on the merits of the deceased. She said she "*reckoned* the old place would have to be sold now, so as to divide it among Mr. Langdon's children. He had always lived mighty well in his family, he and his two daughters who had never left him, but he was a mighty plain, and old-fashioned man in his notions, and never would hear of no extravagance. That his son, who was married and settled not *far* from the old man, had been away to the North, and had things mighty showy about him; he had a store carpet, and a mahogany table, and painted chairs like them in Mrs. Ellis' passage, and every thing mighty fine at his house; but she did not reckon that *old* Mr. Langdon would have let such things come inside o' his door, if any one had *gin um* to him. He did not go to the stores much, and mighty *sildom* bought any thing, for he had most every thing made at home. That he was a mighty good-conditioned sort of a man, who went his own way without disturbin' nobody, that her father and mother had lived neighbors-like to old Mr. Langdon ever since she could remember, and though there *wornt* no dividin' fence between their places, and their *creturs* used together constant, yet there never had been a cow run, nor so much as a pig crippled, nor no kind of interruption between the families, as she had ever hearn talk of the whole time. As the carriage approached the "plantation," Miss Penny told the driver she "*reckoned* he had better turn out whar the road forked and drive around the corn-field," in the middle of which, as she said, "the house

stood." On approaching it in this direction, there was no road; but that made by the carriage for itself, through a small field of broom straw. This was now literally yellow, with the "golden rod" in full bloom, growing among low pines so young and pliant, that they bent readily without breaking under the carriage as it passed over them, and being bruised now and then by the wheels, gave forth a fragrance as they brushed by them, which reminded Fanny of one of Moore's many beautiful similes:

"The mind of the injured and patient maid,
Who smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is like the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then."

On one side of this field was the fence of the plantation, and the large gate, which was now left wide open for the convenience of the neighbors coming to the funeral. Some few walked, but most of them came on horseback, and on dismounting hitched their steeds to the low limbs of a long row of fine young sugar-cherry trees, the fruit of which having long since matured, their yellow leaves now fluttering in every breeze were falling thickly around them. Here and there the women's riding "*skeerts*" of large checked coppers and blue homespun, were thrown over the low limbs of the trees, while others were left hanging down from the saddles and still remained on the horses. Mrs. Ellis' driver stopped the carriage at what he considered a respectful distance from the house, there being no yard fence and gate, as usual, to separate it from the field. The ladies alighted and saw on approaching the house the seats which had been prepared for the company. These seats were of such rude sort as the hurry of the present emergency rendered unavoidable. They were formed merely of rough planks, with the bark side turned downwards, supported by round logs of wood, with the bark still on; laid parallel to each other on the ground, just at a sufficient distance to admit of a passage between them. Besides these temporary seats, there were a few rush-bottomed chairs of different sizes, and some wooden "*crickets*" appropriated to the females. All these seats were arranged between the dwelling-house and a magnificent old mulberry tree, which stretched its patriarchal branches in venerable dignity many yards beyond its immense trunk. When Fanny Morris and her party approached this spot, they, following the example of other females, took their seats in

chairs under the tree; and before the people had all arrived, Fanny had ample time to contemplate the rural scene which was presented to her pleased and observing eye. The dwelling-house in which Mr. Langdon had reared his family, who were now all pretty well advanced in life, was a small wooden building about thirty feet square. The shingles on the roof were patched and "melting" away, and so was the weather boarding, while neither the one, nor the other, had ever received the first brush of paint. There were two square holes which might have admitted of four small panes of glass, had there been sashes to receive them, but not only were these wanting, but also hinges for such close wooden shutters as must have been occasionally used, though none appeared on the out or inside of the house; the latter however Fanny had not yet seen. A round block of wood, from which the bark had not been stripped, was standing on one of its flat ends, and served for a step to the front door, facing the mulberry tree. At the back of the house, and extending a little beyond it on one side, appeared the garden, enclosed by a zigzag or "worm fence," as it is called, such as surrounded the plantation. The little gate to the garden was so very picturesque, that Fanny wished she could have sketched it as it stood. It was hanging all awry from its rude hinges, while the latch which kept it shut extended across, to within one, of the five rough short palings which formed it, and this latch fell ponderously into a great wooden catch quite large enough to receive it. From the view that Fanny had of the garden, it appeared to be well stocked with common vegetables. She saw fine large "collards," and garlick, and onions supporting their rich stalks crowned with large heads in their full dress of purple flowers; there were also herbs, such as mint, balm, sage and thyme, as well as those flowers which seem to grow spontaneously in old country gardens, such as coxcombs, bachelor's buttons, marigolds, sunflowers, and "Love-lies-bleeding;" while a merry row of red peppers, with their long scarlet pods, seemed to vie with them all in their gay appearance. Immediately outside of the gate and very near it, was a flourishing young apple tree, which appeared to have sprung up there of its own accord, and was now showing to the best advantage its beautiful red-cheeked apples. Not far off and shaded by a cedar tree, stood a longish old weather-beaten, stout-legged bench supporting

with vigor several beehives. Immediately under the mulberry tree and leaning against its trunk, stood a small milk dairy on four high legs, like a safe. The perfect stillness which reigned around was occasionally interrupted by first one servant and then another, going to this dairy and rattling in some domestic preparations the plates and dishes which it now seemed to contain. The servants were all neatly dressed in their Sunday clothes. Some mothers were standing here and there, near the little one-sided log kitchen, which was but a short distance from the dairy, with their infants in their arms, or a little toddling thing clinging to their petticoats, while peeping from behind their folds. Little negroes were lugging on their backs blue-lipped babies almost as large as themselves, looking with all their eyes at what was passing before them; while those advanced in life found seats on the gnarled roots of the old mulberry tree, rising as they did in many places, half a foot above the ground, thus appearing for some yard or two and then burying themselves again.

Fanny was delighted with this rural scene; even the low log chimney to the kitchen, with a little sweet-potato house, looking like a kind of a mud pocket stuffed full, and sticking out behind it, had its charms for her; nor did she overlook a number of small water gourds, all nicely cleaned, which seemed to have been hanging since the past season on some plum trees below the kitchen; the plum *nursery* as it is called. She observed, too, how nicely the men were dressed who came to the funeral, generally in home-spun and home-made clothes, cut to be sure in all fashions, some waists between the shoulders, others again as much too long, but all perfectly clean, as if the wearers would show their respect for the deceased. One young buck had distinguished himself by a broad plaid ribbon tied round his hat for a band, but he was unique in this piece of foppery.

As the men on arriving approached the seats prepared for them, they merely gave a nod of recognition to their acquaintances, without speaking so as to be heard, and no sound escaped their lips but the squirting of tobacco juice from them. As the time for the sermon approached there was a quiet sort of stir among the females towards the house, which they entered, followed by some of the gentlemen, carrying for their accommodation the chairs which they previously occupied. The coffin

containing the body of the deceased, supported by two rush-bottomed chairs, was standing in the only room below. They were without paint, but scoured as white as the water pail, which stood on a shelf, over a wooden table, on which as many women were sitting as it could accommodate. Two beds in the room were occupied in the same way. The women "were dressed in their Sunday's best" garments, which had evidently long been faithful servants. There was to be seen "the modern antique," some full deep flounces stiffly starched but crushed most piteously by their ride on horseback, and such comical bonnets as baffle description. Some rosy-cheeked young things looked as if their round faces were packed away in bouquets of old artificial flowers, and one or two appeared to have robbed their fly bonnets of the old pasteboards, and tied it round their waists; the dress over it stuck out in such a queer crumpled-horn manner, that Fanny thought it might be in imitation of Mrs. Grove's hoops. Old and young were now crowding into the room. Some women with their infants in their arms, others closely followed by their older children, who clung to them as they walked, and stood jamming themselves as near as possible to them when seated, looking shy and stealing glances over their shoulders from the corners of their eyes, at "the folks" and the coffin in which they had been told "old Mr. Langdon was dead and nailed up." This coffin was large enough for the accommodation of one twice the size of the man which it contained. It was simply a large oblong box, painted black, and was evidently home-made. A white cotton sheet was thrown over it, while the cords by which it was to be lowered into the grave were as simple as the rest of the appliances; one being a cotton home-twisted leading line, or plough bridle, the other a stout hempen rope, such as served plantation purposes, for which this had evidently been used. These ropes were under the coffin on the chairs, with the ends straying about the floor as they chanced to fall. Not long after the females had assembled in the house, several men came in, and moved the coffin quietly out of doors, placing it on chairs in the shade of the great mulberry tree, under which, no doubt, the old man had many a time sat, and while he rested his body, refreshed his mind, looking with satisfaction on the tobacco field which now presented the plants growing in great luxuriance, while beyond it was a fine crop of corn

in full ear. As soon as the coffin was taken out of the house, the females followed it, for they now knew that the service was to be performed out of doors. Those who had been sitting on chairs, took them along, Fanny among the rest, and, in a short time, all were somehow or other seated. Then there was another pause, (waiting perhaps for the arrival of the minister,) during which Fanny saw that Tup Riggan, an idiot man who attended all funerals for ten miles round, had found his way hither. He had seated himself on one end of the plank near the foot of the coffin, while just opposite to him another idiot, a grandson of the deceased, had placed himself in a chair. There they both quietly sat, the idiot boy wiping his hands and then twisting the pocket handkerchief into tight knots, as if it were a novelty to him; and then blinking his eyes as if they had sand in them, and rubbing them with both his fists. Meanwhile there sat Tup, making all kinds of curious grimaces, and, as if to defy him, a little yellow cur dog took his seat on the ground facing him near the head of the coffin.

The preacher at last made his appearance, and took his stand with a hymn book in his hand, behind a chair near the coffin. He commenced by informing the congregation that "both the hymn he was about to give out, and the text on this melancholy occasion, had been long since chosen by the deceased." He then read the hymn, after which he "gave out" a line at a time, which was sung accordingly, and it was pleasing to hear in the open air so many voices united in harmony of feeling, if not of sound. Men and women, white and black, all sang together. One old negro man, whose head was white as cotton, had come "trembling through the woods" to the funeral, and rested when he got there, on one of the knotty roots of the old tree, now stood up, and joined in the hymn, while the idiot man—his mouth not yet quite empty—gave forth the most discordant sounds, gabbling with the greatest rapidity to the slow measure such gibberish as his mind suggested. Soon after the hymn was sung, and the prayer commenced, the clouds which had been for some time gathering, now approached with distant thunder, and in a short time large drops were heard rattling among the foliage, and the freshening breeze passing through the old mulberry tree, shook down some fading leaves moistened with rain drops upon the funeral sheet. For some moments the weather was apparently unheeded; the

people all remained stationary, but the shower increased, so that the females, regardless of the service, but with as little noise as possible, rose in a body and ran to the house, while the men hastened to remove once more the remains of the poor old man within its doors. All this was of course very distressing to his daughters, who now wept aloud.

“Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on,”

and just enough had fallen on this coffin to satisfy the believers of the old saying.

The preacher who followed after, had a full share of the shower, and as he took off his hat and hung it very deliberately on one of the knobs of the chair which supported the head of the coffin, the water streamed from its broad brim upon the floor. The room was now filled with women, so that those men who crowded in for the most part stood in the fire-place! Fanny, who sat near, counted seven, standing there with perfect ease, their heads not touching the upper part of the opening of the fire-place, and seven more could have found a place there without much difficulty.

Before they entered the house Fanny had been in the act of placing her chair there, but some person advised her against it, lest she might get wet with the rain falling down the chimney! She could not help observing the various things which were scattered within this ample fire-place, as if it had been a small room. In one corner stood some walking sticks; a long reed, and a frying-pan handle, in the other. An old wing and a bunch of cotton string were on a sort of a ledge at the back, on which also lay one or two dusty looking ripe peaches, and a pair of old scissors, while on a wooden peg, high up on the inside, was hung an uncommonly large tin nutmeg grater. Here and there, within the room, answering the purpose of cloak pins, were stout crotchets, cut to a convenient length, and nailed to the beams and studs. But to return to the funeral. What became of the men under the tree, during the shower, Fanny knew not; however, it lasted but a short time, and then the clouds partially dispersed, and the sun shone brightly, as well down the chimney as elsewhere. The preacher now took his stand in the door, for the convenience of those within and without, and proceeded without further interruption, for when the babies cried their mothers found an immediate relief for their wants.

He commenced with the solemn text, “I am

the resurrection and the life,” and proceeded, “Now, my friends, I can’t tell you how this is, like as if I was tellin’ you how to make one of them tobacco hills,” pointing as he spoke to the object close at hand, “nor as if I was showin’ you how to make a tobacco hogshead, but I will do the best I can to set forth the meanin’ of the text, which, as I have already told you, was the one chosen by our lamented friend for his funeral sermon.” The preacher then proceeded with his explanation, and, after some time thus occupied, he expressed his regret that the unsettled state of the weather prevented his speaking more fully on the subject. “I see the clouds seem to be a thick’nin’ again, and it’s likely we’ll have more rain,” observed he, looking out of the door, and stretching his neck up to take a view of the weather, as he spoke; “yet I must detain you a short time, while I speak a few words about our lamented friend who has gone before us. You all know, my brethren, that Mr. Langdon was an honest, upright man, a good father and a peaceable neighbor. He was old-fashioned in his politics, for he had fought in the revolutionary war, and had his own notions about the affairs of his country, but he never was no enthusiast, *fair* from it, for he was a man of *candear*, and a good citizen,” &c. The concluding hymn was then sung, and the coffin, supported by the friends of the family, was carried to the grave. The old man’s daughters wept audibly and found many friends to show them sympathy. All followed on to the grave, men, women and children, not in procession, nor by a beaten path, but through an old field towards an orchard; crashing, as they walked, the straw under their feet, and making their way through weeds and wild flowers. The grave, nearly square, with sides smooth almost to a polish, was situated at the extremity of this little field, and near a beautiful cedar which seemed to be giving to a fine horse-apple tree a sheltering embrace; the intermingled foliage of the two presenting a variety of beautiful shades.

“The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground
Was shaken by the flight of startled birds;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers.”

“How peaceful,” thought Fanny, “how tranquil, seem old orchard and old garden graves, where trees blossom and drop their

ripened fruit noiselessly upon the long grassy covering, and bees hum, while birds sing and build their nests, and teach their young to fly, and soar with them aloft, all undisturbed. The familiarity of such scenes does not create indifference, for the hand of love will still plant flowers and shrubs, and cultivate the spot cherished by lingering affection. Many a bright summer's day and soft moonlight night will the mocking-bird pour forth its delightful notes, and dance to its own music on the topmost branch of that beautiful cedar, while through its boughs the breeze will waft a sigh over the old man's grave. The sleep of death seems a sweet repose, thus cradled in the lap, and lulled by the voice of Nature."

While the people were leisurely approaching the grave, the coffin was lowered, and the last hymn was sung as they stood in groups about it. An old negro woman, neatly dressed in a dark "habit," her cotton apron, white as snow, seemed to vie with the deep, full border of her cap, as it was seen even beyond the front of her great old black bonnet. She stood at a

respectful distance from the head of the grave, leaning with both hands on the head of a stout old smoke-dried stick, which looked as if it had been her staff for many a year. She did not appear to see any thing that was passing but the interment of the dead. Not far from the foot of the grave, but apart from every one else, stood a negro man, bent double by either age or infirmity, his body being literally at right angles with his lower limbs. He was too respectful to wear his hat, and as he required both hands to support him, with the aid of a stick, in the only position he could stand, the poor old fellow held his crumpled hat between his knees, and covered his head with a clean white rag to protect it from the damp air. Tup Riggins had taken his stand so close to the brink of the grave as to be in some danger of falling in, and there remained until obliged to move for those who were about to fill it up. The last Fanny saw of him he was seated in the orchard, watching those who were forming the grave mound.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS.

THE hour of parting came, that saddest hour,
That Washington, the noblest and the best,
The glorious day-star of a nation's hopes,
Must part with those who long had shared his
toils;

Brave hearts and true, who in his darkest hour,
When scarce one ray of hope lit up the gloom,
Or one bright star illumed the cheerless night,
Had borne with him its sufferings and its cares—
And there they stood, a noble-hearted band.

And thrilling memories of the eventful past,
Its toils and conflicts, with its hopes and fears,
When side by side they shared the unequal
strife,

Came crowding o'er him, till his mighty heart
Was sunk in silent grief.

Those lion-hearted men, who mid the din
And carnage of the battle-field had seemed
As never made for tears, were weeping fast;

And voices choked with sorrow could not give
An utterance to that mournful word, *farewell*.
Such was the scene, and such its thrilling
power,

When, for a moment gazing on the band,
The noble patriot, with a bursting heart,
Embraced in turn each loved and honored one;
And then, in silent anguish, turned away,
While those who saw were melted into tears.

The scene still lives,
While those who shared it long have passed
away;

And it will live; 'tis cherished warm and true
Within a nation's heart, and hallowed memo-
ries

Of high and noble deeds—a birthright won
By self-devoted toil and conflict stern.

NOTES ON MY TRAVELS

IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA AND AMERICA.

BY AN ITALIAN OFFICER.

I VISITED Florence a few days ago, and went once more to the Italian Pantheon, to see the tombs of our greatest men. In no place in the world is congregated so much of departed genius as in the church of Santa Croce.

“——— here repose
Angelo’s, Alfieri’s bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes ;
Here Machiavelli’s earth returned to whence it
rose.”

I knelt before the statue of the *Altissimo Poeta*, Dante, and I admired it with a kind of worship and grief.

“Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar ;”

thou hast exiled the zealous republican poet, burned Savonarola, the people’s tribune, the reformer of morals and religion, and from a free and prosperous republic thou art now an humble slave, an appanage to a foreign prince.

In Pisa I saw Galileo’s monument in the yard of the same university where two centuries ago he taught and pursued his astronomical observations. The great Galileo ! the new creator of science, was condemned to the torture and imprisonment for his discoveries and inventions ; yet after his death Rome herself was compelled to admit, and even to teach, his doctrines !

To-morrow I shall give my last farewell to Italy ; to escape the persecutions and rage of our tyrants, I find no other way of salvation than to sail for a foreign country. I asked a passport for America, and my demand has been regarded with suspicion. No more hopes for liberty ; the police has prescribed to me as a favor to take service in a war-vessel for Egypt. Although of a neutral nation, our vessel is to be at the disposal of Mohamed Ali, and to fight under an Egyptian flag. The captain has received orders by the Tuscan government not to let me land in any port, but if we stop at

Malta, as it is proposed to do, I shall desert at once, and leave forever my floating prison.

“And now I’m in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea.”

We left Livorno for Alexandria in Egypt. It was the first time that I left my native land. Had I heard from my father and my sister, my departing would not have been so sorrowful ; but our letters were intercepted by the Italian government. Before noon we passed between the Tuscan shores and the island of Elba, so famous since the first exile of Napoleon, and in a short time I saw the black island of Monte Cristo, to-day made a terrestrial paradise by Alexander Dumas.

We arrived at Naples in the morning, and after a few hours of anchorage, continued our course. No coast in the world is more rich with the beauties of Nature than that between Naples and Cape Misene. All that land is classic and full of historical remembrances. Here you see Naples, with Vesuvius ; there you look on beautiful islands, sprinkled over the bay, and on the picturesque hills from Naples to Gaeta. There is Serrento, the native place of Torquato Tasso, the

“—— victor unsurpassed in modern song !”

and Virgilius’ ashes repose in the most beautiful situation of the Neapolitan gulf. At sunset we left behind us Sicily, the last Italian promontory.

“Adieu, adieu, my native shore !”

We remained only one day in Malta, and no one of the crew has been allowed to go on shore. The night before we left, we took on board a quantity of gunpowder and arms for the Pacha of Egypt.

The second day of our voyage we coasted the island of Candia, where we met the French squadron, composed of fifteen vessels, drawn up in battle array. Had France followed the

policy of Thiers, there is no doubt that the French commodore, Laland, would have attacked and destroyed the English squadron. But the French government had betrayed Mohamed Ali, as it had Italy and Poland in 1831. Napier, the English commodore, in a private conversation a few months after, avowed the superiority of the French.

We met the English squadron at the island of Cypro, *en route* for St. Jean d'Acre, and our captain, fearing to be discovered, sailed directly for Alexandria.

Alexandria cannot be discovered until within twenty miles, so low is the shore. When ten miles distant we received on board the pilot. He announced to us the terrible ravages of the oriental plague, the distress of the inhabitants, and the intention of Mohamed Ali to prosecute the war. Before the harbor there were a few English and Austrian vessels, and saluting the Egyptian squadron, we sailed boldly in. The same day, I was sent to the Tuscan consul with dispatches, but found it impossible to escape; besides, I should have been exposed to more evils than to be on board. The hatred of the inhabitants is great against all the Europeans who have interfered with Ibrahim Pacha in his glorious way to Constantinople. We could not land without being well armed and bearing our flag. Mohamed Ali will not conclude any treaty with the Ottoman Porte, and he seems resolved to continue the war in Syria. Every day the Turkish squadron is expected here to act against the town.

I tread at last the soil of Egypt; but that country, for ages so great and celebrated, has now a palsied arm, and can only weep over its own misfortunes. In vain I sought for any vestiges of old monuments of the great and ancient Alexandria; there is not a single trace to be found of the philosophical school of the magicians, or of the baths of Cleopatra, or of the royal splendor of Alexander. All has perished—all sleep in the silence of ruin; for every thing that remained of antiquity was destroyed by vandal Mahomedanism. The soil itself has changed its appearance.

The banks of the Nile, which presented beautiful grottoes and delightful retreats in the time of Sesostris, are no more inhabited, as then, by a cheerful, hospitable, and industrious population, nor visited any more by vessels of different nations, moving up and down the stream.

Now the shore is occupied by some thou-

sands of poor laborers, who work without rest under the blows of soldiers, as the poor exiled Poles in the mines of Siberia. A few kange (light boats moved by oars and sails) serve for carriages. The boats of the Delta are generally larger than those of the Adriatic, for passengers ply from Rosetta to Cairo with a crew of from three to thirty men. When the wind is contrary, and one is going up the Nile, the boatmen land, and with a rope round their necks, drag the kange slowly against the stream, often without rest, or even food, from morning till evening, when they stop to take some beans and *doura* bread. They then resume their cord for the whole night, and thus they continue their labors for a fortnight.

I was astonished at the vigor of the Arab race, and at the same time at their patience and kindness of disposition. It is necessary to imagine all the power of habit and religious belief, to understand how so energetic a people can submit to be driven by the blows of a weak and corrupt aristocracy, and so willingly endure misery. Nothing can equal the wretchedness of the Fellahs. On approaching them, a spectacle of misery and wretchedness presents itself to the traveller—blind, idiots, and leprous men, women, and children, all lying on the ground, or upon a little old straw, which serves them for a bed.

Nothing is to be heard but *Bakshees, Bakshees!* The cry of money is general, and every where greets the traveller on his arrival and at his departure. The poor Fellahs live on an elevated piece of ground, opening upon a wide waste that seems never designed as a refuge for men.

Where are the numerous and magnificent cities of antiquity? Ah! ancient Egypt! Mother of the world! as thy children call thee in their beautiful and pompous language; thou who hast given all things to mankind—laws, sciences, arts, industry; why hast thou kept nothing for thyself?

The miscalled Pompey's Pillar is the only monument which has resisted the assaults of time and disaster. Mohamed Ali has built arsenals, opened canals, and erected granaries, but has done nothing to meliorate the condition of the miserable people—

“*Crudelitas unicum fundamentum imperii Turcici.*”

The Frank quarter is the best part of Alexandria, the *Scala Franco* or Frank Square, of-

fers a most beautiful appearance, being quite surrounded with trees and with palaces built in handsome Italian style, where the foreign consuls reside, like petty sovereigns, in the expensive and commodious manner of European noblemen. Not far off is the monastery, recently built by the famous architect, Signor Zanetti of Parma, inhabited by monks of all kinds, and colors, some waiting to be sent into the interior, others to remain here, or to return to Europe. Here the reverend fathers enjoy the business of doing nothing. Not being bound to "divine self-tortures," nor subject to strict observances, they indulge in what is strongly prohibited by their canons and vows, and the Jesuits do not fail to have their place among the rest.

To-day, Mohamed Ali came for the first time to visit our vessel, accompanied by several Egyptian and European officers. He is a fine old man, with white hair and beard, a commanding and noble countenance, and a look proud and piercing. He seemed pre-occupied by serious thoughts, although the last news from Syria was most satisfactory. He asked our captain what was said of him in Italy; to which the captain replied that, "in the opinion of the public, the war of Egypt and Syria was just; that the Ottoman Porte had no right over those countries, and that the glorious army of his majesty would finish by obliging the great Sultan to recognize their independence." "Yes," said Mohamed Ali, "I have given orders to my son, Ibrahim Pacha, not to stop until he reaches Constantinople, and if he accomplishes this, then Egypt shall give laws to Turkey. But that which perplexes me is the infamous and unjust intervention of England, of Russia, of Prussia, and of Austria, who will never permit me to reach Byzantium." "But," said the captain, "France seems to have adopted your policy, and to have decided to defend you." "That, indeed, might happen," replied the pacha, "if the minister of foreign affairs could act as he wishes, but I have no confidence in King Philip. He fears to give the signal of war, and I should not be surprised were he to unite himself to the allied powers."

He visited and examined every part of the vessel, and pronounced it not only elegant, but well suited to sustain a combat. He was surprised that in Italy should be constructed steamers so large and fine. "Had I," said he, "twenty such ships of war as this, I should fear

neither the allied powers nor any other enemy. By land and sea I would, in a few days, reach Constantinople, raise all Turkey in revolt against the Czar of Russia, and retake the provinces which he has conquered." After a moment of silence, he exclaimed, "Very well, captain; to-day you will receive the coal and provisions which you need, and to-morrow depart for Beyroot with dispatches and ammunition." The papers were for Ibrahim Pacha, commander-in-chief of the Syrian army. He had orders to reduce all Syria to obedience, and to disarm the Druses. In case these latter refused to lay down their arms, Ibrahim was to march against them with an army of 50,000 men, and to exterminate them or drive them to the mountains. We had taken on board 600 Arab soldiers, to be left at Jaffa, and from thence to follow us to Beyroot. We passed before Aboukir, where Nelson destroyed the fleet of the French republic. One still may see, in times of calm, the wrecks of these famous vessels, which sustained so happily, for a time, the thundering fire of the English fleet. Here we spread our sails for deeper seas, for the coasts of Egypt and of Palestine are very dangerous under cloudy skies. After 36 hours' sail in stormy and horrible weather, we reached Jaffa, landed the soldiers, and sought again the sea. How many associations are awakened by these shores from Dalmatia to Beyroot! All the facts that sacred and ancient history reveals were present with me. Here were accomplished the greatest deeds and the sacred mysteries of the Hebrew religion, and here Christianity originated and triumphed. Then and there too, I thought of those formidable and invincible Roman Legions which destroyed Jerusalem and its temple; then of the crusades which desolated this land, in order to conquer the sepulchre and the hallowed ground around it; of Napoleon, who, in the name of liberty, wished to subdue Egypt and Syria; and now again, bloodshed was there, and war was ravaging these countries, once the home of peace, religion, love and brotherhood. In vain may you now seek, on all these shores, one single monument of ancient days. All have disappeared; all sleep in desolation and in ruin!

The night that we left Jaffa, the sea was boisterous, the north-east wind howled fiercely, the rain and hail fell in torrents, and it seemed as if all nature was on the point of dissolution. It was absolutely necessary to brave the wind and waves in order to avoid the coasts of

Syria. The sea ran mountain high, the billows sometimes carrying us to their utmost height, only to cast us the deeper in their profound abysses, while their ebb seemed ready to engulf us. The heavens were only brightened by the lightning's flash, followed by yet greater darkness and terrific thunder, while the sulphuric foam of the waves, in the obscurity, made them appear like vast masses of fire, cast upon the surface of the waters. Happily our vessel was strong, and furnished with so superior an engine, that we were soon some fifty miles from the coast. Had it not been thus, doubtless I might have served as a breakfast, most *recherché*, to some dainty monster of the deep. Beyroot has no port, but simply a road—dangerous, full of rocks and perils, for the vessels which approach it. The city was in a state of war, well fortified, and furnished with artillery, and there too might have been seen the army prepared for the strife. What enthusiasm in my soul, how much was my imagination excited, when the pilot pointed out to me, from afar, the whitened crests of Lebanon, and as we neared the shore, more and more powerful became the perfume of the verdant cedars, which, in descending, one may see at the bottom of the valleys, while each high mountain seems to extend toward the other a hand, and

form around Syria a single chain, making it a nest of cedar-wood and perfume. Ibrahim Pacha was in the city on our arrival, and received most gladly our dispatches, and seemed pleased to learn that we had left 600 men at Jaffa.

The Druses had nearly all laid down their arms, and Syria was almost entirely conquered. Misery and the exorbitant taxes of Ibrahim had begun to ruin the country. The people spoke of him as most cruel and hard-hearted; a brave soldier, famous warrior; a man accustomed to the life of camps and to privations; yet as one who drank wine, contrary to the orders of Mohamed, and who lived more like a European than a Mussulman, having with him his wife and children, a few slaves, but no concubines, like the other princes professing the same religion.

To-morrow we return to Alexandria. The English steamer arrived from Smyrna, tells us of the departure of the Turkish fleet from Constantinople, to reduce to obedience Mohamed Ali.

Ibrahim says he shall go, in a few days, to attack the Turkish army, which wishes to conquer Syria.

Adieu, Beyroot; once more *en route* for Alexandria, and hastening to a wild battle-scene.

THE DRAGON OF VINCENNES.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

If prudery and pretension are displeasing in a woman, ignorance and rudeness are still more revolting. Nature has given to each sex the attributes which belong to it; she has traced the path which it is permitted to each one to take, and marked the limits which they cannot transcend. Youth and beauty must be accompanied by gentleness and modesty, and they belong inseparably to the period of maidenhood.

M. de Francastel, an officer in the French service, had returned to his native country, having

been absent from his family for a period of ten years. He inhabited a fine country-seat situated near the chateau of Vincennes, where he quietly enjoyed a comfortable fortune, the fruits of his long services, and where he endeavored to repair the faults in the education of his only daughter Cornelia, whom he found far from being worthy of the respectable name to which she had been born. Deprived of her mother at the age of four years, she had been confided to the care of an old nurse, the wife of one of the keepers of the chateau of Vincennes. Brought

up from that tender age in the midst of a military corps, she was accustomed from infancy to use the most unbecoming expressions, and to indulge in the most unpardonable rudeness of manner.

M. de Francastel in vain endeavored to counteract these early impressions and to correct the evil habits into which she had fallen. She was constantly seen carrying heavy burdens, disputing with the children of the village, which she would often seize and throw down without scruple, and then with her hair flying loose, her hat torn, and her garments soiled and disordered, would return home. There she would scale the walls and climb the highest trees to gather fruit or to rifle the birds' nests, or descending to the lower court armed with a spade, she would dig and carry earth to the garden, or entering the stables, she would prepare the litter for the animals, winnow the oats, torment the horses, and finally mounting one without saddle she would gallop through all the environs now shouting and now swearing. Such was her reputation that she every where received the appellation of the *Dragon of Vincennes*.

Notwithstanding this wildness and extravagance of manner, Cornelia possessed some of the finest qualities of the heart. If any dispute arose in the village she immediately put herself on the side of the weakest, and by her boldness and address effected a reconciliation. If some unfortunate man was ill, disabled or unable to work, Cornelia would seek him out, and supply all his necessities; she had often been known to take off her own clothing to cover the rags of indigence or to bind up the wound of some sufferer. If in her excursions—which she always made dressed as an amazon, a fowling-piece in her hand, and a game-bag on her back—she encountered a vehicle made-fast in some deep rut, she put her shoulder to the wheel at the risk of covering herself with mud from head to foot, of skinning her hands and dislocating her arms. If some young shepherd had lost a lamb, or a sheep, in the immense forest of Vincennes, she aided him in scouring all the paths of the wood, which she knew better than any one, nor did she return without bringing with her the wanderer whose loss had caused such uneasiness. In a word, she was an indissoluble mixture of sweetness and rudeness, of patience and courage.

If her manners and language repulsed at first, her goodness, her devotion, and frankness

in the end conciliated all hearts. Her features, although brown by the rays of the sun, and the forced marches she made every day, were of remarkable regularity and wore an expression which was irresistibly fascinating. Her figure was rounded and majestic, and her bearing noble and imposing. Her continual exercise in the open air had so augmented her strength and hastened her development, that although scarcely beyond the period of girlhood she appeared almost in the vigor of womanhood.

M. de Francastel vainly employed all the means imaginable to overcome the strange habits of his daughter, so little in accordance with her sex and condition. But no sooner was she placed in the best institutions for education, than she scaled the walls of the garden and returned to Vincennes. If he took to his house some amiable and dignified instructress, Cornelia found means of defying her authority and eluding her vigilance. If a servant was sent to follow her, she amused herself by leading him astray in the woods and by such fatiguing routes that he was forced to rest for a moment, when she took the opportunity to escape from his sight. To hunt, to dig, to run, to feed the domestic animals, and to follow the calls of benevolence, such were the peculiar occupations of the *Dragon of Vincennes*. The exercise of the needle, music, dancing, above all, the least study, were to her an insupportable scourge, to which she had not the least power or inclination to subject herself; and although now on the point of attaining her fifteenth year she was in the most absolute ignorance, not knowing even how to read.

M. de Francastel, finding all remonstrance vain, and having made every effort to reclaim his daughter that paternal love could inspire, resolved to wait time and reflection. He feigned to leave Cornelia to herself, and to be the first to laugh at the numberless freaks and caprices of her whom he himself called the *Dragon of Vincennes*.

Destiny, which often serves us better than the plans we most skillfully project, came to the succor of this tender father, and furnished him the occasion of combating successfully the masculine habits of his daughter. The chateau of *Vincennes* had been for many months used as a state prison. Situated in the centre of an immense and fertile plain bordered by a forest surrounded by the richest villages, it offered to those unfortunates, whom the great interests of the state deprived of their liberty, pure air, an

extended horizon, a charming view, and in a word all that could diminish the sufferings of their captivity.

One evening as Cornelia returned from hunting in the forest of Vincennes, she perceived, in passing, at the foot of the great tower of the chateau, a little rush basket which descended from the gratings of one of the windows along the wall, by means of several strips of linen tied together. She watched till the basket was within her reach, when she perceived within it a note, which she seized eagerly, saying to herself, "Without doubt some one within requires aid, or perhaps wishes to communicate some important intelligence. *Morbleu!* that I should not know how to read! and at my age, and the daughter of an old captain! How do I at this moment curse my idleness, and my stupid head. And perhaps the unfortunate prisoner who needs my assistance has but a moment, a single moment. *Morbleu!* that I should not know how to read!"

Attracted by the singularity of this adventure, and more still by her natural disposition to oblige, Cornelia, reflecting, in spite of her habitual heedlessness, that it would be dangerous, under these circumstances, to commit the least indiscretion, resolved to reveal the secret only to her father, and to suffer no one else to read the writing. She flew to his side and recounted all that had passed.

M. de Francastel took the note from the hands of his daughter, and read as follows: "Can an old officer hope that you will have the courage to render him an important service?"—

"Yes, *parbleu*, I have the courage for it," cried Cornelia.

"Answer me, I entreat, on the back of this note, and, for a signal, pull slightly the basket, which will bring me your reply."

"Yes, quick, dearest father, write in my name—*Rely on me.*"

"Stop a moment, my daughter; to succor the unfortunate is a sacred duty, we know, but to favor a prisoner of state, whom we do not know, whose projects we are unacquainted with"——

"What matters that?" replied Cornelia eagerly, "he says he has need of my aid in an important service, and how can I resist that? and besides, he is an old man. Fancy thyself, my father, to be in the place of this veteran, wouldst thou not be afflicted by such a stern refusal? Do not prevent thy daughter from

doing a good action. Answer quickly, that he may command me. Alas! that I cannot do it myself—that I can neither read nor write."

M. de Francastel, affected by the generosity of his daughter, and conceiving a project that would make an impression upon her, determined to write as she had dictated. Cornelia seized the note and returned with all speed to the foot of the great tower, following the directions of the prisoner.

The little basket was immediately drawn up, and soon descended again, containing an unsealed packet, which Cornelia took to her father. On the packet were written these words: "*Read, and Heaven reward you!*" and on opening it M. de Francastel found that it contained the miniature of a venerable old man, in the uniform of a general, and the following letter:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER—One of our prisoners has painted this picture, which I intended to give thee at our first interview; but thy long illness having deprived me of that happiness until to-day, I have wished that it should reach thee on the anniversary of thy birth. May I not be disappointed in this hope. The means I have employed are rather strange; but, however impenetrable may be the fortress where I am inclosed, there wander near it sometimes protecting angels of the unfortunate, and it is one of these who bears to thee my message. Bless thou this ministering spirit as I bless it; kiss a thousand times thy old father in this portrait, love him always, take courage, and believe that, under a just monarch, innocence will triumph sooner or later over calumny and falsehood. S**."

Below was written: "I have no books and I see neither fruits nor flowers." The letter was addressed to the "Countess de —, 14 St. Dominic street."

"I mount my horse and I fly," exclaimed Cornelia.

"Softly, my daughter," said her father, "remember that if you commit a single imprudence your *protégé* is lost, and we are lost also. I know your recklessness. This countess, whose name even we do not know, must be approached with caution; we must consider her illness and her consequent sensibility. It is far better for you to entrust the message to me."

"I recognize my noble father here," answered Cornelia, covering him with kisses.

"Go and give happiness and life to the daughter of my dear old prisoner, and I, in the mean time, will supply him with whatever else he may need."

Scarcely had M. de Francastel departed alone for Paris than Cornelia hastened to gather the most beautiful flowers, and the finest fruits, to which she added some books from the library of her father, and thus supplied, she again sought the prison. The little basket descended more than once, and the prisoner found himself amply provided with all that he could wish; but as the ignorance of the *Dragon of Vincennes* equalled her goodness of heart, the poor recluse found in the books which were offered him to beguile his leisure hours, only a Treatise on Heraldry, a Royal Almanac, and an old book of rendered accounts; the young hoyden having taken indiscriminately the first volumes she had put her hand upon. The prisoner could not conceal his surprise; he believed at first that it was some pleasantry, and feared that he had misplaced his confidence, but when he saw the beauty of the fruits, and the choice flowers that accompanied this strange collection, he no longer doubted the zeal and the interest which he had inspired.

Cornelia, believing that she had fulfilled all the wishes of the prisoner, returned home happy in the consciousness of what she had done. M. de Francastel hastened home from Paris to share with his daughter the pleasure he had received in being the bearer of the message, and the benedictions with which he had been overwhelmed. He brought with him a letter for the old general, which Cornelia charged herself with the delivery of the next evening, at the accustomed hour, promising herself to accompany this treasure with a supply of choice fruits and fresh flowers.

M. de Francastel, who, during his absence had reflected on the project which he had formed for drawing Cornelia from her present life and habits, to those more becoming her sex and station, was now only waiting to put it into execution. Admitted, from his distinguished position, to the society of the Governor of Vincennes, he took occasion, while Cornelia was engaged with the prisoner at the foot of the great tower, to concert his plans with the governor and to entreat him to second his designs. Of what efforts and what sacrifices is not the heart of a father capable!

Cornelia having made her offerings, and placed in the basket the letter her father had

given her, returned more joyous and more wild than ever, carrying in her arms five or six volumes, which the prisoner had returned to her, and to which was attached a little note, which read thus:

"I return you the books that you have given me to read. I am too old to be instructed in heraldry, and I have no accounts to render."

This was soon explained by M. de Francastel, who, on examining the volumes that Cornelia had carried in triumph, could not restrain his laughter, while he explained to her the absurdity of the amusement she had procured for her venerable *protégé*.

"What," said Cornelia, reddening with spite and shame, "have I offered to the honorable old man an almanac and an account-book? He might have thought that I wished to insult his misfortunes. *Morbleu!* that I should not know how to read."

"It is not my fault," said M. de Francastel emphatically; "I have employed all means that patience and paternal tenderness could suggest, to enlighten thy ignorance, and to draw thee from the darkness into which thou art hopelessly plunged."

"Oh, do not distress thyself, my dear father," answered Cornelia; "every one knows that thou canst not be reproached with the faults of my education. It is painful for thee and revolting to all the world, and I begin now to perceive it myself. Oh, if I could recall my lost time! If my heart could once command my head!"

These words, uttered in the enthusiasm of frankness and repentance, were a happy preface for M. de Francastel, and rendered him still more intent to pursue the plan he had devised.

The next morning, in breakfasting with his daughter, he returned to the conversation of the evening before, and they had already begun to speak of the pleasures of a cultivated mind and taste, and above all, of those qualities most essential in a woman, when the governor of the chateau entered with a grave and mysterious air, and requested to speak with them in private.

No sooner were they alone than the governor, expressing the regret with which he communicated his orders, announced to them the object of his visit. Drawing a paper from his vest, he presented it to M. de Francastel, who troubled and embarrassed, opened it and read as follows:

"In consequence of information received of the conduct of M. de Francastel, captain in the service, who, in contempt of orders, communicates secretly with the prisoners of state confined in the fortress of Vincennes, who has been the bearer of secret letters to Paris, and returned answers by the hand of his daughter, Cornelia de Francastel, who was seen in particular, last evening, depositing many articles in a basket, which was lifted from within to the summit of the great tower—it is ordered to the Governor of Vincennes to secure the persons of M. and Mdle. de Francastel, and to confine them secretly in the said fortress until further information be received.

"By order of the Minister of War."

"Is it a crime," said Cornelia, with sparkling eyes, "to assist a venerable old man—to protect a victim of calumny? besides, I only am culpable, and my father should not be punished for what I have done, and what I am ready to do again."

"It is useless to deny that I am thy accomplice," said M. de Francastel with resignation, for nothing escapes the vigilant eye of the government. It is but too true that I myself have taken the letter and the portrait to Paris, and as an officer I have committed a fault, the chastisement of which I shall support with courage. Sir, I am ready to follow you."

"Thou in prison, my father! and shall I suffer it? *Ventrebleu!* if I stir an inch!"

"No violence, Mademoiselle," answered the governor, "or I shall be obliged to employ force, and to make an exposure which I came in this way purposely to avoid."

"How is that?" said M. de Francastel.

The governor replied, "It will be easy for you, under the pretext of a journey which you are ordered to make, to give out that you take Mdle. de Francastel with you. You will set out, apparently to the people of Vincennes, and stop at Paris, and to-night, at eleven o'clock, you will present yourself at the chateau, where I shall wait you both. Relying on your loyalty, from this moment I consider you my prisoner on parole."

Pressing the hand of the governor, the captain replied, "Believe that I shall be faithful to my duty, and accept my thanks for the zeal and interest you have shown me on this occasion."

"At eleven, then, precisely," added the governor, in going out, "I shall be at the first

entrance of the fortress, and shall conduct you privately to the apartments prepared for your reception."

Cornelia, finding herself alone with her father, abandoned herself to her despair. "Is it thus," she exclaimed, "that I repay thy tenderness and thy care, by depriving thee of thy liberty, forcing thee from this delightful home and from thy cherished habits, and dragging thee to a slavery that may shorten thy days. I restrained my tears before this cursed governor, to prove to him that, like thee, I am possessed of force and courage; but my heart is oppressed with grief, and tears of surprise, of remorse and rage escape from my eyes. Oh, my father! my good father! I suffer inexpressibly."

"We must submit to the decrees of destiny," answered M. de Francastel, suppressing all that passed in his heart; "I little expected that after sixty years passed in honorable service, I should at last be confounded with those who betray their prince and their country. But banish these painful thoughts and let us think only of our departure."

Cornelia, bathed in tears, hastily made the necessary preparations for their departure. M. de Francastel, on his side, ordered his travelling-carriage and post-horses, and informed his people and those of the neighborhood that he was about to travel—as had been agreed between him and the governor—and in the evening, at the appointed hour, he returned to the chateau of Vincennes, with Cornelia. She passed the first night of her captivity in the most cruel agitation, reproaching herself constantly for the imprisonment of her father, whom she promised not to leave for an instant.

The next morning, M. de Francastel approached the bed of his daughter, who had not closed her eyes during the night, and endeavored to calm her agitation, and quiet the remorse with which she was overwhelmed.

"No," she cried, "it is useless; I shall never be consoled for having deprived my worthy father of his liberty."

"It belongs to thee, my daughter," he replied, "to atone for it amply, and to make me bless my captivity. Let me but enlighten the ignorance in which thou hast until now been plunged—let us employ the time we are to pass in this fortress in study—and I promise thee that within its thick walls we shall find true enjoyment, and an ample recompense for the fate that has overwhelmed us."

"Thou foreseest my dearest wish," answered Cornelia, embracing him a thousand times. "From this day I am thy scholar, submissive and obedient. Now I will repair all my errors, become worthy of being thy daughter, and of rendering thee, even in thy captivity, the happiest of fathers."

Cornelia faithfully fulfilled her promise. The *morbleu* and *ventrebleu*, and all those low expressions which continually escaped her, no longer soiled her rosy lips. The boy's clothing which she often wore, and all her amazonian costume were replaced by a becoming and lady-like apparel. In less than three months she learned to read and write, and she soon after commenced the study of history, of language and mythology, and her progress was so much the more rapid, since she discovered each day new pleasures of which she had been deprived. By degrees her bearing became modest and noble, her manners winning, and her voice sweet and insinuating. In short, in the course of six months, her mind had become so developed, and her taste so cultivated, that she felt herself created anew.

Meantime the governor having announced that his orders were to mitigate as much as possible the imprisonment of Mdlle. and M. de Francastel, procured for them all the diversions in his power. They were permitted to walk in the gardens of the chateau, and admitted to the brilliant *reunions* in the saloons of the governor, where Cornelia insensibly acquired the habits and manners of polished society. But what pleased her above all, was the happiness she felt in becoming acquainted with the venerable prisoner who had been the object of her solicitude, and who, convinced that he was the cause of her imprisonment and that of her father, could not find words to express his chagrin and his gratitude. What astonished him above all, was, that the sending of a single note, and a miniature, could be construed into such an offence, and that the generous impulse of the daughter should be punished even upon her father.

The governor answered to all these complaints only by a repressed smile. He left General S. free communication with M. and Mdlle. de Francastel, and his profound wisdom and amiable manners, seconded the efforts of M. de Francastel, and contributed greatly to the improvement of Cornelia, whom the general always called his *dear victim*, and on whom he constantly lavished every mark of the tenderest

attachment. At the end of some months, the innocence of this officer was recognized, as he had predicted, by the supreme head of the state, and the governor joyfully hastened to announce to him the order he had received to liberate him immediately.

"Believe me, my kind friends," said the general to his fellow-prisoners, "the first use I shall make of my liberty and the justice I have received, will be to solicit it for you and to obtain your deliverance."

"Your wishes have been anticipated," said the governor, "I have also orders to liberate M. and Mdlle. de Francastel."

"What do I hear," cried Cornelia, "my good father is no longer deprived of his liberty?"

"He was never deprived of it," said the governor, "it was his tenderness for you that made him my prisoner. Certain that he could never otherwise overcome the vices of your early education, he took advantage of your adventure with the general, which served him as a pretext to concert with me an order for his arrest, and, renouncing the delights of his home, the intercourse of his friends, and all the pleasures of his existence, he has had the courage to shut himself in this prison, in order to develop your higher qualities and to render you worthy of the name you bear.

No sooner had the governor made this astonishing revelation, than Cornelia, overcome with emotion, fell into the arms of her father, scarcely breathing, and only able to utter, at intervals, "At thy age to support such a slavery for me! Oh, my father! my friend! my guardian angel! what do I not owe thee!"

"I am repaid for all my sacrifices," said M. de Francastel, embracing her with kisses and with tears. "I have overcome the habits of thy infancy; I have led thee back to the virtues which characterize thy sex; I have developed the qualities which nature bestowed on thee, and now I am proud and happy to be thy father. Believe me, Cornelia, this year of captivity is the happiest of my life."

General S. joined his congratulations with those of the governor, and with the most tender protestations of friendship he proposed the alliance of his only son, already far advanced in the career of arms, with Cornelia, who, each day more affected by the touching proof of her father's love, gave herself to the study of the arts and sciences with all the enthusiasm of gratitude.

VALLEY AND CHURCH OF BOBI.

A SCENE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WALDENSES.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE church and valley represented in the plate have borne a distinguished part in the history of the Waldenses. This valley is so shut in by the hills, that its existence cannot be detected by the traveller till it bursts at once in all its richness and beauty upon him. The river Pelice and its tributaries wind through it, lacing its meadows with silver veins, while all around stretches a border of green forest, which constitutes the wealth of the inhabitants. Dark chestnuts contrast beautifully with the pale willows that run in stripes across the meadows—huge rocks rise along the outskirts, covered with moss, on the top of which the peasant spreads his threshing-floor. Higher up, crag beetles over crag—thunder-riven—here leaning threateningly over their bases, and there towering heavenward like the embattled walls and turrets of some feudal castle. In the upper end of the valley rises one immense rock, a mountain in itself. In some ancient convulsion it split at the summit, leaving a crack through which the blue sky beyond is seen. By crawling on his hands and knees the adventurous traveller can approach the edge of this enormous crevice, when lo! all the valley below bursts on his view. There it sleeps in the summer sunlight, with the bright streamlets sparkling and flashing amid the masses of green—men and cattle are seen moving across it—the peasant is laboring in the field—the cart trundling along the highway—and yet not a sound reaches the spectator lying in the shadow of the huge cliff. Far, far below, like pigmies, the inhabitants are toiling in the sun; but they seem as objects that move through a dream, so noiseless and still are they. Up

that serene height the murmurs of the valley never come, and the thunder crash and scream of the Alpine eagle around its summit, are the only sounds that disturb its repose. This old rock was once made the chief stronghold of the Vaudois, when they fought their way back to their valleys. The view from the top is wonderfully beautiful. From the margin of the valley to the Po, the whole expanse is distinctly seen. Snow-capt mountains piercing the heavens with their shining helmets—peaks on peaks rolling in an endless sea of heights along the horizon, combine to render it a scene of indescribable interest. But the rock itself is a striking object when viewed from the valley; especially at evening, when the sun is going to its lordly repose amidst the hills, does its colossal form stand out in bold relief against the cloudless heavens. Its ragged outline is subdued and softened—its black surface covered with rose tints—and it looks like a glorious pyramid of light and beauty there over the plain slumbering in deep shadow beneath. Gradually the gorgeous hues disappear; the stars displace the sun, and the moon rising in the east, makes that stern rock darker than at mid-day.

The picturesque little church given in the plate, has borne its part in the struggle of the Waldenses. With the rocks around it, and the mountains above, it has rung to the prayer of the persecuted Christian, the war-cry of his murderers, and the clash of arms. Solemn vows have been repeated there, and on its very threshold men and women been butchered with worse than savage barbarity.

The whole history of the Waldenses has been marked by persecutions carried on in a



W. H. Bartlett.

M. Osburne.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT BOBBI, VAL PELICE.

spirit of ferocity and cruelty, and accompanied by outrages so fiendish, as almost to transcend human belief.

About the year 1200 the persecutions commenced, and with greater or less intervals, and more or less cruelty, have continued till this time. The inquisition first slew its victims silently, but in 1488 open force was used, and the soldiery sent against the peasants. From that time on, the sword has been the instrument of the persecutor. Whole valleys have been depopulated, and the inhabitants driven into caverns, and there suffocated with smoke. Hundreds of children have been found dead together, some mangled in the most inhuman manner. The young women were ravished in presence of their fathers and brothers, and then brutally murdered. Men were hurled from the cliffs, and tortures and violence unparalleled endured, till these Protestant valleys were soaked in blood, and the hill-sides covered with the bones of thousands of the inhabitants. Decency forbids us to name the enormities practised on this nonoffending people, because they chose to worship God according to their own consciences.

But in the persecution of 1655, set on foot by the Duke of Savoy, Bobi bore a more important part than in those which preceded. The mere recital of the sanguinary scenes which were enacted would freeze the blood. Horrors unheard of except in the history of the Romish Church were perpetrated in presence of the civilized world, until Cromwell, then wielding the power of England, uttered his stern remonstrance, declaring he would put a stop to them if he had to sail his ships over the Alps to accomplish the object. It began by the invasion of the Waldensian territory with a large French army. Against this powerful array it seemed impossible that the Christians could contend. Nevertheless they bravely rallied, and after kneeling in solemn prayer to God, fell on the enemy with such enthusiasm and terror, that, though outnumbered a hundred to one, they broke their ranks in pieces, and sent them shattered and discomfited back. The Marquis of Pian-nesse seeing that they were not to be overcome by arms, resorted to duplicity, and calling to him deputies from the different valleys, promised them peace and security. The only favor he asked in return was the permission to quarter one regiment of foot, and two troops of horse among them for two or three days, as an evidence of their fidelity. To this the unus-

pecting peasants joyfully acceded, and the army marched in. But no sooner was it in possession of the strongholds than it began the work of massacre. The poor people taken by surprise fled to the mountains—those who could—and the rest were slain. Around the church of Bobi the dead lay in heaps. The shouts of infuriated men, and the shrieks of women and children, made this sweet valley ring with terrific echoes. The ordinary means of torture were not sufficient, and new modes of cruelty were invented. Infants were pulled from the breasts of their mothers, and their brains dashed out against the rocks. Mothers and daughters were ravished in each other's presence, and then filled with pebbles. In their mouths and ears powder was crammed, and set fire to, and thus the helpless sufferers were blown up. Sick people were tied with their heads and feet together, and thrown down the precipices. Many of both sexes and all ages were impaled alive, and thus naked and writhing in agony, were planted along the highways.

Afterwards, however, these persecuted Christians rallied, and, falling on their persecutors, routed them with terrible slaughter. In 1686 another persecution commenced, but its history is like that of all the others—it is a record of duplicity, treachery, cruelty, and barbarity too horrible to give. The people of Bobi suffered in both these persecutions severely; but they had brave hearts, and fought around their ancient altars with a heroism deserving of a better fate. Out of fourteen thousand who were imprisoned during the former persecution, *eleven thousand* perished. Still a remnant remained, and, true to their ancient faith, these smitten children of God bore all with the firmness of martyrs.

At length they were driven from their homes and scattered over Protestant Europe. But they still turned their eyes wistfully towards their mountain homes. They were exiles in a strange land, and like the captive children of Israel, they wept when they remembered their quiet churches amid the Alps. The very fact that their altars had been baptized in blood rendered them doubly dear. Their hearts were in their desolate homes, and still clung to the ashes of their fathers, and children, and wives, and brothers, who had fallen nobly for their holy religion.

At length the exiles started to return, and with the intrepid Arnaud, a priest, at their head, fought their way back, inch by inch, to

their native valleys, and there, despite their persecutors, gathered once more into their neglected churches, and reared anew their broken down altars. With the sword of war and with prayer together, they entered and maintained their long-deserted homes.

On the sixteenth day of their march they reached Bodi, and encamped around their little church. The building was in ruins, but the minister, M. Montoux, the colleague of Arnaud, placed a door from one rock to another, and preached to that toil-worn band, fresh from the field of slaughter, and still stained with the blood of their foes, from these words: "The law and the prophets were until John; since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it." The hearts of the exiles were sad as they looked on their desolate valley, but the words of the preacher comforted them. After sermon, their cause was committed in solemn prayer to God, and then they adopted certain regulations, by which they were to be governed, and took an oath of fidelity to each other. This was the oath taken at Bobi:

"God, by his divine grace, having happily led us back into the heritage of our forefathers, there to re-establish the pure service of our holy religion, by the completion of that enterprise which the Lord of Hosts has hitherto conducted in our favor: We, the pastors, captains, and other officers, swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and at the peril of our souls, to observe union and order among us; never willingly to disunite or separate so long as

God shall grant us life—not although we should be so miserable as to be reduced to three or four—never to temporize or treat with our enemies of France, nor those of Piedmont, without the participation of our whole council of war, and to put together the booty which we have now or may have, to be applied to the wants of our people, or cases of emergency. And we, soldiers, swear this day before God, to obey all the orders of our officers, and vow fidelity to them with all our hearts, even to the last drop of our blood; also, to give up to their care the prisoners and booty, to be disposed of as they shall judge fit. And, in order to more perfect regulation, it is forbidden, under heavy penalties, to any officer or soldier to search an enemy, dead, wounded, or a prisoner, during or after battle, but for which office proper persons shall be appointed. The officers are enjoined to take care that the soldiers keep their arms and ammunition in order, and above all, to chastise severely all who shall profanely swear or blaspheme. And, to render union, which is the soul of our affairs, inviolable among us, we, the officers, swear fidelity to our soldiers, and we soldiers to our officers, solemnly engaging, moreover, to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to rescue, as far as in us lies, our brethren from the thralldom of the cruel Babylon, and with them to re-establish and maintain his kingdom unto death, and by this oath we will abide all our lives."

On Sunday, one September morning, did the brave Waldenses repeat this solemn oath with arms in their hands. The hills of Bobi looked down upon them—God heard the oath and gave them deliverance, and once more they assembled in this secluded church, and worshipped God in sincerity and purity of heart.

TRUST IN GOD.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—PSALMS

CHRISTIAN, when storms assail thee,
Bow to the rod;
Ne'er let thy stout heart fail thee,
Trusting in God.

Though trials gather round thee,
His arm can save;
Trust on—though clouds surround thee,
E'en to the grave.

There, where no ill can harm thee,
Thou hast reward;
Oh, then, with patience arm thee,
Trusting in God.

THE VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION.

BY W. J. PRIME, M. D.

POOR Lucy Ashton! Just one year ago this day she was *married*—to-day she has *died*. Such is life. Bound up and hid in the will of an unseen and inscrutable Providence, yet one so wise, and far-seeing, and good, that the truly wise man must submit without a murmur.

Perhaps I should rather have said, poor Henry Ashton. He has lost a priceless treasure, while she has gained a crown and a throne. Why do we speak mournfully of the dead who die in the glorious hope? There is no triumph so noble, no victory so truly full of glory, as that of the young and beautiful, in the very bloom and dew of their youth, surrounded with all that makes life desirable, and filled with love for every thing in nature, when with unfaltering heart and steadfast eye they meet the entrance into the *future*. Mourn not for them.

Sweet girl. I knew her from her childhood. She was an only child of a clergyman in the country, who had lost his wife when Lucy was but an infant. Yet she had never left her father's house, but was brought up under his own eye, and was, at the same time, the pride and the solace of his widowed heart. It may have been, it probably was, the fault of his too tender care of his daughter, that her bodily powers were always weak; and, like a delicate flower, she looked as if the first rude wind would blight and wither her beauty. Still she grew up to womanhood, beautiful and happy, and more than all, with intellectual powers, naturally of a high order, well cultivated, and calculated to shine in the first circles. She was thoroughly accomplished in every thing that was necessary to fit a woman at the present day to take a high place in society. Her presence carried a charm with it wherever she went, and none knew her but to love her. She has left a memory dear to all hearts that knew her; and in the few hearts that were

most familiar with her, death has left a wound that time will be long in healing.

Two years ago this summer, Henry Ashton, the son of a wealthy southern planter, came into this region in search of health. He brought a note from my old friend, Dr. S— of T—n, La., introducing him, and commending him warmly to my friendship and care, as every way worthy of the former, and probably needing the latter. From the character given him by my friend, I at once invited him to make my house his home till he should be able to find some place that would suit him as a residence for the summer. I soon became warmly attached to him, and it was with no little reluctance that I parted with him at the end of two months. But he wished to be more in the country, and having been often with me in my rides, he had selected a farm-house about twelve miles distant, and within a few steps of the residence of Lucy's father. I accompanied him to his new abode, and, before I left him, introduced him to my friend the minister, and his daughter.

It could not be otherwise. There are fountains in some hearts that flow together, as the springs from the hillsides, and mingle at once and imperceptibly. Be the barriers what they may, however insurmountable, they must yield to the accumulating tide. But here there were no hindrances. My two young friends met daily, and for months, and when the time came for Henry to go south again, he found himself tied back by a feeling he did not dream of before. When he reached home, he wrote to Lucy and her father, told them all his feelings in his noble and manly way, and laid his fortune and his love at the feet of my beautiful young friend. Her father did not speak to her on the subject till he had sent for me. In her presence he put the letter into my hand, and as I read it I felt that he was waiting with in-

tense anxiety for my opinion. When I had finished reading it I turned to Lucy, who sat by my side. All was calm and apparently passionless with her, till I asked her if her heart did not say, yes.

"Oh! it does—it does," she replied; "but my dear father—I cannot leave him."

"God bless you, my darling," said the old man, whose heart had been well nigh bursting with the pent up emotions; "yet what must be done. I never dreamed that such were Henry's feelings towards my daughter, or hers to him. And I was foolish not to know it, for I learned to love him while he was here, as if he had been my own son, and how could this dear child help it. Now tell us, doctor, what is to be done. I cannot lose Lucy, and I cannot step between them and their happiness by saying, 'No.' And I do not know the man in all the world into whose arms I would place my child as willingly as into Henry Ashton's. What is to be done, doctor?"

"Let us hear more of Lucy's ideas on the matter," I replied, "for after all she is the one most interested in it."

"I have little to say," said Lucy; "I am my father's child, and dear as Henry is to me, to all of us, I cannot forsake my father in his old age, and when he begins most to need a daughter's care, even for him. If Henry would come and live here among us"—

"The very thing," said I, "the very thing, and he shall do it, Lucy. I know he will. And though I am a little jealous at the ease with which he has won away our Lucy's love, I will write to him and tel. him so."

And so it was arranged, though Lucy was left to write to him also and tell her own story. And so it turned out. Early in the following spring came Henry, and chose him a beautiful spot in the very neighborhood of Lucy's father, close by, and it was all altered and arranged, and beautified under the joint superintendence of the two who were to occupy it, till it was as delightful as a little Eden.

In the first month of summer they were married—the two noblest and gentlest hearts I ever knew made one. But such they were before, and now, with life before them, and its pathway bright, why should they not be happy? They were. I never saw two beings more formed for each other. Talk of love, idolatry, human worship—such is not the affection which endures and lasts through all the trials and changes of life. It must be that calm,

deep-flowing, pervading feeling, which, ever the same, though gentle as a spring flower in prosperity, becomes in adversity the enduring rock on which the sorely tried may lean, and feel security and joy. Such was the feeling which bound these two together. And this day is the first anniversary of their marriage—how changed, how awfully reversed is every thing now to the living—and to the dead, what? Alas! for frail humanity.

The calls of my profession had kept me so constantly occupied through the winter and spring, that I had not found time to visit my young friends. I was thinking of riding over the next day, and was arranging my business so that nothing might interfere to interrupt the delightful visit I was always sure of enjoying at the farm-house, when, sitting in my office, I saw the form and face of Henry's old negro servant pass the window. In a moment he entered the room, and, with his peculiar look of self-satisfied pride, which he always seemed to feel at the confidence and affection bestowed on him by his master and young mistress, he gave me a letter. I opened it, and, recognizing my young friend's hand, read as follows:

"DEAR DOCTOR—I wish you would come out to see us, if possible, as soon as you receive this. Lucy is ill—not very—but I think you ought to see her. She has had a cough for two days, and I am a little apprehensive, with her delicate constitution, lest it may result in something serious. Do not let her know that I have sent for you. You have not been out to see us in a long time, and you can come as if to make us a visit as formerly. Come prepared to stay all night, if you can. She does not know that I am writing to you, nor does she seem to have any idea that she is sick. I am not alarmed, but—you know me, and how I feel. As ever, yours,

"HENRY.

"FARM-HOUSE, May 15, 1847."

I thought I discovered in this letter more of alarm and apprehension than he was willing should appear, and, therefore, as soon as possible, I was on the road, and drove rapidly out to his house. He met me as I alighted at the gate, and Lucy was but a moment behind him, as beautiful and with as bright a smile as she always wore. She took my arm as we walked up the avenue to the house, and said:

"I am very glad you have come out once

more, doctor. We have talked about you much of late, for you know you have always been one of us, and it has nearly seemed an age since you were here. And then I wanted to see you, because I really believe Henry is sick. He has seemed, for a day or two, to be in very poor spirits, though he tries all he can to make me think he is well. You must talk to him, doctor, and find out what is the matter."

"And how is it with you, Lucy?" I inquired, glad to have the subject thus opened at once, and by herself. "Are you quite well this spring?"

"O yes," she said, "quite well, I believe. I have taken cold, perhaps, and had a slight cough for two days past, with a little of that old pain in my side; but so little that it does not trouble me at all. I feel much more uneasy about Henry than I do about myself. You know my pain has always been of very short duration, and I shall probably be rid of it in a day or two; but you must talk to him about his health before you go back. He confines himself so much at home—perhaps a journey might do him good—though the weather is so cold this spring it hardly seems pleasant to leave our own delightful home. How very tardy the season is in opening. My dear, beautiful flowers, some of which ought to be smiling with open blossoms, have not begun to show their first buds yet. But they will come, doctor—they will all come soon, and then how gay we shall look."

And thus she chatted on till I began to forget what I had come for, or really to believe that Henry was the sick one after all. Indeed, there seemed little cause, if any, for his anxiety, though she had an occasional cough, which did not sound like a mere cold. I took occasion, without giving her any cause for thinking I saw any thing particularly alarming in her case, to question her fully in reference to her health, and became satisfied that there was some ground for at least more than ordinary care.

After dinner I walked out with Henry. Although he evidently strove to suppress any appearance of alarm, I could see that he was considerably excited. I therefore, to quiet his fears as much as was proper, told him that I saw nothing immediately alarming in her, though in consideration of her delicate constitution, it would be well to attack any thing that might lead to trouble, in the very onset.

"But, doctor, she must not suspect that you are here for that purpose, or that we feel any anxiety for her."

"By no means," I replied. "She thinks you are sick, and after I have made some trifling prescription for you, I will advise her to do something for her cold."

"Dear girl," said he, "she has noticed my depression of spirits on her account and thinks I am sick. What shall I do, doctor, if she is taken away?" and he turned away to brush off a tear.

"We must wait, my dear friend, till we see something more alarming, before we indulge any such forebodings. But in any case you must be the man and the Christian that I know you to be. At any rate, we must borrow no trouble, and when it comes, trust in God."

When we returned to the house, we found Lucy seated at her piano, and after listening a while to her music, I called her to take a seat by my side.

"Well, Lucy," I said, "I have been prescribing for Henry, though you have very little ground for your fears in his behalf, and now I believe I must do something for this cough of yours, so you can amuse yourselves by taking care of each other while you are sick."

"Why, really," she replied, "I do not think there is the least call for medicine in my case, but if you think so, you know I am accustomed to implicit obedience to you."

"Oh! just a little to check your cough in the outset. You know I am always afraid of slight colds."

"Well, so be it then—and Henry and I will find it something new to be each other's nurse, as it is the first time we have been *sick* since we were married"—and she laughed emphatically as she pronounced the word *sick*.

I felt an unusual weight upon my heart as I rode home in the evening. Was it produced by my conversation with Henry, and his fears? I am not accustomed to be influenced by others' fears in this way, and I laid it to one of those presentiments which we often feel, but which soon wear off and are never realized.

May 20th, 1847.—(I here extract from my journal.) Would that it were all the empty fears and presentiments of overweening affection for our dear Lucy. I was summoned again this morning to visit her, and this time without any disguise on the part of her husband. The old negro servant delivered the message in his own words:—

"Missus Lucy wery sick, and Massa Henry send for Dr. P—— in great hurry."

There was no smile on his face as usual

with him, but a serious look that I believed at once was the reflection of faces at the farmhouse. As soon as I received the message I started.

Lucy is indeed very sick. She has all the symptoms of seated consumption. The poison has unquestionably been lurking in her system for years, and now we can only wait in quiet patience for the end. There is no hope for life. Al now points downward—down to the grave.

O Consumption!—thou agent of the grave—that plantest a solitary rosebud in the cheek of the dying, and addest strange beauty to the face of thy victims—thou worse than fiend, that makest the soul treacherously happy in the last hour, and throwest over the future a hope, deep and all-absorbing, but never to be realized—thou tyrant, like thy master, Death, filling the heart with dreams of life up to the very hour the fatal shaft pierces—thou whose only charm is that thou drawest a bright vision of life over the last agony, and interposest a sunlit cloud between our spirits and the grave—why is it that we fear thee?

Lucy sat in her easy chair when I entered, and greeted me with one of her sweetest smiles. I took my seat by her side, and tried to compose myself to talk with her; for the first sight of her pale and thin face, and the sound of her sharp cough, told me a fearful tale. But she—Oh! she realized nothing of her danger, and began at once to talk of herself.

"They have at length persuaded me that I ought to have medical advice, doctor, and so we have called you so soon away from your business again. But I believe it is the only way in which we shall be able hereafter to see much of you, for one of us to be sick, and it is better it should be I than any of the others. But I do not know that I should speak thus either. I am not as well as when you were here a few days since. My cough has increased, as you no doubt perceive, and I have become very weak and feverish, and I have more of the pain in my side"——

And she went on describing all the prominent symptoms of her formidable disease, till my heart, already too heavy with sadness and fear, sunk down in me like lead. What could I do? With a strong effort, I summoned all my energies and mastered my feelings, and with all the coolness I should use in examining the most indifferent patient, I questioned the dear girl as to all her symptoms. I found that the disease

was already far advanced, and was probably destined to a rapid course and a speedy termination. And if to me, her physician and friend only, this sudden trial is so overwhelming, what must it be to her husband and father, when their fears, reasoned against as they of course have been, shall be confirmed? And there is now no evading nor smoothing away the truth. All must be told, at once and in its full extent.

Her father had recently removed to the farmhouse, and was in his study, where he spent the most of his time. To him I determined immediately to unfold the terrible truth, trusting to find his firmness greater than that of Henry, whom I had not seen.

I was not disappointed. He was walking his room with a firm and slow pace, when I entered at his bidding, and he motioned me to a seat. I took it, and sat a moment in silence, thinking with what words I should break my news to him. He took a few turns across the room, and stopping before me said, with slow and measured words—

"Doctor, you have come to speak to me about Lucy—my dear, just-blossomed flower."

"I have, my dear sir—I have much to say, and"——

"I know it all!"—he interrupted me—"all—all. Doctor we must give her up. His will be done. I had hoped for many years of life to her, and had my day-dreams as we all have, doctor; but they all fade, sir, fade. I have done the same before, when she was born, and her sainted mother died. I should have them again if I had another flower left. I know not how these ties break without breaking our hearts, which are wrung so sadly. But He bears us up. If we failed and grew weary with these trials, how should we 'do in the swellings of Jordan?' Do not think, my dear doctor, that I do not feel this. I shall be sorely bereaved; but I am a Christian, and should submit."

I knew, for I saw it, that the good old man's heart was sorely torn, but he had anticipated my errand, and now all I had to do was to tell him the exact state of the case. This I did in few words, and when I ended, he lifted up his folded hands, and his agony found vent in the words of the Master he loved and followed: "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: but thy will be done." He then sat down by my side and said:

"Doctor, how shall we communicate this to

Henry? He fears it all, but has no idea of its reality."

"That, sir, I think must be left to you," I replied.

"Perhaps it is best," he said. "Yet I know not how."

I know not how he will do it. I was obliged to leave them after having done all for Lucy that the hopelessness of such a case permitted. Never was a ride of twelve miles so long before—never before did the intervening hours pass so heavily and anxiously, as they pass now, and will pass till I see her again to-morrow. Poor Henry Ashton!

21st.—Sweet girl. Can it be possible that she is dying, so slowly, yet so surely, with no deeper sense of it than she seems now to feel? And yet, why wonder at it? I have seen so many smitten down with this insidious disease—some dying in a few weeks from its apparent attack—others by long and lingering months and years of sickness, and all thus unconscious of its fatal progress, that it ought to be no marvel that one so suddenly attacked as my fair young friend should not feel the truth. As I took my seat by her to-day, she said:

"They have communicated to me intelligence to-day, doctor, that ought perhaps to alarm me; yet I cannot realize the fact at all, that I am the victim of a disease which may in a few days lay me by the side of my mother. I am forced to believe it, and am surprised at the calm indifference with which I regard it. My dear father is deeply affected at my condition, but controls his feelings wonderfully. He has been talking with me to-day about it. But our dear Henry, doctor, he is almost frantic."

At this moment he entered the room with a bunch of spring flowers he had been gathering for his wife. Neither of us could speak for a moment as we pressed each other's hands. Lucy noticed it, and said:

"Come here, Henry, and sit by me; there—with you on this side, and our dear Dr. P—on the other, who has known all our hearts, we may speak of what we could not alone. You must not feel so, my dear husband. You must look upon me now and when I am gone as the same."

"Lucy, do not talk so," he exclaimed; "you may recover yet—at least let me hope so."

"Oh no, Henry! you must hope no such thing. You all know I must die, and although I do not fear it, yet I know it, and would meet it as I ought. You see these sweet flowers;

they are fading already, like me. When I am gone, my sweet flowers will all bloom, and all around will be the same—just the same as if I were here. I have been counting very much upon the pleasure I should take in my flower-garden this summer, but it was all because I should have my dear husband to enjoy them with me. But they will bloom as they have, and I—there is a beautiful passage in the New Testament, doctor, that was taught me when a little girl—Henry, get me my little Bible, and I will read it."

The place was marked by a leaf turned down, and she opened to it and read nearly the whole of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. We sat in silence, and her father, who entered just as she began to read, stood behind her, wiping from his eyes the tears that fell fast and freely.

I can do nothing for her but palliate the symptoms, which daily become more and more distressing. Would that I had the power to snatch her from the jaws of remorseless Death. But it is one of the diseases in which all medical skill and science is baffled and set at naught.

Henry followed me when I left the room, and seemed desirous of saying something, but his tears choked his utterance. I could only press his hand in silence. I felt myself like a child in my grief.

25th.—Lucy continues to decline daily, and the more feeble she becomes, the plainer is developed that peculiar trait of her disease of which I have before spoken—the insensibility to approaching dissolution. She is now entirely confined to her bed; but her mental powers display a wonderful vigor.

"Doctor," she said to me to-day, "I believe my feelings must be much the same with those of a man upon whom sentence of death has been passed, and the time not fixed for his execution. You all tell me, and I see it in your faces and in your tears, that I am dying. My reason is satisfied of the fact, but I do not feel it. I do not hope for life, because I have no settled and firm impression that I am not yet to spend many years among you. As soon as you are gone, and your sad faces have left me, I find myself constantly making plans for the future, and often I inflict a profound wound upon Henry by talking to him of what we will do when I shall be well again. Alas! I wish a portion of my insensibility might be communicated to him."

What mysteries there are in life—what

strangest of mysteries in this, that the blooming and the beautiful, loving and beloved, with hearts attuned to every thing that is noble, and good, and generous, should be thus taken away in early life from those who are bound up in them—and the old, and wayworn, and weary of life, in their decrepitude and solitary misanthropy, linger on beyond the natural period of man's existence. But thus it is. We see it every day and wonder at the fact.

* * * * *

But I will not detail the daily scenes which have taken place at the farm-house. To the mere reader they cannot have the interest which they had to us, who loved too fondly. The profound grief of her husband, as he witnessed her increasing weakness from day to day, seemed to threaten his reason with an overthrow. The minister rarely spoke with us in relation to his daughter, but to ask how she was. But the walls of his lonely study, if they could speak, would tell a tale of sleepless nights and tearful days, and agonizing prayers—not for the life of his darling child, for he had given her up to die—but for Henry, the poor, heart-broken man, and for himself, that they might have help from on high in the present, and in the approaching hour of trial. And for himself, his wrestlings were not vain. He always appeared calm, though it was evidently by a mighty effort. He would sit, often for hours, by the bedside of his dying child, and, indirectly, without referring to her present condition, lead her mind to the contemplation of the future world. He was a man of fine imagination, joined to his strong powers of mind, and he loved to talk of the "better country" whither his wife had gone, and to which the footsteps of his daughter were fast tending. It was on one of these occasions that she interrupted him with the question—

"Father, do you think that the friends who have loved each other, as we all do, will know each other and continue their sweet companionship there?"

"I do not know, my dear child," he replied.

"Well," she said, "I have often thought of it, and if my mother would recognize her little daughter. For though I have never seen her since an infant, yet I have learned to know her and love her, from hearing you talk of her. And how pleasant it must be to meet those we have loved and lost!"

I was by her bedside this morning by nine o'clock, and found her sitting up, supported by

pillows. Henry was there, and his face wore an air of much less distress.

"I am better this morning, doctor," said Lucy, "much better. I feel stronger, and free from pain, and would have sat up in my easy chair if Henry would have permitted me; but he said we must wait till you came. I want to sit by the window and breathe the fresh air, and look out upon the beautiful world once more. You do not think it will hurt me, do you, doctor?"

I of course cheerfully consented, and her husband lifted her, already emaciated to a very great degree, from her bed, and having placed her in her easy chair, she was gently rolled to the window. It was open, and looked out upon the fine lawn and pleasure-grounds in front. They are laid out with great taste, and spotted here and there with flowers and ornamental shrubs.

"How delightful," she said, as her eye wandered over the view, "after one has been shut up so long, to look out upon the world again. Since I have been sick all the trees have taken on their green leaves, and the grass has sprung up, and all is changed. And my beautiful flowers are all out as gay as if I had taken care of them myself. I wish I could walk out among them. Perhaps I shall in a few days now, if I continue to improve. You have been making a change in the avenue, Henry, I perceive. That new turn is very graceful, and looks pleasant, winding through that shade. We must have a seat there, just in that spot."

"You must not fatigue yourself, Lucy, with talking," said I.

"No, I will not," she replied; "but every thing looks so delightful, and fresh, and joyous without, and I feel so much more as I used to feel, that I love to talk to you all. But I will stop and rest. Perhaps I might sleep a little in my chair, if the back were let down a little. There—that will do. Here, Henry, take this hand, and, doctor, this. How pleasant this is, even to be sick, with such dear ones to sit beside us and watch us. I shall dream now of the green fields and sweet flowers. We shall soon be among them again, I hope, dear Henry, and with happier hearts. And here comes my dear, good old father. Kiss me, father—I am much better this morning—and there, sit down by us and talk while I go to sleep."

There were pleasanter faces about her then than there had been in many previous days.

It was not exactly from renewed hope, but her ease, and apparent improvement this morning, produced a sort of forgetfulness of our past anxieties and cares. Directly she spoke again :

"It is just a year ago, this very time, that we sat thus—the day we were married, Henry—do you remember it? How soon and how pleasantly the time has gone by. And will not the future years of our life be as joyful? It seems to me we ought to have some trials, to make us feel properly thankful for such uninterrupted bliss. But I forget myself—I must sleep. When I die, I hope it may be thus, with my loved ones by my side."

She slept nearly an hour, while we sat and watched her breathing, which was free and gentle as an infant's, and the smile on her face seemed to tell of her bright and happy dreams. Then there was a gentle pressure of the hand, and she murmured: "Henry—father." A moment more, and she opened her eyes, and, looking upwards, said in an audible and distinct voice:

"Mother, dear mother, I come!"

The eyes closed again, and a sweet smile lingered on her lips, which has not departed. She is dead.

Poor Henry Ashton!—poor old father!

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

AND THEREABOUTS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

I WILL not speak of Woodstock, which Scott has made immortal; for the village of that name is merely a collection of dirty-looking hovels, arranged along the street in blocks, like houses.

Guy's Cliff is distinguished as the home of the stern old Sir Guy, renowned in the feudal wars. A mile farther on are Warwick and Warwick Castle. The village itself looks like a fragment of antiquity, though the streets were somewhat enlivened the day I passed through them, by multitudes of men, women, children, cows, horses, and sheep, to say nothing of vegetables and saleables of all kinds and quality. One of those fairs so common in England, and so characteristic of the people, was being held, and I had a good view of the peasantry. The yeomanry collected at one of our cattle-shows are gentlemen compared to them.

I will not describe the castle, with its massive walls and ancient look, for the impression such things make does not result from this or that striking object, but from the whole combined. The walls may be thick, the moat deep, the turrets high and hoary, and the rusty

armor within massy and dented—it is not either of these that arrests your footsteps and makes you stand and dream, but the history they all together unroll, and the images your own imagination calls up from the past.

The rusty sword of this strong-limbed old earl is five feet long, and weighs twenty pounds. His shield weighs thirty pounds, breastplate alone fifty-six pounds, and helmet seven pounds, to say nothing of his massive coat of mail. It was no baby hand which wielded that sword or held that shield. A strong heart beat under that breastplate of fifty-six pounds in weight; and when mounted on his gigantic war-horse, clad also in steel from head to foot, he spurred into the battle, the strongest knights went down in his path, and his muffled shout was like the trumpet of victory.

Thence we proceeded to Kenilworth Castle, a mere ruin, standing solitary and broken amid the green fields. Gone are its beautiful lake, draw-bridge, portcullis, and moat—its strong turrets have crumbled, while over the decayed and decaying walls the ivy creeps unchecked.

It is one of the most picturesque ruins I have ever seen. Here and there a portion remains almost entire, while in other places a heap of rubbish alone tells where a magnificent apartment once rung to the shout of wassailers. The bow-window in which sat the flattered earl of Leicester and the proud Elizabeth, and looked down on the grand tournament, is still entire. As I stood here and gazed below on the green sward, now spreading where the gay and noble once trod in pride, and around on the ruin whose battlements once glittered with decorations in honor of the haughty queen, and before me, through the gateway, where the gorgeous procession passed, the pageantry of life seemed a dream. There chargers had careered, and trumpets rung, and helmets bowed in homage, and there now swung an old gate, kept by a solitary old porter. The snake and lizard occupy the proud halls of Leicester, and of all the beautiful and brave who once thronged these courts, not one remains. The old walls and crumbling stones have outlasted them all, and serve only as a tombstone to what has been. What wild heart-throbbings, and dizzy hopes, and bitter griefs, have been within these ruined enclosures. But now all is still and deserted—the banners flutter no more from the battlements, the armed knight spurs no more over the clattering draw-bridge, lord and vassal have disappeared. Time has outwatched each warder, and hung his mouldering hatchment over all who have lived and struggled here. As I behold in imagination the stern, severe Elizabeth, passing beneath yonder arch on her gallant steed, and princes and nobles of every degree pressing on her steps, and then turn to the deserted ruin, I involuntarily exclaim, “ghosts are we all.”

Ab, proud Leicester! what deeds of thine could these dumb walls, had they a tongue, tell! What records are registered in their mouldering forms against thee! Kenilworth, *thy* Kenilworth, is apparently deserted, but around it still linger, methinks, the spirits of those thou hast wronged, nay, perchance murdered.

It was with strange feelings I turned away from this beautiful ruin. The heavens were gathering blackness, and now and then a big drop came dancing to the earth, and all betokened a storm at hand. Had the fading sunlight gilded its dilapidated turrets as I passed from under its silent arches, it would not have seemed so mournful; but amid this suspense of

the elements and increasing gloom, its irregular form had a sad aspect, and left a sad impression.

When I first approached the castle, I was struck with the curious English usee of a girl, perhaps thirteen years of age, who had little pamphlets, describing the ruin and giving its history, to sell. As she advanced to meet me, holding the book in her hand, she exclaimed: “A shilling, sir, for the book, or a sixpence for the *lend*.” “*A sixpence for the lend*,” I replied, “what do you mean by that?” On inquiry, I discovered that the *price* of the book was a shilling, but that she would *lend* it to me to go over the castle with for half price. Thinks I to myself, you might travel the length and breadth of the Atlantic States, and not hear such an uncouth English sentence as that.

Coventry is on the railroad that connects Liverpool and London. It has a quaint old church, and a quaint look about it altogether. As I strolled through the grave-yard, I seemed to be among the fragments of a past world—the very tombstones looked as if they had withstood the deluge. As I wandered about, dreaming rather than thinking, strains of music stole out from the antiquated structure, soothing my feelings, and filling my heart with a pleasure composed half of sadness.

One of the greatest curiosities of this place, it is well known, is “Peeping Tom.” The story of Lady Godiva has been woven into poetry as well as prose, and is known the world over. Her husband, Earl Leofric, was captain-general of all the forces under King Canute, and exercised his power in laying heavy taxes on his subjects. Those of Coventry were ground to the earth by his oppression, and though their sufferings could not move his iron heart, they filled the soul of the gentle Godiva with the deepest sorrow. Impelled by her sympathies, she constantly, but in vain, besought her lord to lessen the burdens of the people. But once, being received after a long absence with enthusiastic affection, he in his sudden joy asked her to make any request, and he would grant it. Taking advantage of his kindness, she petitioned for his subjects. The stern old earl was fairly caught, but hoped to extricate himself by imposing a condition as brutal as it was cruel. Knowing the modesty of his lovely wife, he promised to grant her request, provided she would ride naked through the streets of Coventry. “Any thing,” she replied, “for my suffering people.” He was

astonished, but thinking she would fail in the hour of trial, promised to fulfill his part of the contract. Godiva appointed a day, and Leofric, finding she was determined, ordered the people to darken the fronts of their houses and shut themselves up, while the Lady Godiva was passing. They joyfully obeyed, and the blushing, frightened benefactress, with her long tresses streaming over her form, rode unclad through the streets. All was silent and deserted; but one man, a tailor, could not restrain his curiosity, and peeped forth from an upper window to get sight of her. In a moment, Godiva's charger stopped and neighed. The fair rider, being startled, turned her face and saw the unfortunate tailor. Instantly the poor fellow's eyes dropped out of his head, in punishment of his meanness.

So runs the tradition, and so it has run from time immemorial. In the time of Richard II., a painting was placed in Trinity Church, representing the earl and his wife—the former holding in his hand a charter, on which was inscribed,

“I, Leofric, for the love of thee,
Doe make Coventrie tol-free.”

I had heard of “Peeping Tom,” and went in search of him. I had forgotten, however, that he occupied the upper story of a house, and went the whole length of the street in which I was informed he was placed, without finding him. I expected to see a statue standing in some corner upon the ground, and hence was compelled to inquire more particularly of his whereabouts. When at length I caught a glimpse of him, with his cocked hat on, peeping from an aperture in the corner of a house standing at the intersection of two streets, I had a long and hearty laugh. His appearance was comical in the extreme, as it stood looking down on the throng of promenaders. The man who owns the house receives an annual stipend for allowing it to remain there, and every two years it is clad in a new suit, made

after the fashion of the tenth century. On these occasions, the shops are closed as on Sundays, and a procession of the citizens, with the mayor at their head, passes through the principal streets of the place, accompanied by a woman dressed in white or flesh-colored tights, on horseback. When they come opposite “Tom” the procession halts, the high sheriff invests the effigy in its new suit, and the imposing ceremonies are ended. This was the year for the procession, but I arrived too late to witness it. A woman of rather easy virtue, clad in a flesh-colored suit, fitting tight to her skin, was placed on a horse, and, with a quantity of false hair falling around her form, represented the lovely Godiva. I could not but think how such a procession, with such comical ceremonies, would appear in New York, and what the good people of that practical city would do on such an occasion.

As I was strolling about I came upon three or four hardy weather-beaten men, one of whom came up to me and said: “Sir, I am not in the habit of begging, but my master in Stafford has broke, and I am left without work. I came here with my family to find work, but cannot, and have sold my last bed and blanket to buy provisions. If you could give me something, I should be much obliged to you.” This was said in a manly tone—so unlike the whining accents of a continental beggar, that I was struck with it. “Why,” said I, “this is very strange—here you are, a strong man, with two good arms, and a pair of stout hands at the end of them, and yet are starving in the richest kingdom of the world. This is very strange—what is it all coming to?” He turned his eye upon me with the look of a tiger and exclaimed: “What is it all coming to? Why it is coming to this, one of these days;” and he struck his brawny fists together with a report like that of a pistol. I need not say that I gave him money.

A strong man, willing to work for his daily bread, and yet denied the privilege, is the saddest sight under the sun.

THE PAST.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

The past! the past! the aged past!
 What varied forms it takes,
 What light and shade are o'er it cast,
 What myriad thoughts it wakes!
 Who that has buried in its grave
 The corpses of its years,
 Hath not beheld, with heart less brave,
 Its ghost-like hopes and fears?

Oft like some high cathedral's walls
 In solemn gloom it towers,
 While through the stained glass window falls
 The light of chequered hours.
 And through its dim aisles human forms
 Move darkly to and fro,
 Escaped from all the wildering storms
 In outer courts that blow.

Forth from its lofty pulpit come
 The holy sounds of truth,
 With stories of the immortal home,
 Where wells the font of youth;
 Or through its echoing arches roll
 The requiems of the dead,
 Whose organ tones wake in the soul
 Emotions ever dread.

The past, 'tis changed! a sepulchre,
 A charnel-house it is,
 Where lie the bones of those that were
 Like us the heirs of bliss;
 Alas! what heaps of fleshless forms
 Are piled up on its shelves,
 And on them feed what reptile worms,
 Where death, the miser, delves.

How fast its silent walls are filled
 With all the heart's dear hopes;
 How by its damps the soul is chilled
 When mid its gloom she gropes;
 And ah! what noxious vapors crowd
 Within its poisoned air;
 What rotten shapes beneath each shroud
 Its cheerless mansions share.

The past! the past! the changeful past,
 How like a form of love!
 It seemeth now mid skies o'ercast,
 In flight a heaven-born dove;
 How oft from Life's lone ark it flees,
 And to us comes again,
 To bring the olive-leaf of peace
 That notes the end of rain.

The past! it blooms with many a flower
 Of joyous life once found;
 It stands in gardens bright a bower,
 With roses all around.
 Oft in its shade our spirits rest,
 Fanned by the airs of heaven,
 And dreams that seem to us the best,
 Live with us till life's even.

The past! a palace wide 'tis now,
 Where royal thoughts abide,
 Where courtier-words in homage bow,
 And subjects gaze in pride;
 Where princely retinues move round
 In music's robes arrayed,
 While in their midst the mind unbound
 Stands with its shining blade.

Yet oh, the past! 'tis always sad,
 Whatever forms it takes;
 For ne'er its images, though glad,
 To real being wakes:
 But oft the loving memory keeps
 Lone vigils o'er its dead,
 And seeks amid Time's slaughtered heaps
 The jewelled hearts that bled.

A sea-struck mariner it stands
 Upon life's stormy shore,
 And views, disparted on the sands,
 The fond heart's only store.
 Sadly and solemnly it toils
 To gather up again
 The relics of the wave-cast spoils,
 Strewn o'er the desert-main.

But never may they live to cheer
 Our bosoms with their light ;
 For quenched is every ray that here
 Shone on us in delight.
 We have no god-like power to call
 Their being back to earth ;
 We cannot build their crumbled wall ;
 We cannot give new birth.

Then scorn the past, a changeful thing,
 A trustless guide it is ;
 Pierce not its gloom, 'twill only bring
 The skeletons of bliss ;

Seek not its light, 'twill only lead
 Down to the wards of death,
 Or into fields where beauties bleed
 And wither at a breath.

But grasp the present, wield its axe,
 The future's shapes to hew ;
 Dig in its heart, its full strength tax,
 And form life's hopes anew.
 Oh ! if thy soul shall chain each hour
 A servant to thy will,
 How high towards heaven thy home shall tower,
 And thou be conqueror still !

G O L D T H R E A D S .

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

A GREAT writer benefits us in two ways-- by revealing to us the mysteries of our own souls, and the wonders of the external world.

Taste should be educated, not by contemplation of the tolerable good, but of the truly excellent. When you have thoroughly apprehended the best, you will have a standard, and know how to value inferior performances.

Poetesses.—These beings have been unfortunate in love, and they seek compensation in intellectual pursuits.

Humanity is the sum of all men taken together, and each is only so far worthy of esteem as he knows how to appreciate all.

He from whom we would learn must be congenial with our own nature.

We are not obliged to utter our highest maxims, except when they can benefit the world. Let us keep them within ourselves when they are not likely to do good without, and they will diffuse over our actions the mild radiance of a hidden sun.

The poet deserves not the name when he only speaks out those few feelings that are his as an individual ; only when he can appropriate and tell the story of the world is he a poet.

The poets write as if they were all sick and the world a lazaretto. This is a sad abuse of poetry, which was given us to smooth away the rough places of life, and make man satisfied with the world and his situation.

Passions and emotions may be made popular, but reason remains the property of the elect few.

Man needs sympathy and suggestion to do any thing well.

The picture of Peter sinking is a beautiful history. It expresses the noble doctrine, that through faith and courage man may come off victor in the most dangerous enterprises, while he may be ruined by a momentary paroxysm of doubt.

Hate injures no one ; it is contempt that casts men headlong.

The native land of the poet is the good, the noble, the beautiful ; confined to no province or country.

The Panegyrist of Richter have named him, "I am Paul the only."

Reason has two modes of activity ; one spontaneous, and the other reflective. The spontaneous, universally developed, furnishes the beliefs of all men, and is called common sense. The reflective reason gives philosophy, and is awakened in but a small part of mankind ; hence there are few philosophers.

Fichte says there is a divine idea pervading the universe. The universe is but its symbol, having in itself no meaning, or even existence, independent of it. To the mass of men this divine idea is hidden ; yet to discern it, and to live wholly in it, is the condition of all virtue,

knowledge, and freedom. Literary men are the appointed interpreters of this idea.

Carlyle says of Wilhelm Meister: "The problem stated in Werter with despair of its solution, is here solved. The lofty enthusiasm that wandered wildly over the universe, has here reached its appointed home. This peace has not been attained by any compact with necessity or delusion, not the peace that years and dispiritment will bring, for this is like the Romans, who made a solitude, and called it peace."

Manhood begins when we have surrendered to necessity, but it begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity, and thus in reality triumphed over it, and felt that in necessity we are free.

The great defect in Burns' character was a want of true religious principle—of morals, (in comparison with Milton and others.) They had constantly before them a high, heroic idea of religion, patriotism, and heavenly wisdom. The golden calf of self-love was not their deity, but they worshipped the Invisible Goodness.

There is a condescending patronage, there are oblique hints, nice and fine distinctions, in polished circles, which divide one rank from another, and which allow you to be galled without the pleasure of feeling justified in the offence.

One is never sure of a man's wisdom, until he has been really and vainly in love.

The drops that trickle within the cavern harden, yet brighten with spars as they indurate. Nothing is more cold, nothing more polished, than that wisdom which is the work of former tears and of former passions, and is formed within a musing and solitary mind.

There is in some persons a feeling which teaches them when to forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it.

It is the business of poetry, and indeed of all works of the imagination, to exhibit the species through the individual.

The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion, or they will triumph over those who spare them.

Iago is an amateur of tragedy in real life; and instead of exercising his ingenuity on imaginary characters or long-forgotten incidents, he takes the bolder and more desperate course of getting up his plot at home; casts the principal parts among his nearest friends

and connections, and rehearses in downright earnest with steady nerves and unabated resolution. His moral constitution digests only poisons.

The most wonderful thing in Shakspeare's faculties is their excessive sociability, and how they gossiped and compared notes together.

Vulgarity is not natural but conventional coarseness, learned from others without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition, as fashion is the commonplace affectation of what is elegant and refined, and without any feeling of the essence of it.

The language of poetry is superior to the language of painting, because the strongest of our recollections relate to feelings, not to faces.

Homer appears the most original of all writers, probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther.

Every thing is true by which thou art made better.

Poets are sometimes the echoes of words of which they know not the power—the trumpet that sounds to battle and feels not what it inspires.

Poetry is the apotheosis of sentiment.

Genius has not the privilege of being tried by its peers.

One misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is that their very friends are more apt to admire than to love them.

What is passing in the heart of another rarely escapes the observation of one who is a strict anatomist of his own.

Madame Roland says: "I thought marriage an austere union, in which the woman usually burdens herself with the happiness of two individuals."

Robespierre said: "If God did not exist, it would behoove man to invent him."

To inform people of their rights before instructing them, and making them familiar with their duties, leads naturally to the abuse of liberty and the usurpation of individuals. It is like opening a passage for the torrent before a channel has been prepared to receive it, or banks to direct its course.

An empty human heart! an abyss earth's depths cannot match.

Cultivation of mind is the gift of luxury; strength of mind is the gift of misfortune.

We are contented because we are happy, and not happy because we are contented.

Those who have failed as painters, turn picture-cleaners, and those who have failed as writers turn reviewers.

F A I T H .

IN the blessings of this world God has given man no boon dearer than his confidence in his fellows. That implicit trust in all around him which every man who studies the autobiography written on his own heart, can remember to have once possessed, is ever the surest index of a purity which has known no evil, and a happiness which has felt no chill.

What heart that has groaned under the weight of maturity has not longed for the lightness of youth? And yet it is but in this all-trusting confidence that youth is better than maturity; for the cares of manhood are but food for its strength. And so it is that this trusting is to be desired for its own sake, for the very present joy it gives the heart from which it springs. Confidence asks and receives nothing from the world external. Nay, it teaches rather that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Like love, of which it is so essential a part, "it gives itself, but is not bought." It pours itself out to the world like springing water upon a thirsty desert, which drains the fount that would gladden it, turns the bright gift to nought but pestilential vapor, and leaves but the scorched channel and the exhausted fountain to tell the wasted blessing. It is the plant whose leaves soonest shrink from the eager grasp of selfishness; the flower whose petals first close under the sky of burning ingratitude. It is the first, the purest, and the brightest jewel which the soul parts with to buy a wisdom which causes disquiet, and a knowledge which brings contamination.

This confidence, when elevated from the erring to the perfect, from the finite to the infinite, from man to God, becomes faith; and with the change attributes are added, and qualities are made inherent in it, which become the purity, the perfection, and the power, on which it is placed. It offers its hand for all eternity, and from eternity comes forth an almighty hand whose pressure is that of boundless love, whose grasp there is no fear to relax, no self-interest to slacken. This faith is as essential to our spiritual, as our confidence is to our temporal happiness. Nay more, for its exercise is the increase of that happiness, while

our keenest earthly sorrow is inflicted, by violated confidence. Every act of faith is but a stepping-stone to firmer faithfulness; the more we trust our God, the more we long to trust him; while many a confiding act towards our fellows is but one step towards the depths of uncharitable misanthropy, or the dead level of selfish indifference.

God's goodness then, as well as his omniscience, is shown in leaving much to be to us matter of faith, and not of knowledge. His far-seeing love spreads the dark veil on which his almighty will writes, "Thus far and no farther." Here man's justly-boasted reason stops. Here stands the mighty in intellect with the feeble; the man-Christian with the babe in Christ. And who but he who drew the veil, can say, if it were lifted, and the eyes which seek to pierce its mysterious folds were allowed to rest on what it hides, whether the hidden might not be the incomprehensible; and the incomprehensible is ever a greater stumbling-block than the unrevealed. Then would the mighty be confounded in his strength, and the feeble overwhelmed in his weakness, the old bewildered in his experience, and the babe lost in its ignorance. Then on the sea of their doubts, and in the tempest of their confusion, would all be lost, because not firmly stayed on the anchor which is within the veil—the faith which is the evidence of things not seen.

But real faith forbids its possessor to seek what God has denied. As the confidence which asks proof is no longer confidence, so the faith which seeks knowledge is no longer faith. Faith must, from its nature, ever be perfect, for trust which is not perfect implies suspicion. Like a solitary column unsupported save by its own base, if strong, it may resist the shock of the earthquake; but while erect it points as duly heavenward in feebleness as in strength, and if it fall from the pride of its strength, it will but sink deeper in the dust which the winds of scepticism have gathered at its base.

And if Faith never realize her belief she is yet to be much sought for the happiness she

yields, where else would be dark doubt and troubled suspicion. If she gain us nothing, she loses us nothing; and surely he who enjoys by anticipation is better than he who enjoys not at all. He who gazes on a star and fondly believes it will be the bright home of himself and those he loves, may win laughter at his self-credulity; but is he not happier than the blind, who has no star to look upon?

There are three which are inseparable—Faith, Hope, and Love—but first comes Love, and afterwards Hope, and then Faith is born of these two. And if she have the trust of Love, but be denied his ardor, so she is given the anticipation of Hope without her uncertainty.

SHADOW.

BASELESS vision! well-a-day,
Life's a shadow all the way!
If you doubt me, listen now,
Let me tell you why and how.
Shadow, infant, shadow, man;
Show me substance if you can!
Turn and turn it as you may,
Life's a shadow all the way!
Infancy assumes a smile,
Only shadow all the while;
While we ask if it be truth,
Childhood verges into youth!
Youth, the time of books and school,
Dreadful shadow, dreading fool!
Horrid lessons, hard to say,
Horrid shadows in the way.
Swift we come to man's estate;
Would its shadow then be wait!
But it hasteth on to see
Our meridian degree,
O'er the dial of our day
Pass like morning mist away;
All the shadows of life's sun
Gone, before they seemed begun!
Cupid slyly slips a dart,
Shoots us through and through the heart;
Ah, how dismal! ah, how drear!
What emotions lurking here;

Cannot come, nor stay, nor go,
Some sweet shadow haunting so!
Stern as winter, mild as May,
Neither scared nor coaxed away.
Shadow oft the wedded life;
Every boy must have a wife:
Every maiden will be wed,
Hits the nail upon the head,
Sure of happiness complete;
What a shadow! what deceit!
When the nuptial link is tied,
Shadow, husband! shadow, bride!
Folly urges, fashion drives,
Mortals all their mortal lives;
E'er so gay, or e'er so grand,
Shadow, and a rope of sand!
Unsubstantial at the best,
Cannot bear affection's test;
Turn and turn it as we may,
Life's a shadow all the way!
Yet, be happy, Age, or Youth,
We have still the Word of Truth.
No delusive shadow here,
Firm, consoling, and sincere.
If you doubt me, listen now,
Let me tell you why and how.
Comes it glorious from above,
Word of Truth, and Life, and Love.

BENEVOLENCE.

From the German, by Mrs. St. Simon.

On a summer's day Theophron went upon a short journey on foot with his son. Their way led through various avenues planted with fruit-trees, which bore abundantly this year.

But Theophron's son had oftentimes been harsh and unkind towards the poor and needy, and they had to implore him long before he would give them the most trifling alms.

The father had observed this, and he neglected no opportunity to correct this fault.

"If man but resembled one of these fruit-trees!" exclaimed Theophron.

"How do you mean, father?" asked Selmar, for this was the name of the boy.

"Consider over these trees," said Theophron, "how, blessed with ripe fruit, they bend their

branches to the wayfarer; of themselves they pour forth of their abundance, and do not wait for man to implore it from them."

Selmar felt confused, and his father continued: "Behold, Nature teaches us in a thousand ways, if we would but listen to our instructress!"

At the foot of a hill at a short distance from the road, some laborers were busy at work in a mine, removing the golden ore. The two travellers turned their steps thitherward, and the father said to the son: "Behold how this mine puts the hard-hearted man to shame!"

"How so?" asked Selmar.

"It gives its costly treasures more readily than he," replied the father.

Selmar was silent.

But the father spake much on this subject until they reached the end of their journey. They passed the day at a kinsman's, and to-

wards evening returned to their own dwelling.

When they had nearly reached their home, the clouds shed their refreshing rain, and watered the thirsty fields.

"The heavens seem to have purposed to give us a lesson to-day," said Theophron to his son, "to display the virtue of benevolence in the clearest light, for I feel as if these cordial drops called out: '*Imitate us! We descend willingly when the clouds are fraught with the refreshing blessing, and do not wait for the complaints of the parched earth.*' Did I not tell you that we had a wise instructress in Nature?"

And Selmar took his father's words to heart, and henceforth he anticipated the wants of the poor and wretched; and as he grew older, he became like a fruitful tree to the hungry, and to the thirsty a fountain of running water.

THE BLOSSOMING VINE.

From the German of Krummacher, by Mrs. St. Simon.

SAMUEL, the judge and ruler in Israel, one day visited the school of the prophets, which he had himself established, at Naioth, and he rejoiced at the progress of the young men in manifold wisdom, and in the art of playing upon stringed instruments, and in song.

Among them was a youth named Adonija, the son of Milcha. And Samuel found pleasure in the boy. For his face was brown and beautiful, and the sound of his voice was sweet and strong. But his soul was puffed up with pride and vain conceit, because he excelled the others in knowledge and in skill. He esteemed himself wiser than seven wise men, and behaved presumptuously towards his teachers, and his mouth was full of lofty words and idle imaginations.

The judge of Israel grieved over the boy Adonija, for he loved him more than all the others, because he was comely and wise beyond his years. Therefore Samuel said: "The Spirit of the Lord has chosen the boy to be a prophet in Israel, but he strives against it and seeks to set it at nought."

And he led the young man into the mountains to a vineyard, which lieth towards Ramah. And lo, it was the season when the vine was in blossom.

Then Samuel lifted up his voice and said "Adonija, what see'st thou?"

And Adonija answered: "I see a vineyard, and the sweet smell of the vine-blossom fills the air round about me."

Then Samuel said: "Draw nearer, and look at the blossom of the vine."

And the youth drew near, and considered it, and said: "It is a delicate flower, unsightly in colour, and humble in form."

Then Samuel answered, and said: "And still it bringeth forth a divine fruit, to rejoice the heart of man, and to renovate his form that it shine with beauty. Such, Adonija, is the noble growth of the vine at the time of its blossoming, before it brings forth its pleasant fruit. Remember the vine, then, in the days of the blossoming of thy youth!"

And Adonija, the son of Milcha, took all these words of Samuel to heart, and thenceforward grew mild and soft in spirit.

Then all those who knew Adonija loved him, and said: "The Spirit of God has fallen upon the young man!"

But Adonija grew in wisdom and in grace, and became a man like the shepherd of Tekoa, and like Isaiah the son of Amoz, and his name was honored in all Israel.

THE BATTLE OF SALABERTRANN.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

DURING the return of the exiles to their native land, mentioned in our last article, occurred the battle represented in the plate. Like the children of Isreal in their march to Canaan, the Waldenses were compelled to fight their way back to their ancient altars and possessions. Their journey occupied thirty-one days, and was marked by trials, sufferings, heroisms, almost miraculous escapes, such as are seldom found in the history of any people.

Having been compelled to leave Germany, the exiles, after a while, found themselves scattered amid the cantons of Switzerland, close on the confines of their native land. They had made two attempts to return, but had failed in both. Still, however, they boldly resolved on a third. The hostility existing between England and France, and the known sentiments of the Prince of Orange, just ascended the English throne, together with the reports of spies, that the French king had withdrawn his troops from the farther side of the mountains, encouraged them to make one more effort to regain their land. As stated in the preceding article, M. Arnaud, a clergyman, headed the expedition. Having assembled in the forest of Nyon, they waited for the arrival of their brethren from the Grisons and Wurtemberg. These latter, to the number of a hundred and twenty-two, had agreed to join them; but soon after setting out, they were all taken prisoners, and marched over the Alps to Turin, and thrown into prison. Finding at length that it was growing dangerous to wait longer, Arnaud, at the head of his gallant band, resolved to proceed without delay. It had been whispered about that the exiles were plotting some new expedition, which caused many strangers to seek the forest of Nyon, bordering on Lake Geneva. Of the unexpected supply of boats furnished by

them, Arnaud immediately took advantage, and, pressing them into temporary service, commenced the passage of the lake. When all was ready, Arnaud, who had assumed the name of M. de la Tour, stepped into the midst of his followers, and uncovering his head, knelt on the ground, and offered up a fervent prayer that God would smile on their endeavors. Having thus committed their cause to Heaven, the Waldenses shoved their boats from the shore. It was a warm August night, and a little before midnight, that frail fleet might have been seen gliding over the blue waters of Lake Geneva. No sooner did they step ashore than they formed in order of battle—in one column, composed of nineteen companies in all, they started on their perilous march. Of their difficulties by the way, danger from treachery, deceit, and open hostility, we can mention but a moiety. In a solid phalanx, with their scouts thrown out on every side, and their arms in their hands, and shut out from all reinforcements, they boldly entered the heart of a hostile country, determined to cut their way through it, and driving out the occupants of their homes, take and maintain possession of them. Every village rung its alarm-bells at their approach, and armed bands of peasants prepared to dispute their passage; but the firm order and presence of the Waldenses awed them into respect, and forced them to supply provisions and guides. Now and then a skirmish took place, and a few were killed; but the bold Waldenses' kept on their way for a long time without any serious obstacles, except what the Alps presented. Through gloomy gorges, where twenty brave men could have withstood a hundred, and over snow-covered heights, they passed on until they at length reached the base of the "Haute Luce."



SALABERIRAMM.

Engraved Expressly for this Work by W. Wellstood.



This mountain was covered with snow and enveloped in fog; yet up its steep sides pressed the wanderers. The guides endeavored to lead them astray into the ravines that intersect it, where they might wander around until the Savoyards could arrive, and cut their throats. But Arnaud, detecting the foul play, threatened to hang them if they did not conduct his band safely, and thus frightened them out of their treachery. Up steps cut in the rocks, they mounted in single file, and, at length, reached the summit. Thence, sliding down, one after another, on their backs, guided only by the white snow, they reached, late at night, a few shepherds' huts, at the base, which they unroofed to provide themselves with fuel. A cold and drenching rain, which lasted till morning, chilled their frames, and they arose benumbed, yet still resolute, to commence the fourth day's march. In soft snow, a foot deep, and pelted by an Alpine storm, they began the ascent of the Col de Bonne Homme. Along this pass of 7500 feet high, forts had been erected by the enemy, and the Waldenses expected every moment a sanguinary conflict; but their prayers had been heard, and silence and solitude reigned over the entrenchments. Now hanging above an Alpine cliff, at midnight—now kindling their camp fires in some quiet meadow—now swallowed up in a fearful gorge, and now threading a quiet valley, they slowly but steadily approached their former home. At length they reached the foot of Mount Cenis, where, it was reported, troops were waiting to receive them. Nothing daunted, and, trusting in that God whose protection they had invoked, they began the ascent. No language can describe the horrors of this passage. The exiles lost their way, and stumbled about in frightful gorges. Several men were lost and taken prisoners, and gloom began to gather over the path of the exiles. At the foot of the Touliers they sounded their trumpets a long time to recall the fugitives who had lost their way, and then marched on. Upon the summit they saw, through the thick fog that crowned the height, a band of two hundred armed men, advancing with beating drums to the charge. The latter, however, gave way, and the exiles kept on until they came within three miles of the village of Salabertrann. This was the eighth day of their march, and, weary and hungry, they inquired of a peasant if they could obtain provisions at the village. "Go on," he replied, "and they will give you all that you desire, and are now

preparing a warm supper for you." The Waldenses understood the hint, but kept on until within a mile and a half of a bridge that crossed the Doria, when they descended in the depth of the valley nearly forty camp fires burning. The Christians were in need of rest and food, but before they could obtain either, a fierce and unequal battle must be fought. They kept on, however, until the vanguard fell into an ambuscade, and a sharp firing of musketry awoke the echoes of the Alps. The intrepid Arnaud saw that a crisis had indeed come. Before him was a well-appointed French army, two thousand five hundred strong, and commanding a narrow bridge. Halting his tired column, he ordered them all to kneel, and there, in the still evening, he offered up prayer to the God of battles, that he would save them from the destruction that seemed inevitable. Scarcely had the solemn prayer died away upon the evening air, before the rattling of arms was heard, and, in one dense column, the exiles pressed straight for the bridge.

As they approached, the sentinels on the farther side cried out, "Qui vive!" to which the Waldenses replied, "Friends, if they are suffered to pass on!" Instantly the shout, "Kill them! kill them!" rang through the darkness, and then the order "fire!" was heard along the ranks. In a moment, more than two thousand muskets opened on the bridge, and it rained a leaden storm its whole length and breadth. They expected, and rightly, that under such a well-directed fire, the little band of exiles would be annihilated; and so they would have been but for the prudence and foresight of their pastor and leader, Arnaud. Expecting such a reception, he had given orders that his followers, the moment they heard the word "fire" from the enemy, should fall flat on their faces. They obeyed him, and that fiery sleet went drifting wildly over their heads. For a quarter of an hour did these heavy volleys continue, enveloping that bridge in flame; yet during the whole time but one Waldensian was wounded. At length, however, a firing was heard in the rear: the troops that had let them pass on the mountain in the morning, had followed after, on purpose to prevent their escape from the snare that had been set for them. Crushed between two powerful bodies of soldiers, with two thousand muskets blazing in their faces, and a narrow bridge before them, the case of the wanderers seemed hope-

ness. Seeing that the final hour had come, Arnaud ordered his followers to rise and storm the bridge. Then occurred one of those fearful exhibitions sometimes witnessed on a battlefield. With one wild and thrilling shout, that little band precipitated itself forward. Through the devouring fire, over the rattling, groaning bridge, up to the entrenchments, and up to the points of the bayonets, they went in one resistless wave. Their deafening shouts drowned the roar of musketry, and, borne up by that lofty enthusiasm which has made the hero in every age, they forgot the danger before them. On the solid ranks they fell with such terror and suddenness, that they had not time even to flee. The enraged Waldenses seized them by the hair, and trampled them under foot; and with their heavy sabres cleaved them to the earth. The terrified French undertook to defend themselves with their muskets, and as they interposed them between their bodies and the foe, the Waldensian sabres struck fire on the barrels till the sparks flew in every direction. The Marquis of Larry strove for a while to bear up against this overpowering onset, but finding all was lost, he cried out, "Is it possible I have lost the battle and my honor?" and then exclaiming "*Sauve qui peut!*" turned and fled. That army of two thousand five hundred men then became a herd of fugitives in the darkness, mowed down at every step by the sword of the Waldensian. The slaughter was terrible, and the victory complete; all the baggage and stores were taken; and at length, when the bright moon rose over the Alps, flooding the

strange scene with light, Arnaud called his little band from the pursuit. Having supplied themselves with all the powder they wished, they gathered the rest together, and set fire to it. A sudden blaze revealed every peak and crag, and the entire field of death, with the brightness of noonday—followed by an explosion like the bursting of a hundred cannon, and which was heard nearly thirty miles in the mountains. A deep silence succeeded this strange uproar, and then Arnaud ordered all the trumpets to sound, when every man threw his hat into the air, and shouted, "Thanks to the Eternal of Armies, who hath given us the victory over our enemies!" That glorious shout was taken up and prolonged till the fleeing foemen heard it in the far mountain gorges.

The entire loss of the Waldenses in this bloody engagement did not reach thirty men, while the ground was cumbered with the dead bodies of the French. The latter had refused to destroy the bridge, and thus effectually arrest the progress of the exiles, because they wished to destroy them. But God had given them the victory, and their shout recalled to mind the ancient shout of Judah in battle.

That night the tired Waldenses slept upon their arms on the bloody field they had won; and when the morning sun arose, there lay the wrecks of the fight on every side. In the midst of the trampled plain, they lifted their morning prayer and voice of renewed thanksgiving to Him who carried them in the hollow of his hand; and again took up the line of march.

SONNET TO THE FIRMAMENT.

BY HORACE DRESSER.

VAST Concave! what deep mysteries are thine!—
 Canst tell us wherefore into being came,
 And how upheld in azure depths yon frame,
 All set with beauteous gems, that far outshine
 The costly treasures of Golconda's mine?
 Art thou the seat of gods, as ancient Fame
 Reports—thou course of spheres and comet's flame?
 What beings dwell in those far worlds that beam
 Throughout the wide expanse of endless space?
 Are they Divinities, or, like our race,
 Weak men, whose lives appear but as a dream?
 Blue Canopy! immeasurable seem
 Thy bounds to us who view thy fulgent face—
 Not so to Him who gave each star its place!



Designed by T. H. Matteson

Engraved by T. Doney

THE
LONDON
GALLERY

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

ONE DOCTOR'S PICTURE OF ANOTHER.

My old and time-honored and respected friend and counsellor, Doctor Charles M'G——n, who rarely misses a day, that he does not sit an hour or two in my office, whether I am there or not; having long since retired from the cares of his professional career, and who has read my reminiscences as they have appeared monthly, in this Magazine; albeit, he was not in my confidence as to the authorship, took occasion on the appearance of the Number for July, to turn critic. He has been, and is still, an enthusiast in his art, not only in the detail and drudgery of its practice, but also in the observation of character and endurance, as developed under suffering, and as a matter of course, has always a warm and active sympathy with all the feelings of the patient. He is sixty years old, and unmarried.

When he had finished reading the history of the last hours of the Usurer, as detailed in No. 3, of this series, he laid down the paper, and said very deliberately:

"It is all very well. They are capital incidents, and such as do not occur in every man's practice. And they are very well told. He is a capital fellow, I know, that writes them, and I should like to know him. He sinks the trade, and leaves out all the treatment and symptoms, and all that, and brings out the incidents very well. He's no egotist—I like that. And this piece is well carried out—interest all the way through to the end. Bad fellow that usurer. I would like to know the writer; I know we should like each other. But there is one thing I think he is making too much of. He makes a vein of love run through all his pieces. A little too much of it in my opinion."

"You must consider, my dear sir," said I, willing to defend the author, and at the same time desirous of hearing his strictures, "you must consider that he is writing for the popular eye, and a certain portion of this passion seems necessary—"

"Pshaw!" said he, interrupting me; "its all twattle—trash—too much of it, Dr. P——, too

much of it. Now, if you or I had written them, we should have made them a different thing."

"I don't know that exactly, sir," I replied. "You might perhaps, but I think I should be satisfied to have written them just as they are. Besides, you have seen too much of human nature, not to have perceived the control this same passion has over the hearts of all classes and conditions of our race. From our boyhood up we all feel it, and, as the writer of those sketches says, woman winds her toils round and round our better feelings. It may be a subtle Delilah or a gentle, and fond, and loving Ruth—some one of them finds a chain to weave about us, and then subdues us. You will pardon me, my dear friend, if our long and close intimacy gives me the boldness to say, that I have found no other way to account for your celibacy but by supposing that your heart was once filled with one of these idols, and your devotion has been more lasting than that of many others."

"While I spoke thus, the face of my friend became deeply solemn and thoughtful, and finally expressive of great emotion. I saw at once that I had touched upon even more tender ground than I had supposed, but he inquired:

"What has led you to form such an opinion?"

"The general fact," I replied, "that we have often met at the bedside of sick females, and whether high or low, your kindness, and attention, and sympathy, has uniformly been of the warmest kind."

"We owe it to them as the weaker sex," said he. "But no more of this. I think I could help the author of these sketches to many facts which he could weave in, in his way, with great effect."

"Indeed," said I, "I am greatly obliged to you."

"You!"

"Yes, I."

"For what?"

"Why, my dear friend, I must admit you into my confidence in this matter. I am the author of them, and they are all veritable characters."

"Then I must beg pardon for my strictures."

"Not at all. The same thing I had been conscious of, and have filled out from my notes, a sketch for the September Number, which is entirely free from the faults you condemn."

He sat some time in silence, and his brow was clouded. At length he said :

"I was too severe, and I will offer you some atonement. I have the notes of a case, which you shall have. I will possess you of all the incidents, and you shall fill them out yourself, and then, if they suit you, give them a place in your series. I laughed at the *love* of your characters ; I will do so no more. I am sixty years old, and a lover yet. But more of that hereafter. The notes which I shall give you, are of my own case and another individual."

The following day he fulfilled his promise. From his notes I have written out the first part of the narrative as if his own. Part second, is in his own words. I thought it necessary to develop as much at large as proper the history of his feelings. I give them in the first part, in order that the reader may be fully prepared for the deeply interesting events of the second. If I have been tedious in my writing, the Doctor's own history and diary will fully compensate the reader.

THE DOCTOR'S LOVE.—PART I.

I am sixty years old, and a lover yet. I love a dream—a vision—a phantom. It was once a reality, but for years has ceased to be aught else but one of the ideals which we make to ourselves, and clothe with human forms of beauty and loveliness, and then bow down to and worship, till they fade away—the form, but not the vision. That is here yet, by me in my day-dreams—beside me in the silent night—with me at all times, and in all places—a dream of most surpassing loveliness. For almost forty years, it has lingered about me, and shut out many of the realities of life, to make me sometimes happy and sometimes—wretched.

It was in the early part of my practice, that I was called to visit the daughter of a gentleman in the place where I had settled. Unlike many young men who enter our profession, and toil on for years through discouragement, and heart-breaking penury, before they meet even a comfortable support, I had succeeded at once in business, and that which I did was of the most respectable families in the place. But from Mr. E—I, the father of the young lady I have just mentioned as being called to, I had

received no attentions, and when his daughter was first taken sick, he called in another physician, older to be sure, and of great experience, but a man of intemperate habits and dissolute manners. The patient was neglected, and the disease, which at first was mild, and could have been easily controlled, became alarmingly severe. During a paroxysm of acute pain I was sent for, and attended her through the remainder of her sickness, from which she gradually recovered.

She was a beautiful girl, tall and graceful, with fair hair, and large and laughter-loving blue eyes, and during her convalescence, I spent many happy hours by her side. Then began the dream from which I have not yet waked—from which I shall not wake while I live. Old as I am, I live in it yet, and linger about its visions as I did at that early and passionate period of my life. I then began to love—to love her—and, beautiful as she was, not her person nor her charms, but the bright ideal that my fondness made her, for I clothed her with charms that were not her own, and worshipped her with a bold idolatry. It may be thus with all men—I am inclined to believe, from my observation of human life, that it is; and that when in married life the ideal fades and becomes sober reality, both parties often find themselves mistaken.

I was sitting one day by the side of Ellen, when she had nearly recovered her health, when she asked me, for the first time, if I thought she had been dangerously ill ; and then, without waiting for a reply, she continued :

"I do not like to think of death. I know we must all die, but then I cannot think of it, it is so terrible. Life is so dear—so sweet."

"But what is there," said I, "to make life so sweet?"

"O! much—very much," she replied. "But I do not fear death for itself, but for the associations connected with it—the lonely and earth-cold grave—the vile worm that must feed on us—but more than all, the idea that I may be buried alive terrifies me, and makes me shudder."

"But you have not told me yet, what there is to make life desirable. These causes of your fear may all be avoided by proper precautions, and you may lie embalmed in state, so that your body may never perish. Yet why is it that we all, old and young, in sickness and sorrow, and constant trial, desire life, and cherish it so fondly?"

"O! as I said before, there is very much to live for—friends, and the fond hearts we gather around us in our days of happiness."

"They may change, and become estranged from us, and leave us as lonely as if in the grave. Is that all?"

"Love, then—love—the passion that sways all our hopes, and fears, and desires."

"Yes," said I; "if indeed, we could ever find the ever faithful and fond heart, that would never know change, nor grow cold. How often in my boyhood have I had such dreams? And they do not leave me now that my manhood is growing upon me. It must be happiness to be loved truly and fondly."

"And have you never been?" she asked with a smile.

"Never," I replied, and thus the conversation ended.

I will not describe the dawning and progress of my love. Let it suffice to say, that as she recovered, I found myself drawn to her side irresistibly, and felt more and more every day that she was becoming dearer and dearer to me. She recovered, and then I told her my love, and was happy in the assurance that it was returned.

How vividly present to me at this day, are the hours I spent by her side, happy in her smiles, and sad in her tears! As I became more acquainted with her, I discovered a sort of waywardness in her disposition, a hatred of restraint, but she was an only child, and had long been indulged with the fulfillment of every wish and desire, and I therefore made every allowance for this trait in her character. It was the cause of her ruin and my misery. Yet I loved on, and my fondness for her made me find an easy excuse for every failing.

Let me linger on these memories. Let me recall her as she then seemed to me, the vision of an earthly paradise. But she was not what she seemed—the time was not far distant when all her love and all her professions were to fade away, and leave me a miserable wretch. What plans I laid for the future—what hopes I built, never to be realized! I had not taught myself then the mastery of my own heart, a lesson indeed I have not yet learned.

About two months after Ellen had recovered her health, her father died suddenly, and her mother survived the shock but a few days. It was then that she became, if possible, more dear to me. I was to supply the place of those she had lost, and O! how fondly did I cherish

her, and how ardently did I strive to make her forget in my affection the loved ones who were gone! And I succeeded. She arose from the shock, and with all the trust and confidence of her passionate soul, she seemed gratefully to repose in my sympathy and affection. But why do I dwell upon these recollections? She was alone in the world, and I urged her to appoint an early day on which I could assume a nearer title to protect and love her. The day was fixed upon, and that, as soon as a proper respect for the customs of society in such cases would permit. In the mean time she was to visit some of her friends in Boston, where she would remain till our marriage.

These were my Elysian days—the happiest hours of my life. I lived in a continual blissful dream of the future—of the time when, bound to each other by indissoluble ties, we would make our life one unvarying scene of joy. I saw nothing—I could see nothing to mar it. I would have despised and hated the man who could speak a word to make me doubt or suspect that Ellen could ever change, or that the common crosses of life could ever come between us and our perfect happiness. It was all a wild and distempered vision, and that portion of it has long since gone. I have waked.

It was necessary that I should have passed through all this, and wake as I did, that I might know the insecurity of such air-built structures as I had erected. The mind makes its own ideal—the truth, the living and unchanging real, is around us, not within. We should live in the present alone, if we would be securely happy; I mean of course in things of the present life. Thrice happy he who lives only in the hope of the world beyond.

Ellen had been absent only a few weeks, when I thought her letters grew colder; but I tried to make myself believe that it was only caused by my own imagination, and I replied with all the warmth of my full heart. But at length I received one, the contents of which fell upon my heart like molten lead. A portion of it and the close read thus:—

"——, I have been mistaken—do not call it fickleness—for I feel now that I do not love you. I know not what it was—the feeling that I had—it might have been only respect and a high estimation of your character, that I retain still, and must ever retain. But let the past be forgotten. Do not think me heartless in thus withdrawing the vows I made. It will be for

your happiness and for mine. Yours I cannot be. I should be false to my own heart, and make your life bitter, were I to conceal my real feelings, and marry you, when I feel that I do not love you as you wish to be loved. Forget me then, and seek some more kindred heart to make you happy."

My heart was crushed in an instant. Every thought and hope had for months had but one object to cling around, and for that one object I had been ready to sacrifice every prospect of life. I could have been willing with her to have lived in the desert—alone with her, and left society to linger on in its cold forms and heartless friendships, while we, by ourselves, would make a wilderness a paradise. If ambition with its pride and promises ever presented allurements to my mind, they were only accepted and acted on that I might win laurels for her to wear—that I might be the more worthy of her love. Is there idolatry in this world now equivalent to that in olden times? Oh! deny it not, ye who, like me, have knelt and worshipped at so unworthy an altar! But the idol is broken. Henceforth, what to me was life—the world—the countless objects that men struggle and strive and coin their hearts for? What was ambition?

In our youth we build such palaces, to see them crushed and broken and ploughed down in maturer age. Then we become wiser, and mock at the very passions and feelings that we yielded to and bowed down under before. The causes of one man's sorrow may appear light to another. Such is the constitution of our minds. But none of us suffer alone. All have their own allotment, and bear it; some in silence, smothering and stifling down sorrows under which others quail and cry out in agony, or yield and die—die by their own hand—mean and cowardly in spirit, under the mask and garb of proud manliness. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness;" and that is a silly egotism which thinks its own grief the most severe.

I was a young man yet, scarcely thirty years old; but now I felt that my head had grown gray immeasurably faster than the flight of years, in a single hour. I found that years are not always the measure of a man's life, but experience and suffering and pain. Some are old in their very youth, and lie down, wayworn and weary, and die—die of old age. The lifetime of such is one of epochs, measured by each new access of agony, and the consequent increased grayness of heart. A single hour of heart-

rending disappointment has made me almost one of these. I could not work; I could not study; I felt disposed to fly far and immediately from the sight of man. But Ellen—my loved, but heartless Ellen—when after a short time the thought of her returned, and the hopes and promises I had made to myself of life with her, I partially recovered from my shock. I would see her—I would tell her that she did not know the love she was casting away, and the miserable wreck she was making. Perhaps it was but a momentary thing, and by this time she had repented and would return. I might yet be happy. It did not seem possible that I could have been thus deserted, and by her.

Almost unconsciously, I found myself on the road to Boston. I could not travel fast enough. I saw her—saw her in all her beauty, as she was before she left home—the same in all but her love. Now she did not offer me any hope; nay, when I urged my claim, and talked of the past, with a cold and unfeeling smile she turned away and left me. But I learned all from a faithful and sympathizing friend. She had become gay, and mingled in the circles of the proud and fashionable, and such a life, to her unknown before, had weaned her away from Nature, and the scenes and affections of her former home. She had received attentions from a man of fashion and enormous wealth, and flattery had turned her young brain. O! how my heart told me then that in the coming days she would turn back in the midst of folly and neglect, to the scenes she had banished from her mind, as she thought for ever, and sigh for the true heart she had thrust from her and crushed.

* * * * *

Say that I was an idiot, a fool; tell me that my manhood should have risen against my folly, and borne down the agony of disappointment from a cause that is coupled, on the tongue of the illiterate peasant and the learned sage, with ridicule and contempt; tell me all that the world has ever said with a sneer about love and broken hearts. But I knew it all; and I write this to prove my folly, and that I was a fool with my eyes open. Yet was I broken down with the same burden that has bowed down the spirits of thousands of prouder intellects than mine. I know not why men make this passion the object of their mirth. I know not why I myself have spoken in scorn of being under its influence. It is the passion which subdues and conquers all our grosser propensi-

ties, and ennobles every attribute of the soul. But it should ever be held under the rule of reason, or it becomes the lava in the volcano's bosom, to burst forth in time a torrent of uncontrollable flame, to devastate the whole powers of the man in whose breast it reigns.

I do not claim to be superior to other men in my power of enduring, and I bowed to the very dust under the trial. I renounced my profession. Why should I follow it longer? I had sufficient wealth for my own uses, and henceforth I was to be alone. I had no one to live for but myself—nothing. I am writing now the feelings I had at that time; and although they often cause me no little shame, they are necessary in the narrative, and to prepare the way for coming events. I found afterwards that man is not so weak in such cases as he thinks he is—that the mind has powers by which it can rise above such strokes as that which had fallen on me—that the wounds which love makes in our hearts in our early manhood, are not mortal, and that, if not cherished and kept open by constant thought of the one trouble, as if life consisted all in one event, and that one past, it were necessary to succumb and die, the wound will become callous and enduring, if it do not heal. But this was an experience I was slow in acquiring.

I became a wanderer. Desolate in heart—desiring no communion with man—suspicious alike of love and friendship—tortured with my own thoughts, and yet not desiring to be free from them, I felt as if the world and I were sworn enemies. Yet, doomed to live among men, and unwilling to form new attachments while I felt that I loved not, I sought relief in change of place. I roved for months among the sublime scenes of our own country. I sailed on her majestic rivers and the magnificent lakes of the west. My mind became filled with all that was grand and beautiful in nature—filled to satiety. Yet, mingling with every scene, came the painful memory of the past, and I often found myself thinking upon the enjoyment I should feel if Ellen were by my side to drink in with me the rich and varied scenery through which I passed. Then I woke from my dream, and in the anguish of my soul hurried on—on, in search of relief. At length I began to feel less reluctance to join with my fellow-travellers in their admiration and remarks. I felt the need of some communion with others. I looked into my own heart, and saw that I was fostering the very pain from

which I was seeking to flee, and then I resolved to be a man—to trample down and crush the feelings that gnawed at my heart—to be no longer the fool I had been. Did I succeed?

It needed another lesson to show me how weak I was, and that lesson I was soon to learn. With a large company of fellow-travellers, I was returning, by the way of the lakes, from the distant west. We stopped at Niagara, where I had often been before, and each time had found new matters for admiration and pleasure. I stood again there—alone—for it is no place for the communion of man with man, where the Almighty speaks to the heart as he does in the awful voice of the cataract. My whole soul was filled, as it had often been before, with the immense grandeur of the place. How profane would have sounded to my ear the voice of mirth! Yet such a voice was there; and as I started at the gay laughter of an approaching party, I turned, and saw, leaning on the arm of a proud and noble-looking man, Ellen E—l.

O! how there rushed forth upon my heart all the torturing throng of memories I had just began to teach myself to forget. Was it in vain that I sought to avoid them, and must they cling to me for ever! Again was my foolish heart bowed down in anguish and despair.

PART II.

I spent two years in Europe in the hospitals and schools of medicine, and returned an altered man. The honors of my former profession rose up before my mind, and in the city of New York I resolved to seek the fickle goddess, Fame. My spirit had recovered its tone, and I felt myself a man again. I hired a large house in a fashionable part of the city, and furnished it luxuriantly, for success here depended no little upon external show. Business rapidly accumulated, and my reputation rose rapidly, both among the members of the profession and in society at large. I had made up my mind to live only for ambition—to be eminent as a physician, and I looked forward to the future as a course where I was to find a sort of negative happiness, only in incessant toil. I did not seek wealth, for it was already mine by inheritance. Still, my business now became a lucrative one, and I added largely to my riches. I mingled in society, because it was necessary in order to win the esteem of men, and not because it had any charms for me. In the active duties of my profession and in my leisure hours, in intense

application to study I found forgetfulness. But I was unhappy.

I had been one evening to a brilliant party, given by the fashionable Mrs. R——, who at that time was one of the leaders in the gay world, and returning, was accompanying to her house a lady, Mrs. L——y, who lived a few blocks out of my way, and who had dismissed her carriage that she might walk home. The night was very fine, and the full moon, then nearly overhead, poured down a flood of soft light through the streets, rendering every object distinctly visible. We were talking of the gayety of the evening party as we reached her dwelling, when we discovered upon the steps one of those miserable women who nightly walk the streets—the victim of vice and shame. My companion accosted her sharply, and would have driven her away, but she was evidently unable to move, and groaned as if in pain. I spoke to her kindly, when the lady laughed at my sympathy for the “wretch,” and turning away with a glance of contempt and self-approving pride, she entered the house. O! how I despised her!—how in my deepest soul I loathed the creature who would thus turn away her heart from the wretchedness and suffering and woe of a fellow-mortal, and especially one of her own sex!

But it was fitting I should be left alone in this errand of mercy. It was right that none other should share with me the horrible scene through which I then passed. Yes—it was fortunate that the proud and immaculate woman, who left me at the door, should thus have left me, and not have been an eye-witness of the humiliating event which there occurred. O! God, I thank thee that I alone was there to do the errand of thy compassion—to lift up from the filth and dust of her shame that forsaken and broken-hearted one—that no eye saw me, and no other ear but her's heard those words of kindness that I spoke to her! It was fitting, I say again, that it should be so. And I did it—in the solitude and silence of a midnight city. But I would have done the same to *her*, if the broad and bright glare of the sun had been shining as the pale moon then shone, and the mid-day crowds had stopped to look and laugh and point the finger, and then passion—ay, if the whole living world had stood by to scorn me, I would have carried her in my arms, as I did that night, to my own home, and laid her upon my own bed, that when she awoke from her dream of misery, her eye might rest upon such objects as she

was accustomed to see when a sinless child. It was most strange that all should have occurred thus, and yet it ought not to have been otherwise.

With what inexpressible agony and wretchedness of mind did I bow down that night, and many an after night for years, through all whose tedious and toilsome days and nights the memory of that one hour clung to me like a curse. Tears, bitter and burning tears, did not quench the flame; and now, old as I am, there are times when, alone and apart from all men, I pace the floor of my own room for hours, and my uncontrollable mind gathers to itself the misery and pain of that one bitter hour, and refuses to be comforted.

When the proud woman, whose self-approving virtue made her turn away in contempt from her fallen sister, had entered her house, I turned to the miserable object upon the doorstep. She made no reply when I spoke to her, and I took her hand to try and arouse her. The hand was hot and dry and burning as I held it in mine. She was evidently consuming with fever and in great pain. I should have said that her dress was squalid and filthy in the extreme, and too scanty to protect her against the piercing cold of the night, and a wretched hood covered her head and face, which, as she sat, was buried between her knees. With all the kindness of voice I could use, I tried to arouse her, and at length she raised her head, and looked in my face with a vacant stare. She evidently did not comprehend a word I was saying. The moon shone full upon her face, and with horrible distinctness, that made my brain giddy as I gazed, through all the filth and anguish and “enormous woe” that were traced in deep lines upon every faded and guilt-worn feature, I recognized the countenance of my once beautiful and too fondly loved Ellen E——.

I will not attempt to describe the wretchedness of my heart at the discovery. I raised her from the stone—threw my cloak around her, and with the strength of a giant I bore her through the streets, nor did I stop to breathe till I had reached my own house, and laid her upon my own bed.

Late as it was, I aroused Mrs. A., my house-keeper, and bade her call another servant, and come to my room. They were soon there, and the former, who is a woman of rare qualities and virtues, entered at once into my sympathies with the case, though entirely ignorant of my painful reasons.

I directed her to prepare the warm-bath in the bathing-room, and place the suffering girl in it, and afterwards to furnish her from her own wardrobe such clothing as was necessary for the night, and place her in my bed, while

one was prepared for me in another room. I then retired to my library, while my orders were being carried into effect, to enter in my diary the following thoughts and history of this to me painful case.

PART III.

LIFE! what a mystery and problem is it! What wonderful and unexpected reverses—what strange and deeply mysterious changes happen to us! Why is it that, just at this moment, when I had shaken off the fetters of my misery and despair, which for four years has almost unfitted me to live, and was again becoming assimilated to my fellows, and looking up and forward to the world and the future—why is it now that this strange event has occurred to revive the almost forgotten past, and harrow up my soul with forgotten memories? Why is it? I cannot tell—I cannot foresee. Ellen was mine—mine in her unsullied purity, in her first womanhood—my pride and my hope. She is now mine again—mine in all her guilt and shame, and wretchedness and ruin; my—what? Alas! the impassable bar to hope and love! for Oh! how deeply I love still the Ellen I loved before; and now she is here, in my own house, the poor, forsaken, homeless and friendless thing, where she might have been the loved and cherished mistress. No; not homeless nor friendless; for, fallen as she is, here is her home, and a friend she shall never need while I live.

Yet for what is she here? Why has the lot of her redemption, if she may be saved, fallen upon me? Is it that my soul may again be crushed, and life become the desert it has once been before? Or is it not rather to teach me, what I have been so slow and unwilling to learn, to look higher than earth for happiness, and to feel that there is more—much more to live for, than these selfish considerations, which have thus far ruled my aims? Let me then receive the admonition.

Oh! what memories—what crowding memories! How they form upon my brain! The past—how fearfully distinct are gathering about me, at this moment, the buried joys and hopes and promises of years gone by, with all the vivid realities of their ruin. But they must be banished. I must not suffer myself to be over-

come by them as I was once. I know my strength, and can resist. Back, then, all ye torturing remembrances! The present only shall be mine, and the future as it comes.

3 o'clock.—Mrs. A. came to inform me that she had placed the patient in bed, and that I could now see her. As I approached her door, my heart beat as it did in former years, when in her innocence I visited her at her father's house, to talk of the future—alas! how different from its reality.

The care of Mrs. A. has produced a great change in the personal appearance of Ellen. She looks more like herself, but not the same—oh! no, not the same. She is delirious, and talks incoherently; and her eye, restless and wandering, burns with a wild and dazzling brightness. I was rejoiced that she did not recognise me. And why should she? Changed as she is, she is not changed as I am; and were her senses clear, and her perception unclouded, she could scarcely recognise me as the one she had loved years ago. I knew before that my appearance had altered much; but I feel it more now, as I sit by her bedside, and my too faithful memory paints the living truth as I was—then. I have tried to blot it out heretofore; now I cling to it, and love it as I did of old. What conflicting thoughts trouble me! But if she live, the time will come when she will know me, and what will be its effects upon her! Anxious as I am to know, I must put off the day as far as possible.

Kind Mrs. A. has urged me to retire to rest, while she watches by the bedside of Ellen. But I cannot sleep to night—I cannot leave her. I have administered her medicines with my own hand, as I did the first time I saw her. It is another link to the past, which I cannot forget.

I have communicated to Mrs. A. the circumstances in which I found her, and that I had recognised her as the daughter of an old friend.

I cannot tell her all. That is only for me to know, till Ellen wakes, and knows it too—knows it as I feel she will, with deep remorse and shame. I have also charged Mrs. A. not to mention my name in her presence.

Friday morning.—We have spent the night by Ellen's bedside, listening to her wild ravings, and striving, sometimes even by force, to prevent her doing injury to herself. Several times when she was quiet, and talking, too, as if in sleep, I thought I distinguished my name; and once I thought the house-keeper looked at me with an inquiring eye; but it passed instantly away, and I do not think she noticed anything. I may have been mistaken myself. I have proposed to Mrs. A. this morning, that she should go out after a nurse for the sick girl, but she insists upon doing all herself, in addition to her other duties. I am better satisfied with this arrangement, because I feel that she will give all those sympathies to the sick girl, with which her heart is so full, and which money cannot purchase, and because all curiosity will thus be shut out. How many of these lost children of vice might be saved, to live in honor and usefulness! or, if not saved to live, might at least die with peace in their hearts and heaven in their eye, if there were more such women as Mrs. A. Ye forget, ye indignant fair ones, who pride yourselves in your unspotted virtue, and call yourselves Christians, that Jesus did not turn away her who was more abandoned than the miserable wretch ye spurn from your door-stone, but spoke to her even words of pardon and hope. I thank God that, wronged as I have been, he has left abiding in my heart that feeling for this girl which fills me, lost and humbled as she is, with this earnest desire to see her again restored to life and virtue. Yet it seems like hoping when there is no hope, to look for her recovery under such circumstances. She must have perished in the street last night but for my opportune discovery of her. Her disease is the result of her life of indulgence and dissipation, and is fearfully aggravated by exposure and insufficient clothing. How much she must have suffered of late! And last night, perhaps, she was driven out by human fiends from her last miserable refuge—to die. My mind follows her through all her life of shame, and I shudder. Why do I not loathe and spurn her as others do—I, to whom she has been the cause of so much suffering! But I do not. No mother ever rejoiced over the recovered child she had lost with more in-

tense joy than I now feel, that Ellen is once more found, and that she is here. God only grant, if she die, that her reason may return first, so that she may look up to Him in her last hour.

Evening.—When I had completed my round of morning calls, as hastily as possible, I returned home, and dispatched Mrs. A. to procure such articles as Ellen was in need of. The disorder still reigns in all its intensity, except that the delirium has somewhat abated in violence, and is only manifested by a low muttering which she makes incessantly. I tried to catch the sound of her words, but they were so inarticulate, as to render it for some time impossible. But I did at length catch one distinctly—one that sent a thrill down every nerve, and made every pulse leap tumultuously. It was my own name. I was not mistaken before when I thought I heard her call it. She is living now in the scenes of days gone by, when she was innocent and pure; and it is pleasant to know that even in delirium it is so, and that her visions are unmingled with the sins of later years. Oh! if they might be blotted out from her memory for ever, as they seem to be now!

A singular incident has occurred in my household this afternoon. The chambermaid, who is a pretty young girl, and withal somewhat vain of her personal charms, has given me notice through Mrs. A. that she must leave me. She assigns, as the reason, that "she is a virtuous girl, and has always lived with people who respected themselves; and she always thought Doctor M.G. was a better man than to take such creatures into his house as the one he brought home last night. There are places enough to send them to, without bringing them into the house with decent women; and she can't stay where such things are done."

There are men, and women too, who will smile at the extreme scrupulousness of this girl in humble life, as if such feelings were not just the thing in her that they are in the higher walks. But it is the morality of the world—of all classes—of the proud woman who last night scornfully spurned from her door-step my poor and erring Ellen—the same proud and contemptible morality, aped by this silly girl, whose very pride and vanity may be the cause, before a twelvemonth, of her falling just as low. It is the outside morality that serves to cover many a vice.

— I have just been in to see her again. She still remains comparatively quiet, and takes

her medicines without opposition. When I came out, Mrs. A. followed me to the door, and said, in a whisper:

"I think she must have recognised you, Doctor, for she mentions your name frequently, and often seems to be talking with you, when she calls you by your first name."

"It may be possible" said I; "but yet, we cannot tell. At all events, do not mention it before her; for if her reason should return, and she wake to find herself in the house of an old friend, under such circumstances, the sudden discovery might bring on a fatal relapse. It is more probable, however, that her mind is wandering back to the time when I used to attend her in her sickness at her father's house. Nothing, you know, Mrs. A. would be more likely."

I said this to guard against any suspicions that might arise in her mind as to the true state of the case. It may become necessary for me to tell her all; but not now, nor till it shall be unavoidable. If the world knew the secret of my interest in Ellen, they would say that I was guilty of her ruin, and my kindness was the result of my remorse. From my house-keeper I do not fear such suspicions. Still, I would not have her know it, for I feel a strange gratification in having it all to myself.

* * * * *

I pass over more than a week, in which I find in my diary only a record of my own feelings from day to day. Through all this time my patient continued much the same, exhibiting no change for the better. She was less raging in her delirium, but she did not sleep for a moment, while she seemed to be living over the days of her girlhood again, and often would smile and make some sudden exclamation which brought her to my mind most forcibly, as she was when I first knew her. I tried to recollect how her own chamber was furnished when I saw her in her sickness at home, and I have caused the room she now occupies to be furnished, as near as I can remember, in the same way, even to the most trifling articles; so that when she comes to herself, she may find every thing around her calculated to awaken the associations of the past, and diminish the vividness with which more recent scenes might crowd upon her mind. I became, daily, more anxious to see that crisis in her disease take place, when, if only for a moment before she sank in death, her dethroned reason would be restored, and she would perhaps recognise the tokens of her early life—perhaps, remember me.

Sunday evening.—This morning, seeing no indications of improvement in my patient, I called upon Drs. M—— and S——, men of high standing in the profession, and who have shown me many acts of regard since I have been in the city, both of whom I have frequently met at the bed of the sick, and requested them to call at my residence, and give me the aid of their skill in the treatment of a sick girl. They were at the house precisely at ten o'clock. I gave them a full history of the case, from the hour in which she was brought home, and then introduced them to the sick room. I felt a momentary relief—an increased hope, as I closed the door upon them, and retired to the parlor to wait for the result of their deliberations. This was soon known, and they pronounced the case almost hopeless—coincided with me entirely in my treatment, and advised a perseverance in it. Dr. M—— left immediately. S—— remained a few moments, and when he heard the sound of M——'s carriage departing, he seated himself in front of me, and said:

"M'G——, you are more interested in the event of this girl's sickness than you wish to have us know."

I knew that he was not the man to pry into another's secret thoughts merely from curiosity, and I answered him candidly, that I felt a very deep interest in it.

"And who is she?" he inquired.

"The daughter of an old acquaintance," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume.

"But the name, my dear sir; will you not tell me the name?"

"His name was E——l, a resident of the place where I first commenced practice."

"My suspicions told me as much," he replied, as he rose, and with a face indicative of deep feeling, walked across the room.

I was surprised, less at his manner than at his words. But he did not give me time to ask him if he knew him, before he continued:

"You must suffer me henceforth to share with you in the anxiety and care of your patient. I feel a strong interest in her. Her mother was my sister, separated from her family by circumstances which I cannot now relate; and for her child I should, at least, feel some of the affection which was unfortunately estranged from the mother. I know the whole history of your connection with her, and I rejoice to find her here."

While we were discussing her condition, and devising the best course to be followed in the treatment of her disease, Mrs. A. came in to announce that a change had taken place in the appearance of her charge. We hastened to her bedside, and were surprised to find her sunk into a quiet sleep, while a gentle moisture was perceptible on her forehead. I felt of her pulse, and found that the fever had left her: her hand was soft and moist. We looked at one another with mutual congratulation, and, with silent footsteps, left the apartment. My heart was full, and S——s saw it, and said, as he pressed my hand at parting:

“You know she must be kept perfectly quiet now—no emotion—let the nurse attend her till I come again. I will be here at three o’clock.”

The hour came, and with it my friend and counsellor. In the mean time no change had taken place. She still slept as peacefully as an infant, only now and then a shade, as if the token of some painful dream, would cross her face. We sat by her bedside more than two hours, watching anxiously and somewhat fearfully for her to awake. The last rays of the sun lingered in the room as she opened her eyes, and looked around on those who stood by her. They were all strangers—even me she did not recognise, though her eye often turned to my face with an appearance as if endeavoring to recall something to her memory. She opened her lips, as if to speak; but my friend enjoined silence upon her.

“You are among your friends,” said he, “and you will be well and anxiously cared for; but you must not speak till you are stronger. Be satisfied that everything will be done for you, and trust us.”

What was left undone by her former life has been effectually done by her sickness; and she is now not even a shadow of her former self. I could not have known her, if I had not seen her till this time; she is so faded and wasted away by fever. Oh! that the guilt and shame of past years could be lost for ever, and its consequences to her and to me!

Monday morning.—Ellen is considerably revived this morning. I did not dare to see her before the arrival of Doctor S——s. We entered the room together. Mrs. A. had spent the night with her, and had strictly enforced the silence imposed, so that she was yet ignorant as to the friends she was with. As S——s approached her, and tenderly inquired how she was, she inquired, in a feeble voice:

“Where am I, Doctor? What new friends have taken up such a wretch as I? This is too much.”

S——s again assured her she was among those who would take good care of her, but she must be content to wait till she had recovered more strength before she learned more. Mrs. A. is worn out with watching and anxiety, and a new nurse has been obtained to assist her. God grant that our hopes may not be crushed again!

Evening.—A new incident has occurred to-day, in connection with this case. I was called in great haste, about noon, to see Mrs. L——y, the lady at whose door I had found Ellen on that memorable night. When I reached the house, her husband was walking in the parlor, apparently in great agitation, and could not, or would not, answer my questions as to the illness of his wife. On being shown to her room, I found her laboring under a violent hysterical convulsion, through a constant succession of which, the nurse informed me, she had been passing all the morning; but her husband would not suffer them to summon any aid till then. There was an air of mystery in all I saw; but, without waiting to satisfy my curiosity, I attended to my patient, and left the house.

I had hardly done so before the mystery was solved. It was in the mouth of every acquaintance I met. The lady had been detected, this morning, in a long course of intrigue, in which her name was coupled with some of the most respectable men in the city. This afternoon it is in the papers—without her name, of course; but the thing is so well known, that any one can supply the omission. How irresistibly my mind is carried back to the night on which she spurned from her door an object more to be pitied than herself! How is her pride humbled now! how deeper her degradation, falling, as she does, from the height on which she has stood, with the world looking on to jeer at her shame, and to be scorned and despised as she scorned and despised Ellen! And is such, indeed, the world’s morality? Is virtue covered under a veil so thin and so easily blown aside? God forbid that I should believe it! I know there is true virtue and truth in woman—that the hearts that loved us and tended us through all the helpless years of childhood, and bore with us in all our waywardness—that the gentle and kind sisters who grew up by our side, and made us, by their holier impulses, the better men that we became in after years—I

know that they are true and good, and the memory of their early love and their later truth clings to us in our maturer years; and, abiding ever in our hearts, blots out the unholy suspicions that would creep into our minds, and poison our thoughts, when the proud and unrestrained passions of others give them over to guilt and shame. We are all bad enough to feel some pity, at least, for the errors of others.

When I returned from my visit to Mrs. L——y, I found Doctor S——s waiting for me. He smiled as I entered, and his words startled me at first. By a singular oversight, I had neglected to tell the new nurse that Ellen must be kept ignorant as to whose house she was in; and she had discovered the truth, and now was in extreme agitation, insisting upon seeing me immediately. S——s had informed her that I was absent, but that I would see her as soon as I returned. I dreaded the interview; for, with all my anxiety for her recovery, I had formed no definite views as to the future, nor what my feelings would be when she should see me and know me again. But, convinced that now the discovery had been made, her agitation, in anticipation of a meeting, would do her more injury than the feelings produced by the meeting itself, I did not hesitate.

The nurse left the room as I entered it. We were alone together again; but, Oh! how different our meeting now from what it had been years before! I stood by her bedside, and looked at her pale and sunken face, while, with hands clasped and extended, she gazed at me with tearful eyes, as if to find, in the altered man who stood by her, something to remind her of what I had once been. For a little while, neither uttered a word. At length, with all the calmness I could assume, I pronounced her name:

"Ellen, I am here."

"Oh, Charles!" she exclaimed, with a voice of indescribable anguish; "Charles, this is you then?" and she covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, Ellen, it is I. But you must be calm. Compose yourself, and——"

"No, no; I must speak now, if it causes my death. I am in your house, and you do not curse me."

"Curse you? Oh, no, no; never could I curse her who has been for years in my memory—the vision of a day of happiness, though long since wrecked and gone."

"Yes, wrecked by me, who deserve all your

hate and contempt, instead of this kindness. I cannot bear this. This is no place for me. I pollute your house while I stay. You do not know the wretch you have saved from death. Better had you left me to die in my misery and shame, ignorant of each other, than to bring me back to life, to feel how lost I am, and how very wretched I have made you. But I must tell you all while I have strength——"

"No, Ellen," I interrupted her, "you need tell me nothing. I have guessed all, since you have been here; and all I ask now is, that you will be calm till you are better, and then we can talk of it."

"I cannot be calm while I feel how I have wronged you, and your undeserved return. And can it be that, after all I did, you have not forgotten me, and do not hate me?"

It was only by the utmost self-control, that I could subdue my feelings, and, for a moment, I could not reply.

"Oh! it is so," she continued. "It could not be otherwise. You do despise and hate me."

I could restrain myself no longer. That look and tone of utter heart-abandonment and despair went to my soul. I told her the whole history of my life since she deserted me—how, for years, I had been a homeless wanderer, without object or aim in life; and yet, how, through all the darkness and despair of those years, our love had been the only dream of my memory, and formed the one bright spot in the past, to which I could turn and be refreshed—how it was my dream yet, that would not depart. I told her how I had first found her, an outcast and downtrodden one, and how I knew her and rescued her; but I did not tell her how that same love of former times burned in my heart yet, though hopeless, as if buried in the deep grave. *That* she saw and knew, and felt it in her heart of hearts; for now was come to her the hour of penitence and remorse and deep humiliation, and she loathed herself.

The scene was too much for her, and she fainted. I rang the bell, and was answered by Doctor S——s, who, apprehensive of the result of our interview, had not left the house. By the aid of powerful restoratives, she was revived, and left in the care of the nurse, with directions not to suffer any conversation, nor any thing to agitate the patient. An hour afterward, I called at the door, and she had just sunk into a quiet sleep.

* * * * *

Let me relate the sequel, as I remember it now, after many years of my solitary life. On the day following my last date, I had another interview with Ellen, in the presence of my friend S——s, whom I had made known to her as her relation. Filled with deep humiliation and shame for the past, and hearty gratitude for our care, she told us the history of her life, since she became lost to me. It was one of foul treachery and desertion, on the part of the man whose wiles had deceived her young and inexperienced heart, till she woke to find herself forsaken and cast off by him. She then learned, from her own bitter experience, how she had forfeited a love that would have gloried in her, for the shame she now felt. She turned again to the memory of her first love, and then found how she had deceived herself, when she told me that she had never loved me. She did; but she felt now that there was no hope; that I would despise and spurn her, if she came to me; yet she did write to me, and confessed all she suffered and deserved to suffer. That letter I never received. Hopeless and in despair, she had then plunged deeper in shame and sin, till she became what I found her. With what tears of penitence did she tell her story, and mingle her self-contempt with her gratitude to us!

She continued slowly to recover, after this; and, as she was able, Mrs. A. directed her mind to the hopes of religion, and pointed her to those holy and pure principles of life, which are found only in the Bible, and which, faithfully received, cheer and elevate and purify the soul. Under this influence, the darkness of despair was removed from her mind, and,

though she still felt herself to be an outcast on earth, yet she learned to hope for the world beyond. As soon as she was able, she was removed to the house of her uncle, Decior S——s, where she was received with the greatest kindness by his family. Here, too, I often saw her—often talked with her, for hours, of the past, which we learned to look upon with a calm regret. Yet how often did I return to my solitary chamber, to pass sleepless nights in tears and agony on my desolation! Was I weak and foolish? Be it so. Yet such I was; clinging, with all my heart, to the one affection, blighted and ruined as it was.

Spring opened; and, when the green leaves first began to burst out from their young buds, and Nature to put on her smiles, Ellen wished to go into the country. It was another indication of a return of her heart to its former purity. A pleasant spot on the bank of the Hudson was chosen, and there she went. It became her home, and in that peaceful retreat she lived for years, making an occasional visit to her friends in the city. But, once in every month, I went to see her, and continued to do so till last year. With the fall of the leaves she died—died peacefully. I was with her through the short illness which terminated her life, and I closed her eyes for her last long sleep, and saw her laid in the village church-yard.

My story is done. Through all these years have I walked in this lonely dream. Bound to a dear ideal, from which it has been impossible to separate myself, yet happy in this, that, lost as Ellen was, and miserable as my life has been, it was my lot to restore her to virtue, and to see her die in peace.

THE POET'S HEART.

Ask never for the poet's lot,
Ask never for his heart,
Unless, bereft of sympathy,
Thou'dst walk the earth apart.

Among the woods, beside the streams,
In bliss he thinks aloud;
But wearily, oh wearily
He sits among the crowd.

The look of scorn, the look of pride,
That other men heed not,

Falls on the poet's heart a blow
For ever unforgot.

Alone among the loving birds,
Beneath the ancient tree,
Among the dumb, delicious flowers,
A blessed man is he.

But in the jostle of the crowd,
In pain he stands apart;
If thou must live on sympathy,
Ask not the poet's heart.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

THE evening twilight was fast melting into darkness. "Pharpar, the golden stream," the river of Damascus, which had glowed as it reflected the crimson sky from which the sun had lately disappeared, now presented to the eye only the cold leaden hue which night gives to its clear blue waters. Even the rich foliage of the beautiful forest trees, which bordered the long wide street, called Straight, seemed to have lost its freshness; and the low moaning caused by the wind as it swept through their boughs, had nothing of hope in its sad voice. The streets of Damascus were by no means deserted. Men were hurrying to and fro; women, whose faces were carefully shaded by the long veils which they wore, swept the ground with their garments; and youth of various sizes passed gayly along, talking, as they walked, of the exciting news which they had lately learned. Yet it was evident, even to a stranger, that *all* were not elated by the communication which had excited such general interest. Bold men appeared very sad; and one covered his face with the corner of his robe. Women wept, as they passed silently along; and young children cried aloud from sympathy, though they knew not the cause of their distress.

A stranger, who had entered Damascus at midday, had brought the intelligence that three horsemen were approaching the city, of one of whom fame had spoken loudly. Learned in all the wisdom of the Jewish doctors, full of courage and zeal, he stood forth to the whole nation as the defender of the religion of his fathers, the avenger of the ancient faith, and the cruel persecutor of all who had forsaken it. There could be no doubt as to his object in visiting Damascus; for the stranger had said that he was armed with authority, from the priests, to seize both men and women, and commit them to prison. Nor was it certain that he would stop at this; for it was well known that he had lately assisted in stoning to death a youth who had boldly declared to his

fellow-countrymen that Jesus was their Messiah.

Morning came; the sun had not yet risen; and the mists of night still lay heavily on hill and river. All was silent in Damascus, as if life had become extinct; not a footstep was heard treading that deserted street, which had only a few hours before been so thronged. The reveller in his brother's misery, the thoughtless youth, who, without malice, was yet willing to see others suffer, because he loved excitement, and the cruel bigot still slumbered.

The Christian wept before his God in his secluded chamber, and strove to pray, though prayer rose from a heart bowed in hopeless agony. So certain seemed his fate that faith could find nothing to lay hold upon, and the most trusting prayed only for strength to die—for grace to leave his fatherless children to God.

But who are these, walking so slowly and carefully, in the cool of the morning, along the still deserted street? Their garments are soiled with dust, and they have the seeming of wearied travellers: one is evidently blind, for his companions are leading him. Can this be the bold man, whose coming has been regarded with so much dread? What power hath transformed this man of blood into a little child; for his mien no longer expresses pride, and his eagle eye is dimmed? What hath so changed him? It is the touch of the Almighty, that hath transformed the lion into a lamb. As the sun burst in splendor on the gladdened earth, the Christians of Damascus had gazed on him as upon a friend whom they might see no more. But when that familiar friend had, like a giant, run his race, and sunk again beneath the waters, their remorseless enemy had not yet appeared.

Strange rumors were afloat: some said that he had come within the city gates; others that he had fallen sick upon the road, and others still declared that he had only lingered to make his

cruel work more sure, while others averred that the axe was held suspended only that the blow might prove more fatal. Thus passed three days, and yet the truth could not be fully learned. Christians felt that God had protected them, but yet they had not gained the power to pray with faith. Hope glimmered in the breasts of some, fear preponderated in the hearts of others, and all still dreaded their terrible enemy. They had not many days before received letters from the brethren in Jerusalem, giving them an account of the awful, yet glorious death of the martyr Stephen, while it painted in glowing colors the malice of their cruel persecutor Saul.

Damascus, though regarded at this time with little favor by the emperors of Rome, still retained its ancient beauty. Its golden river Pharpar, watered the great plain, known for many centuries as the "orchard of Damascus," and rolled as proudly towards the sea, as when a Syrian monarch swayed his sceptre over the greatest kingdom of the world. The haughty Assyrian, and the no less haughty Jew, lived in peace together, held in subjection by a mightier power, for they were now the meek vassals of Rome. The fires of jealousy which had so long burned in the heart of each, had been quenched in a sea of blood. The lofty fane of Diana* stood with its ever-open door, to invite the passing stranger to step aside and worship, while by its side rose the modest house of prayer, sacred to Jehovah. All were tolerated by the liberal indifference of their masters.

But what hath drawn these crowds to the synagogue? Strange tidings have reached the ears of those who frequent that holy place. Saul the persecutor entered the house of prayer before the day had dawned, and in tones of eloquence, such as hath seldom sounded in mortal ear, is proving that Jesus is their long-expected king.

O, how these tidings have melted the hearts of those faithless Christians, those who had not

* Heathen temples were usually left open during the whole day, that strangers might enter, or bow to the god as they passed.

strength enough to pray for deliverance, and whose tongues faltered at the thought of asking for the conversion of their dreaded persecutor! God, who hath ever granted larger favors to his fainting Church than she hath dared to ask, has turned their pitiless enemy into an apostle of truth. He who had come to Damascus with authority to apprehend all who were called by this name, has listened meekly to him who was sent to tell how great things he must suffer for the sake of Christ. The Christians who have entered that house of prayer, while they drink in the glorious truths which are falling from his lips, almost fear to raise their eyes, and look upon the murderer of Stephen. While the Jews, who had ran thither to behold the man of blood, were confounded when they listened to his words, and heard him proving that this is the very Christ. So appalled were the Jews to hear, from the lips of him who destroyed those which called on this name in Jerusalem, the wonderful narration of what had befallen him, that many have been persuaded that Jesus is the Christ, and of the others for many days not a dog durst lift his tongue.

At length their minds became familiarized to the strange history; they had heard how Jesus had appeared to him in the way, and put to him the thrilling question: "Why persecutest thou me?" They had seen that he who persecuted in times past, now preached the faith which he once destroyed; but they were no longer affected by it, for the most awful manifestations of grace or terror, are soon effaced from the unregenerate heart. Paul had proved that Jesus was the very Christ, and those who could not reply to his arguments, were wearied with listening to his appeals. The Jews took counsel to kill him. They watched day and night at those gates, which had opened so readily to admit the persecutor, that they might cut short the course of this bold defender of the faith, even as he had that of the martyr Stephen. But those who had once feared to look upon him, now strove to protect him.

ENGLISH CITIES.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

It is only eighteen miles from Coventry to Birmingham, and by the great London and Liverpool railway the distance is made in forty minutes. So, just at evening, myself and friend jumped in the cars, and soon found ourselves amid the tall chimnies of this great manufacturing city of England. It is useless to repeat the story of factory life, or describe over again for the fortieth time, the sickly children and girls who spend their days (few enough) at the looms and in the unhealthy apartments of those immense cotton-mills. Money is coined out of human life; and degradation, and want, and misery are the price this great kingdom pays for its huge manufacturing cities.

But one thing in my hotel struck me especially. It is well known, notwithstanding the complaints of English travellers of our love of money, that next to Italy, England is the most dishonest country in the world to travel in. The hackman cheats you,—the landlord cheats you, and the servants cheat you. You are fleeced the length and breadth of the kingdom. Such outrages as you are compelled to submit to would not be tolerated for a moment in the United States. You are not only charged enormously for your board, but are compelled to make up the servants' wages—each man paying such a sum that servants give the landlord a large price for their places, demanding nothing for their labor. In travelling, you not only pay your fare, but every time the horses are changed, or once in fifteen or twenty miles, are expected to give the driver an English shilling, or about twenty-five cents our money. But this landlord of Birmingham was none of your swindlers—he scorned to fleece travellers—and would have no one in his house who practised it. So he had regulations printed and neatly framed hung up in the apartments, on purpose, it was stated, to prevent those who stopped at his house from being imposed upon. Servants were not allowed to demand any thing, and it was contrary to the rules of the house to charge more than

four shillings (a dollar) for a bed, the same for dinner and breakfast; or, in other words, it was not permitted to ask more than about *four dollars* a day from any person, unless he had extras. I could not but exclaim, as I turned towards my bed—"Honest man! how grateful travellers must feel for the interest you take in their welfare! No cheating here; and one can lay his head on his pillow in peace, knowing that in the morning there will be no trickery in the account—a dollar for his sleep, a dollar for his breakfast, and he can depart in peace!

The approach to Liverpool through the tunnel is any thing but pleasant—this subterranean travelling is unnatural—it seems a great deal worse to be killed under ground than in the clear air of heaven, and beneath the calm quiet sky. Liverpool is an unpleasant city to stop in; yet, before I embarked, I was compelled to spend a month there. I will not describe it; I do not like to describe cities—they are simply a confused heap of *houses*, an endless web of streets. One day as I was sauntering along, I saw in a stairway leading to the second floor, a man two-thirds drunk—dressed like a clown, with a single feather in his cap, and a monkey hopping to and from his shoulder. Holding on to a rope, and swinging backwards and forwards on the steps in his drunkenness, he kept bawling out to the passers by, "Walk up, gentlemen—only a penny a piece—the tallest woman in the world, besides Oliver Cromwell, Queen Elizabeth, Henry the VIII., and other great men, large as life—only one penny a sight—well worth the money. Walk up, gentlemen!" It was such an out-of-the-way-looking hole, and withal such a comical advertisement, that I presented my penny, and "*walked up*," and sure enough there was a woman seven feet high, towering head and shoulders above me. She was slender, which, with her female apparel, that always exaggerates the height, made her appear a greater giantess even than she was. I could not believe my eyes, and suspected there was some trickery

practiced, and told the exhibitor so. He immediately requested her to sit down, and take off her shoes and stockings, and then asked me to feel of her feet and ankles. I did so, and found that they were actually bone and muscle. But, to use a western phrase, she was "a tall specimen," and I came to the conclusion I had seen three of the most remarkable women in the world. First, a French woman who weighed *six hundred and twenty-four* pounds—a mountain of flesh; second, an Italian without arms, who could write, thread a needle, embroider, sketch, load and fire a pistol with her toes, and last of all, this English girl, seven feet high, or thereabouts.

Another day, as I was passing along a bye street, I heard some one singing, and soon after a man in his shirt sleeves emerged into view, leading four children—two on each side—and singing as he approached. He took the middle of the street—the children carrying empty baskets—and thus traversed the city. I soon discovered that he was a beggar, and this was his mode of asking alms. With his head up, and a smile on his countenance, he was singing at the top of his voice, something about a happy family. At all events, the burden of his strain was the happiness he enjoyed with his children: how pleasant their home was for the love that dwelt in it, &c. He did not speak of his poverty and sufferings, or describe the starvation in his hovel, but taking a different tack, solicited charity on the ground that people ought to keep such a happy family in the continued possession of their happiness. Where begging is so common, imposture so frequent, and men's hearts have become so steeled against the pitiful tale and the haggard face, the appearance of suffering accomplishes but little; and I could not but admire the man's ingenuity in thus striking out a new path for himself. Still, it was pitiful to watch him—it seemed such an effort to appear happy, and the hungry-looking children at his side, though trained to their task, and wearing bright faces, seemed so way-worn and weary. I followed their footsteps with my eyes till they turned an angle of the street, and as their voices died away in the distance, I fell into one of my fits of musing on life, its strange destinies, and the unfathomable mystery attached to the unequal distribution of good and evil in it. Alas! how different is the same man—that is, the *outward* man. Circumstances have placed one on a throne, and his heart is haughty, his glance defiant, and his spirit proud and overbearing.

Misfortune has placed another in poverty and want, and he crouches at your feet—solicits, with trembling hands and eyes full of tears, a mere moiety for his children. Injustice, abuse, contempt, cannot sting him into resistance or arouse his wrath. With his manhood all broken down, he crawls the earth, the bye-word and jest of his fellows. Yet life to him is just as solemn as to the monarch,—it has the same responsibilities, the same destinies. That humbled and degraded spirit will yet stand up in all its magnificent proportions, and assert its rank in the universe of God. The heap of rags will blaze like a star in its immortality—and yet that unfortunate creature may struggle and suffer through this life, and enter on another only to experience still greater unhappiness. The ways of Heaven are indeed dark and beyond the clouds.

My friend left me at Liverpool, and took the steamer for Dublin, where I promised, in a few days, to meet him. I wished to make the land route through North Wales, and then cross over the Channel. Crossing the Mersey in a ferry-boat, I took the cars for the old city of Chester, lying on the confines of England and Wales. This ancient town, which has borne such a part in the history of England, stands just as it did centuries ago. The same immense wall surrounds it that guarded it in knightly days. It environs the entire place, and is so broad that the top furnishes a fine promenade for three abreast. Towards evening I wandered without the walls, and strolled away towards the banks of the Dee. It was a lovely afternoon for England—the sky was clear, and the air pure and invigorating. A single arch is sprung across the stream, said to be one of the largest in the world. It is a beautiful curve, and presents a picturesque appearance, leaping so far from one green bank to another. Along the shore, winding through the field, is a raised embankment, covered with green turf for a promenade. Along this, ladies and gentlemen were sauntering in groups, while here and there a fisherman was casting his line. It was a lovely scene—there on the quiet banks of the Dee, and in full view of the old walls of Chester, I sat down under a tree, and thought long and anxiously of home. It is always thus—in the crowded city, and turmoil and hurry of travel, one almost forgets he has a home or far-distant friends—but a single strain of soothing music, one quiet night, or one lonely walk, brings them all back to him, and he wonders

that he ever left them for boisterous scenes. One hour we are all energy and will—wishing for a field of great risks and great deeds, and feel confined and straitened for want of greater scope and freer action—the next we feel lost in the world of active life around us—utterly unequal to its demands on our energies, and thirst only for a quiet home and more tranquil enjoyments. The land of my birth looked greener to me there, on the banks of the Dee, than ever before—and the wide waste of waters never so wide and so unfriendly.

At sunset I took the stage-coach for the western coast of Wales. I travelled till midnight, and then stopped to make the rest of the route along the north shore by daylight. A little Welsh inn received me, the landlady of which, in return for my politeness to her, secured me a seat next day in the coach, which I otherwise should have lost. She had been accustomed to the haughty bearing of Englishmen, and though I treated her with only the civility common in my own country, it seemed so uncommon to her, that she asked me where I resided. She seemed delighted when I told her in America, and the next morning prevailed on

the driver to give me a seat, though he had told me the coach was full.

I had read much of Wales, and had obtained, when a boy, very extravagant ideas of the wildness of its scenery from Mrs. Hemans's poems. It did not occur to me that I had just come from the Alps, the grandest scenery on the globe, and hence should prepare for disappointment; but expected to be astonished with beetling crags and lofty mountains, until at last Snowdon crowned the whole, as Mont Blanc does the peaks that environ him. I never stopped to question my impressions, nor inquire when or where I derived them; and hence was wholly unprepared for the diminutive hills that met my gaze. One must never form a notion of a cataract or a mountain from an Englishman's description of it. Living on an island and in a rolling country which furnishes no elevations of magnitude, and hence no large streams, he regards those *relatively* large of immense size. Still, the north coast of Wales presents bold and rugged features; and with its old castles frowning amid the desolate scenery—gray as the rock they stand on—is well worth a visit. But these I will reserve for another time.

L I N E S

On an Incident observed from the deck of a steamboat on the Mississippi river.

WHERE the dark primeval forests
Rise against the western sky,
And "the Father of Waters"
In his strength goes rushing by:

There an eagle, flying earthward
From his eyrie far above,
With a serpent of the forest
In a fierce encounter strove.

Now he gains and now he loses,
Now he frees his ruffled wings;
And now high in air he rises;
But the serpent round him elings.

In that death embrace entwining,
Now they sink and now they rise;
But the serpent wins the battle
With the monarch of the skies.

Yet his wings still struggle sunward,
Though that crushing weight they bear;
But more feebly those broad pinions
Strike the waves of upper air.

Down to earth he sinks a captive
In that writhing, living chain;
Never o'er that blue horizon
Will his proud form sweep again.

Never more in lightning flashes
Will his eye of terror gleam
Round the high and rocky eyrie,
Where his lonely eaglets scream.

Oh, majestic, royal eagle,
Soaring sunward from thy birth,
Thou hast lost the realm of heaven
For one moment on the earth! A. C. L.

CARLYLE AND HIS IMITATORS.

ONE of the oddest specimens of humanity now figuring in this planet, take him altogether, is THOMAS CARLYLE. Say what you will about him, he is a psychological curiosity—a sort of *lusus naturæ*—if we may be allowed to dip up a couple of spoonfuls from the somewhat turbid waters of schools. We have been vexed with him a hundred times at least, during our journey in his company through a single duodecimo volume, for the manner in which he breaks up the Anglo-Saxon language, and hurls its fragments at our head, as a volcano belches out red-hot stones and lava. Nevertheless, we cannot say we bear the honest old Goth any lasting malice, for all that. Nay, we are not quite sure but “at bottom,” as he would say, we like him pretty well, with all his unpardonable antics. His mind does not act like other people’s minds. Its machinery is constituted on a different principle. The economy of intellectual motion, so to speak, is different in his mind. We have never worshipped him, as some have. We are indeed no hero-worshiper. That the philosophy of this singular man is sometimes defective, perhaps worse than defective, we will not deny. Then his style is not our style, nor any one’s else, for that matter, but his own. There are peculiarities in the man’s method of literary locomotion, often, which are awkward enough. He does not travel the turnpike-road always; and when he does, he occasionally has a Mazeppa of a horse to ride—a horse not half so tame and gentle as some nags we wot of who toil in a bark-mill. *Apròpos* of these same bark-mills, there are a host of them, and a great many kind and gentle horses seem to be necessary to turn them. But, as we were saying a moment ago, we have no idols, and if we had, perhaps Thomas Carlyle would not be one of them. Nevertheless, we venture to say, that we like the quaint old man. We are seldom in his company, without being interested and instructed.

True, he figures in a costume about as ancient as the Elizabethan era—some think as far back as William the Norman. But what of that? What do we care for his wardrobe, so

that the man who wears it is well enough? We have no patience with those people who insist on removing the old man’s knee-buckles, and brushing all the powder off his wig, before they admit him to their parlor. We are for having a man tell what is in him, in his own way. If he has nothing to say, then let him hold his tongue. But if he has an idea, or a bundle of ideas, in the name of humanity, let him utter it or them. Don’t stop his mouth, because he cannot enunciate the aspirate in *Shibboleth*. That matter of the aspirate is worth attending to, no doubt. But as his tongue cannot master it, let it go for once.

“But I cannot bear Carlyle’s Scandinavian jargon.” So it seems. Well, we confess, that considering it *is* English, the man’s dialect is rather as trange compound. It is to be presumed that he sometimes groups his words together without the fear of Blair or Alison before his eyes. Then he gallops along, once in a while, without even nodding to Dr. Johnson as he passes. That is “the unkindest cut of all,” considering how the old lion liked to be noticed; though it is the more pardonable certainly, when we recollect how Carlyle has made a hero of this same dictionary-maker,* and of Boswell, too, almost, when we come to that. Grant all this, If the words the man speaks, or wants to speak, are *his own* words, will you not let him utter them? He is a barbarian, forsooth! But will you even turn a barbarian—an uncouth China-

“* I find in Johnson’s books undisputed traces of a great intellect and a great heart—ever welcome under what obstructions and perversions soever. They are sincere words, those of his. He means things by them. A wondrous buckram style, and the best he could set to them—a measured grandiloquence, stepping, or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid *si se* of phraseology, not in proportion to the contents of it: all this you will have to put up with. For the phraseology, turmid or not, has always something within it. So many beautiful styles and books, with *nothing* in them! A man is a malefactor to the world who writes such. They are the avoidable kind.”—*Heroes and Men Worship*, p. 225. *Am. edition.*

man, or a savage Kamschatkan out of doors, if he is civil and well-behaved, the more especially if he has any thing to say to you, and is sincere in his utterance withal? You would do no such thing.

Carlyle is sincere, artless, and unaffected. This it is, which in our way of thinking, should atone for a multitude of peculiarities in his style, which some regard as semi-barbarisms. He has indeed been charged with affectation. Some think he is a compound of affectation and conceit. We know better. Every one who knows him well, must know better. If we believed the method (or want of method, if you will,) so apparent in all this remarkable man's efforts, were all the result of affectation, or were not a part of himself, naturally, legitimately, flowing from his soul, we would make a bonfire of his books sooner than we would speak a word in praise of them. We do not believe it. In our judgment, affectation, literary affectation, is one of the unpardonable sins. We have no patience with it, whatever. Of this sin we honestly believe Carlyle is as innocent as a child.

This is a very important point, however. On this pivot, indeed, a favorable or unfavorable estimate may turn. So that it ought not to be dismissed with a mere assertion. Suppose we analyze a little the man Carlyle, and ascertain, if we can, what are some of the wheels in his machinery, and how he came by them. We have said that he is a singular specimen of humanity; and it requires no shrewdness to discover that. He was not made at first like the great majority of those combinations of matter and spirit we are accustomed to meet with. He was cast in a different mould. Don't misunderstand us, reader. We are no fatalist—nothing of the kind. We believe, nevertheless, in primitive intellectual biases. And this is scarcely more than contending that the mind is individual—that it operates by itself, and does not amalgamate with other minds—that while it presents generic phases, perfectly agreeing with those of every other specimen, it exhibits some, or may exhibit some phenomena which are peculiar to it, and so are remarkable. Why not? Is it not so in every other department of nature? Why should the genus man—humanity, we should rather say—be an exception? Why should the analogy, so apparent elsewhere, fail here? Carlyle's mind had in it something positive, something quite out of the ordinary course of things, from the outset; and this something grew with his growth and strengthened with his

strength. What was that something? That is a question not so easily answered. You have done a great deal, when you have read a mind of the first class.

Carlyle had an early habit of looking into the heart of things. No one despised the mere shell of the kernel more than he did. His contempt for outside draperies and conventional forms, is always one of the most observable features in his whole character. He has no sympathy with *rustian*. This of itself is the component element of sincerity. It can hardly be taking too much for granted, to call Carlyle naturally sincere, deeply in earnest. Then he had a *soul*, too—a soul that could sympathize with humanity, and was in harmony with it. This it is which brings him into contact with every one who can understand him. The genius of his great intellect is so unique, that the cog-wheels cannot always touch corresponding wheels in our intellect, and set them agoing. But there are points of contact between his *soul* and ours. We feel that his is like our own, and the two move in unison. Perhaps his sensibility to human woe is not always well bestowed. But what of that? So that he has a heart, we ought not to grumble too much, if his sympathies, in their overflow, sometimes reach objects which we regard as less deserving.

But the great distinguishing feature in his mind, that which more than any other rendered it a singular mind, was, we apprehend, not so much what he thought of men and things, as the mode in which he grouped together those thoughts, and laid them away for use. His so-called barbarisms in dialect may be accounted for, in a considerable degree, on this principle, without resorting to the charge of affectation. Language, in general, is not a very arbitrary thing, after all. Men, groups of men, make their language; and each one of all the languages on the globe has peculiarities, answerable to certain peculiarities in the respective classes of men who originated the language. The men reflect themselves in their language, as distinctly almost as a face is reflected in a mirror. So do individual men present us with a picture of themselves in their modes of exhibiting ideas. They do little else, if they are sincere, honest, unaffected. This does not need argument or illustration, surely.

Now, taking it for granted that Carlyle's intellectual machinery is singularly constructed—so singularly, indeed, that it stands almost by itself—what need is there of going farther to ac-

count for the singularities in his use of language? What possible necessity can there be for lugging in this charge of affectation?

But there is another circumstance to be taken into the account. Carlyle had a German education. What he would have become, if he had not visited Germany, it is impossible to know. But we may be sure, that to his foreign education, are to be attributed some of his prominent peculiarities. He had a German mind, to start with; or rather, his intellectual structure was somewhat analogous to the German, for in classing such a mind as his, we are puzzled to find a *genus* to which it may be attached. There was, at least, some kind of elective affinity between his modes of thinking, and those of our estimable friends in Germany: and one not intimately acquainted with the genius of Carlyle, might expect that he would bolt at once the whole system of German philosophy, horns and all. But he did no such thing; and there were at least two good reasons why: first, (we speak it with the profoundest respect imaginable, for we love the Germans, though we may be pardoned for loving truth more,) he had too much good sense; and secondly, he is incapable of being a very quiescent disciple of any school. The schools—the “university professorships,” as he sometimes designates them—are not associated with the best of company in his vocabulary.

Still, though it was hard work to engraft the scions of the German philosophy upon such a stock as Carlyle’s mind, yet it was sufficiently homogeneous with that philosophy, to be in some measure shaped by it. His contact with German mind, moreover, tended to develop some already existing germs, which, when developed, more than any other circumstances, rendered him the *singular* man he is. This intimacy added strength to his singular habits of thinking, and tended to determine more unalterably the mode of expressing his thoughts. This you see plainly enough in his “Sartor Resartus.” You see that, although he will not go to the German mill for his grist, he has no antipathy to riding in a German vehicle over a German road. And then one can hardly help thinking that he relishes a loaf of bread occasionally, from this same German flour, though he is careful to say nothing about its origin, and perhaps, at the time, he forgets where it was ground.

Now, put these several circumstances together, and you have the elements that made Car-

lyle. In his habits of thinking, he was naturally bold, independent, daring. He was as wild and untractable as the deer in his mountain-home. Nevertheless he was “full of the milk of human kindness.” His soul is more prominent, even, than his intellect, in many of his efforts. He honestly believes he has a mission to accomplish to his fellow-men. He sees (and who cannot see?) that the machinery of society is out of order, and he is anxious to do something to regulate it. Nay, all the ardor of his enthusiastic soul is enlisted in the thing. Besides, his ideas, naturally grouped together uniquely—almost grotesquely, perhaps—were for a long time under German influence, which tended to increase and fix this peculiarity of grouping. Bear in mind, too, that an honest, individual mind, in the expression of his thoughts, only indicates the manner in which they exist in the mind, *inter se*. If his style is singular, it is because his ideas are singularly arranged. The dialect of Carlyle is only an index of the internal economy of his magazine of thought.

Why not let a man speak the thought that is in him? Why force him to utter his oracle through your throat? Why not allow a little latitude in this matter? In other words, why compel a man to be somebody else, before you will listen patiently to him? You never quarrel with anybody, let his nose be ever so unsightly, because he does not go to some quack of a nose-maker, and get a new one. There is no disputing about tastes, you say; and you let him appear in the nose that likes him best. It may be a Grecian nose, or a Gothic nose, for aught you care. It may be Roman, too, as crooked as the spring of an old-fashioned chaise-top, and as capacious, almost; it is all the same to you, so that it is his own nose. It is never regarded as particularly a nuisance. You tolerate men with faces as ugly as a hedge-fence. Why not allow a little license in the features of men’s intellects? This is all we ask. Grant us this, and we have no fear that you will treat Carlyle as an outlaw.

We have no patience with men and women, we confess it, who are continually trying to drown a man’s voice, when he has something to say, by ringing changes on Walker’s Dictionary, and Blair’s Rhetoric, and Crabbe’s Synonyms. That may be a delicious concord of sweet sounds to some ears; but we would at any time as soon hear the somewhat unmelodious music produced by the filing of a saw. This bringing an author up to an arbitrary standard,

as our fathers (peace to their ashes!) used to try their witches, and ransacking the Spectator, and Alison's Treatise on Taste, to determine the propriety of a certain metaphor, simile, trope, hyperbole, parabola, truncated cone, or what not, is, in our way of thinking, to say the very least of it, pretty small business. It is small enough when applied to prose; it is tenfold smaller when it has to do with poetry. Some critics are always looking through a microscope. They never will let an author have any soul. They cannot bear to see a man with a spark of enthusiasm. He must "talk by the card," as Hamlet found it necessary to talk with the capacious grave-digger. O what a picking of feathers there is, when these eagles see a poor fellow's muse essaying to rise a little above the dust of the public highway! Such philosophical, ultra-intellectual poets as these critics would make, give them a chance, would freeze up what little juice there might be in a man's soul, by half a dozen of their couplets.

Away with such a mechanical, artificial standard of judgment! We would rather have Carlyle's poetry, at a venture, though everybody would smile at the idea of poetic numbers coming from such a source—we would rather have Carlyle's poetry a hundred times over, than the gibberish of these empirics, whom no muse ever owned—men who manufacture poetry as you would a spade or a wheel-barrow. Poetry, to be worth anything, must be an emanation from the heart. It must gush out of the deep fountains of a full soul, as pure water issues from a blessed spring. It must not be ground out of the intellect, as flour is ground out of a mill. People may think what they please, and say what they please, about this same matter of poetry; but it seems to us, that just the stupidest, driest, huskiest piece of literary nonsense that ever blundered into this planet, is your merely intellectual poem, that bears on every part of it the marks of the saw and the jack-plane. Moreover, we advise all men, women, and children, who do not want a chronic literary dyspepsia, to keep clear of those who teach metaphysics, spherical trigonometry, and conic sections, in

their poems. We ask nothing for the advice though; it is quite gratuitous.

May we not, in this connection, borrow a sketch of the true poet from this same Carlyle? A singular oracle, to speak on such a subject, some may think. But hear him a moment. He may be ever so crazy, but there is method in his madness, we opine. He has been discoursing to us about Shakspeare, the world's great portrait-painter, as he calls him. He thinks him remarkable for his *intellect*—for his power of seeing into the heart of things. After all, he says, "it is the poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough. [Carlyle here means the power of seeing deep into things. He does not use the word intellect, in contradistinction to heart, of course.] He will be a poet, if he have—a poet in word—or, failing that, perhaps still better, a poet in act. Whether he write at all, and if so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents—who knows on what extremely trivial accidents! perhaps on his having had a singing-master, on his having been taught to sing, in his boyhood. But the faculty which enables him to discover the inner heart of things and the harmony that dwells there, is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself—the primary outfit for a heroic man in what sort soever. To the poet, then, as to every other, we say first of all, *see*. If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and name yourself a poet—there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope."

But we are devoting so much space to the master, that we have little left for the disciples. And this is the less to be regretted, perhaps, as those wretched vagabonds deserve but little notice. However, they must not be overlooked altogether; and with the reader's kind permission, we will show this genus some consideration in another number. Their name is legion; and they form a very respectably numerous menagerie of themselves.

CHAPTER II.

As we said in the previous chapter, when we were making our apology for Carlyle—or as we were going to say, which was it?—we cannot understand the meaning, much less the appropriateness, of the stereotyped phrase, “favorite author.” You might as well talk about a favorite article of dress, or a favorite piece of furniture, or a favorite tint in the rainbow. There is no sense in the expression, that ever we could see. We know a man, who never wants to hear any music out of the key of E flat. He believes that to be the key of nature, and every melody which has not three flats at the beginning of it, is set down as artificial, and discarded at once. Now people may smile at this man’s taste; but there is just as much reason in it as there is in setting up a favorite author, and making the standard of excellence consist in the measure of conformity to him. Surely a man should have as much liberty in talking, as his neighbor has in singing. Why not? Why may we not like equally well, perhaps, two styles, as opposite as the poles in many respects? For our part it is no evidence of a want of literary judgment or consistency, to hear a man one day praising Bishop Butler—as laconic as a Delphine oracle, on the one hand—and the next day in ecstasy over Doctor Chalmers, as diffuse as the air we breathe, on the other hand.

It is the thought, rather than the garb of the thought, that is more deserving of praise or censure. It is the man—not his dress. Now is there not thought in Carlyle, at the bottom of his phraseology? Is he not a man of genius? There have been a great many definitions of this same genius; and some have narrowed down its signification so that it can only be predicated of about half a score of men and women—themselves included, of course—since the creation of the world. But may we not say

of Carlyle, as he himself said of Schiller—that any notion of genius which excludes such a mind, will hardly be agreeable to philosophical correctness, and will tend rather to lower than to exalt the dignity of the world? Who says that this man does not utter ideas of great value—sometimes of superlative beauty and grandeur? Who will deny—who that has read him, thoughtfully, earnestly, discriminatingly—that some of his pages, in this regard, are beds of sparkling diamonds? We should insult the judgment and taste of our readers, and come pretty near making a dunce of ourselves, in attempting to prove a thing so nearly self-evident. Otherwise we should be strongly tempted, even at the risk of being charged with somewhat of Carlyle’s prolixity, to quote a half dozen of his sentences. We think we should not have to ransack a great many chapters, to find that number which would be worth hearing. We think we know of some oracles at present on the stage, not very low in the world’s esteem, who have said some weaker things, though ever so beautifully and gracefully, than this honest old Visigoth has uttered, for instance, in his critique (or whatever you please to call it) of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Luther, of the Puritans, of Goethe, of Schiller. But something too much of this.

A word now as to the imitators of Carlyle. We honestly believe, that among those who have made any noise in the world, there never was a set of aspirants to literary fame, who deserved less at the hands of the critic, than these servile copyists. True, we have raised our voice, and tried to dissuade the mob from crucifying the master, but we have no disposition to spare the disciples. We must say—and this is the least we can say, conscientiously—we hold them in the supremest contempt. What a wretched, stupid piece of business they make,

in reëttering their rabbi's oracles, and palming them off as their own. And there is such a multitude of them, too, now-a-days! The Anglo-Saxon world is swarming with these flies—all third-rate minds, who imbibe not a particle of the spirit of Carlyle, and who sip only enough of him to enable them to throw off their sleepy rantings about nothing, in the form of tolerable parodies on his style. We certainly have kept our eyes and ears open to little purpose, if they are not the silliest set of literary pretenders—the smallest specimens of crawling empiricism—that ever attempted to cater for the world's edification.

But the mere fact of their croaking is not the worst of the matter. These fellows, who glory in out-heroding Herod, (as what imitator does not?) are let loose upon the community as the representatives of Carlyle, and to some extent they are accredited as such. Thus they often do a great deal of mischief. True, this is the only way in which they can do mischief. As a general thing, they are very docile, harmless animals—"remarkably harmless, except when irritated," as the cicerone says at the menagerie—and even then, the effects of their wrath are mostly exhibited in a rather undignified assault and battery upon the English tongue.

An imitator, at best, is sufficiently contemptible. But the man who plays the harlequin, and who dresses himself up in all manner of fantastic trappings, and then asks you to listen to his brayings under pretence that they are the roarings of the lion Carlyle, is contemptible beyond toleration. But after all, none who are familiar with the original, and have withal but a trifling knowledge of natural history, need to unmask these vagabonds to find out in what genus and species to rank them. Their ears protrude ludicrously enough through the shaggy mantle they have assumed.

Apropos of these imitators. One day last summer, the heat and bustle of the city drove us some distance abroad, in search of

"Some boundless contiguity of shade."

We did not discover that superlatively enviable retreat exactly. We found shade enough for all practical purposes, though. It abounded, if it was not boundless. So much for the shade—as for a boundless contiguity of it, we found nothing of the kind. Some things we did find, however, which perhaps interested us quite as much on the whole, and among the rest was a

manuscript, written by our friend, Miss C——, giving some choice specimens from the mines of these imitators of Carlyle. The writer, it ought to be premised, is no admirer of Carlyle, and intended with these missiles to hit the knuckles of the old gentleman himself. Nevertheless, we think the sticks and stones ought to be used about his imitators, especially the first volley of them. Here they come, however, let them hit where they may. So friend author, if you happen to be a little vulnerable, "stand from under," as the sailors say. There is something coming down from the mast-head.

IMITATIONS OF CARLYLE.

"Oh reader! hast thou never, through the dim vista of departed years, beheld thy momentous destiny whirling in one chaotic mass of noctiferous confusion in the dark abyss of the universe and nature's wide, inscrutable death-scroll? And hast thou not felt that thou too wert one embodied somniferous nonentity—now hovering in seraphic evolutions above the sacred shrine of unfruitoned anticipations,—anon, sailing upon the everchanging, yet unchangeable surface of chaos, and wondering how the deep soul-humbling vortex of future greatness could diffuse unfathomable gloom upon the shadowy vacuity of emptiness; and dispel those profound unutterable night-visions of thy imagination? And then, wafted beyond the spheres of thought into the incoherent regions of transcendentalism, does not thy soul, wrapt in dreamless beatitude, shadow forth the incomprehensible future, resting upon the eternal basis of ethereal christendom? Alas! I know thou hast, and then, wearied out with the solemn, deep and unutterable death-notes of the fathomless universe, which ever and anon overwhelm that mighty soul of thine, engulf thy airy visions beyond the depths of vacuity, and behold those mental hallucinations which, profound as infinitude, envelop thy darkened understanding. Is this indeed thy inscrutable destiny? Deny it not, oh! thou who hast ever given free utterance to thy disjointed echoes of tautological namelessology, and brightened thy wits at the sacred shrine of university-professorships, with other specimens of fathomless nothingness. Have they never horrified thee with their inharmonious melody, and reminded thee that thou too art circumambified with undoablest deabilities, worthy of a greater hero?

"Falter not; this little life-stream of thine,

unendurable though it be, may emerge from its pitiful environment, into the seraphic mazes of undeniable realities, when thy latest life-dreams of incomprehensible nothingness shall have become the infallible death-pill of immeasurableness time!

"Onward then, I say, with undaunted courage, into the deep sacred infinitude of discoverability; and let thy soul-breathings echo forth that mystery of all mysteries—deep-seated forgetfulness, and everlasting nihilism. Greatest, mightiest, incomprehensible hero! Oh! could we search out the beginnings of thy deep unutterable thoughts, and trace thy wanderings onward to the inaccessible goal of ungetatability; how would all our profound soul-aspirations, sink into the insignificantest category of unendable treasureupabilities! Vast, deep, infinitude of nothingness! Chaos of the universe! Depth of deepest depths! What art thou? Wonderful beyond our narrow opticality, is this boundless sphere of uncreated sublunarium!"

"Insatiable flesh-flies! I envy ye not those crazy phantoms of monopolizing sensuality;—corn-laws, starvationizing, and repeal vetoes. Whence come they? From your sapless re-

ceptacles of concentrated vacuity. What are they? Incessant eruptions of those inexhaustible volcanic craters,—vain, worthless upper-storyism.

"Follow, then, those monomaniacal hallucinations, if ye will. I envy ye not. Anon ye must answer for the life-blood of those victims of your mammonizing, soul-enslaving policy, by which ye fill your brainless receptacles, too shallow for aught that is shadowless. Prosper while ye can, for your day is coming. And then, the souls that are bodiless shall rise up and call you cursed; and tell you of life-consuming wo, and soul-consuming bitterness; and tell of homes that are tenantless—brought to destruction as in a moment; for famine has visited them, meagre and desolate. 'Tis a famine of man's invention. Children of the desolate offered up at Mammon's shrine, rise up from your sepulchral death-sleep, and be our witnesses!—Unwisdoming lucre! who shall number thy victims? Ah! I envy ye not!"

With this rather pungent *morceau*, kind reader, we take our leave of you, provided you have not already left us, in which case any leave-taking on our part would be quite superfluous.

"PAIX A VOUS."*

BY ERASMUS PERRY.

PRAIRIES fair, ye've won my heart—
Loth am I with you to part;
Where's your like the wide world through?
Solemn prairies, *paix à vous*.

Traveler o'er these wide domains,
Verdure of these fruitful plains,
Darkling stream, and lake of blue,
Ever, ever, *paix à vous*.

Red man! for thy fathers' graves
Searching 'mid these grassy waves—
Graves, nor *home*, no more thou'lt view:
Child of nature, *paix à vous*.

Mississippi, turbid river,
Flowing on forever, ever!
Bear me to the ocean blue:
Mighty river, *paix à vous*.

To my far New England home,
While I tarried, death hath come;
Death will not his work undo—
Sister, brother, *paix à vous*.

Lo! New England, soon I greet thee;
Dearest mother, soon I meet thee;
Hearts I leave afar, adieu—
God be with you, *paix à vous*.

* PEACE TO YOU.—These lines were written on returning home, after four years' absence on the Western Prairies.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

"We dream not of love's might
Till death has robed, with soft and solemn light,
The image we enshrine. Before *that* hour
We have but glimpses of the o'er-mastering power
Within us laid."

It was New-Year's night, and a large party were assembled in a magnificent mansion in the upper part of Broadway.

The air without was filled with frost and snow; and, as it sighed mournfully through their desolate dwellings, the children of poverty shivered in its cold blast.

But within were soft carpets, and the windows covered with thick damask curtains, that the cheek of beauty might not be chilled. Bright forms, radiant in loveliness, were there, who, in the dance and song, remembered not that pain and hunger and weariness were without, and those strains of joy and gladness, to the poor and lonely, could find no echo in their hearts.

Opposite this lofty dwelling was one of humble appearance; no lights gleamed from its windows, save in one lonely chamber, where a mother watched beside her dying child.

Long had she hung over him in anguish unutterable. Hope and fear alternately cheering and filling her heart with despair. Alas! the tide of life was ebbing fast; each moment his moans grew feebler and his breath more slow.

"Father in heaven!" she cried; "if such is thy will, spare him to me—my child, my only one. I am forsaken by all on earth; leave me not in darkness; spare me the only joy my desolate life hath known, or take me with him."

It might not be; and in her anguish she has taken and pressed him to her throbbing heart, as though she would hold him there for ever. His little arms were entwined around her neck, while her tears and kisses were rained on the cold brow, where the dews of death were fast gathering. How drearily passed the hours of that long night. How mournful the prayers for strength, that broke the hushed stillness of the chamber of death.

Yet the veil of sorrow that enshrouded her

soul was woven by the hand of mercy; and, could that stricken mother have raised it, she would have seen revealed the great mystery of life, and understood why it is decreed by the Unfathomable, that sin and suffering should be; and, with joy in her heart and praise on her lips, she would have resigned her loved one into the care of the blessed spirits who hovered round to bear him to the spirit-land. She shuddered; for strains of soft music and the sound of merry voices, as if in mockery of her woe, reached her desolate ear. Life and death so near! The world and its charms passing away for ever from the eye of the dying, and life presenting its most inviting aspect to the gay and thoughtless.

Thus joy and sorrow, the living and the dead, all commingled together.

"Mother! dear mother!" feebly exclaimed the dying boy; "I cannot longer stay. Around me are glorious beings with sunny wings, who call me to go with them. Ah! they smile, and speak in soft, low tones; and but now it seemed I was with them, far above the bright blue sky in heaven, dear mother. But I heard you mourn and you weep for your boy to return; and, in answer to your prayers, my happiness was changed to pain and suffering. Stay me not now. But a little while shall pass, ere I return again for you, and my wings shall bear us to yon bright home, where you will sorrow no more."

It was as if an angel had spoken, and the mother knelt, in holy awe, beside her dying child, and murmured, "Father, thy will be done. He is not mine, but thine; pure and unstained, I return him to thee." Blessed are the early called. Her arm was around him; her cheek pressed close to his; and still he smiled so sweetly, and his parting breath yet lingered on her brow, even after his spirit had escaped from her embrace of love.

Ah! who can describe the loneliness and utter desolation that fills our hearts, when one we have fondly and purely loved, whose existence has become necessary to our own, is thus

suddenly snatched away, and the voice that has ever breathed in our ears the endearing tones of affection is hushed for ever, and he, who was once our hope and pride, is left to moulder in the dark grave. There is something terrible and humiliating in the thought, as we learn how slight and frail a thing is human love—when it seems most bright—thus hovering on the verge of extinction. How strange it is, that though fabric after fabric of happiness thus crumbles into dust, we still eagerly seek to raise up ties that must be sundered, and allow objects to enter the heart and claim sole dominion there, when we know not but at the moment that seems to us most heavenly, an unseen destiny is laying the foundation for future misery and unavailing tears.

The absent may return. Anger and old differences can be explained away. Time will restore the things of earth. In life there is hope; but the dead return not to us again. They are deaf to our cries and supplications: they heed not our tears.

“Thou hast all times and seasons for thine own, oh death!”

It is thus, when humbled by grief, that human vanity receives her severest blow; and we then truly learn our own insignificance. Who is there that, at some time of their life, has not experienced moments of deep and fearful conflict, when the dark shadows of affliction fell heavily on their souls, and past happiness seemed but a dream, that had vanished for ever, as though they “sorrowed without hope?” At such times, selfish in our grief, we wonder that others can smile, while we are sad; that our friends can indulge in pursuits for which we have lost an interest; and, oftentimes, in the world’s turmoil and exciting scenes, seek for oblivion of our own sad thoughts. We, too, would fain taste the “waters of forgetfulness.” But in the gay and apparently thoughtless, that we often meet, could we but raise the veil thus assumed, we would find that the most sensitive heart shrinks from intruding its sorrows, when it would only meet with repulse and coldness in return; and thus society combines in assisting each mutually to deceive the other, since all must assume a character different from the one they really possess.

It is not strange, that in our moments of grief and desolation, we almost feel as if our afflictions call for some sympathy in nature’s face; and yet the sun shines as brightly, and the sky as clear as ever: only we have changed, only

o’er the mourner’s soul the darkness of an eclipse has passed.

But, blessed be God for the assurance! though we are separated for a time from those we have so truly loved, yet they will share with us an eternity of happiness, even for ever and ever; for surely, if the soul is immortal, the desires that constitute its being must be immortal also. And, oh! inexpressibly sweet is the boon of eternal life, since it unites us again with those who have gone before, and we feel no more strangers to the spirit-world; and leads us to welcome the “night” that will close all sorrows and hush all pains, to awaken on a bright and glorious morn; to find the king of terrors divested of the gloomy attributes with which we have been wont to regard him, and behold in our deliverer from the bondage of earth the most glorious and beautiful of heaven’s seraphs.

Thus we may feel the purifying influence of grief, that softens and harmonizes our nature, and memory becomes a blessing, recalling each loved remembrance to our stricken hearts; and though it proves the vanity of making to ourselves earthly idols, it yet supplies us with joys over which cold skepticism has no power, forms of matchless beauty, ever winning and smiling, who throng our dreams and waking hours, wearing the remembered faces of the buried dead. No coldness can estrange such relationship, as often mars the dearest friendship of earthly friends, and visions though ye be, yet the influence of the cold, heartless world may not dispel them.

Silent forms of the past, blessed children of better hours—companions of one’s solitude, may ye always remain as ye are, links between the living and the dead. We feel that they must be near, that they sympathize in our cares and sorrows. To them our purer, holier thoughts are turned. For a time, the soul soars above earthly things, and we feel at such moments that earth is not our abiding-place, and filled with peace unspeakable, we learn to look with kinder, better feelings on our fellow-beings on whose lot, as our’s, is written to suffer and change.

Time is a paltry thing; days, and weeks, and years; but the mile-stones that mark eternity: one glance through the vista of the past, and we shudder to think how far we have advanced to the land from whence none returns. Yet a little while, and our places will know us no more.

The unquiet passions that have made our

being's strife, and the throbbing heart, will alike be stilled in the slumber that on earth knows no waking.

Our funeral will wind on its way; the last look will be taken and the last prayer said. Our friends will return to their homes, and we shall be left behind to the cold embrace of the tomb, to become food for the loathsome worm—humiliating thought! And it may be for a time, our remembrance will awaken grief; but the duties of life, its toils and cares, will creep in; new friends will usurp our places, the eye of the mourner will be dried, and music

and song in our dwellings will again pour forth their sweetest strains. The breath of spring will sweep over our graves, laden with the incense of sweet flowers; but the songs of its birds and the rush of its waters will not be heard in the cold, silent cities of the dead, where

“Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side; Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.”

And thus, oh death! thou holdest all in companionship.

Truly, oh God! the dead man's only life is found in thee.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

“Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more.”—ISAIAH, ii. 4.

HAIL! reign of peace! we welcome thine appearing,
To still time's tumults in a long repose;
Wave wide the sceptre which thy hand is bearing,
Till earth's drear deserts “blossom as the rose.”

Long hath the sword gleamed in the grasp of ages—
The fiercest symbol of a brutish power;
And all man's record, on its storied pages,
Hath WAR's deep bloodstains, even to this hour.

From court and cabinet, from town and village,
From vast cathedral and the cloistered cell,
Earth's ear hath caught the din and strife of pillage,
Uttering o'er human hopes a wild death-knell.

How hath it preyed upon sweet home's affections!
How hath it quenched the light of beauty's eye!
How hath it stung strong hearts with dread reflections!
And dashed out bow-tints from life's hopeful sky!

God's footstool it hath curtained round with sadness,
And hid His throne of mercy from our prayer;
Resigned His image to the passions' madness,
And chained our strugglings to a fixed despair.

How hath it drowned the music of the ocean!
And hurled life's gladness 'neath the cold, dark wave;
Dashed kingdoms to the dust in wild commotion,
And 'whelmed proud nations in one gory grave!

Earth, air, and sea, its strange, dark deeds are telling,
 And Heaven hath sighed them to the circling spheres;
 Each age of time the doleful strain is swelling—
 Its echoes break amid eternal years.

O! haste, blest season, seen through distant ages,
 In holy vision, by the Prophet's eye;
 Fulfil the golden dreams of sleeping sages,
 And let earth symbolize the world on high.

Hush its wild jargon with thine angel voices;
 Touch flinty hearts, as with a Moses' rod;
 Baptize the world with love, till it rejoices,
 Like blessed Eden, in the smile of God.

Plume with high purposes the human spirit,
 With holy thoughts the heart of nations fill,
 A home on high let all our hopes inherit,
 And to the surging passions say, BE STILL.

All bloodless be thy marches on to glory,
 "WELCOME!" shall greet thee from a thousand tongues,
 Angels shall bear aloft thy joyous story,
 And chant thy triumphs in their ceaseless songs

THE GRAVE-STONE.

BY CLEMENT.

"MISFORTUNES, they say, never come single," and it sometimes appears as if the bark of one's life entered upon a succession of storms, each adding terror and peril to the other. The ways of Heaven are inscrutable, and it sometimes puzzles even faith itself to reconcile the dealings of Providence. I have seen a young and beautiful woman, with a spirit all kindness and a heart all love—full of sympathy for the distressed—arrested on the very threshold of life and of happiness, and, after years of acute suffering, dismissed in bodily torture to the other world. She seemed to need no chastening—mild and submissive and gentle, she appeared all that one could desire in a human character. Yet, immediately after her marriage, she was prostrated by sickness, and, for fifteen years, was never without suffering. When the blow first fell, she bowed meekly to it, and, without

a word of complaint, said that it was all right, for her Father's hand held the rod. But that rod, though never murmured against, was never removed until the waters of the dark valley closed over the crushed form. Such dispensations are hard to understand now, though at last they will not only appear just and wise, but claim our love and gratitude.

This incident was recalled to my mind while standing, the other day, in the grave-yard of the little town of M——. It was just at evening, and the golden sunlight was rolled like a sea through the quiet valley that slumbered in the lap of the hills. The tall elms stood still: not even a leaf quivered, as this sunset flood bathed their green crowns in its mellow hue, and the eastern mountains seemed robed for the gala-day of Creation. The river that wound past flung back the gorgeous light

wherever the green willows that fringed its banks would let it down, and all was beautiful as the smile of heaven. Amid this luxuriant scene, I stood for a while enchanted, and was recalled from its beauty only by a small broken marble shaft at my feet, surmounting two diminutive graves. They were the graves of two children, who had doubtless been buried together, and the desolate parents had reared this broken shaft—a memorial, at once, of the early fate of the sleepers and of their own ruined happiness. On inquiry, I found they were the graves of the children of my old friend, S—H—. What! I exclaimed to myself; is the hand of fate so inexorable? Is there no rest for her this side of the final rest?

Susan H—: I had known for a great many years; but had lost sight of her at intervals, as I became a wanderer over the earth. In youth she lived in opulence. Her father was a wealthy man, and spared no expense to render his daughter all that a fond parent could wish. She grew up in beauty, and, like all others, her heart soon became entangled in the meshes of love. But he who had won her heart was poor; and hence his suit was rejected by the father. It is idle to follow the course of their love—to speak of its changes, disappointments, hopes, and fears. Youthful hearts love wildly, and cannot listen to the claims of avarice—scarcely to the voice of judgment.

After many vows and tears, young Henry left the place, and came to New York to seek his fortune. A relative finally obtained a place for him in the West Indies, where there was every prospect of his soon acquiring a fortune. Before he embarked, he wrote a long letter to his betrothed, telling her of his plans and destination, and naming the ship in which he was to embark. Every line breathed hope, for the weight that had lain so long upon his heart had been suddenly lifted, and left him, feeling like a man who could dare and do “all that becomes a man.”

He set sail in one of the small vessels that trade between New York and Havana; and, with a fair wind and smooth sea, soon completed half the voyage. But as they approached the tropics, a change came over their prospects.

One night, as the ship lay idly rolling on the heavy swell, just as it had been swinging to and fro for two days, becalmed, there appeared in the southern horizon every indication of a hurricane. The captain noticed it, and, before

dark, had every thing made tight—the sails furled, and a sharp look-out kept by the watch. He could not sleep, himself, but kept pacing the deck—now watching the sky, that had suddenly put on sackcloth, and now listening to the heavy moan of the sea, that seemed laboring with some direful dream. The ship stood still in the darkness—rose when the long swell careened it over, making the cordage rattle and the masts creak. At length the sea began to move, though apparently stirred by no wind. There seemed some invisible agency at work, torturing the waves into foam by apprehensions of coming woe. Just before midnight, a low humming sound was heard in the distance, followed by a loud and steady roar, that swelled rapidly into the full-voiced thunder; and then the shock came. In a moment, all was uproar and confusion on board the ship. She seemed to lift before the tornado, and fly, like a frightened thing, over the boiling sea.

There was no longer any sky, or sea, or clouds: all were mingled together, and chaos and night and the tornado had it all to themselves. The wind shrieked through the rigging, as if a score of fiends were shouting defiance to the passing storm; and every timber creaked and groaned, as a sort of interlude to the dismal howl around it. Then there came a pause as sudden as the shock. It was, however, but for a moment; the tempest, having gathered again its energies, burst with redoubled fury over the shrinking vessel. The sea, at first, could not make into waves—the wind pressed with such power on its breast; but the spray was carried in a blinding shower through the air. All that night the hurricane raged; and, when the black morning dawned, the sea presented a frightful appearance. It looked as if it had been churned by enormous engines, rather than smitten by the wind. At last, the waves began to rise. The captain, who had hoped that the tempest would break before a heavy sea was made, now began to look anxious and doubtful. His ship became unmanageable, and drove heavily before the blast. He could not carry a rag of canvas, for the naked masts barely withstood the shock. Before night, a tremendous sea was rolling. The helpless vessel went staggering and floundering through the billows, which, ever and anon, fell with the sound of thunder on her shivering deck, and strove manfully to withstand the tempest.—At length there came one wave, which broke directly on the ship. A sudden crash—a sharp

cry succeeded, and when the vessel lifted again from the mass of waters, every mast had been swept from the deck, and she lay a mere log in the deep. This was the last effort of the hurricane, but it proved fatal to Henry. He had staid below, listening to the crash and roar without and above, till he could endure it no longer. He was the only passenger on board, and the solitude becoming more frightful to him than the aspect of the sea, he came on deck, and lashed himself fast, so as not to be carried away by the waves. But in that last crash one of the falling timbers struck him down, wounding him dreadfully. He was carried below, and then every effort made to save the ship. It was of no avail: her present condition, added to her previous strain, soon caused her to leak badly, and by morning the pumps were unable to keep the water from gaining, and before the sea was down, sufficient to launch a boat, she was fast sinking. At length, however, the boat was cast off, and shoved away upon the waste of waters. In the bottom lay the helpless, mangled form of Henry. For three days they were at sea in an open boat, but on the morning of the fourth, a vessel was descried approaching them. The succor came too late, however, for the wounded man. His sufferings and exposure together proved too much for him, and that night he died. Before next night his form was descending the depths of the ocean like a flash of light, and a world of waters went rushing over him.

When the news of the death of her lover reached Susan H——, she was crushed to the earth. I will not attempt to describe the utter despair that seized her heart—the wild passion tossings that threatened to upset her reason, or the gasping prayer for help that burst convulsively from her bosom. He who has once seen a young heart crushed by one fell blow, knows what a terrific spectacle it is. You do not see the dazzling lightning, nor hear the crash of the thunderbolt—you know of its presence and power only by the smitten and shattered trunk.

"Time heals all things," and though this may not be true, it certainly deadens all sorrow. Susan H—— rallied from the shock, but was changed in all her character. From bright and sunny girlhood, she was transformed into a grave and thoughtful woman. Such terrible experiences mature one fast.

This misfortune was soon followed by another—her father died, and, to the astonishment of all, penniless. Unsuccessful speculations had ruined him, and his wife and daughter were

left to their own resources. Years passed on, and I visited the village of M—— with an old friend. I had lost all track of Susan. Judge of my astonishment when I found her in this little village, supporting herself and mother by her needle. It was a dreadful struggle to one of her mind, accomplishments, and early affluence, to submit to the little annoyances and drudgery of such a life. But her naturally strong character triumphed over her feelings, and I found her quite cheerful.

Soon after I left the place, I learned she was about to be married to a man in moderate circumstances, but of excellent character. Seventeen years had passed since she—then a girl of eighteen—had buried her hopes and love with her Henry, and now, a staid woman, she accepted the hand of another. But first she told him her history, and that she never could love him as she did the one she had lost. He had her warmest esteem and friendship, but her love had perished long ago. He said he asked for no more, and would trust to time and circumstances.

Several years' residence in a foreign country again caused me to lose the history of Susan, and I heard no more of her till I was told that this broken marble shaft stood over the grave of her two and only children. Poor Susan! she seemed to rally from one blow, only to be smitten by another. Her two little boys, her pride and her comfort, were slain at her side together—only one day divided their deaths. It was with a sad heart I called to see her, and my sorrow was not abated when I saw what ravages grief had made with her once beautiful form and face. She was thin and care-worn, and twenty years seemed to have been added to her life. As she met me, one of her bright smiles illumined her face, and she greeted me with the cordiality of an old friend. In a moment, however, her countenance changed, and she began to speak of herself. A flood of tears checked her, and she exclaimed, "I can't talk about it—they were my beautiful boys—my only joy, and both, *both* gone! Oh, it has almost killed me—but I know it is right—it is all right!" After conversing with me awhile, she went for their portraits, taken after their death. During her absence from the room, I took up a book, lying upon the table, and there dropped from it the following poem, which I begged of her. It shows how her thoughts had dwelt upon her boys, and her heart pined for the better land. Life had lost its attraction,

TO THE
ARTIST



Painted by J. C. Spang

Engraved by W. A. Walter

THE END OF THE MATTER

and this last blow had prostrated her energies.

"There breaks upon the sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb."—W. G. C.

My mind was filled with mournful images ;
The green tree rest of branches—and decay
Sapping its very roots—dirge-like music
Amid the ruin'd halls whence life had fled—
The silent, sculptured image of the dead
Amongst the living, joyous ones of earth ;
All seemed the emblems of my lonely heart,
And on the winds I pour'd my plaintive lay.

Why should I linger—

Have they not gone, my beautiful, my own ?
They of the beaming eye and joyous tone ?
Doth the rose flourish when the young buds die,
And on the ground the scattered leaflets lie ?
Doth the dove linger, when from her nest
The young have flown she warm'd with her
own breast ?

Even thus with me: my fainting soul doth
yearn

For that calm resting-place, whence none
return.

I hear their voices, and they seem to say,
(Wooping with loving tone,) Oh, Mother ! why
delay ?—

Then upon the breeze
Came a low sound, most sweet and clear,
As, trumpet-toned, it fell upon my ear.
Like angel's song, 'twas from the better land,
Where robed in purity my loved ones stand.

"Cease thy complaint ;
Even as by fire the gold is tried,
So shalt thou pass this ordeal purified ;
And from the ruin'd shrine there shall arise
Unto the Lord a holier sacrifice
Than e'er in other days ye offer'd him
Before whose brightness thy lost love grows
dim ;

And the bruised spirit yield a sweeter tone
Than to the young heart's melody was known :
And beams more radiant than sunset dyes
Or moonbeams soft of summer evening skies,
Illumine thy pathway for the coming years,
Softening thy sorrow, dry the falling tears.
And guide thee, when a few more suns have
flown,
From time's sad change, to dwell among thine
own."

Heaven shield her from farther misfortunes,
and grant her her lost treasures back again in
a better world !

THE YOUNG GLEANER.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Thus a gleaner was repining,
As she sat her down to rest,
Summer's sun above her shining,
Winter lowering in her breast:—

"Why am I so poor and lonely,
In a world so full of joy ?
Must I then, a menial only,
Ever thus my life employ—

"Forced to toil from morn till even,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Scorned by men, unloved by heaven,
For one meagre sheaf of grain !

"Yet with such a life before me,
Oft my mother used to say,

'God is kind, and angels o'er thee
Watchers are by night and day.'"

Heard she then, that weary maiden,
Words that seem'd from heav'n address'd:
"Come to me—though heavy laden,
I will give thy spirit rest."

Then the maiden's toil grew lighter,
Ceased for aye her tears to flow ;
Then her sunny face beamed brighter,
For it caught a heavenly glow.

Toils she now from morn till even,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Blest to be beloved of Heaven,
Though a gleaner 'mid the grain.

STANZAS.

Thou art gone home ! Oh ! early crowned and blest !—MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis sad amid a world of bloom
To gaze upon thee now,
And mark the shadow of the tomb
Upon thy gentle brow.

There lingers still upon thy face
The smile it used to wear ;
And all that death *can* leave of grace,
Is sweetly pictured there.

So much of life is on thy brow,
My heart could almost deem—
That thou art only sleeping now,
And smiling in thy dream !

Pale roses on thy bosom sleep,
And violets meek and fair,

Like sorrowing love have come to weep
Their dewy tear-drops there.

Yet hath thine heart, so cold and still,
Once borne a weight of woe ;
And thou hast suffered wrong, and ill,
That none but God can know.

Thy spirit's harp-strings, in the strife,
Were broken all too soon !
The joyous sun-light of thy life—
Was dimmed at early noon !

Yet when thine earthly hopes grew dark,
A better light was given ;
It lead thee to the shelt'ring ark—
Thy peaceful home in heaven !

THE FARM-FENCE.

How sweet is the spring-time, with blossoms and leaves !
How sweet is the summer, with fruitage and sheaves !
And its clear flowing springs, crystal chalices, whence
You may drink purest waters beside the farm-fence.

At morn, when the sunshine first breaks through the trees,
When the dew-drops are glitt'ring and stirred by the breeze,
Hark ! the notes of the robins and thrushes commence.
'Mid the green waving bushes along the farm-fence.

At noon, when the reaper reposes from toil,
Where the oak throws its shade on the smooth-shaven soil,
How he gazes, delighted, with beauty-struck sense
On the landscape that circles around the farm-fence.

And at eve, when the herd, with its bare-footed guard,
Is slowly approaching the busy barn-yard,
How oft have I gone, and with idle pretence,
Sate a silent spectator upon the farm-fence.

The fleet-footed squirrel abandons his lair,
And nibbles his acorn and hazel-nut there ;
The lark loves the meadow, and warily thence
Glances up at the ambush behind the farm-fence.

What a gay time is boyhood ! Its footsteps are seen
By the brookside, the woodside, all still and serene ;
Ye many-leaved volumes, away with you ! hence !
Let me wander once more by the sunny farm-fence.



Engraved Expressly for this Work by W Wellstood.

THE VALLEY OF FRAJELAS OPPOSITE THE COL-DU-PIE.

The morning after the Battle of Salabertrann

1844

THE VALLEY OF PRAJELAS,

OPPOSITE COL DU PIS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE glorious and successful battle of Salabertrann occurred on Saturday night, and the next (Sunday) morning, the weary but victorious exiles found themselves on the top of the mountain of SEI. For three days previous to the battle, they had been constantly on the march, drinking only water and eating scarcely anything, and hence, at the close of the engagement, felt the need of repose and food. But the routed enemy might rally, and reinforcements arrive to their aid, and the conquest, which had been so hardly won, wrested from their grasp; and so, guided by the glorious moon, they slowly began the ascent of the mountain. All night long they toiled up the steep acclivity, though numbers, overcome by fatigue, kept staggering from the line of march, and falling beside the rocks. Several were thus lost; and but for the rear-guard, which kept rousing the sleepers, as the moonbeams revealed their dark forms on the mountain-side, many more would have perished. At length the morning began to break in the east; at first a cold gray light, and then a rosy red, bathing the lofty Alpine peaks in the same ruddy hue. Oh! a sunrise in the Alps is glorious beyond description. How often I have stood mute and awe-struck to see the King of day slowly roll his blazing car over those giant forms of nature, and look with his regal eye on the deep valleys sleeping sweetly below! White snow-peaks and glaciers above, dark fir-trees midway, and the green vales beneath, with here and there an awful gorge that defies the daylight to reach its abysses, combine to form a scene that baffles description. All this burst on the wanderers, as they stood and leaned on their trusty muskets, and gazed below them. Yet the beauty and splendor unrolled before them were forgotten in the emotions of love and joy, that found utterance in mingled tears and smiles and loud thanksgivings; for as the

mists rolled slowly upward, and the sunbeams flooded the earth, they saw the mountains that locked in their native homes. The hills of their boyhood—the hills their fathers had trod—the peaks that had ever risen before them in their dreams and their prayers, and towards which their eyes had been constantly strained through their long perilous march—the hills that surrounded their sanctuaries and their altars, at length stood clear and bold against the distant horizon. Arnaud stood a moment, and gazed with swelling heart on the scene; and then called all his followers about him, and pointing to their native fastnesses, bade them bless God for having brought them, as by a miracle, through so many perils, and now permitted them to behold again the hills of their fatherland. He then knelt in their midst, and with uncovered head offered up a solemn thanksgiving to God. What a scene they presented on that mountain top in the early sunrise! Those men, who the night before had stormed so wildly through the battle, were now bent in humble prayer to the God who had led them safely on.

Their first view of their native hills forms the subject of the present engraving. Just as the valley appeared to them, is it here spread out before the spectator. They are looking off on the valley of Prajelas, some leaning on their muskets in silent joy, others relating to their friends the prospect before them.

But though they had arrived at the borders of their own land, their perils were not over. Delays were dangerous; and before the sun had mounted far up the heavens, their long column might be seen winding down the breast of the mountain, directing its serpentine course towards the valley of Prajelas. Keeping on their march, they might be seen in the afternoon commencing the ascent of the Col du Pis. Suddenly, a company of dragoons came gal-

loping along the road to intercept their march ; but the firm presence of the Waldenses so awed them, that they retired without striking a blow. The next day—Monday—they came upon a body of troops, drawn up in battle array, at the foot of the Col du Pis, ready to receive them. Arnaud immediately halted his feeble troops, and, gathering them around him, solemnly committed them and their cause to the God who had thus far befriended them. He then formed his band into three columns, and firmly began the ascent of the next mountain. The enemy, seeing the determination of the Waldenses, gave way, and the latter marched triumphantly forward.

For several days after, they met with more or less obstacles, but at length reached the valley of Paoli, where still stood one of their old churches. There the first public worship was performed in their march. A chapel which the Catholics had added to the church, was first set on fire, and all their religious emblems removed ; and then Arnaud mounted a bench placed in the door-way, and gave forth the seventy-fourth Psalm to be sung. Together those stern warriors chanted that touching complaint of David, commencing, "O God, why hast thou cast us off for ever ? why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture ? Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old ; the rod of thine inheritance, which thou hast redeemed," &c. When they came to the passage, "O let not the oppressed return ashamed : let the poor and needy praise thy name. Arise, O God, plead thine own cause," many an eye was filled with tears, and voices that had shouted steady and strong in the tumult of the fight, trembled with emotion. The glorious anthem rang through the Alpine valley as the hymns of the Waldenses rang of old, recalling their ancient worship, before the sword of the oppressor had driven them forth to eat the bitter bread of captivity.

After a short pause, they again struck up, and sung the hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm : "Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say : many a time have they afflicted me from my youth : yet they have not prevailed against me. The ploughers ploughed upon my back : they made long their furrows. The Lord is righteous : he hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked. Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion," &c. After they had finished singing the Psalm, Arnaud preached in exposition of it.

He showed how they had been afflicted, and sorely, like Zion of old—how the ploughers had ploughed upon their backs and trodden them down. He spoke of their long exile in other lands—their toils and hardships, until they were ready to weep anew over their misfortunes. But when he came to show how the Lord had "cut asunder the cords of the wicked," and "turned back" those that "hated Zion," every eye beamed with joy and triumph, and there hovered on every lip the shout that went up so loud from the bloody field of Salbertrann : "Thanks to the ETERNAL of ARMIES who hath given us the victory."

We cannot follow the Waldenses through all their difficulties, until they finally, as mentioned in a previous sketch, took possession of the vale of Bobi. They met with losses and some disasters, but never with a defeat ; their enemies were turned back in every encounter.

Only one charge has been laid to the door of the Waldenses in this long and perilous march, that of cruelty to their captives. During the latter part of their expedition they invariably put them to death. Whether they surrendered or were taken by force, it mattered not ; they were slain without mercy. But it must be remembered this was not an act of vengeance, nor did it spring from that thirst of blood which has made so many tigers of the human species, but was an act of self-defence—of pure necessity. Few in number themselves, they could not be encumbered with prisoners, for the latter would soon outnumber their captors. They could not turn them loose, for they would not only immediately arm again to oppose their progress, but convey to others that information on the concealment of which the salvation of the Waldenses depended. To set them free, was to secure their own destruction : and they could not confine them, for they had not a hut, much less a fortified place they could call their own. It was a hard necessity, but one their enemies laid upon them. They could not have done otherwise, and the poor victims were slain while crying for mercy. Shut out from all reinforcements, with no post to fall back upon, and no line of communication kept open between them and succor, they were forced to cut their way through to their possessions and homes with the sword, and right nobly did they do it. Their pastor, Arnaud, was afflicted with no childish squeamishness about shedding blood. He would pray with his face to the ground for the help of Heaven, and then rise and rush to

battle. He would send up his loud thanksgiving for deliverance, and then coolly slay his prisoners; and God heard him and sanctioned his course, and made him the founder again of his church in the Alps. He was a noble and great man. Far-reaching in his plans—clear in thought—correct in judgment—prompt and fearless in action—humble and devout in his religion, he excites our wonder and admiration at the same time that he wins our love and sympathy. A man of peace, ignorant of arms, he yet withstood the king of France, then the terror of Europe, and put to flight his veteran troops. The hand of an overruling Providence is seen in all that transpired under his guidance. The Israelites never fought a battle in which the interposition of Heaven was more clearly seen than in that of Salbertrann. That eight hundred peasants should attack, in an entrenched position, and put to flight nearly three

thousand regular troops, and in the open valley slay six hundred men, with a loss of only fifteen to themselves, is little less than miraculous. Equally so is the routing of twenty-two thousand French and Piedmontese by three hundred and sixty-seven Waldenses, just emerged, pale and thin, from six months' imprisonment. It is also a remarkable fact that the Lord preserved the grain upon the earth till midwinter, so that the Waldenses could gather it for their preservation after they had got possession of their country. In those high latitudes and elevated regions, to see men harvesting grain in the dead of winter, instead of the height of summer, one is ready to believe it a miracle, as much so as the showers of manna that fell around the camp of Israel.

We have omitted many things in our hurried sketches, lest we should seem too tedious. One more engraving and sketch will finish the series

STANZAS.

A mother is at rest.

That fond, exulting, anxious, sorrowing heart
No more with joy shall thrill, with grief shall smart.

A mother is at rest.

A wife in death lies low.

Like priceless jewel in a brittle urn,
Love in her heart was hid. The spoiler stern
Shivered the vase—lost was the radiant gem;
(Richer than pearl in monarch's diadem,)

A wife in death lies low.

A friend is dead. Whose friend?

Alas! the scalding tear upon the cheeks
Of all who knew her many virtues, speaks—
“Have we not lost a friend?”

A Christian sleeps in death.

A soul redeemed from selfishness and fear—
A will to serve her heavenly Master here—

Here is thy triumph, Death!

A kind, kind heart is cold.
 A spirit buoyant, undiscouraged, free—
 Of impulse strong, tireless activity—
 In plan and action bold.

Who shall arise and fill
 The place so long and nobly filled by thee?
 Christian, wife, mother, friend, kind heart?—Till we
 Another of a kindred spirit see,
 We'll mourn thee still.

Yes, we mourn *our* loss,
 Though great *thy* gain: our selfish hearts will bleed;
 Ay, though we know thy ransomed soul is freed
 From every cross;

Yet not, indeed, as those
 Who hopeless mourn, would we thy fate deplore;
 But, rather, those bright scenes of bliss explore
 Where now thou dost repose.

No stranger thou
 In that fair world; that word of Christ's is thine:
 "I know my sheep, and I am known of mine."
 He will fulfil it now.

And when with golden key
 He opes the crystal gates of life eternal,
 Where pleasures never fading, ever vernal,
 Shall strike thy dazzled eye—

Thy fond maternal eye,
 Searching amid the white-robed, radiant throng,
 Two sainted, youthful forms will meet ere long
 With transports high.

Nor will the Saviour frown,
 Nor check the bliss of that enraptured hour,
 When the death-severed meet to part no more.
 Such love he'll not disown.

And there, from sorrow freed,
 Full many an earthly friend thy soul shall find;
 The warm in heart, the good, the pure in mind,
 The Saviour's ransomed seed.

And shall we wish thee here,
 More sin, more trial, and more grief to know?
 Nay, rather may our spirits long to go
 And join thee there.

MARANNIS.

A TALE OF OLD EGYPT.

It was a golden day in the Egyptian summer, and the sunbeams fell gloriously on the river and the river bank, and glittered on the massive piles of Carnak. Such a day is never known in other lands than those where the sun gleams through pure air, and shines on green spots in the midst of deserts. Such a day is seldom known out of Egypt.

It was high noon of a festival, and the nobles and the mighty men were proceeding in vast crowds toward the temple of the gods. Up the long avenue, between the giant sphinx heads, poured the thousands of worshippers, in deep and solemn silence, and stood at last far down the avenue, before the veiled statue of Isis, with their eyes fixed intently on the inscription upon its base.

At the entrance between the second pylonæ, knelt a maiden, the daughter of a prince, with her head bent toward the base of an obelisk, whose mystical finger pointed up into the sunlight with its broken apex, signifying, that afar off in that deep blue, was an unknown God, to whom it was impossible to attain.

She was a queenly child, who had seen the Nile overflow its bank some sixteen times. The lineage of a noble shone in her dark eyes, now covered by the heavy lashes that drooped over them. She had knelt thus, unmoved, motionless, for an hour or more. The hundred thousand men of Egypt, were far down the long vista of pylonæ, sphinxes and obelisks. She was alone, her attendants kneeling apart from her, and perfect stillness was in all the vast temple.

As she knelt thus, she was suddenly startled by the tones of a voice, whose melody was strangely sweet, yet deep; and, starting to her feet, she saw standing near her, an old and weary looking man, resting on the arm of one who was young and strong. The garments of the older were plain and simple, while the latter wore robes of princely magnificence. A

long train of armed men stood silently listening, while the patriarch, looking in the eye of the younger man, pointed his thin white finger heavenward, and spoke in the musical accents of the Hebrews. His head was white, and his form, once tall almost to the stature of a giant, was now bent under the weight of six-score years; but his eye was bright with the lustre of youth, and gleamed now with strange fire, as he spoke earnest words to the prince, on whose arm he leaned.

The latter listened with deep respect until he paused, then turning to his train, told them that the old man was speaking of the unknown God to whom the obelisk pointed; and as he turned, the Egyptian maiden caught the kingly glance, and bowed low before the eye of Joseph; and then she knew that the old man was the father of their ruler, the Hebrew Jacob.

She listened intently while Joseph spoke to his warrior train of the God of Abraham. The hardy men of battle heard with deep respect, for they knew that their master had intimate communion with his God, and the maid drank in every word of this new and marvelous teaching. She had not worshipped Isis, but her soul more nearly open to the truth, found her God at the foot of the obelisk. Here was a revelation of that God—a teacher sent from Him; and, when the train swept on up the avenue, she turned slowly and thoughtfully away.

There was one in the train who had not passed by the maiden without a glance of admiration. Nay—more; while she had been listening to the voice of Joseph, Ephraim had been reading her countenance; and, giving up his father's words to other ears, had devoted himself to the study of that beautiful face. By the brilliant jewels on her forehead, he knew that she was noble, for none that was not might wear them thus; and, as the wind blew aside her purple robe, by the glittering serpent with a ruby head, which shone on her breast, he

knew Marannis, the daughter of the first prince of the kingdom.

Not a month had passed since the festival of Carnak, and Marannis was attached to the household of Asenath, the wife of Joseph. Here, of course, she was daily meeting the all-beloved Ephraim. He was a manly boy. The olive face of Canaan was somewhat darkened by his Egyptian blood, and he had an eye like an eagle's. Although the younger, he already surpassed his brother in stature and intellect; and, whichever way he turned, he found a welcome—all loved the bright boy Ephraim. And Marannis loved him. It was not strange that she, whose mind was wont to dwell on mysteries that her father shrunk from, should sit and listen to the Hebrew boy, as he repeated in her ear the lessons he had learned from his prophet father. And he heard from her the lore of ancient Egypt; for, young as she was, she had been the pupil of the magicians, and they had taught her much of the wisdom of the mother of philosophers. Egypt even then was old. The pyramids had been built beyond the memory of man. (Who knows but that nation sent up its last wail of agony in the deluge, from the summit of Ghizeh?) Elephantina and Carnak had grown old and hoary. Among these relics of an age then ancient, (now the ancient of ancients) her mind had grown to maturity in early girlhood, and she taught Ephraim the mysteries of her old creed, in exchange for the truths of his heavenly instruction.

The giant sons of Jacob stood around his bed, and heard his last words and his blessing. His head lay on the breast of Rachel's first-born son, the saviour of Egypt, the ruler of the kingdom. In the shade of the heavy curtain of the western opening, stood Marannis, holding the hand of Asenath, and listening to the words of the dying patriarch. How her heart leaped, as she heard him bless Ephraim! "He shall be greater than his brother," said the old man; and the eye of the maiden sought, in the dim light, for the tall form of her boy-lover. Anon he sought her side, and Asenath stepped forth into the room, to the head of the couch, and stood near Joseph.

In that hour the Hebrew boy and the Egyptian girl pledged their love to one another, in

the presence of the God they both acknowledged and worshipped. A holy love was that, gushing up out of their glad young hearts, and overflowing from their eyes in smiles, and their lips in words of affection. Three years passed, and Ephraim stood by the death-couch of Marannis. It was in her father's lordly mansion; the proudest man, that father, in all Egypt.

"I am passing away, Ephraim," said she, "passing into the silent land. In my old dreams of death; in those days when I first saw you in Carnak, I used to dream of keeping a vigil over my father and my country, sitting on some star, or flitting through the blue sky. And when I learned to love you, before you taught me the name of your God, (and mine now,) I thought it would be pleasant to die, if I might become a spirit to go with you alway, and watch and love you. But now! I have seen visions of a holy land—a land fairer than the Canaan your father tells us of! I go thither. In that bright land I shall see Abraham, your mighty ancestor, and Isaac, his son. Shall I not know Rachel and Leah, whom I heard Jacob name with his dying breath? Farewell—I wait, your coming!"

It was night in Ephraim's soul, for many a year after he laid Marannis in the tomb of her fathers. When the moon fell softliest on the Nile, he oftentimes stole out from the palace, and pushing his light boat out on the river, made his way toward the spot where they had placed her, and wept and prayed.

Years hurried along, and he became a man. Gradually the vividness of that affection gave place to a settled sadness on his face, which they said remained there till his death—then a smile, serene and calm, took its place, but not till then.

He became old, and the father of a mighty race. But, in his many wanderings, the old man forgot not that first bright dream of his boyhood; and when, at length, the years of his pilgrimage were ended, and he lay dying, he seemed to see a face looking to him from afar—to hear a voice falling with saintly tones on his ear, and he smiled—and, reaching his arms out toward heaven as if to embrace a beloved one, ceased to struggle with the ills of life.



SCENE ON THE BARIBYSES, IN THE VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

Engraved Expressly for this Work by W. Wellstood.

VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

KYAT-KHANA, called by the Franks the "Valley of the Sweet Waters," is a lovely glen, nestled at the base of a chain of hills, and situated between Eyoub and Hassa Kuî, the quarter of the Jews. It is entirely shut in on all sides; and looks, from the heights above, which are bleak and arid, like a huge emerald. Through the thick grass of the valley, and under the shadow of its magnificent trees, flows the Barbyzes; a limpid, but inconsiderable stream, upon whose banks rise two of the most fairy-like edifices that ever sheltered prince or peasant! The larger building is a summer-palace, where the favorite wives of the Sultan lounge away many of the long sunshiny days of the warm season in comparative freedom; and exchange the closely-latticed apartments of the Imperial harem for the shady groves and grassy paths of the palace gardens; dreaming through the hot hours in gilded kiosques* on the river bank; or driving amid the tall plane trees in arabas,† bright with gilding, and drawn by cream-colored oxen.

The valley itself is delicious; the greenward is bright and rich, to a degree unknown in any other environ of the city. In spring it is the grazing-ground of the Imperial stud; and beautiful Arabians are installed with great pomp, picketed after the Eastern fashion, and superintended by parties of Bulgarians, whose tents are pitched in the valley, and who never quit it under any pretence until they are released from their charge. In summer it is the resort of all ranks; who, on every Friday, (the Turkish Sabbath,) resort thither, to enjoy what none know better how to appreciate than the Orientals—a bright sky, a running stream, flowers, leaves, and sunshine. Bullock-carriages, covered with gay-colored awnings of silken shag, fringed with gold; gilded arabas drawn by swift horses; and caïques, the number of whose elegantly-clad rowers denotes the rank or wealth of their owners, pour forth their tenants every moment; while the thick branches of the noble trees protect from the glare of the sun parties of white-veiled women, who, squatted on their mats or carpets, and attended by their

slaves, sit for hours, listening to the Wallachian and Bulgarian musicians, who collect *paras** and praises at a very trifling expense of melody; purchasing the prettily and significantly arranged boquets of the dark-eyed Bohemian flower-girls; or watching the ungainly dances of the Slavonians, who, with their discordant bagpipes under their arms, perform evolutions which resemble the saltatory attempts of half-educated bears. Here and there, a little apart from the crowd, may be seen a party of Greeks, engaged in their graceful romaïka; while groups of lovely children, and water-vendors, and sweetmeat merchants, wander up and down the greensward, and are greeted with smiles and welcome on all sides. It is, in short, a spirit-stirring scene; and the poorer classes, who are unable to command a carriage, or a caïque, will cheerfully toil on foot from the city, under a scorching sun, in order to secure their portion of the festival.

The valley of Kyat-Khana is a very favorite resort of the present Sultan, who has expended considerable sums in beautifying the palace, and in ornamenting the fountains and kiosques which appertain to it; but only a short time since it was entirely abandoned for two years, owing to the death of a favorite Odalique, who expired suddenly, in the very zenith of her youth and beauty, during a visit which she made here with her Imperial master; whose grief at her loss was so intense, that he could not bear to inhabit the valley until time had blunted his regret. A handsome head-stone, erected to her memory, lettered with gold, and overshadowed by a weeping willow, stands upon a square platform, beneath the windows of the saloon occupied by the Sultan; and the breeze, as it sweeps through the flexile branches of the tree, almost carries them into the apartment. Sultan Mahmoud, who is esteemed a very respectable poet for an Emperor, is said, during his season of despair, to have written a pathetic ballad in her honor; but, be that as it may, it is certain that she has been long forgotten among the bevy of beauties who now tread the gilded chambers of the palace of Kyat-Khana.

* Pavilions.

† Turkish carriages.

* The smallest actual coin known; twenty of them being only equal to one penny English.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

BY AN ITALIAN OFFICER.

EGYPTIAN SERAGLIO—GREEK CAPTIVE—BATTLE OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

WHEN we returned to Alexandria, in Egypt, we found the Egyptian squadron ready for battle. All the fortresses and shores around the city were well armed with guns, and watched by soldiers. Mehemet Ali's palace was changed into a place of defence, while the Pacha had retired to Napoleon's fort, in the centre of Alexandria. In the Tuscan consulship I met, for the first time, Ali Bey, the most handsome and polite Egyptian I ever saw. He invited me to his house and desired me to write a letter in Italian for him. He lived in a very luxurious style; his saloon was entirely covered by silk draperies, furnished with the richest divans, and paved with white marble. We drank Mocha coffee, and smoked Hatakia's tobacco, with the arkylem in the Turkish fashion. I asked him to allow me to see his seraglio. "Although it is not customary among us to show foreigners our women, I will satisfy your wishes," said he. In the mean time he gave orders to the chief of his eunuchs to have his ladies made acquainted with my visit, and to keep themselves with their veils down over their faces. "I differ from the Europeans," added he, "in that I keep concubines and slaves. I would rather have a legitimate wife, and my servants free; but I must submit to the customs of my country." We entered into the seraglio, in the room where the women were assembled by order of their chief. There were a score of women, sitting down on Persian carpets, around a beautiful fountain of fresh and clear water, where colored fishes were playing and swimming. Some of the concubines were smoking, others drinking coffee or sweet potions, and many were reading the Alcoran, and the tales of the Arabian Nights. When the chief of the eunuchs opened the golden door, or what Ali Bey called the *celestial entry*, all the captives bowed to

their master, and all their looks were cast upon me. They were covered from head to foot with a veil of white cashmere, having only two holes for the eyes and one for the breath. I sat down with Ali Bey on a divan in this epicurean paradise, where the old eunuch, like the cruel Cerberus of the Sybilla, was always looking at me and at those women who he supposed could most attract my attention, and excite my young and ardent imagination. His look was fierce; always cast on me, like a tiger watching for a new victim. He appeared angry that his master should have introduced a foreigner into the sacred sanctuary of his love. This poor Ethiopian had been mutilated from childhood, and he was also deprived of the use of speaking, as his tongue had been cruelly cut out. He had to look and be silent—such was his duty. The ladies of the seraglio could play and sing. They were all of different countries, such as Georgians, Jewesses, and one Grecian woman. This latter sang a Grecian song, and accompanied herself on the guitar, by order of her master. Her name was Lyda, born in Scio, where she was taken prisoner in the war in 1821, between the Greeks and Turks. She was only three years old when she was brought by a Jew and sold for fifteen years to Ali Bey. I could see only her sparkling eyes and red lips, and I formed the idea that she was a beautiful woman. I was more fortunate than Ali—I could understand the modern Greek language, and her sweet but lamentable song: "Oh, Grecia, my native land, must I say to thee farewell forever? Shall I see no more my native place, the beautiful blue skies of Grecia, and sleep no more on my mother's breast?" After a moment of rest, and taking advantage of the ignorance of Ali, she began again to sing: "Oh, foreigner! oh, youth! if e'er you visit

Grecia, salute my native home for me. Tell my unhappy friends that Lyda Hesperas lives—but no, I do not live—a slave, a concubine dies always—never lives.” After her song was finished, my heart was filled with a strong and anxious desire to free her from her slavery, and to carry her to Greece.

Ali Bey asked me in Italian what Lyda sang. It was a very difficult matter for me to answer his question truly, and I said: “Your Lyda sang the beauties of nature.”

The second day of our stay in Alexandria we were sent to Constantinople to take back the charge of Mehemet Ali. Ali Bey had received orders from the Pacha to go to Rosetta, and I was in great incertitude as to the expediency of endeavoring to rescue Lyda, and to fly with her to Greece. But, with all my sweet dreams and good feelings, I was under the painful necessity of leaving the lovely and unhappy Lyda to her fate, and return to my vessel.

We landed, for a few hours, at the Island of Cyprus, near the road of Salamis, where, centuries ago, there was accomplished the fate and independence of Greece. There, two great generals, Themistocles and Aristides, forgot their hatred and threw aside the vain and childish dissension which had separated them for many years. There were gathered all the Grecian people spared from the wars of Xerxes, and there Greece, for the last time, gave to the world a great example of valor and of patriotism. The brave Lacedæmonians died at Thermopylæ, in obedience to their law. Athens was destroyed by the Barbarians—Greece deserted on account of the Persian invasion, and all the hope of her salvation lay in the waters of the Salamis—where the Grecian fleet of three hundred and eighty vessels,* after a fierce fight, and a great loss on both sides, destroyed almost all the Persian navy, and insured the victory and salvation of Greece. On our way to Constantinople we took a pilot at Tenos, who assured us of an imminent attack on Alexandria, by the Turkish navy. The pilot was a Greek, and had sailed in the Archipelago for more than thirty years.

Think of a young man of nineteen years of age, who had always sympathized with Greece and Greeks, having a good knowledge of the ancient and modern history of that country, and what must have been my delight, to view, for the first time, the Grecian shores! I wished

to go to Athens, and travel all over that classic soil, but could not; When near the island of Tenedos, the pilot called me out from my cabin, to see Mount Idas, and, behind it, the place where stood the ancient city of Troy. I took Virgil's *Æneid* with me, and gazed upon those shores, covered, in former years, with warriors and combats, but now all silent and deserted. A few white stones are the only memorial left to the traveler to see where once stood the ancient and great city of Troy.

On the morning of the fifth day of our sailing, we entered the Hellespont, where Xerxes constructed a bridge over the sea which divides Europe from Asia. The space is not over a mile broad, but still it is dangerous when the wind blows from north-east. On both sides there are strong fortresses, in order to prevent war vessels from entering the sea of Marmora.

When we obtained the firman to go to Constantinople, we continued our sail, and arrived at Matamora towards the evening. The shores of the sea, the various and picturesque hills, the sun that was setting behind the white top of Mount Olympus, offered the most enchanting and delightful view. At sunrise we arrived at Constantinople. We passed near the Island of the Princes, and, when near the Imperial Seraglio, fired a salute to the Turkish fleet. The Turkish commodore did not return our salute, and even neglected to hoist the Tuscan colors; and our captain sent me to the commodore's vessel, to demand the reason for such an insult.

The answer was short, and not less insulting. We had to consider ourselves prisoners of war, and the commodore ordered us to cast anchor near the fortress of the Seraglio.

We were prohibited to go on shore, for any purpose, until permitted by the Divan. The Turkish government had been informed of the mission of our vessel—to bring secret dispatches to some friends of Mehemet Ali, and to return to Alexandria for the same purpose. Although the captain protested against such a violation, as our vessel carried the Tuscan flag, Mahmud, the old Sultan, would not hear any reason from us. Had not the ambassadors of the Allied Powers interfered in our favor, our splendid frigate would have been seized by the Turkish government, and we forced to do service in the Turkish fleet.

It was on Friday, the holy day of the Mohammedan religion, and on the anniversary of

* Herodotus, lib. viii. chap 8, p. 96.

the Ramazan, when, at sunrise, all the vessels and forts fired salutes and raised the Mahomedan colors, and those of the Allied Powers. After the prayer of the Sultan in St. Sophia, all the army paraded at the Bazaar. The Emperor reviewed his troops, and exhorted them to be faithful and brave soldiers. After a while, accompanied by the great *Dervis*, or great priest, and by all his ministers and superior officers, he went on board the commodore's vessel, where the *Dervis* read the Alcoran, invoked upon the Sultan the protection of the prophet Mahomet, and blessed all the navy in a loud voice. The squadron left the same day for Alexandria in Egypt.

On the tenth day of our detention, Mahmoud sent us orders to leave the road, and never return to Constantinople, but to sail for Italy, instead of Alexandria in Egypt. The firman of the Sultan was, that, if we should dare to re-enter the Hellespont, all the fortresses of the Dardanelles would fire upon us, and sink our vessel.

With such a *kind* and imperial order, we gave our first farewell to Stamboul, yet with much sorrow, as I would have visited the city and the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus. I had seen nothing of the city, only from our ship—merely the outlines of the golden minarets of St. Sophia, the splendid and magnificent palace of the Sultan, and the marble building of the Seraglio. On entering the Marmora Sea, we saw a small caique, or boat, bearing a white flag, and making us signs to stop. From the signals made by the passenger on board the boat, our captain believed that this was the secret emissary of Mehemet Ali. We took him on board, and he said to the captain that he was Salim Bey, the secret *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Pacha of Egypt.

In five days we arrived at Alexandria, and the Turkish squadron had not yet appeared. Salim Bey went to see the Pacha, and they remained a long time in a secret colloquy at the Fort Napoleon. When the news of the sailing of the Turkish fleet was known in town, all the Europeans were ordered, by their consuls, to leave the city for Rosetta. The Egyptian navy and army were ready to fight, and the whole population was excited against those Europeans who belonged to the Allied Powers. At last the hostile squadron was seen approaching the road, and from the admiral's vessel was made a signal of trust. Salim Bey was dispatched with a pilot-boat to the Turkish

commodore, and that mysterious flag was the real signal of the most shameful and infamous treachery.

During the night the Egyptian vessels were engaged in changing their anchorage. This was a very strange affair, and none of the European men-of-war in the road of Alexandria could understand the intent of such a nocturnal movement. Early in the morning the Turkish squadron came into the harbor of Alexandria, without any hostile demonstration. It was known after that the Turkish admiral had wretchedly betrayed the Sultan Mahmoud, giving his fleet into the hands of Mehemet Ali. Each Turkish vessel was placed between two Egyptian men-of-war, and, by order of the Pacha, all the ammunition was taken from on board the Turkish fleet. The consuls of the Allied Powers protested against such a treachery and violation. They sent their ultimatum to the Pacha—to return the fleet to the Sultan, to evacuate all Syria, and to consider himself a vassal of the Sublime Porte, and not an independent prince, or encounter the hostility of their respective governments. Such an arrogant threat could only irritate and hurt still more the feelings of Mehemet Ali, who answered the consuls by returning them their passports. He declined any interview with them, he refused their offerings; and the consuls of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, left Alexandria for Constantinople.

All the English and Austrian naval forces of the Archipelago and Mediterranean Seas were united in Syria, in the harbor of Beyrout and off St. Jean d'Acre. The war was now openly declared. Mehemet Ali had refused to submit to the ultimatum of the Great Sultan and of the Allied Powers, in spite also of the infidelity of the French Government.

We left Alexandria for St. Jean d'Acre, by order of the Pacha, with dispatches for Ibrahim Pacha, commander-in-chief of the whole army of Syria. In less than forty hours after we arrived there, all communications were prohibited. We could not land nor send the dispatches to Ibrahim Pacha. The English fleet was of fifteen vessels, while the Austrians had four frigates and other small vessels. In all, the allied navy consisted of thirty men-of-war and four steamers. We remained in the harbor to wait for the attack on the city and fortresses. Ibrahim had refused again to evacuate Syria, and the English and Austrian commanders took on board all the Europeans

who were in the city. In the evening, all the foreign vessels received orders to cast anchor in the bay, as the next day was decided upon in which to commence the attack and bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre.

That fatal and bloody day came, when ten thousand more victims had to perish, and a strong and beautiful city to fall in ruins. The sun had hardly appeared on the white and eternal snows of Lebanon before Napier, the English commodore, gave the signal to all the allied fleet to weigh anchor. The Arabs believed that the squadron was leaving for sea, and they paid no attention to the malicious and skilful motions of the enemy. When a mile from the road, Napier gave orders to sail again into the harbor, and sweeping up in splendid style, they cast anchor under the fortresses of the city. From our vessel we could see all the motions of the fleet, and when they had cast anchor near the city, our captain said that St. Jean d'Acre was lost. "Napoleon," said he, "has spent six months and destroyed a strong army under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, but now this impregnable place must fall in less than a day." The Arabs had allowed the enemy to approach so near the walls of the city, that the guns from shore could do no harm to the vessels, as they were lower than the fortresses. Napier and Bandiera, the Austro-Turkish commodore, made signal to prepare for action. The four steamers then opened their fire; the whole fleet began a tremendous and stormy cannonade. The Arabs answered with a no less destructive fire, but in less order and without any advantage. The enemy was sure of the victory, as his navy was under shelter of the guns on shore. Four hours had already passed in bombarding and destroying, when the Austro-Italian frigate *La Venere* changed her position, and directed her blazing bombs on the higher fortress of the city. In five minutes all that large fortress was turned into a volcano of fire and ruins; one bomb had fallen on the magazine, and more than two thousand soldiers perished in the awful explosion that followed. This was the signal for the end of that fierce battle, and of the victory for the enemy. The city had already ceased to answer the guns of the allied squadrons, but no signs of truce appeared for the whole day. The loss and damages of the English and Austro-Italian navy was a trifling affair, compared with the destruction of the Arabs, and of the city of St. Jean d'Acre.

The bombardment of Acre had ceased with the night of the 3d of November, and a detachment of the troops of the Allied Powers took possession of the city. The Gibraltar of Syria was lost; Ibrahim Pasha retired to the mountains, waiting for new troops or an order to leave Syria. His situation was precarious; he could no longer occupy that country. All his troops were starved and wasted away, and the whole Syrian population in arms against him.

After four months of war, Syria was evacuated; and the retreat of the Egyptians was accompanied by the most terrible disasters. Near 20,000 men died on their way to Egypt, by starvation, thirst, sickness, and the fire of the enemy! Such was the end of the splendid Egyptian army of 50,000 men who had conquered all Syria, and so bravely fought the battle of Nizib against 70,000 Turks.

Ibrahim Pasha had retired to Gaza in Palestine by the most difficult and circuitous march, round by the Dead Sea and the plains of Jordan. His few regiments encamped in that deserted land were in no condition to give battle or to defend themselves against the Turkish army. They were deprived of all the necessary means, the Oriental plague made large ravages amongst them, and the Turks, commanded by General Jochmus, were pursuing them. Had not the English interfered, the Pasha and his companions in suffering would certainly have been destroyed.

We were only three days in Alexandria when the Pasha, anxious for the welfare of his son, and hearing that he was exposed at Gaza to the Turks, dispatched our vessel and the steamer Nile with troops, money, and victuals. Our captain had orders to bring the prince himself to Alexandria, but Ibrahim preferred to land at Damietta, as his person would have been in danger from the population of Alexandria.

Sir Charles Napier had already appeared before Alexandria when we reached the harbor. He issued a proclamation to the Pasha, stating that Great Britain, Austria, Russia and Prussia, with the Sultan, had decided that the rule of Mehemet Ali had ceased in Syria; that he must return the Turkish fleet, and submit himself to the Sublime Porte. Two days passed in changing protocols and counter-protocols, messages and counter-messages, but nothing was yet decided by the Pasha. Mehemet's last hope was gone, yet still he hesitated. Napier sent him his *ultimatum*, giving half an hour to

the Pasha to answer. All the inhabitants were in great despair and confusion, and the soldiers began to desert their places. Napier sent another and last dispatch. "If you are disposed to submit," said the English commodore, "you shall be restored to the government of all Egypt; but if you refuse my offer, remember that I have taken Acre in less than five hours, and I shall burn and destroy your fleet, your army and Alexandria in five minutes." The Pasha was forced to yield. The Turkish fleet was restored to the Sultan, and Syria was fairly evacuated. The Pasha Mehemet Ali had been pardoned, a decoration as a great vizier conferred on him, and the province of Egypt conceded to him, with the hereditary right thereto to his descendants.

Thus ended the war of Syria. More than 30,000 people perished in the mountains and plains, and the few regiments left by Ibrahim at Gaza were dying by starvation and plague. When peace was restored, we believed that our vessel would have been sent back to Italy, all our ship's crew being tired of so long and dangerous a stay on those shores: many were dead, and others were affected by diseases of those countries. I secretly advised the crew to send a petition to our consul, to let him know how ill-treated we were, that we would not stay any longer, neither on the vessel nor in that country; that our time was finished, and we were all anxious to return to our homes. All this was unknown to our captain and officers. When the consul received our clandestine petition, he was just dining with the captain. Although we did not complain of our officers, our petition was looked upon by the stupid and ignorant *chargé d'affaires* as a plot or conspiracy against them. The captain was the bearer of the answer to our petition, and of the supreme and barbarous decision of his little highness. I, as the author of so famous a piece of bombast, was put in irons and confined for ten days down in the steerage, while the others who signed with me had received orders not to go ashore again till we returned to Italy. After ten days of retirement, we sent another petition—it was our *ultimatum*. We asked permission either to leave the vessel or to sail by ourselves for Italy. Certainly our menace had not the power of Napier's order, for we were sent again to Gaza, to carry those wretched troops to Damietta.

We landed at Gaza after thirty hours' sail. The bay of Gaza is very dangerous for a ship;

there is no harbor, nothing to secure one from the north and east winds. Near the sea-shore is an old fortress falling in ruins, built by Bonaparte on his way to Syria. The city of Gaza is like a small and dirty village of the Alps, and lies six miles from the sea. When I landed with twenty men, all well armed with dispatches for the Bey, we could find on our road nothing but human corpses, and dead horses and camels all putrefied. When we reached the camp, we were furnished with horses and a guide to conduct us to the city. There were not less than 4000 persons encamped on the plain—men, women, children, all deprived of food and living on grass or dead horses! The Oriental plague and other sicknesses still continued to decimate the population, while others were dying of starvation and thirst. The Bey received me and my men with great honor and courtesy; we drank coffee and smoked tobacco, and he took me to see where was once the famous temple of the Philistines, destroyed by the herculean force of Samson. He asked me if we could take twelve hundred persons on board.

"It is impossible," said I. "If they were flocks of sheep, we could place them in anywhere; but sick people require some comfortable place, and sufficient room."

"Do not be so humane," added the Bey; "if you had to remain here longer you would become accustomed, I do not say to be cruel, but to be more indifferent to suffering. If you refuse to take those people on board, they will die here soon. They can find no more water or grass. I have no food for them. It is better that they die at sea than to let their bodies remain exposed to the vultures of the desert."

With all his Oriental morals the Bey could not persuade me to take twelve hundred persons on board. I allowed him to send eight hundred, and I promised him that we would return in two days to take the rest.

The same day an Egyptian vessel came from Alexandria, laden with orge and biscuit. When it was distributed to these unhappy people, I imagined myself in the valley of Jehoshaphat, in the day of the universal resurrection. Those who could go to receive their food were like hungry tigers, and there began a tremendous fight among them.

On the morning of the 8th of February we embarked those unfortunate beings. Many of them, tortured by thirst, while on their way to our vessel tried to drink salt water to assuage their sufferings. When on board, our captain

placed two men at the pumps to prevent them drinking too much water at once: but alas! it was impossible to keep them away. Many preferred to receive blows from their officers rather than leave the water; others died instantly, after having drank a few drops. The most pitiful sight was to behold the women who had children at their dried breasts, or their husbands, in the impossibility to go for themselves to the pumps. I saw many of these females, without anything to carry water in, fill their mouths full, and throw it, drop by drop, into the mouths of their invalid husbands! We could hear nothing but cries and groans—the weak and lamentable voices of the dying, tortured by wounds and other illnesses. Their sufferings were indescribable. The captain, fearing mutiny among them, required all their arms to be given up; and he gave orders that all the crew, well armed, should keep watch over them till we arrived at Damietta. But no mutiny was to be feared from those dying passengers! When it was discovered that many of them were attacked by the Oriental plague, they were thrown overboard. Our crew unanimously asked the captain to land these people again, or to give his word of honor that they should not return with the vessel to Gaza, but sail for Alexandria. Had not the captain had influence over them by his bravery and affection, I have no doubt that a horrible human butchery would have occurred on board. The captain said that he himself had been deceived by our consul—that he should leave the vessel when in Alexandria, rather than continue this dangerous and lamentable voyage. All was now quiet, silent, and mournful in our steamer; every moment new victims were thrown into the sea; and more than two hundred of the Egyptians perished in our short voyage to Damietta.

Our arrival in Alexandria was looked upon with suspicion. Mehemet Ali sent orders that we should not leave the vessel nor go on shore, as we had refused to return to Gaza, our first destination. Notwithstanding the insolent command of the Pasha, our captain left the vessel with his baggage, and we never heard from him again. He went to Leghorn with a French steamer.

Here a new conspiracy was plotted: we decided, one and all, to leave the vessel, and to put ourselves under the protection of the French consul. I wrote to the Pasha, with the signatures of all the crew, that we had no orders to receive from his highness; that we were Ital-

ians, were under the Tuscan flag, and could obey no one but our captain; and as the captain had sailed for Italy, we had no longer a chief. "We decline," said I, "to acknowledge the Tuscan consul as our protector; and now we are going to ask the protection of the French and English consuls."

The same day we left the vessel. Of all the crew only an Austrian officer remained on board. He was our Judas. Our first visit was to the French consul. We explained to him the causes of our complaints—to what evils we had been exposed for eighteen months—how barbarously we had been treated and deceived by our consul—that we had not received any money for eight months, and we required to be returned to our country. The French consul promised us his protection, and advised us to return to our vessel.

I went to pay a visit to my friend Ali Bey, whom I had not seen for ten months; but thinking, in the meantime, only of Lida, the Greek slave—of her exquisite beauty and melodious voice. I must avow that I was still a strong abolitionist; that I thought of a thousand means to carry away Lida from Ali Bey's seraglio; and I hoped to succeed.

It was on a Friday morning, just the hour when all good Mussulmans go to pray to Allah, when I went to Ali Bey's house. The little Alim Azib was in the door, and scarcely had he seen me before he came forward, bowing with joy, and kissed both my hands. He told me that Ali Bey was at Cairo on business; that the old negro eunuch had died of the Oriental plague, and gone to see Allah, with the Great Prophet. Lida, since my first visit to the harem, had become pale and dull—had lost her appetite, and wept day and night. "When she is before Ali Bey," added Alim Azib, "she tries to appear gay and cheerful. Now she seems to be no more the sparkling star of the seraglio; she sighs all day, and remains long hours to see the vessels coming from the sea."

All this history was a sufficient matter to excite the imagination of a young man twenty years old. I now became a Platonic lover—full of compassion, and desire to save that unfortunate one. Although I could not trust Alim Azib for his malicious look, I asked him if he knew the cause of her sorrows.

"Your first visit to the seraglio," answered the Arab boy audaciously; "that is all. You know that she is a Greek girl, an eternal enemy to our nation, and follower, like you, of the infi-

del's religion. She told me her troubles ; and more than that, I have in my possession a letter that would send her, tied up in a bag, to take a bath in the bottom of the sea."

It was a letter directed to me, and written in the most pure and poetical Greek language ! She asked me to rescue her from her slavery ; and said that she would be forever my faithful servant, as Mirra was to Sardanapalus. "Let me see once more," said she, in her letter, "the blue sky of Greece, all my sorrows will soon disappear. Come, take me with you, wherever you like : Lida Hesperus will be always at your side. Oh ! love me, pity me, young Italian. Answer me ; let me know my destiny, and what is your intention."

Alim Azib took me into a room of the house where I could be unperceived and out of danger. Although I was armed from head to foot, yet I began to think seriously of my dangerous situation ; but the presence of Lida soon made all my fears disappear. There we were alone, only before Alim. She uncovered her lovely face, and threw herself on my neck ; and weeping, besought me to fly with her from Ali Bey's seraglio. Her shoulders were covered only by her long golden hair ; and around her neck, as white as alabaster, she had a beautiful string of pearls and coral. Her eyes were sparkling and black, her mouth small, and her lips rosy. She had a handsome figure, a tall and majestic form ; indeed, was a true likeness of what we might suppose Sappho, the poetess of Lesbos, to have been.

We fixed on the next day as the time for our flight. I was to send there some clothes by my washerwoman, a Christian negro ; and Lida, dressed in European style, was to leave the house and meet me near the Franco Square. Thus we separated, to meet again on the next fatal day.

Immediately after I left Lida I was attacked with a severe inflammation of the eyes, which became so painful that I despaired of ever regaining my sight. The physician ordered me to remain shut in a dark room, and not to expose myself to the light for several days. Think what could be my situation and despair ! I re-

proached myself for having been so imprudent and hasty in my determination to carry away Lida from her master, and thus expose her to more evils, and perhaps to death. I spent the whole night in the most terrible state of mind. I could not be present at our rendezvous, nor could I find any way to let Lida know of my sudden sickness. In the morning, at last, I sent for my washerwoman : she came, and promised me, in the name of the Holy Virgin, to take Lida, unknown, to my hotel. The hours were like long and eternal days to me. I feared that she would be discovered, and arrested ; but towards evening, I heard some people at my door, all being darkness around me ; and soon Lida's voice assured me of her safety.

I shall never forget the care and attention of the unfortunate and lovely Lida during my sickness. She watched me day and night ; and I owe the recovery of my sight, under God, to her kind assistance.

Four days after the flight of Lida, Ali Bey returned from Cairo. The devil was in the house and in the city ; the irritated Mussulman was looking everywhere for that unfortunate slave. Had I been able, we would have sailed for Athens, in an English steamer ; but, alas ! I had to be the cause of all her misfortunes. The lady of the hotel—a very religious and Catholic woman—had concealed Lida in a distant part of the house ; but Alim Azib, after having received fifty blows on his feet, told Ali Bey where and with whom Lida had decamped.

The poor Lida was found, and taken back to the seraglio, and dreadfully beaten ; and I, after having been well chained, was conducted to the Tuscan consul, in order that he might give me into the hands of the Egyptian government.

Had not the janissaries of the consul interfered, the soldiers of Ali Bey would have butchered me while going to the consulship. I do not remember how many blows I received from them ; I had no time at that moment to keep a particular account.



Bartlett, del.

W.L. Ormsby, Sc.

*The Balsilles.
Enjoy it for this Work.*

SIEGE AND HEROIC DEFENCE OF BALSILLE.

WE spoke in our last article of the safe return of the Waldenses to their native valleys. But though they had overcome all opposition, and again reared their altars in their ancient places, their troubles and dangers were not yet over. Their powerful enemies resolved to make one last great effort for their overthrow. For this purpose the French king formed an alliance with the Duke of Savoy, and their combined troops, to the number of *twenty-two thousand* men, marched into the Waldensian country. Against this overwhelming force the pastor and leader, Arnaud, could muster but *three hundred and sixty-seven* men. Trusting, however, in that God who had thus far protected and saved him, he boldly resolved with his mere handful of peasants to withstand this army of veteran troops. It was useless to attempt an open warfare in the valleys, and so he withdrew his band to the impregnable rock of Balsille, and began to cast up intrenchments. This rock, as presented in the engraving, rises in the form of a cone from the valley of Macel, or rather at the angle where two valleys unite. It consists of several precipices, rising one above another, whose edges are fringed with scattered pine trees, that give a still greater wildness to the savage scene. The approach to it is through a fearful gorge, where a few brave men could keep at bay ten times their number. Into this fortress of nature the weary exiles cast themselves, with the stern resolve to conquer or leave their bones to be picked by the mountain vultures. Their case seemed a hopeless one, and their long journey and battles and hardships were apparently about to end in utter extermination. So confident were the enemy of victory, that they brought along executioners and halters with which to hang up the captives.

What a sublime spectacle did that rock then present in the dead of winter! All over its massive form hung the snow-drifts, here and there relieved by the dark edge of a precipice,

or the dwarf pine trees that rocked and roared in the Alpine blast; while in caves they had excavated in the heart of the mountain—living on roots and herbs which they dug from under the snow—lay three hundred and sixty-seven brave Christians, ready to die for their altars and their homes. Like mere insects they hung along that precipitous height, while the thousands of their enemies were crowded in a dark mass below. Shut out from the world around them, exposed to all the severity of an Alpine winter and all the horrors of famine, they dragged out the weary months sustained by that lofty faith and heroism which have made the martyr and patriot of every age. But they were not idle: every precaution was taken and every defence made in their power. They dug themselves eighty holes in the earth for houses, each surrounded with a gutter, to carry off the water, and then commenced their fortifications. On the Sabbath they assembled on a small flat, near what was called the castle, (the spot where they made their first stand,) and had divine worship—Arnaud preaching them two sermons. Every week day also he assembled them morning and evening for prayers. In the morning, at early daylight, these bold men would gather together, and kneeling on the cold earth with their heads bowed between their knees, listen reverently to the prayers of their pastor, and then seize the spade and axe and labor till night on the intrenchments. They made a succession of breastworks, seventeen in number, each higher up the rock than the other, so that when driven from one they could retire to another, until they reached the sharp summit, where they had resolved one and all to die.

The French and soldiers of the Duke, when they saw how strongly the Waldenses were intrenched, hesitated to attack them, and finally contented themselves with hemming them in, hoping that the severe winter and famine would force them to surrender. But they bore their

privations and sufferings without a murmur, and still clung to their dens amid the snow-drifts and cliffs of their mountain rock, with their first purpose to conquer or die.

At length spring opened, and the enemy, seeing no prospect of discouraging or starving out the exiles, resolved to storm their intrenchments. So, on the Sabbath morning of the last of April, 1690, they put their troops in motion, and began to enter the defiles that led to the first barricade. There was but one way of access to the castle, as it was called, and that was by a torrent which had cut a natural passage through the rocks. This Arnaud's practiced eye soon discovered, and he paid particular attention to it. He planted there strong palisades, working upon them with his own hands, and raised parapets of wall. He also laid down trees, with the bushy tops towards the enemy. On these he rolled a layer of rocks to keep them down, and on the rocks another layer of trees, and so on, until an almost insurmountable breastwork was reared. As the enemy approached, the Waldenses opened their fire with terrible effect, which caused them to retire. At length it was resolved to pick out five hundred men, and with them carry the first barricade by assault.

In close and firm order this noble body of men, sustained by a still larger body of peasants, moved forward under cover of a terrible snow storm, which filled the air like a driving mist, until within close musket-shot, when they halted and delivered their fire, then with a loud shout sprang forward with the bayonet. They imagined they could pull away the trees by the tops, and thus open a passage, but the rocks held them fast. Thus brought breast to breast with the Waldenses, the fire of the latter could be delivered with horrible effect, as indeed it was. The muzzles of their guns almost touched the bosoms of their foes, and when the word "Fire!" rang along the breastwork, a volley opened that laid the front rank dead at its base. The second rank, however, stepped bravely in the blood of their comrades, and with loud huzzas pressed onward; but that same tempest of fire smote them down. The Waldenses were divided in two portions, one of which in the rear loaded the muskets, while those in front discharged them. This made the firing more constant and terrible—it was a continual blaze there in the snow-storm, and the air was filled with bullets, which rained in an incessant shower on the devoted heads of the assailants.

The latter, however, bore bravely up till more than two-thirds of their entire number lay stretched on the rocks and amid the snow, and were still striving desperately to stem the fiery torrent, when the Waldenses sallied forth and fell on them with such fury that all order was lost, and the fight became a slaughter. But a small band, without hats or arms, of all that brave detachment, were left to bear to the army the news of their sad overthrow, while not a single Waldensian was killed or wounded.

Darkness and the storm finally shut in the scene, and all was still save the groans of the wounded. The next morning Arnaud assembled his little band for prayers, and tears of joy accompanied their morning thanksgiving. After prayers they cut off the heads of the dead, and stuck them on poles which they planted on the palisades, to show the enemy that they had cut themselves loose from mercy, and neither asked nor expected pardon.

The French, overwhelmed by this great disaster, broke up their encampment the next day, and retired over the borders of France. On that very day Arnaud preached a sermon, which was delivered and received with flowing tears.

But the enemy had not abandoned their designs, and on the 10th of May again marched back and invested the rock of Balsille. In long and glistening array the steady columns wound through the deep defiles, while the roll of a hundred drums and the prolonged blasts of the trumpet made the rocks above the Waldenses ring with echoes. Having learned wisdom from their previous failure, the enemy advanced with more caution, and investing the place on every side, began to erect redoubts and mount their cannon. The batteries soon opened, and it rained an iron storm on the works of the Waldenses. Not satisfied with this, they made gradual approaches, by sending forward soldiers protected by fascines and sacks of wool, who erected parapets in closer proximity to the Waldenses. The latter, having no artillery, could not prevent these approaches nor beat down the parapets when raised, and hence were compelled to witness the circle of fire growing narrower around them every day. They made sally after sally, but were compelled to retire before the superior force of their enemy. In a short time they found themselves entirely surrounded. The French commander having planted his cannon so as to completely uncover the Waldenses, hailed them through a trumpet and sent a flag of truce, offering them, in the

name of the King of France, free permission to leave the country, if they would retire without further resistance. To this summons the Waldenses returned the following heroic reply :

“Messieurs, the answer we have to make is, that not being subjects of the French King, and that monarch not being master of this country, we cannot treat with any of your gentlemen ; and being in the heritages which our fathers have left us from time out of mind, we hope, by the help of Him who is the God of hosts, to live in them and die in them, one and all, *even though there should be but ten of us left. If your cannon fire, our rocks will not be frightened at it, and we will hear them roar.*”

Bravely said, bold exiles ! the God of hosts will help and send deliverance.

The cannon then opened with a terrific uproar, together with the small arms, till that old rock trembled under the incessant explosions. Still the Waldenses did not shrink from their high purpose, and replied with their feeble volleys. Before noon the French had fired a hundred and fourteen rounds of artillery, and a hundred thousand musket shots. The feeble intrenchments of the Waldenses melted away like frost-work before this tremendous fire. Huge gaps were opened in the walls, and the next day was fixed upon by the enemy for a grand assault, at three different points. Arnaud saw at a glance that his feeble band could not in their uncovered state sustain a general assault, and so ordered them to retire by night to an intrenchment farther up the rock. This, however, was found to be impossible, for the French had completely hemmed them in. There was but one way of escape, and that was down the mountain over a frightful precipice, and within sure striking distance of the enemy's guards. It was impossible to carry out their first resolution and make their last desperate stand on the top of the rock, for the enemy had got possession of it above their heads.

Thus encompassed and uncovered, they could only turn to the God who had thus far defended them ; and again he appeared for their deliverance by sending at night a dense fog which completely concealed the movements of the besieged. Under cover of it they filed out of their intrenchments, and began to slide down the precipices. If for a moment the fog lifted before the night's wind, they would fall flat on their faces till it again settled on the breast of the mountain. With their shoes off to deaden the sound, and at the same time make secure

their footing, they made their perilous way—now letting themselves down a ledge, and now crawling through a ravine, and at times so near to the sentinels that the slightest motion of the latter could be distinctly heard. At length one of the Waldenses let a kettle drop from his hand and roll down the precipice. As it went jingling and rattling by a sentinel, he exclaimed, “Who goes there ?” but the kettle making no reply, and soon ceasing its noise altogether, he turned again to his drowsy watch. The fugitives in the meantime had descended into the ravine at the bottom, and by steps cut in the snow ascended the opposite precipice ; and when the fog lifted before the morning sun and rolled away over the Alpine heights, the French commander saw with indignation and astonishment the little band he had made such immense sacrifices to capture winding rapidly around the crest of the opposite mountain. He immediately ordered out a detachment in pursuit, but the prey had escaped.

Various skirmishes after this occurred between the Waldenses and detachments of the French ; but at length the Duke of Savoy quarreling with the King of France, the former sought the aid of his subjects whom he had persecuted and driven from their homes. The Waldenses received his proposals of an alliance with joy, and fought as bravely under their unjust prince as they had done for themselves. As a reward for their services, their country was restored to them. Still as Protestants they were subjected to various restrictions, and burdened down with heavy taxes.

When Bonaparte undertook the conquest of Piedmont, they rallied bravely around their prince, and were the last to yield. Notwithstanding their stubborn resistance, Bonaparte after his conquest removed all the odious restrictions under which they had suffered, abolished the tax for the support of the Catholic priesthood, and let them appropriate their funds for the support of their own pastors, and gave them every right guaranteed to a Catholic subject. After his downfall they sunk under their old oppression, in which they languish at the present day.

Thus have we gone over a few of the most striking incidents in the Waldensian history. Every candid reader must acknowledge that it is marked by extraordinary events, such as have attended no people since the Israelites performed their miraculous journey to the land of Canaan.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

ESQUIRE W——, as he was called by all his neighbors, had been out of health for a year and a half. He was a man of about fifty years of age; and up to the period of the attack of his present sickness, had never needed the care of a physician for a single day. He had been a remarkably robust and healthy man; and in his occupation as a farmer, had collected a large property, and was the richest man in the vicinity.

'Squire W—— felt the full consequence of his wealth, in a world where all men worship money; and although he was a kind man and very hospitable, yet he felt above the most of his neighbors, and his family visited in but few houses around them. Their pride and distance made them all unpopular; and they were rather the objects of ridicule for their haughtiness, than respected for their wealth.

A slight cold, the result of exposure, was the origin of his illness. At first there was no severity in the disease; and indeed throughout its whole course, he did not take to his bed till the week before he died. It had come on gradually; each step so short and imperceptible, that he was not aware of his being really sick for some months. Then his extreme paleness, noticed by his family first, led him to think of other symptoms, such as a shortness of breath and palpitation of his heart, occurring in consequence of slight exercise or sudden agitation of mind, which he had often noticed before, but did not regard as indications of disease. They slowly increased in severity, or rather in amount, till he found that he could not work as formerly; and he was eventually obliged to relinquish labor altogether, and in fact to be exceedingly careful in taking his daily exercise, which often brought on alarming attacks of fainting. His appetite continued good; and after a time there was no apparent accession

of his complaint, so that he was rather surprised at his condition than alarmed; though at the urgency of his family, who had become anxious on his account, a neighboring physician was called in, who continued to attend him regularly for several months. But no change took place for the better or worse.

I said it was a year and a half since his first indisposition. About that time, for the first, he experienced an attack apparently unconnected with his previous disease, which brought him to his bed. It was however but a new development of symptoms, which continued for five days, when they seemed to give way; and feeling better, he dressed himself, and walked about his dooryard. The fatigue of the slight exertion however overpowered him, and about eleven o'clock at night he fainted; and at this time I saw him in connection with his attending physician.

I am always unwilling to place my own judgment in opposition to that of another who has had more full opportunities for forming an opinion; but in this case I was convinced that the disease had been misapprehended, and consequently, not correctly treated. But it was now too late. It was evidently gathering itself up, and making its last and final assault upon the seat of life.

This opinion I expressed candidly to the attending physician, and my conviction that the patient would experience frequent attacks of this kind, if he continued to live, but that he might expire in the first one. It was proper that this should be communicated to him; and we entered his room for that purpose. As we took our seats by his bed, he said:

"I am sorry, gentlemen, to have given you this trouble. I was unwilling to have you called out at this time of night, and wished the family to wait till morning; but they were very

much alarmed, though I think without any cause, and sent for you at once. I feel much better now—as well, indeed, as I have felt for some months.”

And he sat up in bed to take the draught which was presented him at that moment. His breathing was short and quick, and his pulse almost imperceptible, while his paleness, or rather the utterly bloodless hue of his countenance, was, if possible, much increased. I stated to him my opinion of his case, which, to my surprise, seemed to make no impression upon him.

“I think you are mistaken,” was his cool reply. “But if such should be the fact, I am perfectly ready. I have never done an act for which I am not prepared to give an account when called upon.”

Shocked at his reply, I bade him good night, and left him in the care of my associate, whom I agreed to meet the next morning at nine o'clock.

I know no character so repulsive as that of the man, who, as the close of an earthly and godless life approaches—a life in which every thought has been given to earth, and not one to Heaven, save to boast of a worthiness and readiness which no mortal possesses in himself—in that solemn and awful hour hugs to his heart his own vain-glorious purity, and proudly tramples under his feet the only hope worthy of a sinful man—the hope purchased by a full atonement. Who is ready to account for the least of all his deeds—who, for the fact that love was withheld where love was justly demanded, and when not to love was to hate? How awfully self-condemned must that naked spirit stand the next hour, in the presence of the utter holiness, and purity, and love it has so long and so haughtily rejected and scorned?

I was detained an hour beyond the time the next morning, by professional business. It was consequently ten o'clock when I reached the house; and the carriage of the attending physician was at the door. A servant-boy stood by the gate, and as I alighted, he told me Mr. W—— was dying. I hurried into the house, and went directly to the bedside of the dying—the dead man. He had just expired; and I stood in a scene most heart-rending.

Through the night he had seemed to revive considerably, and had been very comfortable, having slept soundly for some hours. He awoke in the morning much refreshed, and had taken a light breakfast about nine o'clock, with

his whole family by his bedside. Upon the arrival of his physician he conversed freely, and with more ease and strength than on the previous night, and, in spite of all remonstrances, insisted upon sitting up. He refused assistance in rising, only allowing his wife to hold his hand; and when he stood upon his feet, remarked that they thought him much weaker than he really was. The words were scarcely uttered before he fainted. They laid him on the bed, and, when I entered, were using every means to restore him. His wife, in the midst of sobs and tears, was chafing his hands, yet showing plainly, in her hopeless look, her conviction that all was over. By her side stood two manly sons, as if petrified by the sudden blow, in mute sorrow gazing on the form that they too felt was dead.

But the saddest part of the scene was to be witnessed in the distress of the daughter, a lovely girl, of about sixteen years. She was clinging to the neck of her father, and covering his face with kisses, which were only interrupted by her earnest exclamations for help.

“Father! wake up, dear father! Why don't you do something, Doctor? He has only fainted. Do something. He has often been so before. He is not dead; I tell you he has only fainted, and will come out of it, if you will do something. Don't stand so; you look as if you think he is dead; but he is not—he has only fainted. Oh, try to bring him to! Dear father, don't you hear me?”

Poor girl! Her eye was wild, and her brain too. Her mother said to me through her tears:

“What do you think, Doctor?”

I felt of his pulse; and a slight quivering motion, which I found under my finger, made me think for an instant that there was still life. I laid my hand upon the region of the heart; but I felt no motion there. Again I examined his wrist, and thought that I felt the same flickering I felt before; but if there was any, it was almost immediately gone; and I was about to declare my belief that he was dead, when the daughter again spoke:

“Why don't you speak, Doctor? Say something! You do not think he is dead? I know it cannot be! He has only fainted! Don't you think so, Doctor?”

It was a hard task to destroy the hope that still lingered in the brain of the lovely girl; and when I said that he was dead, she threw up her hands, and, with a wild shriek, fell

heavily and senseless upon the floor. All our care and attention was now directed to her; and for some time it was doubtful whether she too were not dead. But by the use of powerful restoratives she gradually revived, and opened her eyes, when she was removed to another room and left in the care of some of the neighboring women who had come in.

* * * * *

I was about leaving the house, when Mrs. W. requested me to see her daughter before I went. I followed her, and found the young lady sitting up, but in an attitude, and with an expression of countenance, that alarmed me. She was sitting in a chair by the side of a bed, upon which rested one hand in an easy and graceful position, but the other hand was pressed forcibly upon her forehead, as if to suppress some severe pain. Her eye had much the same wild appearance which it had when I first saw her hanging on the neck of her dead father; but the wildness was increased to an alarming degree. Yet she was quiet, neither moving nor uttering a word. I sat down beside her, and attempted to remove her hand from her head; but finding that she resisted the attempt, I desisted, and took the other, which she suffered me to do without opposition. Her pulse was not excited, but beat with ordinary regularity and force. What was the meaning of her strange appearance? Had I believed her capable of such a thing, I might have suspected her of counterfeiting a show of derangement. But this could not be. Those fixed and tearless eyes—that unmoving position, maintained without change, and without apparent effort—her whole appearance, in fact, seemed to tell most plainly that her mind had received a shock too powerful to bear, and had lost its balance.

I spoke to her, when, without altering her position or moving her eye, she said, as if addressing some other person:

“He has only fainted; if Doctor P—had come when he said he would, it would not have happened. He will come to directly. I was very much alarmed—but he will be better soon. I am going in to see him directly.”

I attempted to lead her mind away from the subject, but although she seemed to hear what I said, she only replied in such broken expressions as the foregoing. Poor girl! she was evidently crazed with the intensity of the sudden blow; but hoping that it might be only temporary, and being under the necessity of visiting other patients, I advised a composing draught,

and that, if possible, she should be undressed and got to bed and kept perfectly quiet. I took my departure, having promised Mrs. W. at her request, to call in again in the course of the day.

The medical profession is every day accused of insensibility to the pains and woes of the objects that require its care. It is thought, somehow, that our constant familiarity with human suffering, sears over our hearts, and wears out our better feelings, so that we go to our business as the mechanic goes to his task, with a coldly calculating view to its profits; or, if better things are allowed us, only as the student of science to his studies, curious to watch the course, and progress, and results of disease, or the effects of remedies. The probe that sounds the depth and extent of the wound, however carefully and gently it may be used, produces often intense pain; and how often is it made the evidence of a callous heart, when that very heart was overflowing with sympathy, and felt an answering pang to every pain it reluctantly inflicted. Never was a falser censure thrown upon any one, than that which lays to our charge insensibility of heart. There may be, and doubtless are, many in our profession upon whom the imputation may justly rest. But I speak not for myself alone, when I affirm that as a body of men, physicians are alive always to the most active sympathy in all the pains of their afflicted charges. They may assume an air of stoical indifference—they may wear a brow of unconcern and courageous confidence, even when they have little hope; to infuse which courage and confidence into the heart of the patient may be their great reliance in restoring him to health. But underneath all this calm and bold exterior lies hid a crowd of trembling fears and harassing anxieties, that makes day long and night restless, and life wearisome, only for the conviction that his is the noble and untiring task, with God's blessing, to relieve human suffering, and oftentimes restore the almost dead to life, and to their despairing friends.

Throughout my whole ride, on that day, my mind was filled with the image of this bereaved family, and especially of the stricken daughter. Schooled in the same self-confident religion of him who had just died, they had no source from which to draw comfort, no staff on which to lean. No wonder, then, that the mind should grow giddy and fail in the terrible hour. It was almost sunset when I visited them again, and the body had been laid out upon the bed,

just as he had lain during his illness. The family were seated around the bed, and by the foot sat the daughter, with her hands folded, but her countenance unchanged.

I learned, upon inquiring, that she had obstinately refused to take the draught I had ordered, or to lie down, at frequent intervals saying, that she was going in soon to see her father, and that he had only fainted, and would soon come to. With some difficulty I succeeded in withdrawing the family from the room, and persuading Alice, the daughter, to walk with me in the garden in front of the house. Hearty sympathy will win its way, even in cases where the mind is willfully or from disease rendered difficult of approach.

Alice took my arm, and after walking a few moments in silence, she heaved a deep sigh, and said :

“ I was sadly frightened at my father’s fainting ; it was so much worse than it commonly has been. I do not know what I should have done if he had not recovered from it. I have so long been afraid he would die in one of these turns. I hope you will continue to attend him now. Do you think his disease is curable ? ”

It was sad to see that she was still under so strong a delusion, and I hesitated as to the course I should pursue ; but soon determined, at all hazards, to attempt to impress her with the truth as it really was. It seemed at first that she comprehended it, for she started and looked me in the face, and exclaimed, “ Dead ! ” but the impression faded instantly. I tried again.

“ I was surprised, Miss W., ” said I, “ that you did not weep as the rest of your family did, when your father fainted this morning. ”

“ I could not, ” she replied. “ I wanted to, and tears would have relieved me, for I felt then, and I feel now, as if my brain was on fire. There is such a burning here in my forehead. But it is always so, for I can never shed tears at first, though afterwards they come to my relief. ”

This then, I thought, may be the case now ; and I hoped for the effect, whenever her intensely excited feelings should yield, so as to permit this great natural restorative power to operate. During the remainder of our walk she conversed freely, and even became somewhat cheerful ; but upon returning to the house she sunk again into her melancholy silence.

The funeral took place on the following day ; but, although she was present during the cus-

tomary service, and followed the remains of her father to the grave, no conviction of the truth dawned upon her mind. She would start suddenly and gaze around upon the carriages and the crowd of persons assembled, as if wondering what could have called them together, and then relapse again into her listlessness. Once she asked her mother, who stood weeping by her side, just as the coffin was let down into the narrow grave, why she wept so bitterly. All relating to the actual fact of her father’s death and subsequent scenes, was utterly unrealized by her, and she returned to her home to sit in moody silence, and live in the continual present ; for time seemed to make no progress with her, unless she could be, for a while, cunningly wiled away from the one consuming thought. She would often speak of going in to see her father, yet never made an attempt to go.

At the solicitation of the family I continued to visit her, though not with the expectation that I should be able to do anything to restore her. Change of scene was recommended, and they spent several weeks in traveling ; but she came home as she went, and sat down as if she had never left the house. Her condition was a very distressing one to all of us. Her family, who had always been very fond of her, were anxious that all should be done that could be, and they spared no expense nor care that offered any prospect of restoring the balance of her mind, or alleviating her case.

It was strange that her health did not suffer, yet it seemed to remain firm and uninjured. She ate and slept but little, and could never be induced to resume any of her former occupations. She had always been fond of music, but her piano was neglected, and her voice never tried one of her old and favorite melodies, and when they were sung in her hearing, they seemed to make no impression upon her mind. The very memory of them seemed lost.

More than a year passed away thus, and the grief for the loss of the father had diminished, and the family of Mrs. W. had become again as cheerful as they could be, with the melancholy condition of Alice continually before their eyes. I had called at the house one afternoon, and while seated at the tea-table, a violent thunder-storm arose, which continued till late in the night. I determined to make myself comfortable where I was ; and after tea was over, a young lady who was visiting in the family, took her seat at the piano. She played

most exquisitely, and the evening passed rapidly away. After having played more than an hour she left the instrument; but, as if seized with a sudden thought, she resumed her seat, and struck the notes of a favorite waltz. At first it was soft and low, but gradually swelling louder and louder, till the room seemed filled with the music. As it began, Alice rose from her seat, and moved slowly and gracefully around the room to the time of the music. As it increased in power she moved more rapidly, and with her hands extended, as if supported by some invisible partner, she still kept time to the wild and soul-stirring music. All eyes were fixed on her, but the musician still played on. "Faster—faster," cried Alice; and as the time quickened, she whirled wildly but firmly on—"Faster, faster;" and the rapidity with which she moved was terrifying, yet no one

dared to interfere. I know not how long this continued. It may have been but a few moments, yet so agitated was I with apprehension that it seemed an hour. I feared also that the music might cease while she was so powerfully excited, and I dreaded the consequences. But it kept on, increasing in rapidity and power with the reiterated "Faster, faster" of Alice.

At length she seemed to falter, and stepping to her side, I received her in my arms as she was sinking, exhausted. I laid her upon the sofa, when a violent paroxysm of weeping ensued, and the long-scaled fountains of her heart were opened, and she exclaimed:

"O mother, he is dead!"

She was restored, but only for a moment. Three days from that time she was laid by the side of her father.

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

I.

THERE is a God! The smallest flower
That spreads its leaves at morning's hour,
Whispers in accents soft and clear,
"My Maker's hand hath placed me here!"

II.

There is a God! The little bird,
Whose thrilling strain of joy is heard,
Sings sweetly from the waving tree,
"There is a God, who cares for me!"

III.

There is a God! Yon beaming star
That twinkleth in the sky afar,
Proclaims to each admiring eye,
There is a God, who dwells on high!

IV.

There is a God! The ocean's roar,
Swelling along the rocky shore,

Sounds forth in language deep and high,
His Sovereign Power—His Majesty!

V.

Each coral stem, each tiny shell,
Beneath the rolling waves that dwell,
Are viewed by that All-seeing Eye,
Which beams with mercy from on high!

VI.

There is a God! The thunder's peal,
The lightning's flash, this truth reveal!
Oh! who can view the stormy hour,
And yet deny His dreadful power!—

VII.

Dreadful to those, whose hearts of pride
His glorious majesty deride;
Who still refuse, on Nature's face,
The *hand of Nature's God* to trace!

THE TWO MEN AND THE TWO COUNTRIES.

CHALMERS AND O'CONNELL: SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

A GREAT man's greatness is not felt till his death. Not always true is this remark, for there are some men of whom may be affirmed a sort of greatness that enters the tomb with the men, and lies there. Some men are so great that the world is afraid of them, and breathes more freely when they tread the earth no more: they were monsters, perhaps, and when they are dead and gone, the wonder is that any one was ever afraid of them, or thought them great. Such men have not the elements of true greatness: the moral or mental power that commands the homage of mankind, and makes the man the hero.

I do not ask that others shall think as I do of two men who have recently passed away from this to another stage of being. If I write freely of them and their deeds, let no one else be censured for my views, if these views are not agreeable to the reader.

Chalmers and O'Connell were at the head of their respective countrymen, though neither of them had a title to command. Victoria was not more mighty in Scotland than the Professor of Theology at St. Andrews: the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland could not rule the Irish with her sceptre, as did the Liberator with his cry of "Repeal." Both of these men were heroes, and in their spheres were marked men, whom the world stare at, and children run after, and whose life is the life of the times they live in, and whose death is a theme for the living to talk of long after. A few weeks ago, and the streets of Edinburgh and its house-tops were thronged, and the whole city was moved, to behold the funeral train of the man of the people:—a few weeks afterwards, and the same demonstrations of respect and reverence were paid in Dublin to the memory of O'Connell. The men were the best beloved of their race, and when they died, tears—honest, warm, feeling tears—were shed like rain over their graves. The Scots loved Chalmers, and

the Irish loved O'Connell—there is no doubt of it; and I take the two men to mark the principles they lived to disseminate, and to form the ground-work for a thought or two which I would urge, on the comparative claims of the men to the remembrance and gratitude of mankind.

Scotland and Ireland! The world has read their history, and the world knows too the causes that have led them to be what they are. Neighbors as they are, sisters as they are, with common blood, and common rights, and common wrongs, each with a religion of her own preference, and with the same motives before them for high and lofty progress in the scale of nations, there is a contrast between the Scotch and the Irish, so broad and marked, that to fail of seeing it and feeling it is impossible.

Chalmers and O'Connell! The world has read their history—has had a chapter in their history to read daily for many years. And no man has seen the progress of either country for a quarter of a century now gone, without seeing the name and the spirit of one or the other of these two mighty men, like hero leaders at the head of their countries' hosts. Both of these men loved their country: they were PATRIOTS, in the highest sense of that great word. I do not challenge the sincerity of either of them: they would have been martyrs for their own principles, or willingly have lived a hundred years to spread those principles. Both had before them a common object for which they toiled and suffered; and both lived to see the result of their respective efforts. Liberty in all the earth, the elevation of the human race, was doubtless the ultimate desire of both; but their powers were displayed in first aiming to secure for their own people that which they sought for all the world.

Now look at Chalmers and Scotland—O'Connell and Ireland. Grant that the former had the advantage of a people far in advance

of the latter when he came upon the stage of action; it will still be remembered that the same principles which had given the Scot the pre-eminence, were carried out by these champions when they came to lead. Chalmers was not only a patriot, but a Protestant; and the strong features of that system of truth of which the world first felt the power in the Reformation, were more vividly revealed in the Professor of Theology and the eloquent preacher of Scotland, than in any man since Knox. He took the free Bible, and went out with it into the world as the ark of human liberty. He gave the Bible to the people, and then taught them to read and understand it. It was the doctrine of Chalmers, that religion and intelligence were the elements of human freedom, and he aimed at their wide diffusion, as the grand security of what liberty they had, and the only hope of more. In this Bible they learned the great truths, not those only that relate to God and heaven, but the truths that lie at the basis of human rights, and make men a world of equals, on the platform of a common origin and destiny, made to differ on principles as just and reasonable as the providence of God. The truths of the Word of God it was the aim of Chalmers to make familiar to the minds of his countrymen; and the one great work of his life, which has been less dwelt on than many others, was the wide diffusion of learning among the people, that they might be able to know the way of life through the revelation from heaven. Since his death, the throng of admiring eulogists have so delighted to dwell upon the splendor of his intellect, the eloquence of his lips, his own vast resources, and his power over the minds of those with whom he had to do, that his intercourse with the humble, his interest in their elevation, and his desire to make the poor rich in the highest of all possessions, the treasures of virtuous minds, have been in some measure overlooked. I have heard those affirm, who have been familiar with his walks of usefulness, that the retirement of a cottage, or a little gathering with the peasantry, or the seclusion of a sick chamber, or a congregation of the vicious poor in the city, was the field in which he appeared to nobler advantage than even in his chair of theology, or the metropolitan pulpit. The people were on his heart; and when he stood among those to whom learning and genius were of little or no avail, except as they gave energy to truth, he poured upon their ears the messages of mercy to sinners by Jesus

Christ, with an earnestness, unction and power that he did not attain unto when the titled and fashionable crowds flocked to hear him in London. Those who have thought of him only as the great theologian may discover a new trait in his character, as they read an anecdote related by one of his brethren in the ministry of the Free Church:—

“Sometimes it was my lot to be his companion to some wretched hovel, where I have seen him take his seat by the side of some poor child of want and weakness, and patiently, affectionately and earnestly strive to convey into his darkened mind some ray of truth, that might guide him to safety and to God. On such occasions it was marvelous to observe with what simplicity of speech that great mind would utter truth. One instance of this I must be allowed to mention. The scene was a low, dirty hovel, over whose damp and uneven floor it was difficult to walk without stumbling, and into which a small window, coated with dust, admitted hardly enough of light to enable an eye unaccustomed to the gloom to discern a single object. A poor old woman, bed-ridden and almost blind, who occupied a miserable bed opposite the fire-place, was the object of the Doctor’s visit. Seating himself by her side, he entered at once, after a few general inquiries as to her health, &c., into religious conversation with her. Alas! it seemed all in vain. The mind which he strove to enlighten had been so long closed and dark, that it appeared impossible to thrust into it a single ray of light. Still, on the part of the woman, there was an evident anxiety to lay hold upon something of what he was telling her, and, encouraged by this, he persevered, plying her, to use his own expression, with the offers of the gospel, and urging her to trust in Christ. At length she said, ‘Ah, Sir, I would fain do as you bid me, but I diuna ken how; how can I trust in Christ?’ ‘O, woman,’ was his expressive answer, in the dialect of the district, ‘just lippen to Him.’ ‘Eh, Sir,’ was her reply, ‘and is that a’?’ ‘Yes, yes,’ was his gratified response, ‘just lippen to Him, and lean on Him, and you’ll never perish.’ To some, perhaps, this language may be obscure, but to that poor blind dying woman it was as light from heaven; it guided her to the knowledge of the Saviour, and there is good reason to believe it was the instrument of ultimately conducting her to heaven.’

Schemes of Church extension, schemes of education, and schemes to remove the evils of poverty, were objects that found in Chalmers an efficient and untiring promoter; and to the effect of these we look, to learn the influence which the man exerted on the generation of which he was one of the leading minds. There is Scotland—look at her and learn. The evils she yet endures are the results of cruel and unequal laws, which the next generation will

modify or abolish; but in the elements of human happiness how large a share has fallen to the dwellers among those hills. If knowledge and virtue make a people happy, where is more of the material of happiness than in Scotland? And when the laws of primogeniture and entail, with the curse of a Church and State establishment, shall be swept away by the progress of free principles and sound political economy, we may look for the onward rushing of that people in a career of social, domestic and national enjoyment, unexampled by any former experience in their history.

It would be a pleasure, not a task, to trace the mind of Chalmers at work in all that has been done in the last twenty-five years for the advancement of sound political and religious sentiment in Scotland. We should find him the man of the people at all times, and willing to spend and be spent for the spread of truth, and confident always of final success. But I would impress this one fact, that Chalmers, as a reformer, rested for triumph on the power of God's word, and by making this word the guide of the people, he promised them the greatest good. In this sign he conquered. And now that he is gone, and men seek to know what he has done for the world he lived in, they will find that he has done nothing but to make religion glorious in the eyes of the great, and lovely in the eyes of the poor: nothing but to spread the gospel among the people as the man of their counsel, while he has taught them to read it, and understand its claims upon the love of their hearts.

Turn to Ireland and O'Connell. I know that he had not the materials upon which to work which the Scotchman had when he rose to be a prince; but as he had worse materials, more ignorance, more vice, more poverty, more misery, less liberty, less regard for law, the greater the demand for the exercise of those strong powers that alone are sufficient to overcome these evils and exalt a nation that has been trodden down. There is a charm in the word "EMANCIPATION" that blends so cheerily with our freedom, that we hardly stop to inquire what it means, and without a moment's reflection we sing pæans to the man whose name is blended with it. And when O'Connell is proclaimed the father of Catholic Emancipation, we are ready at once to place him among the great authors of human liberty, the apostle of freedom in the nineteenth century. But what has it done for the mass of the Irish people? Has it made them more free,

more virtuous, more intelligent, more happy? This, I take it, is the test by which civil privileges are to be estimated. If a man may be a good Catholic and renounce allegiance to the head of his church, who is a civil as well as a spiritual prince and potentate, then he is entitled to the rights and privileges of citizenship in the land of his adoption. But if a Catholic is still a Roman citizen, though his home is in Ireland or America, he has no right to the privileges that are the birthright of those who love the land they live in and the government that fosters them, before all others, the world over. But this is a digression, and is only hinted at, for men to think of when they are weighing the claims of their fellow men to the blessings which seem to be equally the right of all. They are *the right* only of those who will use them for the permanent welfare of the whole people. But O'Connell had his eye perhaps on the elevation of his countrymen. I say *perhaps*, for he has been charged with being infinitely selfish, and with seeking only his own aggrandizement. Let it be granted that he was truly and honestly a patriot, and lived only for his fellows: it is the policy that he pursued as a reformer that I would study to learn the wisdom of the man and his claim to honor, now that he is dead. His line of action has been governed by the one sentiment that Ireland's degradation is the result of her civil disability; that if Ireland were free, Ireland would be happy. When the Emancipation Bill became a law, and the member from Clare could take a seat in the British Parliament, the enthusiasm of the people in the hour of triumph could scarcely have been greater had each man been made a king. But this was not enough to give prosperity to Ireland, and "Repeal" has been the cry for the last fifteen years, as if the severing of the Union was to endow Ireland with the blessings that make England and Scotland to differ from her.

Mistaken man, and miserably deluded people! Infatuated with the notion that O'Connell was born to be both king and priest, they have bowed their necks to his feet, and their reason to his will, and for years have received their lessons from his lips. And are they any wiser, better or happier for him? The grand cause of their degradation he has sought to perpetuate. Their system of religion has enslaved and impoverished them, and that religion he has wielded as the right arm of his strength. Had one tithe of the power he has employed been spent in the diffusion of knowledge among the people,

especially the knowledge of the Bible and the way of life by the gospel, Ireland would have been at this day on the road to happiness. A free Bible and free schools would have made a free people of Irishmen, as it has of Scotchmen; but liberty without intelligence and virtue, or liberty without the Bible, is not to be enjoyed. O'Connell has agitated, and what has his agitation produced? Of what use is it at this day to speak of the thousands and hundreds of thousands that flocked to hear him at Ballanahill, at Sligo, at Drogheda, at Eunicarthy, at Clare and on the hill of Tara? Did the seven hundred and fifty thousand that gathered at once in these mass meetings of men and women, learn the secret of being free and happy, when they hung on the lips of Irish agitators, and made the heavens tremble with their shouts for freedom and their threats of vengeance upon their oppressors? They asked for fish, and he gave them a serpent; they asked for bread, and he gave them a stone; and lo! the result. They have starved.

They have oppressors, and deliverance is their right. But so have the Scotch; and in spite of the same system of proprietorship and tenantry, by which the rich are made richer and the poor are made poorer, the people of Scotland have a fair measure of happiness among them. Life and property are safe in Scotland: neither is in Ireland. Want and wretchedness are in Ireland to a degree that no other *civilized* land has endured in modern times. And he that will study the religion of Ireland will not be slow in learning that it is the curse of the land; and while it hangs on the minds and hearts of the people, Ireland will be degraded. Perhaps there was never a more signal exhibition of the impotence of human effort to accomplish a good end by the wrong instrumentality. Ireland was diseased and dying, but the doctors and the drugs were not what the patient needed. They have but aggravated the complaint and put far off, perhaps forever, the day of recovery. The relief for Ireland is not in the repeal of her Union with Great Britain: she might be more miserable alone than in company. Her relief is in the diffusion of knowledge among the people—knowledge that is incompatible with Popery, and which will in any country work the overthrow of that religion. O'Connell went to work at the wrong end. He sought the abrogation of laws that will yield only to the advance of knowledge, which is power. And

when the schoolmaster, with the Bible in his hand, may go through the length and breadth of the Emerald Isle, diffusing there light and life, Ireland will arise and shine. But the Agitator and Liberator was not the man to discern the secret of his country's suffering; and though he was a giant, and toiled and fought like one, and wielded a moral power over his people such as no private citizen since the days of the Grecian Republic has wielded, yet he died and left the people as poor and oppressed and despairing as when he first promised them a parliament of their own.

I said that no one else may be blamed for these opinions. They are the conclusions reached by comparing Scotland and Ireland, and asking what makes them to differ. It is natural to take such a review when two such men, as their chiefs, are removed by death at the same time. The result of such a comparison will strengthen the confidence of Protestantism in its free institutions, while it shows the statesman and political economist that the safety of freedom and the advancement of national happiness are to be sought in the principles of religious liberty that the Reformation and the Revolution have given anew to the world. Let these be cherished, and the rights of man will be safe. Temporary and partial evils may remain; and where these evils are incorporated into the fundamental law of the country, it may require time to work out their remedy: but the religion of the Bible is subversive of oppression, and as it spreads among the people, makes them feel their strength and equality.* Old wrongs they will endure till they

* There can be no more important or truer principle promulgated than the one imbodyed in this paragraph by our correspondent, viz., that legislation cannot reform a people. As the source of degradation and crime lies deeper than outward forms, the remedy must go deeper also. But though this is true, and especially important in this period of *sham* social reforms, yet it is equally true, that a people cannot be reformed while laboring under restrictions that compel them to be ignorant and to struggle on the verge of starvation. If you will not give men enough to eat, you cannot make them listen to moral teachings. Thus, while legal enactments are powerless to elevate a people, the removal of those which degrade and reduce them to starvation is indispensable. This much, perhaps, should be said in justice to O'Connell and Ireland, without at all affecting the position taken by our correspondent. That O'Connell made a grievous mistake as to the means of elevating Ireland is evident; but that he should have bent all his energies to the removal of the terrible oppression under which his

can get at the peaceful remedy, but the wrongs will be righted, and the people will have what God gave them—the right to govern themselves.

When did two men die whose death has stirred so deeply the heart of the civilized world? The one as a civilian, the other as a Christian: both as leaders and reformers! both as patriots, with souls alive to the wants of their people, and with courage to strike boldly for what they claimed. There is a moral sub-

country suffered, was natural. A nation which has been confiscated over and over again, which is drained of all her money and robbed of all her privileges, may well imagine that all her evils lie in her political condition.—Ed.

limity, too, in the mourning which followed their departure. Not their native lands, but distant lands, ocean-wide apart, lifted up their voices and wept, when the tidings came on the same gale that O'Connell and Chalmers were dead. It is well to study the genius and the principles of the two men, by the light of their deeds and the results. And if in these lines there is aught that charity would refuse to say, or truth should have refrained from saying, let it be searched out and rejected; while the facts still stand as testimonies of the power that a free Bible, and a free school, and a free gospel possess, and what they may achieve, to make a people prosperous and happy.

UNSEEN, BUT NOT DEAD.

In my study lonely,
While the pale stars watch,
Thinking of thee only,
Some bright gleams I catch.

Oh! then sorrow passes
To its kindred shades,
And from memory's glasses
Ne'er thy beauty fades.

Pictured on my spirit,
Gently lies thy form;
Oh! I seem to wear it,
Aye my heart to warm.

Though thou'rt unseen ever,
Lost to my embrace,
Far thine image never
Is from this heart's place.

If to be still cherished
In a soul once loved,
Is to live, ne'er perished
Art thou though removed.

If to one delaying
Here thou art allied,
Is to live, thou'rt saying,
"I have not yet died."

If to have a dwelling
For thy memory here,
In some heart high swelling
Is to live, thou'rt near.

If at every beating
Of that heart for thee,
Meet we,—ofttimes meeting,
Then, we seem to be.

If for aye abiding,
Faith, love, hope are found,
In these clay forms hiding,
Still to me thou'rt bound.

For these were the graces
Of thy life a part,
Which from my heart's places
Never do depart.

Therefore I, possessing
These gifts with life's power,
Still am thee caressing,
In each sacred hour.

If, in midnight dreamings,
Lost ones are returned,
Oft thy present gleamings
In my breast have burned.

In yon stars now shining,
 In all flowers and brooks,
 For thee still repining,
 Aye I see thy looks.

In the temple solemn,
 In the forest wide,
 On the mountain's column,
 Thou art by my side.

At the secret altar,
 When my spirit prays,
 And my weak lips falter,
 Lo! thine seem to praise.

Oh! 'tis true, wherever
 On earth I abide,
 Thy smile leaves me never—
 Canst thou then have died?

LINES TO THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. F. F. JUDD.

YE noble peaks!—like bulwarks built,
 Along the western sky—
 Who laid your deep foundations there,
 Who raised your summits high?

'Twas He who spake—and suns and worlds
 Obeyed his sovereign nod;
 While ere he brought the mountains forth,
 Eternally was God!

He raised your high, majestic domes,
 Whose summits pierce the air;
 He heaved your massive pillars up,
 And wrote His glory there

What mighty changes Time hath wrought,
 What deeds of valor done!
 While ye have braved, unchanged, the rage
 Of ages that are gone.

I've stood upon your towering heights,
 And from your lofty brow
 Have gazed—from whence *immensity*
 Seemed stretching out below

I've sought each wild, romantic spot,
 And each sequestered nook,
 And been where human voice, it seemed,
 Had ne'er its echo woke.

I've stood beneath your forest-shades,
 And heard the wild bird's call,—
 Or listened to the flute-like voice
 Of some sweet waterfall.

I've loved to watch when noontide light
 Shone brightly on you all,
 Or see adown your graceful slopes
 The lengthening shadows fall.

And, oh! at sunset's peaceful hour,
 That sweetest hour of day,
 When cares and troubles of the world,
 Pass with the light away—

When all the soul is soothed to peace,
 And all the sounds that move
 Seem charg'd with influence sweet and strange,
 To bear the soul above—

How have I watched the gilded clouds,
 Which crowned you brilliantly,
 And called the eyes I loved so well,
 To come and gaze with me.

They seemed too pure indeed for earth,
 As if to mortals given
 To lead our thoughts from hues so bright,
 To brighter hues of heaven.

REALS AND IDEALS.

BY JOHN PAUL JAMES.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

IDA KENYON was never easily forgotten by those who had once known her. She could not be. Her memory hung around you like a thing of the bright ideal, which you could not dismiss from your presence, even if you would. There was a charm about her, which, when once it obtained a hold upon the heart, could never be dispelled.

And yet a stranger never distinguished her above others. Well he might not. You looked about her in vain for those external attractions, which are so often sought by the gazer. She was neither wealthy, nor high-born, nor yet beautiful, as the world understands it.

It was not strange, therefore, that to the mass of observers she was but an unnoticed wildflower. It was not thus with all. There were those who knew her excellence. They sought it where the wise and good alone seek it—in the soul. And what a soul was hers! So pure and lofty, yet so exquisitely sensitive and delicate! At times, you would fancy, from the vigor and enthusiasm of its flight, that it was endowed only with the eye and the pinion of the eagle. At other times, its intense susceptibility of the most delicate emotions, would present it to you as a thing woven of the slenderest gossamer. She seemed to possess one of those rare spirits, which in their higher capabilities have "grown to an unearthly stature," and yet have lost none of those finer, feminine traits of loveliness, that are inherent in everything beautiful.

While, however, such excellence was visible in her as a woman, it was in another character

that it shone forth with its crowning beauty and loveliness. There, every hue of the soul was deepened and blended in a higher and holier perfection. Ida Kenyon was a sister. She had a brother every way worthy of such a sister's love; and how deeply, how unreservedly she loved him, you can estimate, who know the nature of a sister's love—a love in its brighter examples so pure, and so holy, that no language but its own should essay to express it. Suffice it to say, she lived only in his presence. He was her "soul's bright cynosure." Wherever she might be, and whatever might surround her, she was unchanged. Her eye seemed to wander about uneasily, unless it could rest upon him. You may doubt—but believe me, men do not yet know all of a sister's heart. When they do, surely it will not be possible for them to be so often heartless. In the present case, the brother and sister were twins, and if brother and sister are to each other what they sometimes are, and ever should be—what must they be, when bound by so holy a tie? So closely were they allied in fortune, and so firmly knit together in heart, that it already seemed impossible for other than the same destiny to await them. They had, as it were, one common existence.

But, alas! that such ties and relationships can be broken. Such love should only exist between immortals. At length there came such a severing of sacred ties as makes the heart ache. The brother was stricken down by disease. The hand of sickness lay heavy upon him, and fastened him upon a couch of suffering. But,

oh! what a watcher, what a ministering spirit grew to his bedside! The same visitation that brought down the life of the one to its last sands, seemed to endow that of the other with a new and supernatural energy. Hour after hour, and day after day, watched that precious sister by the sufferer, ministering to his wants, and soothing his distress with a touching assiduity. No one could do it like her; for she needed no guide, no language. She had read every smile and every frown that passed over his features, until she knew his thoughts before his lips parted.

Day and night passed, and it mattered not that they came and passed again—she shrunk not from her task. When entreated to yield her charge to another, and seek rest, she only answered with that mute and eloquent refusal, which tells the heart's consciousness of its own strength, and its unalterable resolution. There she sat, her gaze steadily bent on him, her brother, with that passionate tenderness, which disregards the ordinary avenues of thought, and strikes at once thrilling to the heart.

But she passed not the ordeal unscathed. Her brow and her lips changed. Their color faded until they became like marble, and oftentimes not the movement of a muscle would betray through them the presence of that life, so intensely wrought up to its mightiest energy of endurance. It would have drawn tears into any eye, to have looked upon that sister; for that silence and motionlessness were but types

of an agony of concern, that was grasping with an iron hand the heart-strings within. Never a tear glittered in her eye, not a sigh breathed from her lips; but that hidden anguish, though it had sealed up every avenue through which grief finds utterance, yet it could not conceal its own bitter presence, or the occasional glimpse of its fatal workings.

But why dwell on this? She watched by the dying. May I never behold the like again! When that bright eye closed, and the lips always so eloquent, started into its last convulsive quivering—when the quick breath came and went heavily, and the pulse grew faint and unsteady—when we knew that the hand of death was already upon him—laying her hand upon his brow, she looked around on us, as if fearful, but incredulous.

He died. When at length the sad truth reached her heart, there was none of that gushing out-burst of sorrow, which so often pours its tears like rain upon the withered spirit. She rose, and, with a strange smile, turned calmly away to the open window. Every eye was fixed upon her, and for a moment no one thought of the dead. The living, if that may be called life which reaches not the heart, awakened every sympathy. A moment passed, and she sank lifeless into the arms of her friends.

The frail stem had broken, and the flower began to wither.

S O N G .

WOULD'ST have a song of the days of war?
Of the deeds of the brave and free?
O dip me a pen in a burning star,
And I'll write a song for thee!

Or, give me the quill that the eagle wore,
When he screamed upon the sea,
And shook the country the waters o'er,
And I'll write a song for thee.

I'll tell how the proud came over the waves,
In gold and in scarlet clad,

To bend as low as the lowest slaves
The hearts they had driven mad.

I see them now in their bright array,
With their kingly banner high:—
Come on! you will meet the men to-day
Who are not afraid to die.

I see them now, and the casques they wear,
And the swords they bear are bright,
And gracefully float the plumes in air,
That the dust will stain to-night.

MODERN WITCHCRAFT IN EUROPE.

It is difficult for us, who in this day have emerged somewhat from the fogs of superstition into an atmosphere where we can see a little clear sky, to credit the voice of the past. How strange it seems now, that less than two centuries ago, multitudes of wise and good men, in different parts of Christendom, were not only believers in the reality of modern witchcraft, but that they approved of inflicting the severest penalties upon the imaginary crime. But history is a sorry tell-tale; and the worst of it is, we are compelled to believe her gossips. The annals of superstition, frightful, horrible though they are, and full of puerile absurdities, will well reward a great deal of study. They are instructive, and the lessons they teach it were well for us all to learn. For mankind are naturally superstitious. We do believe that the genius of superstition has a very strong elective affinity for the human mind, and that among the demons dispossessed by the light of intelligence, this is very often the last. It must be so. How can we account else for many of the strange phenomena exhibited by the notions and conduct of highly intelligent and enlightened men?

The object of this article is to bring to view one of the numerous phases of superstition—to sketch the history, in brief, of modern witchcraft on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain, during a period of some two hundred years immediately preceding the commencement of the eighteenth century. We are sure there are facts connected with this subject which are not generally known; and it is to correct what is believed to be a very common misapprehension in respect to the geographical limits of this superstition, that we ask the reader's indulgence for a moment or two.

The Puritans of New-England are often

sneered at, by those who do not love their memory—and there are many such—as having been especially zealous in the matter of witch-hanging. Is it true that they were singular in this thing? It is true they entered into the business with an earnestness worthy of a much better cause. They were thorough-going men, those Puritans—no men of straw. It is true that some learned men in their ranks were very active in purging the community of witches. They wrote learned books, too, describing, with something like a ludicrous minuteness, all the tricks and antics of those naughty supernatural agents, who used to ride through the air armed with brooms, and other equally formidable instruments, and who disturbed the peace of man and beast in so many ways. These men, moreover, hung their victims—a great many of them, it is to be feared. Well, the Puritans were superstitious—there is no disputing that fact—they were superstitious; and some of us, who trace our ancestry to them, and are a little in their way of thinking about matters and things in general, are in no immediate danger of forgetting it. We are reminded of it too frequently for that; and it is very kind, too, in our good friends, who cannot bear to see us guilty of the sin of pride of ancestry, to jog our memory so often when we might be in danger of hero-worship. It is very kind in them to read us a chapter on New-England witchcraft now and then, to keep us humble. It was bad business, as we said before, that crusade against witchcraft. What could Cotton Mather and his satellites have been thinking about? We have no disposition to say much, if anything, by way of apology for that stain on the character of the Puritans; though every one who understands those remarkable men must admit that this crusade resulted from a misguided

religious zeal rather than malice. This we claim for them—no more.

But why are these sincere, though misguided men, pointed at as solitary examples of this foolish, groundless, wicked superstition? Did they stand alone in the thing? Not by any means. We are quite content to let the history of witchcraft speak for itself; all we ask is, that it shall tell the whole truth. Then we think it will be clear enough, that in this not very laudable trade of witch-hunting and witch-killing, the Puritans were not "sinners above all the Galileans, because they did these things." Enter history,* with a rather voluminous manuscript.

The belief that certain individuals have supernatural power over their fellow-creatures, is by no means of recent origin. To say nothing of those spiritual possessions, the existence of which, antecedent to the Christian era, is generally, almost universally, admitted by the Christian world, witchcraft, in some form or another, has had a prominent place in every system of pagan mythology. At the advent of Christ, the existence of witches was universally credited in the Roman empire. Witchcraft was punishable, too, though it does not appear that the practice—pretended or real—of the arts so denominated, was considered an offence against religion. After Constantine had made nominal Christianity popular, as everybody knows or may know, the opinions and dogmas of the old Roman mythology were made to coalesce with the doctrines of Scripture; or rather, Paganism was *Christianized*. The rude uncouth system of Rome, which borrowed so much from the superstitions of the Northmen, was gilded over with Christianity. So far as religion was concerned, the revolution of Constantine did little else than to substitute new names for old ones. The things remained, to a great extent, unchanged. Only the grosser pagan observances were abolished. The superstitions of the old régime were transferred to the new. The notions about witchcraft, some of which have pretty strong marks of Scandinavian origin, were all retained, substantially. They were modified, greatly modified—so was everything else, in fact—to suit the genius of

the Christian system. Very soon the poor witches, who had previously suffered only from the state, began to be hunted down by the Church. Witchcraft became a great offence against religion, as well as the civil law. That was natural enough. It was precisely the result that we might have anticipated; and, according to the generally recognized principles of government at that time, it was right, too. Nay, it was right, (and this is a pretty significant fact,) according to the principles of the law-makers and law-executors of England, France and Germany, now! If the state was right—according to the standard set up by those who wed together the civil and religious institutions of the nation—if the state was right in its estimate of the matter of witchcraft, then the state was right in nerving the arm of the ecclesiastical power, and the Church was right in striking those terrible blows, the records of which are some of the darkest stains on the face of modern history. Be that as it may, however, it was a dark day for the nominally Christian world, when the Church was set a witch-hunting. That memorable day occurred in the latter half of the fifteenth century.

In 1484 a famous bull was issued by Pope Innocent, enjoining, in the strongest terms, upon inquisitors, and other faithful subjects, to ferret out and to punish all such as were guilty of the sin of witchcraft. The commission was put into the hands of one Sprenger; a man, who, it would seem, wanted neither the blood-thirsty spirit nor the superstitious zeal necessary to carry out the plans of His Holiness. Then came speedily a regular form of trial for suspected witches—a form that afterwards went by the name of the *malleus maleficarum*—the hammer for witches. All the judges, in their trials of suspected persons, were required to use this hammer. Furious blows were dealt by it. There never was a hammer in a smith's forge that could make more terrible havoc. And Sprenger was a very Vulcan in the use of it. Moreover, the metal they had to work upon was not always very soft. They had to strike it pretty hard, sometimes, to make it malleable.

But the edict of Innocent was strengthened by subsequent bulls. Alexander VI., Leo X., and Adrian VI.—the latter about the year 1522—each contributed something by way of adding to the weight and efficiency of the *malleus maleficarum*. The public mind was in a fever of excitement about witchcraft at the end of the fifteenth century. It is astonishing, the

* For the authorities on which most of the facts stated in this article are founded, as well as for more minute information on the general subject, see Dr. Hutchinson's History of Witchcraft, Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XI, 1830, and Chambers's Information for the People, art. *Superstitions*.

ravages of this absurd superstition, from this time onward, for more than a hundred years. But the influence of superstition, when connected with religion, and when it virtually becomes religious frenzy, is like the mountain torrent, leaping and foaming, and gathering strength from its own impetus and from its tributaries; lashed into greater fury by every obstacle, until it overwhelms and destroys everything in its course. Need we any other argument than this—the absolute, blind, intolerant anarchy of superstition—to prove that the union of the civil and the ecclesiastical power is an adulterous union, and one that must be fruitful of a fearful amount of mischief?

The power very generally ascribed to witches—or rather, perhaps, to the evil spirit who instigated them—at this period was well nigh omnipotent. “They have a way of working,” remarks an old writer, quoted by Dr. Hutchinson, “by severall elements—earth, water, ayre, or fire. Indeed,” he continues, “who can tell all the manner of wayes of a witch’s working—that workes not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatilly, as God will permit, the devill can suggest, or the malicious hag devise to put in practice?” It must not be supposed that this superstition was confined to a few bigoted ecclesiastics, and some scores of ignorant persons in humble life. It pervaded the whole community. Leading men—professors in the universities, eminent jurists, learned Jesuits and cardinals, kings and popes—all, or nearly all, unless they were acknowledged infidels, believed in the reality of these possessions by the devil, and the absurd and ludicrous antics he incited them to perform.

The witches “send out their imps or familiars,” remarks the sage chronicler of these exploits already quoted—and his history was deemed authentic and indisputable at the time—“they send out their imps or familiars, to crosse the way, justle, affront, flash in the face, barke, howl, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest” their victims. On the whole, we do not think it very remarkable, that, considering the age in which he lived, and the universality of the belief in witchcraft at that period, so judicious a man as Luther should imbibe the notion that the fiend of darkness made predatory excursions to this planet, which we might deem somewhat beneath the dignity of this personage, and that, in some of his nocturnal visits, he maliciously stole hickory nuts and cracked them against the bed-posts!

If a person was suspected of witchcraft, and was brought before the proper tribunal, when the fever was at its height, he was condemned almost as a matter of course, and sent to the stake. It was believed that when the arch-fiend inducted persons into his service, he stamped upon them certain marks; and if an accused individual did not first confess, she was immediately examined for these marks. If they were found—and as they were very various in their form, it was not difficult to find them—that was sufficient evidence of guilt, and death was the invariable verdict—for witches must not live, of course.* If these marks were not found, torture was resorted to. Confession was frequently the result—the poor victims preferring death to tortures of the Inquisition—and they were led to execution.

On the Continent, vast numbers were executed for this imaginary crime. In a single year—that of 1485—one inquisitor, in the county of Burlia, burned forty-one. In Piedmont, another inquisitor burned one hundred in a year. In 1524, upwards of a thousand were burned in the diocese of Como, and for several years after that, there were at least a hundred victims.

In Germany, the fever raged frightfully. For a century and a half after the publication of Innocent’s bull, no part of that country was free from the devastating influence of the crusade against witchcraft. In a period of little more than two years, from about 1627 to 1629, one hundred and fifty-seven persons were executed at Wurtzburg. In this list are fourteen vicars of the cathedral. In Lindheim, a district containing at most, at that time, only six hundred inhabitants, one twentieth of the whole population were put to death in four years. “How dreadful are the results,”—we quote from an excellent article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*,—“to which these data lead! If we take one hundred and fifty-seven as the fair average of the executions at Wurtzburg, the number of the executions there, in the course of the century preceding 1628, would be *fifteen thousand and seven hundred!* If Bainberg, Paderborn, Treves, and the other Catholic bishoprics, whose zeal was not less ardent, furnished an equal number, and if they vied,” as history warrants us in believing they did, “with

* “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”—Exod. xxii. 18. That command was deemed a sufficient warrant in the sixteenth century.

the Catholics, in the extent to which these cruelties were carried, the number of victims, from the date of Innocent's bull," in 1484, "to the final extinction of these persecutions, must have considerably exceeded *one hundred thousand, in Germany alone!*"

From these bloody scenes, the mind of the historian turns away in horror. But to what

oasis in the Christian world, unstained with the gore of victims to this Moloch, shall he retreat? Shall he cross the Channel, and seek for that city of refuge in England and Scotland? What says the voice of history concerning our fatherland, during the era of witchcraft? We shall see.

CHAPTER II.

THE superstitions of England and Scotland—those which have obtained the strongest hold upon the minds of the people, and which have exerted the most influence—are essentially borrowed from the Northmen. They bear indisputable marks of Scandinavian origin. And just here, we cannot help saying, somewhat irreverently, we fear, that the Anglo-Saxons, take them as a race, apart from all modifying and redeeming influences, are, in our view, the most superstitious people on the globe. Britain, and Scotland especially, was a perfect play-ground of the fairies, from the time that the Saxons first honored the island with their presence until a very recent period. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, and even in the reign of Elizabeth—an era we so love to emblazon with glory—the elves and fairies, if we may credit their history, written by learned scribes at the time, were performing all manner of antics in Scotland, and occasionally riding through England. They used to have caverns, it would seem, where they manufactured arrow-heads—elf arrow-heads—with which they and the witches did so much mischief. The arch-fiend used to help them in this business, too—so says the history of the times—finishing up and pointing the darts, after the elves had roughly formed them from the flint. From these caverns the fairies emerged, in the darkness of night, and, mounted on broomsticks, corn-stalks, rushes, and such other vehicles as liked them best, they rode through the country; and oh, what havoc they made with the cats and dogs, the

geese and hens, and even the men and women, that they marked out as their victims!

We should not, in this connection, allude to these superstitious notions of our ancestors, if they had been confined to a few weak, ignorant, and obscure peasants. They were not so confined. The wisest men and women in Scotland credited these absurdities. With a great portion of the people a notion of the existence and supernatural power of elves, witches, and wizards, was just as much an article of faith as the Apostles' Creed. If, in the age of the fifth James, any persons had dared openly to avow their belief that there were not in the Scottish realm multitudes of elfin spirits, who raised whirlwinds, and shot invisible arrows at men and beasts, they would have been branded as heretics, and, for aught we know, turned over by the Church to the tender mercies of the secular power. The Rev. Robert Kirke, a resident among the Highland Scotch, and the first translator of the Psalms into Gaelic verse, compiled an essay, which was printed at the time, as an instructive and edifying pamphlet, and has during the present century been reprinted for the amusement of those not quite so credulous, entitled, "On the Subterranean and for the most part Invisible People, heretofore going under the name of Elves, Fawnes, and Fairies, and the like." In this essay, the reverend and learned author describes the fairy people as a race between the human and the angelic. He accuses them of stealing children, and of nameless other crimes; tells us what kind of litera-

ture they used; how they proved their arrows, and how they shot them, so as to wound their victims without breaking the skin. But the poor minister had to suffer cruelly—so his successor informs us it was generally believed—for his rashness in prying into their mysteries. The good man was walking one evening on a fairy mountain in the vicinity of his parsonage, when he sank down in a fit, which the unenlightened took to be death, while the Scottish sages knew it was a swoon produced by the fairies whose naughty practices he had exposed.

The influence of a more enlightened religious faith, resulting from the creed, or rather the policy of Elizabeth, went far toward the banishment of those superstitious notions about the fairies, among the more intelligent, at least. But the great mass of the people were as superstitious as ever. The change that took place was only in the *objects* of superstition. Witches were substituted for elves and fairies, in the generally received creed of England and Scotland; and the new creed was a thousand-fold more mischievous in its practical influence than the old one. A writer during the reign of Elizabeth, or soon after, supposed to be no less a personage than the Bishop of Oxford, has, in an ingenious satire, quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his excellent work on Demonology, fixed the period of the decline of *elfism*—if our readers will tolerate the word—in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Thus runs one stanza of his satirical song:—

“ Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary’s reign,
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James, came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.”

There was a good reason enough, apart from the one which the royal bishop would assign, why James did not have much to do with the elf matter; for if the voice of history is to be credited, to say nothing about some statutes to which his sapient mind gave birth, he was so zealously and piously engaged in a crusade against witches, that he had little leisure to attend to the fairies of his native hills.

The era of witchcraft in Scotland—to go back a few years—began with this James. There were, it is true, a few executions before him; but it was reserved for this modern Solomon to reduce witchcraft to a kind of science by

his profound spiritual vision. Catching the enthusiastic zeal that characterized the heresy-hunters of the Continent some years previous to his day, and not wishing to be behind the Catholics at all in his measures against witchcraft, he early distinguished himself in Scotland, by throwing all sorts of missiles at the poor witches. And his antipathy to this gentry was natural enough, when we come to look at the facts. James honestly believed he was about the wisest and most godly man that ever lived, and that wisdom and piety would both be likely to depart from the world when he died. On this account, he *conscientiously* thought that his majesty, the arch-fiend, cherished an especial dislike to his majesty, the Scottish monarch, and that the former was determined to dethrone the saint, and hold the reins of government in his own hands as aforesaid. Whether James was right in his suspicions touching Satan or not, does not signify much; but there are those, among whom we must rank ourselves, who think that, contrariwise, the Prince of darkness had little cause for grumbling at the way things were managed either by James the Sixth of Scotland, or James the First of England. That is a mere matter of opinion, however.

We wonder if the Scottish witches are identical with the *weird sisters* in Macbeth? They seem to be. There is a striking similarity between the dancing of Shakspeare’s witches around a boiling cauldron, and some of the capers ascribed to the real witches of history, by those whom James examined, and who used to contribute so much to the “admiration of the king’s majesty,” to use the phraseology of the times.

In 1590, James made a tour to Denmark, to make love to the Princess Anne, and to bring her home as a bride. Soon after his return, a most wonderful witch conspiracy was discovered, in which persons of considerable distinction were implicated. The witches, according to unimpeachable testimony, tried to drown his majesty on his passage home; but he was such a shrewd man, and so holy withal—we presume, though that is not stated—that he escaped.

It is somewhat remarkable that those who were charged with witchcraft, in so many cases confessed the crime. In some instances, doubtless, it was done under the influence of threats and tortures; but in others, it appears to have been a voluntary confession. Many individuals, we can scarcely doubt, were so infatuated about

the matter, that they really supposed themselves possessed by evil spirits. This was true with a woman named Agnes Sampson, who lived in Scotland at this period, and who, we believe, was charged with having something to do in the matter of the tempest when James was on his way home from Denmark. The king had a long examination of this woman, and even superintended the tortures resorted to for the purpose of forcing her to confess. Agnes declared that one great object of Satan and his council was to destroy the king; and that the witches, at his instigation, and under his direction, were in the habit of holding frequent conventions to deliberate upon the best method of effecting their object. She confessed, particularly, that upon a certain night she and other witches, to the number of some two hundred, went to sea, each in a riddle or sieve; and that the whole fleet, after having a right merry time of it during the voyage, landed at a certain place, where they took hold of each other's hands and danced, singing at the same time a song—which she repeated, but which is too silly to be quoted here. These revelations, in the words of Hutchinson, "made the king in a wonderful admiration," and he had one of the witches "play the daunce before the king's majestie, who, in respect of the strangeness of these matters, took great delight to be present at these examinations."

It may be worth a moment's notice, to look into the specific charges against Agnes and her associates, in order to ascertain what it was that so edified the Scottish king, and "made him in a wonderful admiration." The records of the court show the following among many other equally important items, in the deposition of witnesses: "*Item.* She went with the witch of Carrickburn, and other witches, in a boat, the devil going before them, like a stack of hay. *Item.* The devil, in the shape of a dog, gave her responses concerning her laird's recovery, and endeavored to put away one of the ladies' daughters. *Item.* She raised a universal great storm in the sea, when the queen was coming to Scotland, and wrote a letter to that effect to a witch at Leith." For these and similar misdemeanors, poor Agnes Sampson suffered death, of course.

The case of Margaret Barclay, which occurred in the early part of the seventeenth century, by no means a remarkable one in the annals of witchcraft, proves conclusively, we think, that the witches themselves were infatuated; and

that, occasionally, at least, they supposed themselves possessed of supernatural powers, derived from the spirit of evil. This is an important fact, tending, we cannot but think, to throw light upon the causes of the universal belief in witchcraft at that time. And here—though it was no part of our intention when we commenced this article, to inquire into the philosophy of witchcraft, and to attempt, by reference to any of the known laws of mind in connection with the nervous system, to explain the phenomena, confessedly wonderful, exhibited in the cases of many of the witches, otherwise than to resolve them generally into superstition—we must call attention to one of an excellent series of letters "On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions," to be found in successive numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, recently published. In the letter which appears in the June number, there are some hints thrown out, as to the reasons for the popular belief in witchcraft, which are deserving of serious thought. For our own part, we are free to admit that the reasons of Sir Walter Scott, in his truly admirable work on Demonology—reasons generally received as good and satisfactory—have never been sufficient in our own mind to account for the phenomena. But we must not be understood as having unqualifiedly adopted the theory of the writer in Blackwood.

Let us probe this matter of Margaret Barclay a little. This woman was angry with a certain provost, who sailed for France. She wished to destroy his life. So she, in company with two or three other equally amiable women—thus the evidence runs—made a figure of clay, to represent the said provost, and constructed a ship in miniature of the same material. While the company were engaged in this business, in came the devil, in the shape of a black lap-dog, and assisted them. Then they all went together to the sea-side—this was soon after the provost's vessel left port, recollect—and threw the figures into the sea; immediately after which the sea raged, roared, and became red, like the juice of madder! The whole of this, and much more, Margaret confessed. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the unfortunate girl was strangled at the stake, and her body burned to ashes. This was not all. Several other persons, implicated with her, followed her soon after to the stake.

The persecution continued, though not quite as violently, after the removal of James to Eng-

land. It must be confessed, too, that it was very active during the era of the Puritans, and for some time after the Restoration. The last justiciary trial for witchcraft in Scotland, occurred as late as 1772; when an old woman was condemned by David Ross, sheriff of Caithness. It would be difficult to compute the

exact number of those who, in this country, suffered death for this imaginary crime; because many of the trials, being in obscure districts, were not matters of record. But the black scroll includes, according to Hutchinson, and others who have inquired carefully into the subject, upwards of *four thousand persons!*

CHAPTER III.

A SINGULAR class of people, take them altogether, were the English Puritans. But then they lived in singular times. The era of the first and second Charles was a great transition era in the Anglo-Saxon history. No one now pretends to doubt that the order of things which succeeded this era was preferable to the old *régime*, however severely some may reprobate the character of the men who introduced the change, and the measures they adopted to gain their end; and as desperate diseases require desperate treatment, we are not sure but the sternness and roughness, the zeal and enthusiasm, the impatience and recklessness, of the Puritan character, were the only elements adequate to the times. But be that as it may, there was little remarkable in the zeal of the Puritans, either of Old England or New, so far as the matter of witchcraft was concerned. They did not originate the crusade against the poor witches. They helped in carrying it on—there is no disputing that. But by what metamorphosis of history are they made out to be witch-hunters, *par excellence*? It is ordinarily held to be no more than civil, we believe, to “give the devil his due.” Common law seems to accord as much to him. But really, some persons treat the Puritans with a great deal less civility than the conventional canons of courtesy concede to this arch outlaw. Let us throw up a few spade-fuls of English history, and examine it a little. Let us see if there was not a pretty formidable army of witches in our fatherland, long enough before Cotton Mather or Oliver Cromwell was thought of.

It is perhaps of little importance to know at what period, definitely, our ancestors began to regard witchcraft as an ecclesiastical and civil offence, and it would be difficult to ascertain. Doubtless, however, the bull of Innocent, before alluded to, had an influence in rousing public attention to the subject in England, as

well as on the continent. At any rate, we know that in the reign of Henry VIII. witchcraft was denounced by severe statutes. Under Elizabeth, too, another statute was framed. But it does not appear that the crime was often punished by death, until after the time of this princess; though there is at least one case on record, in which, during the reign of Elizabeth, two or three supposed witches were executed. An old man, with his wife and daughter, were tried at Huntingdon, for having bewitched some children. The children, it appears, had fits, and the old man and his family were suspected of using a charm to produce the paroxysms. One of the children was the principal witness in the case. The trial must have been ludicrous enough. The bewitched child was brought into the court-room in a fit, and one of the accused persons was required to repeat a charm, which, according to the evidence, was the one employed to bring the child out of her fits. The woman repeated the charm—the girl immediately came out of the fit. The sentence of death followed, and the unhappy family were executed, steadily maintaining their innocence, on the 4th April, 1593.

We come now to the reign of James—“the most high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,” and we know not what else. As soon as he was comfortably seated on the throne, he began to throw out scintillations of his wonderful mind, to enlighten his new subjects withal. He regarded himself as a great luminary—a sort of Drummond light—with rays of wisdom sufficient to keep the whole nation in a perfect blaze. There is a difference of opinion, however, abroad in the world about this luminary. Some are disloyal enough to think he was little better than a *Northern* light, with all his pretensions; and some go so far as to hint that it would have

been full as well for England, if the light had never proceeded farther south than Gretna Green and the Tweed. We think ourselves that the English people had not much reason to be proud of the Stuarts. What a pity that Elizabeth, with so much intellect, had so little heart; that among all the languages she spoke so fluently, she never understood the dialect of love; and that she did not steal time enough from state affairs to woo or be wooed. But let that pass. James set his pen agoing at once in framing a new witch code. The old one was too indulgent. The trap would not catch all the game. One of the clauses in a statute passed in the early part of the reign of the first Stuart, which he wrote with his own hand, was this:—"Any one that shall use, practice, of exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any purpose, such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." This statute was the fire-brand, that, thrown among the people, already strongly inclined to superstition, made a bonfire of the whole land; and for more than a century the combined wisdom and piety of the nation were unable to put it out or stay its fury. Hundreds and thousands of innocent men, women and children fell victims to this epidemical frenzy.

It was not long before witch-finding became a profession in England; and one Matthew Hopkins, an infamous wretch, was for a long time at the head of this class. The practices of this fiend in human shape, will give some idea of the extent and alarming nature of this superstition, as well as of the silly tests that were depended upon to determine the guilt or innocence of suspected persons. From each town which he visited Hopkins exacted the fee of twenty shillings. This sum was paid into his pocket from the public purse, and he stipulated that for this sum he would clear the town of witches. It was supposed that those who had been inducted into the service of Satan had received in some part of their body a kind of ordination seal. Hence one of the first objects of the witch-finder was to search for this seal. If any unusual mark was discovered, it was taken to be the work of the devil, as a matter of course, and the supposed witch was frequently condemned to death without further ceremony. But sometimes the mark could not be found. Then pins were thrust into different parts of the body, in order to discover it. The

flesh was supposed to be insensible to pain in that spot; and if the pins did not hurt the wretched prisoners a great deal, it was conclusive evidence that they were witches, and they were executed. Another expedient in the witch code of the famous Hopkins, was to tie the great toes and thumbs of his victims together, and to draw them, wrapped in sheets, through ponds of water. That was deemed a most satisfactory test. It was ingenious, certainly. If they sunk, they were cleared; if they floated, they were condemned! If a witch could not shed tears voluntarily, in the language of the creed of Hopkins, or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's Prayer, it was a sure sign she was in league with the devil, and she was to be dealt with accordingly. However, the tide of popular feeling at last turned against this wholesale murderer, and he came pretty near being caught in his own trap. After he had pursued his trade for some years, and had turned several hundreds of victims over to the executioner, a party of mischievous fellows caught him, and tried his favorite experiment upon him. It is said that he escaped; but, at any rate, nothing was ever heard of him after his ducking. The ardor of his fever seems to have been effectually cooled. There is nothing like water-cure in some diseases.

Sir Matthew Hale is not altogether unknown to fame. Unless we greatly mistake, he is regarded as one of the most enlightened and eminent of English jurists. But history informs us that this man tried and condemned two women for witchcraft. How many other trials he conducted, we do not know; yet, in 1664, Amy Dunny and Rose Calendar, being accused of the crime of bewitching children, and being brought before Sir Matthew, were adjudged, after a long trial, to suffer death. The children whom the women were accused of bewitching, were brought into court, and on being touched by the witches, fell into fits. Were the arts of Mesmer understood in those times? Hale—the learned and excellent judge, for such he was, unquestionably—was satisfied that Amy and Rose were genuine witches, and committed them to the tender mercies of the hangman!

When North was Chief Justice, he set himself resolutely against the witch superstition. One piece of imposture which was often practiced by those professedly under the influence of some superior agent of Satan, was that of *pin-vomiting*. A male sorcerer stood at the bar of the Chief Justice, and his supposed vic-

tim was in court as a witness, vomiting pins by scores. This magistrate was a shrewd man, and by a little management, discovered that the juggling witness, in her convulsions and contortions, obtained fresh supplies of pins by dropping her head dexterously upon her bosom, where they were deposited. The prisoner was acquitted.

It was after this, however, when Holt was Chief Justice, that the first acquittal took place, in the face of all the evidence before regarded as conclusive, and on the ground solely of the absurdity of the thing. This was as late as 1694. A woman, accused of witchcraft, was tried by a jury at this time, and found not guilty; though, according to the creed of Hopkins, the evidence of her guilt was overwhelming. It must not be supposed, that trials for witchcraft ceased from this period. Such a notion is far from correct, and it is certain that executions, even—a few at least—took place at a much later date.

In 1711, Chief Justice Powell presided at a trial where an old woman was pronounced guilty. The judge seemed to have been in a humorous vein, and full as much disposed to have a little fun as to make a job for the hangman. One of the charges against the prisoner, it seems, was that she had frequent interviews with Satan, who transformed himself into a cat, and conversed with the woman in the language peculiar to that tribe of animals—a somewhat unearthly dialect, it must be confessed, and one which we, albeit not remarkably superstitious or imaginative, have at times fancied had a slightly diabolical accent. The judge asked the jury this *categorical* question: "Do you find the woman guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" The reply was, "We do find her guilty of that." But the question was put in such a way as to turn the whole thing into ridicule; and the result was a full acquittal.

We might very rationally conclude, that the farcical issue of this trial would have had the effect to put an end to the ridiculous era of witchcraft. But, though the fury of the storm had subsided, the muttering of the thunder, as the clouds retired, was heard for several years afterward. It was not until the year 1716, that there was clear sky. Nor are we sure that the sun shone then very brightly. It is

hard to give up an article in one's creed which he has believed so firmly, and which his ancestors transmitted to him, from age to age. These heir-looms are sometimes cherished with wonderful affection, just because they are heir-looms. People do not always stop to inquire whether they have any other merit. Indeed, in their estimation, the merit of antiquity is all-sufficient. As late as this year—that of 1716—Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, only nine years of age, were hung at Huntingdon as witches. The charges on which these two individuals were convicted are too remarkable to lie concealed among the rubbish of history. Our readers will please to remember that this trial occurred but a little more than a hundred years ago, in the most enlightened portion of Christendom! The charges against this woman and her daughter are, that "they sold their souls to the devil, and raised a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap." The catalogue of executions in England, for the crime of witchcraft, so far as we have been able to ascertain, closes with this; and it could scarcely have had a more fitting climax. It was not, however, until the middle of the eighteenth century, that the statutes of Henry VIII. and his successors were abolished.

The list of those who perished in England, as the offerings to this Moloch, is frightful in the extreme. Barrington, in his observations on these statutes, quoted by the excellent writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, already repeatedly alluded to, does not hesitate to estimate the number at *thirty thousand!*

No one, with tolerable acuteness of perception, can help perceiving that the genius of history, in the matter of witchcraft, reads to us some lessons of great value. The one prominent lesson, however, for which, we confess, we invoked this genius, was that the Puritans of New-England, in their superstitious sentiments and barbarous measures respecting witchcraft, did no more than echo the sentiments and adopt the measures then current throughout Europe. Would it not be wise, then—to say nothing about the decorum of the thing—for those who must throw sticks and stones at the character of the Puritans—and there are some apostles who appear to think they have a divine commission to do so—to select some other missiles than the gibbets of the seventeenth century?

THE ROYAL EXECUTION.

A Passage from the History of Pedro the Cruel.

BY MRS. ELLET.

It was in the ancient days of Castile, that a young man, who carried on the business of an armorer, stood in the door of his dwelling, in one of the streets of Madrid, late on a summer afternoon, watching, apparently, for some one to pass by.

He had not waited long, when the person he wished to see came along the street. It was Michael, the goldsmith, who lived near at hand, and was going homeward.

As he heard himself called by his neighbor, the goldsmith stopped, and, beckoned by the armorer, entered his house. The latter, with mysterious looks, and saying he had something to communicate, led him into an inner apartment.

"I pray thee, be brief," said Michael; "I am in haste."

"What I have to say touches thee nearly, Michael," answered the other, "and may well be delivered with caution; yet the truth needeth no preface. Know, then, that the pretty Fatimia findeth pastime more to her taste in thy absence than to sell jewels, or watch, pensive, for thy return."

"What meanest thou?" exclaimed the goldsmith. "My wife——"

"Thy wife holdeth converse with a gallant of stately bearing—one of the nobility, belike. At noon to-day I saw him enter the shop. I watched him from the corner: he stayed an hour with Fatimia, and came forth with chains and rings he had bought of her. I saw her in pleasant discourse with him as he left the door, and heard him promise to come again speedily."

"Villain! thou beliest her!" cried Michael, in anger. "I know well that thou hast sought favor from Fatimia, and hast felt her scorn!"

"I ask not belief for words of mine," replied the armorer. "Thou may'st see for thyself. I have seen the same gallant walking often through the streets, and marked him by his haughty mien. Come to-morrow, at noon; it may be he will return at that time."

The goldsmith assented, gloomily, and went to his own house, where his young wife received him with a cheerful welcome. His unwonted sullenness and reserve, however, checked the flow of her confidence, and she did not tell him, as she meant, all that had passed during the day.

Fatimia was beautiful—she knew it, and loved admiration. The compliments she received she regarded only as her proper tributes, and repaid them with bright smiles. Her heart belonged only to her husband. She would have told him all that happened, but his jealousy and quickness to anger often made her afraid to speak openly.

Michael left home the next morning as usual, saying he should not return till evening. But he went no further than the dwelling of the armorer, from the window of which he could see whoever passed along the street.

At noon, as expected, the unknown visitor of the fair Fatimia was seen to go towards the goldsmith's shop. He was simply dressed, but his aristocratic air and noble features bespoke him a person of rank. As he approached the shop, the lovely face of Fatimia, wreathed with smiles, was seen at the window a moment; it quickly vanished; she appeared at the door, and greeted the handsome stranger, who bowed courteously and went in.

All this was torture to the jealous Michael. His rage was increased by the taunting looks and whispered inuendos of Giacomo, the armorer. Unable longer to control himself, he rushed out, and hastened to his own house, muttering threats of vengeance. He was followed by Giacomo, who wished to see the sport.

In the midst of the courtly stranger's flattering speeches to the beautiful Fatimia, and her graceful coquetries, the door was flung open. Michael burst in, and seizing the young noble, dragged him towards the door. A violent strug-

gle ensued ; but it was soon terminated. The stranger, having freed his right hand, drew his dagger, and instantly buried it in the breast of the goldsmith. The armorer, who had pressed to his friend's assistance, shared the same fate. Both fell, and expired, at the stranger's feet. During this frightful scene, Fatimia had filled the air with her shrieks. The neighbors ran towards the place ; the police came up ; and the officer of the guard hastened to arrest the assassin. But as they came near, and met his steadfast look, they stopped in amazement. "The king!" broke from the officer's lips, while the guard lowered their weapons. "The king!" was repeated from mouth to mouth among the crowd, and several hurried away, fearful of being involved in the consequences. The royal offender himself, undisturbed by any one, walked slowly towards the castle.

Not long after, a decree was sent forth, forbidding any of Don Pedro's subjects, on pain of death, to speak of the strange event that had transpired in the capital. The same day, to the astonishment of the haughty monarch, he received a citation to appear before the criminal court, to answer to the charge of murder.

A council was called of the nobles of his court. Don Pedro laid the citation before them, and requested their advice as to his reply. There was a murmured consultation of a few moments, and then one of them made answer :

"We are all of opinion, may it please your majesty, that in serving such a citation, Don Henriquez, the chief judge, is guilty of high treason, and deserveth death."

"Nay," returned the king, "he shall not die ; but he shall be questioned, whether he hath lost his reason or not, that he dares arraign his sovereign as a criminal."

The message was conveyed to Don Henriquez. His reply was : "The mighty king, Don Pedro, of Castile, hath placed me in office to uphold the laws in his capital of Madrid, and to punish violence and wrong, without respect to the rank of the offender. Don Pedro is guilty of a two-fold murder, and the law is his accuser. He is bound to appear at the tribunal, to hear the accusation, and receive the sentence that may be pronounced. For myself, I am the king's most faithful subject. If he dismiss me from the office I hold, it is well ; but so long as I am chief judge in Madrid, I must do my duty. My life is in the hand of God, as is the king's ; and both of us shall answer before Him."

This message was delivered to Don Pedro, who grew pale with shame and anger as he heard it. There was a murmur of indignation throughout the whole court. "Let the traitor be hanged, and that instantly!" exclaimed many voices.

The king rose, and commanded silence ; then called his first chamberlain.

"Go," he said, "to the chief judge, even Don Henriquez. Say to him, that Don Pedro will obey his summons, and will appear before the tribunal."

The day of trial came. The king appeared in person at the tribunal, stern and proud in demeanor, but prepared to submit to what the law required. The chief judge addressed the subordinate judges and the accuser, and admonished them that they were not to permit the rank of the criminal to influence their judgment. "It is not for those," he said, "whom God hath appointed to administer the laws, to violate them with impunity. The *king* stands not before you ; it is but the *man*, accused of taking the lives of his fellow-beings."

The accuser then came forward, and boldly made his charge. Don Pedro's clandestine visits to the goldsmith's shop, and his attempts to win the favor of the goldsmith's handsome wife, were detailed ; also his encounter with Michael, when he came to expel the intruder, and vindicate the honor of his house ; with the assassination of both the goldsmith and the armorer.

At the word "clandestine," a slight movement of the king's features was seen, and he cast an angry glance at the speaker, but said nothing. The accuser went on to describe the scene of blood, painted the horrors of the crime with fearful fidelity, and concluded by calling upon the judges to avenge the deed, and punish the murderer, according to the law of Castile.

The chief judge then called upon the accused for his defence. Don Pedro preserved a sullen silence. A pleader was authorized to speak for him, and he put forth his best efforts in behalf of his royal client. But the proof the crime was clear. The chief judge then pronounced sentence upon Don Pedro, found guilty of two murders. He was sentenced to have his head struck off in the public market-place. "But," concluded Don Henriquez, "inasmuch as Don Pedro is our anointed sovereign, and his person is sacred, our sentence must be executed upon

RAMBLES IN WALES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PENRYNN QUARRIES—HOMEWARD BOUND—SCOTCH BOY—STORM AT SEA—HOME.

THE north coast of Wales is studded with old castles—some of which are in ruins, and others in a good state of preservation. Many a fierce struggle and wild tale they could tell, could they but reveal their history. Cromwell's army has thundered against their walls, and England's chivalry dashed over their battlements; and deeds of daring, and of darkness too, stained every stone with blood. Our road lay right along the base of one, with old towers still standing, and the ancient drawbridge still resting on its ancient foundations. A little farther on, the whole breast of the mountain seemed converted into a modern castle; for ramparts rose over every ridge, and turreted battlements stretched along every precipitous height.

Nothing can be more bleak and desolate than the north coast of Wales. The rocky shores, treeless, shrubless mountains, and ruined castles, combine to render the scene sombre and gloomy. At length we reached Bangor, from whence I made a visit to the slate quarries of Mr. Tennant. This gentleman was an English Colonel; but being so fortunate as to marry the only daughter of the owner of these extensive quarries, he threw up his profession, and settled down in Wales. Becoming sole heir to Penrynn Castle, on the death of his father-in-law, he improved it by additions and renovations; till now, with its extensive and beautiful grounds, it is well worth a visit. The quarries, however, were more interesting to me than the castle, for they are said to be the largest in the world; yielding the proprietor a nett income of nearly one hundred thousand dollars per annum. The whole mountain, in which these quarries are dug, is composed of slate. At the base of it the miners commenced, and dug, in a semi-circular form, into its very heart. They then blasted back and up a terrace all around the space they had made, some thirty or forty feet from the bottom. About the same distance above this terrace, they ran another around,

until they terraced the mountain in the form of an amphitheatre, to the very top. Around each terrace runs a railroad, to carry out the slate; while small stone huts are placed here and there, to shelter the workmen when a blast occurs near them. These terraces are filled with workmen, who look, from below, like so many ants crawling over the rocks. Taking one of these as a guide, I rambled over the quarries, in a more excited state than one usually views so plain and practical an object; for the blasts, that occur every few moments, keep the mountain in an uproar. The amphitheatre is so far across, that a person need not fear a blast from the opposite side; but one from the terrace he is on, or from the one above or below him, is always more or less dangerous. To prevent accidents, just before a blast takes place, the man who is to fire it steps to the edge of the terrace, and halloos, "*he hoo!*" at which all in the neighborhood run for the stone cabins, like prairie dogs for their holes. Again and again was I compelled to dodge into one of these coverts; when, after a moment's pause, there would follow a heavy explosion; and the next moment the loose stones would be rattling like hail on the roof above me. Several times I measured, with considerable interest, the thickness of the covering above me, and calculated how heavy a rock it would require to crush through it. When out on the open terrace, the constant reports, like the rapid discharge of cannon in various parts of the mountain, keep one constantly on the look-out. The *dépôt* of the finished slates is also a great curiosity. They are piled in huge rows, according to their size and value: they are named Dukes, Marquesses, Counts, &c., to designate their respective worth. All sorts of ornaments are made by the workmen in their leisure moments, which are sold to travelers; several of which I brought away with me. It was a bright day when I visited the quarries;

impunity. All hail to our just king, who has atoned for his crime, and shown us, by his example, what reverence we all owe to the majesty of law."

So spoke Don Henriquez; and he was answered with shouts that rent the air—"Long live our righteous king, Don Pedro the Just!" The shouts swelled into deafening acclamations, till the very earth beneath the vast city trembled with the sound.

All this time Don Pedro sat motionless, his pale face shaded by his hand. When silence was restored, he looked up, and beckoned the chief judge to come near him. Don Henriquez obeyed; and the chamberlain followed, with the purple mantle, which he offered, kneeling, to the king.

Don Pedro rose, and embraced Don Henriquez. "Receive my thanks," he said, "noble and faithful servant of thy sovereign. If I am praised that I submitted to the laws, what honor is due to thee, who hast had courage to uphold the righteous cause against a king whom men call the Cruel? I bid thee hail, just judge; and wear this purple mantle in thy official duties, in remembrance of what has passed this day."

Thus speaking, Don Pedro himself flung the mantle over the shoulders of the chief judge. The other judges were also rewarded; and the executioner received rich gifts, and was elevated to the rank of a noble. The beheaded image was buried, by the king's order, in front of the

altar in the royal chapel; while the head was carved in stone on the wall at the corner of the street in which the two-fold murder had taken place. Some aver that it may be seen to this day.

The foregoing story is taken, in every particular, from the life of Don Pedro, and may, I suppose, be relied on as a piece of genuine history. It is recorded of that monarch of Castile, that he had not long filled the throne of his illustrious ancestors, before his people discovered that he deserved not so much the title of the Cruel, as that of the Just, or the Inexorable. He had violent passions, it is true; and woe to those who crossed him in his moods of anger! but when calm, he showed a strict sense of justice. An anecdote related of him, may illustrate this quality:—

A young priest, who was both vain and passionate, in a fit of rage, for some trifling cause, slew a poor shoemaker. The king would have given up the criminal to the secular courts; but the clergy interfered, and by their influence over the superstitious people, prevented this, punishing the young priest only by suspension from the sacred office for one year. The son of the murdered shoemaker, indignant at this lenient sentence, not long after assassinated the priest. The clergy demanded of the king that the assassin should suffer death.

"Nay," replied Don Pedro; "I follow your example, and condemn him to make no shoes for a year."

THE WAYFARING LABORER.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

NOBLE is he who treads the paths of earth,
 Poor and unknown, to gain his daily bread,
 Or delves with spade and plough its turfy bed.
 I love the man! his life is better worth
 The love of all, his soul of nobler birth.
 Than his who, reckless of the toils and tears
 Of poverty, will pass luxurious years,
 Feasting on fruits that humble effort yields.
 Plod on, lone traveller, bear upon thy back
 A weight of labors with thy scanty pack;
 Traverse with lightsome step the open fields;
 Thy toil is honor, let thy heart be free
 Who does not know that labor influence wields?
 I leave the rich and turn my love to thee!

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BY THE EDITOR.

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until they terraced the mountain in the form of an amphitheatre, to the very top. Around each terrace runs a railroad, to carry out the slate; while small stone huts are placed here and there, to shelter the workmen when a blast occurs near them. These terraces are filled with workmen, who look, from below, like so many ants crawling over the rocks. Taking one of these as a guide, I rambled over the quarries, in a more excited state than one usually views so plain and practical an object; for the blasts, that occur every few moments, keep the mountain in an uproar. The amphitheatre is so far across, that a person need not fear a blast from the opposite side; but one from the terrace he is on, or from the one above or below him, is always more or less dangerous. To prevent accidents, just before a blast takes place, the man who is to fire it steps to the edge of the terrace, and halloos, "*he hoo!*" at which all in the neighborhood run for the stone cabins, like prairie dogs for their holes. Again and again was I compelled to dodge into one of these coverts; when, after a moment's pause, there would follow a heavy explosion; and the next moment the loose stones would be rattling like hail on the roof above me. Several times I measured, with considerable interest, the thickness of the covering above me, and calculated how heavy a rock it would require to crush through it. When out on the open terrace, the constant reports, like the rapid discharge of cannon in various parts of the mountain, keep one constantly on the look-out. The *dépôt* of the finished slates is also a great curiosity. They are piled in huge rows, according to their size and value: they are named Dukes, Marquesses, Counts, &c., to designate their respective worth. All sorts of ornaments are made by the workmen in their leisure moments, which are sold to travelers; several of which I brought away with me. It was a bright day when I visited the quarries;

and, as I turned away, I paused, and looked back on that excavated mountain. It was a curious spectacle—those terraces, rising one above another, sprinkled all over with human beings, like mere spots on the spire of a church.

From Bangor I went to Caernarvon, to visit the ruined castle there, so famous in the ancient history of England. I clambered up its spiral staircase—looked out of its narrow windows—plucked the ivy from its massive and immensely thick walls, and then went to a neighboring eminence to have the whole in one *coup d'œil*. It is an impressive ruin, independent of the associations connected with it. It was my design to cross the island of Anglesea and take steamboat for Dublin, where I expected to meet my friend, who left me at Liverpool; but that afternoon a storm set in which frightened me back. I had had some experience in the British channels, and concluded I had rather not see Dublin than again be made as deadly sick as I had been. I went back to Bangor; roamed over the island of Anglesea; saw the stone block, once a sacrifice stone of the ancient Druids; stood on the Menai bridge, next to that of Frybourg, the longest suspension bridge in the world; and finally set sail for Liverpool. Waiting here two weeks, till I could get a state-room to myself, I at last embarked on board the packet *England*, and dropped down the channel. Rounding the southern coast of Ireland we stood out to sea, and soon the last vestige of land disappeared behind the waters; and, homeward bound, we were on the wide Atlantic.

There was an incident occurred on leaving-port which interested me exceedingly. With the departure of almost every vessel, some poor wretches, without the means to pay their passage, secrete themselves aboard till fairly out to sea, when they creep forth from their hiding-places. The captain cannot put back for them, and he cannot see them starve on board his ship; and so they get a free passage to this land, where every man can find work. So common has this become, that an officer is always hired to ransack the vessel while she is being towed out of the harbor. Several were found hid away in ours, whom I saw shoved over into the "tug," as the tow-boat is called, without the least feeling of commiseration. They were such hard, depraved looking cases, that I thought it no loss to have them kept back from our shores. But at length the officer drew forth a Scotch lad about seventeen

years of age, who seemed unlike his companions. Dirty and ragged enough he indeed was, but a certain honest expression in his face, which was covered with tears, interested me in him immediately. I stopped the officer and asked the boy his name. "Robert S.," he replied. "Where are you from?" "Greenock. I am a baker by trade, but my master has broke, and I have come to Liverpool to get work." "Why do you want to go to America?" said I. "To get work," he replied in his strong Scotch accent. He seemed to have but one idea, and that was *work!* The object of his ambition, the end of his wishes, was the privilege of working. He had wandered around Liverpool in vain; slept on the docks, and lived on the refuse crumbs he could pick up; and as a last resort determined, all alone, to cross the Atlantic to a land where man is allowed the boon of working for his daily bread. I could not let him go ashore, and told the captain that I would see that his passage was paid. The passengers joined with me, and I told him he need not be alarmed, he should go to America. I was struck with his reply: said he in a manly tone, "I don't know how I can pay you, sir, but I will work for you." I gave him clothes, and told him to wash himself up and be cheerful, and I would take care of him. In a short time he became deadly sick, and at the end of a week he was so emaciated and feeble I feared he would die. I said to him one day, "Robert, are you not very sorry now you started for America?" "No, sir!" he replied, "if I can get work there." "Merciful God!" I mentally exclaimed, "has hunger so gnawed at this poor fellow's vitals, and starvation stared him so often in the face, that he can think of no joy like that of being permitted to work!"

Days and weeks passed away, wearisome and lonely, until at length, as we approached the banks of Newfoundland, a heavy storm overtook us. It blew for two days, and the third night the sea was rolling tremendously. The good ship labored over the mountainous billows, while every timber, and plank, and door, seemed suddenly to have been endowed with a voice, and screeched, and screamed, and groaned, and complained, till the tumult without was almost drowned by the uproar within. It did not seem possible that the timbers could hold together for an hour, so violently did the vessel work. I could not keep in my berth, and ropes were strung along the deck to enable the sailors to cross from one

side to another. I crawled to the cabin door, and holding on with both hands, gazed out with strange feelings upon the wild and ruinous waste of waters. We had a host of steerage passengers aboard, whom the captain was compelled to drive below, and fasten down the hatches over them. The sea was breaking madly over the shrinking, shivering ship, as if determined to crush it down; and at every shock of the billows, as they fell in thunder on the deck, the poor wretches below thought themselves going to the bottom, and kept up a constant wailing, screaming and praying, at once pitiful and ludicrous. Still I could not blame them, for to one unaccustomed to the sea the rush and roll of waves on the trembling planks overhead are anything but pleasant sounds. One moment, as we ascended a billow, the jib-boom of our vessel seemed to pierce mid-heaven—the next moment, in her mad and downward plunge, it would disappear in the sea, and tons of water come sweeping with a crash over our decks. Once the second mate, who was forward, was caught by one of these furious seas and borne backward the whole length of the deck, against the after-cabin. As the ship pitched again he was carried forward, and the second time borne backward, before he could feel the deck, although the water was running in a perfect torrent from the scuppers the while. Oh! it was a fearful night—the clouds swept in angry masses athwart the heavens, and all around was the mountainous deep over which our groaning vessel strained with desperate efforts and most piteous complaints. I turned in, sick of the sea, but I could not sleep, for one moment my feet would be pointing to the zenith, and the next moment my head, and immediately after, head, body, and legs, would be lying in a confused heap on the state-room floor. As a last resort, I stretched myself on the cabin sofa, which was bolted to the floor, and bade the steward lash me to it with a rope; and strange to say, in this position I dropped asleep and slept till morning. It was the soundest night's rest I ever had at sea. But it is startling to be waked out of sleep by the creaking of timbers and roar of waves; and the spirits feel a sudden reaction that is painful. I staggered on deck, and such a sight I never beheld before. The storm had broken, and the fragmentary clouds were flying like lightning

over the sky, while the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was one vast expanse of heaving, tumbling mountains—their bases a bright pea-green, and their ridges white as snow. Over and around these our good ship floundered like a mere toy. On our right, and perhaps three quarters of a mile distant, (though it seemed scarcely three rods,) lay a ship riding out the storm. When we went down and she went up, I could see the copper on her bottom; and when we both went down together, the tops of her tallest masts disappeared as though she had been suddenly engulfed in the ocean. The sun at length emerged from a cloud and lighted up with strange brilliancy this strange scene. It was a sublime spectacle, and I acknowledged it to be so, but added mentally, as I clung to a belaying pin and braced against the bulwarks to keep my legs, that I thought it would appear *much better from shore.*

Days and nights passed away, until at length a bird came and lighted on our rigging, and then I knew we were near my father-land. I could have kissed it. The last night came on with rain and storm, and we flew on before the gale with our white wings spread, thankful that it bore us homeward. At noon next day the clouds broke away, and soon after we took on board a pilot. The sun went down in beauty, and the moon sailed up the golden sky, and the stars came out and smiled on the sea, and all was lovely and entrancing; but soon other lights flashed over the waters that far outshone both moon and stars—the lights from Sandy Hook. My heart leaped up in my throat at the sight, and an involuntary burst of joy escaped my lips. No bay ever looked so sweet as New-York bay the next morning; and when my feet pressed my native land, I loved her better than ever.

* * * * *

I will only add that my protégé, the Scotch boy, was taken care of, and proved worthy of the interest I had taken in him. He is now on the fair road to wealth and prosperity.

The good packet England, a few months after, left Liverpool for New-York, and was never heard of more. A better officer than her captain never trod a deck, and her first mate was also a fine man. He had been lately married, and went to sea because it was his only means of livelihood. Alas! the billows now roll over them and their gallant ship together



Drawn by B. Hinshelwood from a sketch by T. Addison Richards.

Engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Stansie.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF GEORGIA.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

BY W. J. PRIME, M.D.

In looking over my notes to select some one case out of the many I have collected, which would interest the readers of the series I am now writing, as I turned leaf after leaf, I found between two an open letter: it instantly brought to my mind the incidents connected with, and subsequent to, its reception, with all the vividness of scenes which took place only yesterday. I could probably write them out as they occurred, although many years have passed since, and the subject of them has long ago passed away. But I prefer to confine myself to the history recorded at the time, both for the sake of brevity, and also to take from it the air of fiction, which is apt to hang about the striking incidents of any one life, when collected and written. So much truth is there in the latter reason, that we often have it said of us that our scenes and descriptions are overwrought, simply because they are gathered into one body, and meet the eye in hurried succession; whereas, had they been seen only as they happened, at intervals of more or less length, their force would have been very much diminished. There are passages in the life of every one, possessing the highest and most exciting interest of romance; which, at the same time, if written out, would not be recognized by him who had been the subject of them, because they are grouped together instead of at the distant periods of time at which they transpired. It was because I appreciated this truth, that I began, in the early part of my professional life, to record, for my own entertainment, the scenes and incidents which I am now giving to my readers.

Before proceeding to relate the incidents of the case, I must give a brief history of the young man who is the subject of it.

In the early life of George W——s there

was nothing remarkable. At school he was not more industrious, nor more of a scholar, than most of his fellows; his only pre-eminence was in his physical powers, which were rapidly developed, and he excelled in all the sports and pastimes of his age. But when he had completed his preparatory studies, and had entered college, his mind seemed to acquire a sudden vigor; and he devoted himself, with wonderful zeal and untiring diligence, to the pursuit of knowledge. His exercise of body was entirely neglected; and day and night he was found poring over his books, or walking his room in deep meditation. At first there was no particular aim in his studies—that is, they were not confined more to one branch of science than to another. It was knowledge that he sought—knowledge for itself alone; and if the mission of Truth ever had a faithful and unwearied votary upon earth, he was found in George W——s. It was wonderful with what ease and facility he acquired his lessons: they seemed but the sport of his powerful intellect—toys, that his mind played with, as a child with the trifles that amuse him; and at a glance he made the ideas of his authors as familiar as if they had originated in his own mind. The powers of his mind seemed to increase more rapidly than he advanced in his studies. It seemed as if there was a new force within, a sort of innate vigor springing daily into more full activity, and reaching forth continually for aliment upon which to feed its accumulating strength.

It was necessary that this power should have some aim, some director to point it to some particular destination, lest in roaming over the wide fields of science it should become bewildered and lost. His friends proposed numerous plans, but he rejected them all, because he could not

choose. All knowledge was the same to him. It was for itself he sought it; not for its utility—not for the power it gave him over others, nor for the sake of ambition: it was selfish, if there was any active motive in his heart, and continued so to the end.

It was during the last term of his college life that his mind became fixed upon the study which occupied him till near the end of his life. This was Chemistry. Some trifling phenomenon first arrested his attention; and its investigation led him on from one to another. The immense field comprised in this science was opened before him; his room became a perfect laboratory; and his eagerness and zeal were not surpassed by the alchemists from whom the science had its origin. A world of new beauty and order was exposed to his view, and he trod its paths with untiring delight.

I have said nothing of his social powers. They were of the highest order. Once drawn away from his studies, and he became one of the most entertaining of companions. He had a bold and fine imagination, coupled with a rare originality of conception, which gave a wonderful charm to his conversation. With this character, it was strange that he did not become visionary in his early life; or that, in the scientific studies which occupied him at a later period, he did not run into the wild dreams of the alchemists, in their search for the philosopher's stone. But he did not.

Of his personal appearance I need say little. His form was singularly erect; his forehead high and bold; his face pale; his lips always forcibly compressed, and his eye black, and exceedingly bright, which was probably in part the effect of its contrast with his very pale complexion. The general expression of his face was calm and contemplative; but when excited by argument or conversation, it awoke with great animation, and every feature seemed to speak. Such is a brief description of the character and person of the subject of the following sketch.

His life, till he reached the age of thirty-one years, was one of intense study. At this time I lost sight of him; and when I next saw him he was awfully changed: he was a drunkard! Sunk and wallowing in the very depths of this loathsome vice, he had lost all the nobility of his personal beauty; and his mind had suffered, if possible, in a worse degree. He had returned to my neighborhood, the scene of his early life, as if to exhibit to those who had then

known him, the fearful effects of intemperance. How he had fallen into this habit I never learned. The fact that he had not been a man of great fondness for company seemed to contradict the impression that he had acquired it by associating with those who would lead him into it. And indeed, at this time, he was not a social drinker. It was in solitude that he gave himself up to it; and alone, in his own room, he would drink himself into insensibility. But I pass on to the end. I wish I could stop here, or had not begun, for I loved him as my own brother, and labored hard to restore him to his reason; and I fain would cover up the errors of one so dear, and the fall of one so gifted.

I think it was in the darkest midnight I ever knew, that I was called out of my bed to see him. He had been for several days in a constant state of intoxication, and often, during this time, wandering through the streets, in a condition bordering on madness. I followed the messenger to a miserable hovel in the outskirts of the village; where, in the corner of a filthy room, in a squalid and miserable apology for a bed, I found George W——s. The following is the history of his case as I recorded it at the time.

March 6.—I have just left the bedside of George W——s—a young man of most remarkable character in his early life, but now a victim to intemperance. How strange it is that so many men of brilliant intellects are overcome by this vice. And most of all am I surprised at this one, when it seemed that there was no temptation to lead him into it. I found him lying upon a miserable bed, in a miserable hut, to which, I was informed, he had wandered in the early part of the evening, and begged that he might be suffered to stay all night. Upon obtaining permission he had thrown himself upon the bed, and sunk at once into a profound sleep. During the evening he had continued to sleep soundly; but towards midnight he had groaned much, as if in pain; and the inmates of the place, fearing that he was very sick, and might die in their house, had sent at once for me. He has a high fever, and is stupid and insensible, and cannot be aroused. This may be owing to his excesses of yesterday; and nothing can be determined as to his condition till to-morrow, but I fear the worst. How he is changed from what he was a few years since! Instead of his erect and manly form, he is now bowed and bloated; and his face, formerly pale and thin, is puffed up, and flushed with the brand of the drunkard. Better

now that he should die as he is, than live longer such a life of wretchedness and shame.

Although I was with him nearly the whole of the night, I called at an early hour this morning, but he had not yet waked from his lethargic sleep. I sat by him more than an hour, thinking, with intense bitterness of heart, on the humiliating condition of my patient. At that time he suddenly woke; and turning his burning and bloodshot eyes upon me, exclaimed—

“Drink!—drink!—give me drink. I am burning—consuming. Oh! this fire—this consuming fire! Give me drink, I say. Not water,” he cried, as a glass of it was held to his lips; “no water for me! Give me strong drink—brandy, sir, brandy—quick, or I shall die.”

He had not seemed to recognize me before this, but as I now spoke to him, and told him it was not proper for him to have brandy in the condition in which he then was, he looked me steadily in the face for a moment, and then said:

“Doctor, are you here? But you can do nothing for me. I know as well as you that it is wrong, but I must have brandy.”

“It will only increase your pain, George,” said I.

“Let it kill me then,” he said, “but I must have it. I cannot resist; I must have it if I die, and I shall die without it. Oh, Doctor! give it to me, for I am consuming.”

It was with much difficulty I could induce him to take a draught of cold water, which produced a temporary relief of his suffering. I was then able to make such inquiries of him as to form some opinion of his condition. There is every evidence of a high state of inflammation of his stomach, perhaps in some degree the same as that which exists in that organ in every drunkard, but in this case infinitely more active. Here is constant and intense pain, which he describes as a consuming fire, under which he writhes in agony, only relieved by an occasional swallow of water or ice. This he takes with loathing, begging at the same time most piteously for strong drink. After having bled him freely from the arm, and made such applications and prescriptions as his case required, I left him to try and procure for him more comfortable accommodations. It was with considerable difficulty that I at length succeeded. Every one was unwilling to open the door to such a wretch, till I mentioned my difficulty to our minister's wife, who, after con-

sulting with her husband, provided a room in her house, and all requisite comforts, and he has been removed there. I have also written to his sister, who lives in a town some hundred miles distant, where George has also been residing since he left this place, some years since. Why is it that the poor victim of intemperance is so shut out from the sympathies of his fellows? Surely none need more the friendly hand and counsel of the unenslaved—none surely deserve it more. Yet they are thrust out and despised as an unclean thing, and left to be the laughing-stock of every inhuman heart.

7th.—My patient seems better this morning, or perhaps I should rather say easier, yet his demand is incessantly for brandy. I urged him to resist the desire, but he answered me—

“I cannot. I am consumed with the appetite. It does not seem to be the mere sense which requires it, and if it were I think I could easily combat the wish. It is the mind, or as your physiologists would say, the brain. I feel a constant and uncontrollable desire for it, and I could not resist if I would. I have never recovered from a fit of drunkenness—for I know I am a drunkard—without feeling intense shame, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that I could deny myself and become free. And if it were the mere sensual appetite that demanded the stimulus, I know I could resist it. But my mind craves it—my whole being seems to long for it. I cannot tell you why. It is inexplicable even to myself. I have not been an hour free from the influence of it in three years.”

Seeing his mind so rational on the subject, I laid before him every inducement to reform, and used every argument which my reason or my friendship for him could suggest. He heard me with patience, and even at times with evident feeling, for the tears rose in his eyes and he turned away to hide them. But he replied:

“I know and feel all you say, Doctor, is true. But it is nothing new to me. During every rational hour of my life since I have been a drunkard, I have used to myself the same reasoning. I carry about in my bosom the same monitor I had when I was free, and it reproaches me bitterly; yet it is only an additional inducement for me to drink deeper to drown its voice. No—you can tell me nothing I do not feel continually, and yet I am the unwilling slave you see me. I hate and despise myself, and when I stop for a moment to compare myself with what

I have once been, I am filled with confusion and shame. Under such feelings I have made the sternest resolutions, that I did not keep one hour. Last night I craved the drink to quench the fire in my stomach. To-day I am mostly free from that bodily desire for it, if I may call it so, and now I feel a mental wish, which is equally strong and irresistible. I am not master of myself. I would drink if I knew that immediate death would be the consequence."

I believe he spoke the truth. His whole being seems to be under the influence of this passion. His mind to-day is comparatively clear and calm, yet he is restless, and his eye wanders unsteadily and anxiously, as if wanting something to fix upon; but it is all the effect of his burning desire for the stimulus he has been accustomed to. I have firmly refused to allow him anything of the kind, although he, at times, raves like a maniac.

10th.—For three days past my patient has continued in much the same condition as on the 7th, professing to feel an intense anxiety to be free from the curse that hangs upon him, while he has no resolution to fight against it. At times, he walks his room rapidly and nervously, and moans like a sick child; and then again he becomes almost furious in his demands for brandy. It is pitiable to see a man of his powers of mind so utterly under the dominion of this loathsome vice, while he is perfectly conscious of his whole degradation. It is singular that, till this morning, he has not questioned any one as to why he is detained here in his room, for he is well enough to be abroad. But when I entered his room, he was walking the floor in great agitation, and immediately stopped, and demanded of me why he was kept like a prisoner in his cell, with a guard over him? I soon succeeded in quieting him, and told him plainly my reasons; and then he wept like a child.

"It is of no use, Doctor," he said, at length. "I tell you, my dear sir, if I were chained to a rock for life, it would not quench this burning thirst. I would struggle against my chain till I broke it, or died in the strife. You will find it so; and though now I submit, yet I chafe and rage against it, and the time will come when, in my agony—for it is nothing less than agony—I shall break away. It is a desire that overcomes shame and reason; and sensible as I am of my ruin, I would choose death this moment rather than self-denial."

I attempted to lead him away from his

thoughts, by talking of his former studies; and for a time he conversed freely and naturally. He told me all that he had done since he had been absent, and seemed interested in the relation. But he soon became restless and wandering, and it was evident that he could not fix his mind for any length of time on any subject. Here was the worst part of the ruin, and I can see no hope, unless the warmer affections of his heart may be wrought upon; and I wait anxiously for the arrival of his sister. She is a gentle and warm-hearted girl, and he has always been very much attached to her.

Four o'clock.—All is lost! An hour ago, I was called in haste to see him, and found him again raging with fever, and insensible. He had made an attempt, about noon, to leave his room, but was persuaded by his attendant, who is a firm but kind man, to remain. He commenced walking the floor of his room rapidly, and apparently under great excitement, and talking to himself.

"Fool that I am—cursed fool—why am I thus? Why cannot I be as other men? Why did I not die before it came to this? Why was I born into the world? I am not a man. If I were, I could trample upon this hellish lust, and crush it in the mire, and rise up again to be what I have been, and what I ought to be. But I cannot. It gnaws at my heart, and burns in my brain, till the desire for drink is greater agony than the pain it produces. I must have it. Away, sir!—stand out of my way. I will not be kept here like a chained wild beast. Give me brandy, I say, or let me pass!"

He rushed for the door, and being repulsed by his attendant, he seized him by the throat, and with the strength of a giant, hurled him to the floor, but did not remit his grasp. He would have strangled him in a moment more, had not his reason seemed partially to return, when he sprang from his victim, exclaiming: "Oh, no, not blood, unless it be my own!" He rushed from the house. When he was found, he was lying upon the floor of one of the lowest and vilest "hells" in the place, in a worse condition than when I first saw him, and was again removed to his lodgings at the parsonage. I have done what I can for him, but there is no hope in his case.

11th.—Although there is no alteration for the better, yet he is this morning sensible, and filled with the deepest shame, but says still that he cannot resist his thirst. He is in great pain,

which does not yield to profuse bleeding, nor any applications which have been made.

When I reached home, after having made my round of calls, I was told that a lady had arrived, and was waiting for me in the parlor. Supposing it was the sister of George W——s, whom I was looking for to-day, I immediately went up. I found a beautiful girl, of apparently twenty years, who rose and advanced as I entered the room. Her eyes were very red with weeping, and her voice was broken with sobs, as she inquired if I were Doctor P——? I told her I was, and asked her if she was the lady I was expecting.

"You were looking for George's sister," she replied; "but she is very ill, and could not come. Your letter alarmed us exceedingly, while, at the same time, it relieved us of a dreadful anxiety. George left home a few weeks since, and we had not heard from him till your letter informed us he was here. And how is he, Doctor—is he very ill?"

I hesitated a moment, not knowing how to reply, when she continued:

"You need not hide anything from me, Doctor; I am prepared to learn the worst. Tell me all the truth, for I am come to see him die, if it must be so, only I have hoped to see him changed from what he was!" and she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

I perceived at once that there was no necessity for hiding anything from her, and I told her all I knew of him since he had come to this place, and the condition in which he then was. She insisted on going immediately to see him, and I accompanied her.

I cannot describe, if I would, the heart-rending scene that occurred there. She threw herself upon his neck, in a burst of agonizing grief, in which he joined her, with apparently as deep and sincere feeling as her own. It is the strangest feature in his case, that he feels so fully his whole humiliation, and the vileness of his indulgence, and looks upon it with as much disgust and abhorrence as any one, yet is utterly unable to follow out the impulses of his reason. It seems that the lady is his wife, to whom he has been married about two years. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he removed her gently from his embrace, and looking her in the face with an expression of most pitying love, he said, in a tender but somewhat reproachful voice:

"Why are you here, Mary? Was it not enough that I have been a shame and sorrow to

you for these two years past; and now, when I had fled from you, to rid you of my loathsome presence, you must still search me out!"

"Do not say so, George," she replied. "You know that you never wronged me, and that I loved you with all my soul. Why should I not be here, to comfort you now in your sickness, and try to raise you up? Who so fit as I?"

"No, no, Mary," he said, "you must not talk of my getting up again. I shall never recover. I feel certain that I am dying, and that very few days remain to me; and I am glad for your sake it is so. I do not wish to live, dearly as I love you, and have loved you in all my guilt. Life to me would be only a scene of shame, and filled with constant self-reproach; and to you, Mary, what would it be but bitterness and grief?"

It is strange how the conflicting emotions in his mind give place to each other, or rather, how the better feelings and thoughts are continually active, but cannot subdue the earthly passion. I left them to themselves, with a faint hope that she might be able to direct his mind away from his ruling desire, and that his heart may be led to look upward for strength.

17th.—For several days past I have made no notes of the case of George W——s. He has been in continual and severe pain, and describes his feelings as a consuming fire within him. He writhes in agony for hours, and then, worn out and exhausted with the distress, he sinks into a broken and uneasy slumber. Mary does not leave his side, but day and night is his affectionate and untiring nurse. In his paroxysms of pain, he begs her most piteously for his favorite drink, but is always kind to her, and yields to her persuasions. But the thirst is not to be controlled. It seems to be, as he often describes it, a thirst of his mind. Such is the power of this vile habit, that it bends the whole soul under its influence. Remedies seem to be powerless, and he is hourly drawing nearer to death; and he feels this, and looks upon it as a desirable event. He has often conversed with the clergyman in whose house he lies; and though his views of religion are eminently clear and correct, he professes no hope for the world to come.

"How can I hope," he says, "with the truth continually in my mind, that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God? What is all my remorse of soul, when I feel that with the first opportunity I should immediately wilfully do as I have done before? My whole mind is now

awake, and as active as it was years ago ; and still I feel that I have no power to resist my appetite."

18th.—Last evening, about nine o'clock, he experienced a sudden and entire cessation of pain, which he felt to be the precursor of death. He called his wife to his side, and conversed with her calmly of the event, and endeavored to prepare her mind for it. She was already prepared, yet she was overwhelmed with profound sorrow. In all his faults she had clung to him with the unflinching fervor of woman's love, hoping against hope, to the last. What if he was a drunkard ! What if he was despised by men ! Was he not her husband, and did he not love her yet, as he had loved her when they were first married ?

It is remarkable, that with the cessation of the pain, there was also an end of his control-

ling appetite. This he spoke of, and wondered at the change. At the same time returned to him, with the clearness and distinctness of later days, all his former hopes and prospects of the future. It seemed as if in his dying hour his spirit was being freed from its sensual bonds, that he might look up again like a man, and see the light of truth that he had loved and gloried in in other days. At twelve o'clock he died.

NOTE TO THE READER.—The case detailed above occurred many years since, before any associated effort was made to stay the torrent of intemperance in this country. It is a truth of very recent discovery, that the most abandoned and hopeless drunkard may be reformed, not by his own resolution entirely, but by the aid he derives from being associated with others who are sunk in the same mire. Under these influences, it is not impossible but George W—s might also have been rescued, and raised to the position from which he had fallen.

BEFORE THE WIND.

BY REV. C. H. A BULKLEY.

At sea ! at sea ! the waters free
 Speak from their myriad lips of life,
 While o'er them creep, like dreams in sleep,
 The sunbeam's feet in lustrous strife.

Oh ! bright they flash, as on they dash,
 Like glancing swords in combat fierce ;
 They strike each wave, till ocean's cove
 Tells how its peaceful depths they pierce.

Far glistening round th' horizon's bound,
 A gauze-like haze hangs on the air,
 Like curtains high for earth and sky,
 Their bridal union to declare.

The soft cool wind floats right behind,
 Our sails swell full and fair to see,
 Like lily breast of maid at rest,
 In dreams of love's pure ecstasy.

We scarcely heed, as swift we speed,
 The airy step that follows fast ;
 For on the wing of breathing spring
 We seem to fly in equal haste.

As in a grot, where winds blow not,
 Our lips disturb some springlet's pool ;
 We quaff this air, that floweth near,
 As if 'twere born of waters cool.

Our spirits bound, like many a hound,
 Just loosed to join the stirring chase,
 While we seem fanned by some soft hand,
 That o'er us waves with airy grace.

The billowy gems make diadems,
 Our vessel's life-like brow to crown ;
 And hymnings sweet about us meet,
 In harmonies which heaven might own.

Oh ! from our hearts the deep tide starts,
 At grateful sights and sounds like these ;
 And thoughts flow up, from life's full cup,
 As fresh to God as falls his breeze.

Who could be sad, while nature, glad,
 Would touch the spirit's deepest strings,
 To make them chime the notes which time
 Far to eternal regions flings ?

LEAVES

FROM THE REGISTER OF A NEW-YORK LAWYER.

BY PHILIP PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Leaf 1.

THE MURDERER.

CHAPTER I.

THE spring flowers were but just blooming in the glen, on the warmer side, where the sunshine fell with kindest caress, and the leaves had only shown on the willow tree by the spring, while all the forest was still in dry, leafless coldness. It was as fair a day as the sunshine ever brought to the south side of old Long Island; and the birds were beginning their summer music in the trees. From afar off came the dull, deep roar of the ocean, brought up by the south wind, that shook the branches of the old elm over the cottage, and occasionally rattled a shingle against its side. All but the wind was peaceful, calm, even holy; and the wind was not unholy, but its voice was rather threatening than otherwise; so much so, that the old man, who was standing, with his pipe in his mouth, in the door of the cottage, looked wistfully up into the sky, and said: "It will blow a gale before to-morrow! I'll go down to the bay, and get the boats in;" and so started, on foot, down the side of the brook, to the bay, which is protected by the great South Beach of Long Island.

Had you been seated, half an hour later, on the bank of that little stream, facing the door of the cottage, you might have seen it open, and a girl of sixteen summers step out on the stone; and had she seen you seated

there, she would have gone back more swiftly, for she was a timid child, and the sudden flutter of a bird's wing in the forest often startled her. You might think her, at the first glance, of Spanish blood; and yet the outline of the forehead, and especially its height, and the massive appearance of the eyebrows, indicated northern parentage. That she was eminently beautiful, might not be denied, and her youth gave promise of still greater beauty when it should be matured.

Her history was simply this. A schooner came ashore on the South Beach, and went to pieces. All on board, save two, were lost; and when their bodies came rolling up on shore, they buried them, with simple rites, and marked their resting-places with hewn stakes. Yet in that fearful night a mother and her child survived the storm, and, being lashed to a broad plank, floated shoreward, and finally came in, through the inlet, with a tremendous surge. But before morning dawned the mother died, in the cottage of the old farmer; and the child, a girl of two years old, was playing merrily before the hearth fire, heedless of her mother's clay. That mother's last moan (for she did not speak after she was found) changed into an exclamation of joy, as she opened her eyes just long enough to see her bright-eyed girl laughing gaily in old Mar-

tha's arms; and smiling on the child—a smile that lingered around her pathway all her life long—she died. The child called herself Carrie. Other than this, none knew her name or parentage; but some months afterward, it was said that the schooner had sailed from England, with six passengers, among whom were two ladies, each having a child entered on the list; but which was Carrie's mother none could tell; and so, not knowing what name to call her, the old man gave her his own name, and Carrie White was the pet of the south side. No great place to be petted, indeed, but still among those hardy men there were warm hearts, and companionship enough for her till she grew older. Then she sought company in the ocean and the sky; and learning from Martha (Martha was the wife of old Robert White) that the cross of wood in the little graveyard marked the grave of her mother, she had a fancy for sitting there, and looking off into the sea. How deeply, soundly, sweetly, slept the dead by the sea-side! nor woke in tempest, nor turned restlessly when the surf-thunder shook their couches!

Martha taught her to read, and I gave her books, and taught her French, German, and Latin. I—oh, I forgot that I have not told you how I came to know her. In one of my summer rambles, fishing and boating, just after I graduated at Princeton, I had met her in the graveyard. She was a fairy child then, of nine or ten; and I was so struck with her appearance, that I inquired her history, and learning it, I made it an object to assist her in her study, for I found she had a taste for it not often equaled. Every summer, for several years, I passed some weeks here; and as Carrie grew up, she learned to love me as a father. She grasped knowledge with avidity, and I was especially struck with the ease with which she mastered the difficulties of German. During my absence, I sent her books; and during my stay near the cottage, I directed and planned all her studies for the year to come. So, time flew along; and at length I was established in my office, in Nussau-street. And now, by your leave, we will return to the spring morning, of which I spoke some time ago.

She came out of the cottage, and taking her way up the glen, crossed the brook at the little log bridge, so well known to trout-fishers of that day; and passing out of the forest into

the road that crosses the hill, just above the bridge, walked hastily up to the village. I have followed her path thus, simply that you may have an idea of its locality, as we shall have occasion to refer to it again.

In the village, her errand was at the store; but she was surprised, on entering, to find two young men there, one of whom was an acquaintance—I might say more than an acquaintance; for when I brought Frank Nicholson, then a student in my office, down to the beach with me to fish, I had no sort of idea of allowing him to fall in love with my pretty Carrie. But he did; and she had, very naturally, returned the love of the handsomest and wittiest man she had ever met, albeit she was only sixteen, and Frank lacked two years of his majority. Altogether it was a romantic affair, and I only regret that I have not the time nor room to tell you all the particulars. When I first heard of it, I sent Frank up to the city, with a package of blank papers, sealed in an envelop, and a note to my partner, asking him to give Frank as much to do as possible, and not allow him to come down again on any account. A week afterward, I was in the store in which the post-office was kept, while the stage was waiting for the mail to be overhauled. There were just six letters in the mail—four for myself, one for a farmer, who seized it instantly, and the sixth, as it lay on the counter, bore legibly the scrawl of Frank Nicholson. I had seen it too often on the back of bills and pleas, to mistake that careless scratch; and I gave up to Frank the instant I read, "Miss Carrie White, care of Mr. Robert White, E—, L. I." I went to New-York myself, called Frank into my private room, asked him what he meant to do, and received his candid reply, that he never had thought of it. I asked him to think seriously whether he would be willing to marry Carrie White, and answer me the next day. He answered me as I had expected; and I called on his father. A reasonable old gentleman was Mr. Nicholson; and I had the satisfaction of entering into an agreement with him that Carrie should be the wife of Frank, in case she consented; which she did.

One of the young men in the store was Frank, and the other a stranger, who was at the moment in earnest debate with Frank. Carrie was not a little rejoiced, in place of the letter she had come for, to find Frank himself, who had but just left the stage at the store, and was inquiring in as roundabout a manner as he

could of Mr. W., whether the old folks at the cottage were well, *and all the rest*. This had led to a discussion of the weather, and the best weather for fishing, and the best manner of taking blue fish; and finally, the entrance of Carrie interrupted them, and Frank sprang to her side. She forgot her errand and everything else, (what cared she to ask for a letter now?) and in five minutes they were strolling down the path together.

You will now pardon me if I narrate what may seem to be unimportant particulars of this tale, for thus far it has been of no importance as regards the matter of the murder, which is to make its chief incident. As they turned from the road down the slight descent into what makes, on Long Island, a glen, they were overtaken by the young man who was in the store when Carrie entered.

CHAPTER II.

HE was a noble-looking fellow, with a keen black eye and lithe form, but far from equalling in weight or symmetrical strength the matchless build of Nicholson. His voice, however, was modulated with admirable skill, and although they were at the first annoyed at his presence, yet his conversation became of much interest; and there was so much of the polish of the world united with frankness, when he handed Nicholson his card and apologized for attaching himself to them, inasmuch as he was seeking the way to one Robert White's cottage, and was told they were going there, that after all they had no such great objection to his company. Frank said he should not have cared so much, but he half believed he had seen him touch his lips to Carrie's when they first entered the woods, as he came up but a few moments later. They walked on together, however, and he, after an introduction to Carrie in formal style, as thus—"Miss White, this is Mr. Burritt," entered so merrily into conversation, that they all laughed together a dozen times within ten minutes. "By-the-way, Mr. Nicholson, I ought to know you: you graduated at Yale two years ago, did you not?" "I did." "I was one class behind you." "Is it possible?" "Yes; but I was a Linonian. You belonged to the other society, I think." "No, I was a Linonian also." "Is it possible? I had forgotten it. But no wonder we never met; you were somewhat exclusive, I remember." Strange that my favorite and peculiarly sharp-witted Frank should have swallowed so readily this last compliment; for no greater compliment can be paid to a student usually than to tell him he was *exclusive* in his

company. The ability to be exclusive in college implies a high position. Frank was deceived, and so was I afterward. Burritt had never been at Yale.

He was a student at law also, in Philadelphia. He had come on to find Robert White, and tell him that by the death of an old brother in Philadelphia, he was sole heir to some ten thousand dollars in stocks, and five thousand more in real estate, all lying in New-York city.

I will now pass over a week, during which Burritt stayed at E., fishing and shooting with Frank, and visiting Carrie under pretence of seeing Robert. Frank became annoyed at his continual presence, and at length they had some harsh words in the cottage. That same evening, on his way up the glen, at eleven o'clock or thereabouts, Frank met him.

He was sitting on a rock near the bridge of logs, and when Frank approached he rose and said:

"I wish to say something to you, Mr. Nicholson. You have used words to me in that cottage to-right that I cannot have used to me alone, much less before others. And now I swear by—(I omit his oaths)—that I will have revenge for that. Not now—not now. Don't stand with your rifle raised so. But I tell you here, my friend, I love that girl myself, and I will marry her, and you——" (Here followed a succession of oaths.)

Burritt left in the morning stage, and Frank forgot all this in a week's stay. The next month Robert White was in possession of his fortune, but he stayed in the cottage. Indeed, he needed no better home. It had four large rooms in it: what need of room had they?

But Carrie, by my advice, was now sent away to school in Connecticut. A year passed, and nothing of importance had occurred. In one of Carrie's letters to me she had spoken of having been surprised at meeting Mr. Burritt in the house of an old lady near the school, and that she understood he was entirely a different man, and was studying for the ministry. She had, however, refused to see him when he called at the seminary and sent up his card. This item is important, inasmuch as it formed one of the chain of facts which rendered the terrible passion he afterwards exhibited more probable than it might have been. I paid no attention to it at the time, for his name had never been mentioned to me by Frank or Carrie. Another year passed as the first one at her school, and during that time two or three incidents took place that are to be recorded. In a vacation, while she was in New-York, she had met Burritt in the street, and he had turned and walked some blocks with her. At parting he bowed politely, and begged the privilege of calling on her. She had already often repented what she fancied had been rudeness in the refusal to see him at H—, and therefore handed to him, as she supposed, one of half a dozen cards on which she had penciled her name and the number of the house at which she was staying with a school-mate. But it seems she had a card of my sister's in her hand, which was penciled in the same way. That evening the servant answered the door-bell, and I was at the front window. I heard the reply, "No such person has been here, sir—don't know the name." The door shut, and as the visitor came within my view I saw his face under a street lamp. Its expression was demoniacal. I rang instantly and inquired who called. "A gentleman called for Miss White, sir. I told him Mr. Phillips lived here, but I didn't know any Miss White." The incident passed from my memory entirely. Subsequent events recalled it.

One other fact, and I pass over this year. One pleasant evening in summer Frank left the seminary, where he had been to call on Carrie, and was walking slowly toward the hotel, when he again met Burritt. He had not seen him since that night in the glen, and scarcely knew him.

"I have not forgotten you, Mr. Nicholson. By Heaven, sir, you shall suffer for that insult."

Then followed oaths and execrations innumerable.

"My dear sir," said Frank mildly, "you are mad—let me talk to you."

"No, no! I want no word from you. You shall never marry that girl—never."

Frank was so impressed with the fiendish expression of his face, that he returned to the seminary and begged Carrie not to leave the house without company after nightfall on any errand whatever. But they saw no more of Burritt until the following winter.

One dreary afternoon, when the surf thundered loudly on the beach, Carrie was walking down the glen to the cottage. She had changed much, and looked as she never had before, wholly out of place in that dull forest. Her step was queenly, and her face lit with a smile of perfect joy. She had a letter from Frank in her hand, and the wedding-day was set. After crossing the log bridge she paused and rested, and looked around her. As she sat there Burritt advanced to meet her. At first surprised, yet not alarmed, she raised herself up with dignity as he addressed her in low, earnest tones. She had been taught by Frank to regard him as a maniac, and she now wondered at his calmness. I have not space to detail this conversation. Suffice it to say, he asked her to marry him, was refused; he threatened, and was treated with scorn; and in the midst of violent imprecations he was interrupted by the arrival of old Mr. White, and hastened away. I have now to hasten through the particulars of a trial for murder, and you will have my story complete.

Mr. Nicholson moved from New-York to a beautiful country-seat on the bank of the Hudson, some distance from the city. Across the river and three miles above his residence was the mansion of Col. Davis, whose family were intimately connected with the Nicholsons. One winter evening a large party were assembled at Col. Davis's house, and the wine and the dance made merry hearts yet merrier. Frank was there, of course. At midnight he was about to go home, and went out upon the porch and drew on his boating coat—a heavy brown coat—preparatory to starting. But at that instant Col. Davis came out and persuaded him to remain all the night. He returned to the hall, called in his servant, who was waiting for him, and gave him directions to return and say he should not be at home that night. He also gave him this coat to carry home, and then rejoined the gay party in the lighted rooms.

The next morning this servant was found in

the woods, not far from the river, with Frank's coat on, dead. A ball had been sent through his head from ear to ear, and his face was so blackened, that it was evident the pistol must have been pressed close against it. The whole country-side was roused to detect the murderer, but every clue failed; and, a month afterward, the incident seemed to be forgotten. Three months afterward I was at Mr. Nicholson's residence, and a man called to see me, with a request that I would go over to the jail and see a man who had been arrested for the murder of the servant of Mr. N. I went and found him in prison, his clothes torn and his face injured by blows he had received when arrested. But I never saw a calmer face, or one more perfectly expressive of innocence. I had not then the experience I now have in detecting the hypocrisy of men, but I do not believe at this moment I should pronounce that face the face of any other than a wronged man.

I will not linger now on the evidence against him. It was overwhelming. He had been seen the night of the murder at a small tavern on the river's bank. He had pistols. The landlord, looking with impertinent curiosity through his key-hole, had seen him loading them with care, and when he left the tavern at ten that night, his face was muffled up in a huge tippet and his step was peculiarly nervous. He returned after midnight; slept apparently on his bed without undressing; and the mud which his boots had left on the coverlet could have come from no place but near the scene of the murder, as there was a foot of snow all over the ground elsewhere. He left early in the morning, and the landlord had kept track of him, waiting for a reward to be offered, and then disclosed his suspicions. Careful measurement had been made of the foot-prints in the snow, and they had been traced to the nearest road, but, of course, no farther. After his arrest his boots were found to fit the foot-prints exactly. A man, who had seen him go on board a sloop the next morning, swore to the fact of his having gloves on, and that the left glove had a red stain on it, which he noticed particularly as he took hold of a barrel to help lift it on board. The captain of the sloop had seen him throw those gloves overboard, and, expressing surprise, was told that they were badly stained. Fifty similar facts were proved, and yet there was lacking the one great evidence in a murder case, and that was a *motive*.

The young man arrested was removed across

the river to the jail in — county, and to my surprise, he offered me a large retaining fee. Expressing my doubt of his ability to pay me so liberally, he replied by requesting me to mail a letter for him to Philadelphia and wait a reply. In the course of the next week he received a trunk of clothing, and a letter came under inclosure to me containing a certificate of deposit of one thousand dollars in a Philadelphia bank, to the credit of James Judson, Esq., and subject to his order. In brief, I believed my client to be exactly what he represented himself—a young man of wealth and good family in the South, unfortunately involved in very suspicious circumstances. And I confess that for two months I had little hopes of saving him from the gallows. However, a gentleman appeared at the end of that time, who was ready to testify to his character and standing in society, and with the assistance of other witnesses to the same effect, I began to hope for success.

As firmly as I believed him innocent, I had made up my mind as to the guilt of another man, and that man was the landlord before mentioned. To collect testimony to that effect was my greatest labor, and then to plan the proper manner of introducing it. I determined, at length, to do it by impeaching the witness for the prosecution, and showing him interested to convict the prisoner. After long delays, which I succeeded in interposing, I amassed as strong a case of evidence against him as could be found against the prisoner, and then suffered the trial to come on. Within a week of the day of trial, his sister arrived from the far South. He had refused to write to her, but some friend had written, and she came to stand by him. The instant I saw her face I felt almost sure of my verdict. Such a face in court was worth a dozen witnesses of good character.

The day after her arrival she came down to the city to my office, and I had a long conversation with her. Said she, "You will pardon my brother, Mr. Phillips, for having deceived even you in one respect. His name is not Judson, but Burritt. He feared that if you knew it, it might by some accident reach these newspaper reporters, and he would not have our old father know of his situation for the world. It would kill him."

I was not surprised, though somewhat sorry to learn that he had not placed as much confidence in me as I supposed. But the name,

which you recognize as that of Frank Nicholson's enemy, had never been mentioned to me then, and I knew nothing of what you know now. I was ready for trial now, and went up to — county to attend the Oyer and Terminer sittings of the Court. Two or three cases of larceny were disposed of the first day, and the second we commenced the impanneling of a jury. I had then, as now, but little practice in criminal causes, my business lying in civil practice almost wholly. I had associated with me, therefore, the best counsel that the city could afford, and we went into the trial without fear for the result.

I need not pause to relate the careful manner in which we studied our jury. Nor did we occupy more than one day in the labor of getting one. The first pannel answered our purpose, and we selected twelve men whose characters I knew thoroughly. Three of them were young men, the stout sons of farmers, not married, intelligent, and having open faces. Three more were young married men, whose wives would be in court. The remaining six were farmers and villagers, with intelligent countenances and clear discernment. One of them, however, I looked to with more interest than any of the others. He was an old man, of large wealth and great influence, and, I felt sure, would have more influence over the other eleven than any one of them. I hesitated for some time as to challenging him, but learning that he had within the three months previous buried a daughter, a sweet child of ten years old, and had now only a boy of eight, the son of his buried wife, whom he idolized for the sake of that wife's memory, I thought no more of challenging him.

The court-room was crowded to the utmost with people from the neighborhood, and as usual in the country, the females in court were many more than the males. The prisoner was calm, and I had directed him to *assume* no countenance whatever, but to look as he always had to me. His sister was beyond all description beautiful, and her face had no need to be moulded by art to produce an effect. Its earnestly beseeching look, as her eyes met the eyes of each separate juror, was a plea that seemed irresistible. I never saw such beauty and agony mingled in one face. Her eyes wandered slowly over the court-room, from judge to jury, and then toward the prosecuting attorney, and then toward us; and then as they rested on her brother, who sat by my side, a mournful

smile fell on her face, and at times her deep blue eyes would fill with tears, and she would drop her veil and bow down her head in her utter desolation. It was no acting, and I had no wish that she should vary her conduct. She was a noble girl, and had her brother's high spirit. Until the third day of the trial, she did not know or think that anything she could do would help him. She felt utterly useless to him, and that seemed to be a great cause of her agony. But when I told her that there was one man on the jury whom she could move to her brother's good, she sprang at the idea, and I feared her earnestness would betray all my plan. Yet she managed it coolly and to perfection. He was a young man whom I had reason to think somewhat prejudiced against the prisoner. I made inquiries as to his character, and found that he was well educated, but disposed to a sort of misanthropy which had made him unpopular in the village, especially among young ladies. I thought a simple incident might avail, and tried it. The next morning as the jurors were coming into court, Miss Burrill rose as if faint, and walked towards the door. As she met this young man her foot caught in the carpet, and she would have fallen, had not his hand been instantly proffered to support her. She caught it and regained her footing gracefully, and looked up into his face with a sad smile, as her silvery voice murmured in a broken but musical tone, "Thank you—thank you, sir;" and she passed on.

It was enough. I was sure of his verdict when I saw his eye rest on her an hour afterward, as she returned to court.

When my associate counsel rose to open, the eyes of all the crowd in the court-room were fixed on him. His argument was clear and masterly. Hinting, at first, at the proof to be adduced of the guilt of another, he proceeded to state the prisoner's history, and to speak of the testimony to be offered in regard to his character. I had left the minds of most of the jurors wholly to his management, and his coolness and experience soon had their effect. An exchange of glances between some of them showed that his words were telling, and before he closed I was satisfied that a majority were with us. We then proved what I have intimated, and our evidence to criminate the landlord was astonishing. It was clearly a surprise to the prosecuting attorney, as well as all present. We proved old quarrels with the murdered man, threats, and actual exchanges of blows. And

the his own anxiety to convict the prisoner, and his silence until weeks after the murder, operated strongly against him. And then we surprised ourselves by proving by his own son that his father left the house that night, (probably to follow the prisoner, but he must have lost the trace of him,) and did not return till midnight or later. The fact that the father had concealed this, (fearing, of course, that suspicion might attach to himself,) operated heavily against him. On inquiry being made for him, we replied that he was in custody of the sheriff, charged with this murder; and on being brought into court he was so confused, and explained his absence from home so illy, as to prejudice all against him.

But there were two men on the jury whose faces indicated a settled determination against the prisoner on trial. These were, the old gentleman I have mentioned before, and one of the young married men. I ascertained that the latter had not yet been married a month, and his wife was pointed out to me as a very pretty girl in the gallery, who occupied the same seat every day. Toward these two men I determined to direct my summing up, for on them I was assured the verdict hung.

I asked the prisoner, the evening after the evidence had been concluded, whether he had ever loved a woman. His reply was, in a bitter tone, "I have—once." "Is she living?" "She is." Forgetting his tone entirely, and only thinking that I had a point in his history now to use to good effect, I went into court the next day prepared to make a last effort, and feeling confident of complete success.

It has perhaps seemed strange, thus far, that Frank Nicholson has not appeared at all in the trial of a man for the murder of his servant. His father was in court every day, but Frank was on the south side, with Carrie. This last morning, however, he came up from the city with letters, &c., from my office, and walked into court with me. As we entered the courtroom and took our seats at the table, I leaned my head forward on it, and for an instant felt oppressed with a tremendous load. I had not yet learned to hold a fellow man's life in my hands with as much coolness as my experienced associate. He sat picking his teeth, and chatting coolly and laughing with the prosecuting attorney. As I raised my head I saw Miss Burritt's eyes fixed on him with an expression of horror, that he could be on such terms with the man who was endeavoring to hang her

brother. A thousand thoughts flashed through my brain, and I was about to drop my head again, when I saw Frank's eyes fixed on the prisoner with an expression that puzzled me; and while I was trying to solve it, the Judge on the bench said, "We are ready, Mr. Phillips," and I rose to sum up the cause for the defence.

I have no time to go over my argument, or to give you any idea of my appeal, which was some three hours in length. Ridiculing the idea of condemning a man to death upon such evidence, ridiculing the evidence and the witnesses, taking especial care to present to the jury the weakness of testimony, one important link in which rested on the shape of the sole of a boot on the prisoner's foot, three months after the footprints in the snow, &c., I proceeded, for two hours or more, urging especially the absence of all motive on the part of the prisoner, to murder this servant of Mr. Nicholson. I then fixed my eyes on the old man of whom I have spoken, and began to speak of the prisoner's history; of his boyhood in the sunny South; of his bright boyhood and that fair girl's childhood with him. I spoke of the sports of those days; their rambles in the green fields, listening to the music of the water-brooks, and birds, and winds. I spoke of their return home at night, to meet their mother's holy love and hear her blessing. I described a scene in that sweet girl's childhood, when death was near her, and her lips were parched with the fever, and her little heart was throbbing wildly like a bird fluttering in its prison. At this instant I found my old juror was listening intently. I described a scene that had been told me as taking place in his house, two years before: the brother throwing himself on her bed, and winding his arms around her neck, and dispelling the fever flush with his balmy kisses. The old man wept in his juror's chair. I went on to say, that God gave back that sister from the grave's verge, to bless her brother with her angel love, (she had left the court, but came in again heavily veiled, ten minutes afterward;) and that, kneeling with her fair boy and girl beside her, that mother thanked God with choking words, that God heard in heaven, though no man heard them, and besought Him to keep that bond of love forever bright between them; to keep them hand in hand in heavenly love all their lives long, and bring them both to her at last. Then she died—passed away from watch and ward over her children; and, blessing them with her last words on earth,

left them to their old father, to one another, and to God. That mother's voice comes to them in the holy sunlight to-day as they sit yonder side by side, perhaps, for the last time. O God! the last time! Who could separate them now!

Then I spoke of their father, who was now in his far-off home, utterly ignorant of all this horrid tale. I spoke of his thoughts of those children, his pride in them, his treasuring with idol love the memory of their sainted mother. And when I spoke of that lonely old man, the juror I was addressing all this to sobbed once aloud. A death-like stillness ensued in the court, and I paused an instant, for that silence was eloquent. I then went on, in a low tone, to speak of the faithful love of that brother and sister—they were all in all to one another. Yet two had been admitted to that holy bond, and now four hearts throbbed in agony, awaiting the verdict of this jury. I spoke of the prisoner's love in low tones till I caught the eye of the recently-married man, and found he was attending to every word. Then turning from him I caught the eye of his pretty wife, and describing the scenes of their love, the flush of youthful joy, the high and glorious hopes which they had cherished—"Who shall carry to her the tidings of this day? Who could look on the desolation of her broken heart? Look at yonder gallery, gentlemen of the jury: from those fair faces select the fairest; and suppose that all her hopes, her joy, her heaven on earth, rest on one to whom her young heart is bound in love that springs to life from heaven. Bring him to this court-room—place him on yonder seat—deliberately convict him of murder—hang him. Then go and tell her young heart that the night of its desolation has come. Can you do it? Gentlemen, the heart that is capable of loving, the heart that could win the

love of a heart underneath as pure, as innocent a face as that you behold yonder, is incapable of the guilt of such a crime as this!"

I had my man secured, and with a brief close, sat down. I have omitted, of course, the whole argumentative portion of my defence, and dwelt simply upon the means to which we at times resort, to move a jury to think with us.

The prosecuting attorney rose to close the case, and while he spoke, Frank Nicholson came across to me and told me all that you know. I was thunderstruck! The face of my client changed as he saw Frank speaking with me. Up to that instant it had been calmly the same. I rose, and urged him to conceal his face. He did so. An hour afterward the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, and I had the satisfaction of having saved from the gallows as great a scoundrel as ever went unhung. His sister never knew his guilt until six months afterwards, when her brother died. In some wild revel he had burst a blood-vessel, and after lingering a few days, indited a letter to me, and then slept the deep sleep of death. He had mistaken the servant that night for Frank, and had returned to the country to carry out his fiendish plans, when he was arrested. He was a consummate scoundrel, and the world was better that he was dead.

My register has a pencil mark made after the notes of the case, "James Judson *ads*. The People," &c., which I made for memory's sake, thus: "May 2d, 18—. Frank signed marriage settlements with C. W.;" and another mark thus: "Md. May 3d.," which means, that Frank and Carrie were married.

Years have passed since then, and now some time when you are passing down Nassau-st., you may happen to see a sign thus:—

PHILLIPS & NICHOLSON,
COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

L E A F II.

M A R Y S P R A G U E

“MY DEAR PHIL :—

“Will you be so kind as to call at the Mansion House, at your earliest convenience, and see me? I reached the city last night, at 11 o'clock, and am too unwell to leave my room. If you can call and spend an hour with me this P. M., I will esteem it a great favor, as I have business of urgency to be attended to; which, indeed, has brought me to the city.

“Yours, always, F. S.

“N. Y. C., May 4th, 18—.

“P. S. Jeannie is with me, and desires her love, &c., and will be as happy to see you as I.”

The above note was thrown upon my table at a moment when I was most busily engaged in drafting a bill; but I pushed aside everything on the instant, and hastened to the Mansion House, to see my old friend and his beautiful and lovely wife. We had been boys together, and when I left home for college, his father doubted, for a long time, whether he should or should not send him to Princeton also; but concluded, finally, to place him in business in the city. I went from home, and heard little from Fred Sprague personally, for he was not much of a letter-writer. But we met frequently, and always with no slight joy, until I graduated. I then boarded at the same hotel with him in the city, while pursuing my studies, and we were, of course, devoted friends, until his father removed to Buffalo, and the son went into business with him.

In a short time they amassed fortunes, and Fred married a cousin of my own, whom he had known and loved from babyhood. Through her I now more frequently heard from him than formerly; and at the date of the note which heads this article, we had not met in nearly two years, if I now remember aright; certainly not since a visit I had made them at Buffalo, some time previous.

Time had changed us all, in many respects. We were no longer the gay, laughter-loving youths of fifteen years before; our faces were even somewhat wrinkled, (Fred's and my own, not Jeannie's; hers was as sunny and bright as in the olden time;) and we had both struggled with the world so long that we had acquired much of its formality, if not some of its cold-heartedness. Yet I confess to a very sudden start of joy as I read that note, and a glance of pleasure at the clock, when I saw that it was already three in the afternoon, and I might expect no further calls of importance that day.

In ten minutes I had grasped Fred's hand, as he sat in a large chair, before a grate, (for it was a chilly day, and an invalid needed fire even in May,) and inquired for Jeannie and the family. Even as I asked after her she entered the room; and I was somewhat astonished when she introduced to me Miss Sprague, a young lady by her side—astonished, I say, inasmuch as I remembered her as a child of five years old, the daughter of Fred's uncle. Fifteen years had made a marvellous change in her, and she might well be called beautiful. She was dressed in deep mourning, as I understood, for the death of her father. After a conversation of half an hour the ladies left the room; and Fred proceeded to state to me the business upon which he had come to the city.

And here I will take the liberty of pausing a moment, to say, that in this, as in many other of the sketches I may give from my memory, aided by my register, my own appearance in the story, professionally at least, will not be of any great importance. I purpose rather giving histories of life with which I became acquainted, than the more immediate history of legal practice. In the daily pursuit of our profession a thousand scenes are opened to us in the

volume of human nature, which are, as it were, mere by-plays in the scenes which most concern the lawyer. Of consequence, I may be led to write a story out, in which my profession will not appear at all, excepting as I became acquainted with the facts through its medium. Now to return to Fred's statement, which was briefly as follows :—

“ My father had only one brother, as you know. He died two months ago, leaving his wife and daughter surviving him. To our surprise, his fortune, supposed to be very large, proved to be considerably involved; and his family appeared to be without support. In an examination of his estate, which I found in a condition of almost perfect settlement, I was glad to find it capable of paying all his debts, and leaving to my aunt and Mary, at least, his name not dishonored.

“ But, in his will, occurred a reference to a right of reversion, or something of that kind, to a certain property here in New York; and, on making further inquiry, I ascertained the facts to be these: When he married, his wife had a certain property in New-York, or on the outskirts of the city, secured to her and her heirs forever. So at least I understood it, but may be wrong, as I know little of legal matters, and do not even know whether it was possible for her to hold such property. The property was of little value at that time; and, shortly after her marriage, my uncle was waited on by a gentleman from New-York, a friend of his and of his wife, who wished to purchase this property for some manufacturing purposes. My uncle referred him to my aunt, as sole manager of her own property. She objected to the transfer of it, saying that it was the only memento of her father which was left to her. The gentleman urged it so strongly, that she inquired his object in obtaining it, and ascertained that it was for a purpose which struck her as being just as easily attained by giving him a life interest in the property; and having some absurd notions in regard to keeping landed property in the family, she proposed to him to take a lease or life interest in the land. After some reflection, he consented to this; and she intrusted it to him to have all the papers drawn, and when they were ready she executed them, supposing she had given him a life interest in the land; in return for which she received a small matter of a hundred and fifty, or a hundred and seventy-five dollars, which probably paid for her next ball dress;

and she forgot the whole matter. The next year they removed to Boston, where they resided until three years ago, when they came to Buffalo.

“ It now appears that this gentleman—Jones was his name—died within five years past, and his heirs have taken the property, which I am informed is now worth some two hundred thousand dollars. It also appears, that the deed given by my aunt was not, as she supposed, a mere life interest, but was made by Jones, either by mistake of his counsel, or whoever drew the deed, or by an intentional fraud, a quit-claim to the property; or, as I think it is called, a deed of the land in fee, without reserve of any sort. Had she really intended to convey the property in fee, I am told it was then worth at least fifteen hundred dollars. My object in coming to the city is to ascertain whether I cannot in some manner recover this property. Those who hold it now are, as I am informed, immensely wealthy, aside from this land, and well able to part with it, or pay an equivalent for it. There is a friend of my aunt's, now living in New-York, who was with her at the time she made the agreement with Mr. Jones; and who was with her also the next day, when he called with the papers, and a commissioner, for her execution of them; and who will testify, if necessary, that the understanding was, that she was merely signing a life lease, or something of that sort; for many playful remarks were made about it, and a conversation ensued on entailments, and so on.”

Thus much for my friend's statement of the case. It was very clear, and I made but few inquiries before I had it perfectly in my head, and was forced to tell him that the prospect was dark for any recovery. But I shall not weary my reader with accounts of legal proceedings instituted in the case. I shall now give him some particulars of a history which came to my knowledge, entirely separate from professional duty. I may as well say that part of this I derived from a conversation with my cousin Jeannie, and the rest from personal acquaintance with the facts, and participation in the incidents.

Mary Sprague was a queenly girl. There was a firmness in her step, that convinced one instantly that she had a mind unaccustomed to hesitation. She was tall, and, as I have before remarked, beautiful; but there was a shade of sadness on her face when I met her in New-York, which I attributed to the recent death of

her father. It was partly owing to this, and partly to another cause.

Two years previously, she had met at Niagara with a gentleman from New-York, to whom she was introduced by a mutual friend, and who became one of a party which remained at the Clifton during the whole season. Moonlight strolls on that west bank, and long day rides about the country, threw Mary continually in the way of Mr. Whitney, and their minds proved remarkably similar in tastes and emotions. If he was worthy of her he must have been above the ordinary run of young men; for she was far above the medium of her sex in everything that could ennoble or exalt the female character.

In brief, then, they loved one another; and yet parted, at the end of the summer, without any exchange of promises or vows. Yet they knew well their position, and met again with mutual joy, in the winter, in the gorgeous saloons of the city, where Mary spent two months. This time they parted with an explanation. It was understood that Whitney was as yet unable to marry, but was engaged in a promising business, in which, through the influence of his father, he anticipated speedy success. So they parted *engaged*; and a mutual consent, on the part of the parents of each, followed. In this position they remained, exchanging letters weekly, or oftener, until the winter previous to the visit of my friend Fred to the city. In that winter a gentleman in Buffalo addressed Mary, and begged her hand in marriage. She, with a very keen perception, satisfied herself that his designs were to marry her father's heiress, and not Mary Sprague, and coolly and quietly dismissed him. He ascertained the cause of his dismissal, and her engagement to Whitney; in what way I know not, for it had been kept very secret. He set himself to work, however, to circulate reports injurious to his rival; and, even at that distance from New-York, managed to convey to Mr. Sprague most foul and false ideas of Whitney's character. He brought means to bear upon Mary, and caused reports to reach her ears that her lover was a celebrated fortune-hunter, and had boasted of his success with the wealthy Mr. Sprague's daughter, in Buffalo.

I need not tell you that she placed no sort of confidence in these rumors, but, with true and holy faith, never doubted him. She wrote all that she heard to him, and he was half-maddened by it, but could not leave the city, and

was forced to content himself with repeatedly assuring her, in his letters, by a thousand varied protestations, and entreaties, and adjurations, that he loved her, and her only; and then finally assuring her, that he trusted her so faithfully, that he could not, and would not, take the trouble to repeat his vows. And she believed him, wholly, faithfully. Oh, noble heart! There be sometimes such on the earth, but, I have oftentimes feared, very few.

Mr. Sprague died suddenly, and the newspapers announced, three weeks afterward, that the wealthy Mr. S——, of Buffalo, who, it was supposed, had left half a million, had died insolvent; and his family had given up their establishment, and removed to the residence of his brother.

The announcement reached New-York, and from the day it was published Mary had not a word or line from Whitney. During the succeeding four weeks she wrote again and again to him, and received no answer. Still she did not yield to doubt, nor suffer an instant's mistrust of him to enter her mind; but had fears, terrible fears, of his sickness or his death. She accompanied her cousin to New-York, and the morning of their arrival, dispatched a note to his place of business, informing him of her arrival, of the probable miscarriage of his letters, and begging him, if he were sick, to let her know instantly of it. She was waiting a reply to this note when I saw her.

We will now change the scene of our story to a room in a house not far from East Broadway, in this city. The date is one week later than that of the commencement of the story. The hour is twilight; the room a sick chamber; a man is lying on the bed, with vacant eyes fixed on the ceiling. At his side sits a hired nurse, and watches closely his countenance until his eyes close, and the heavy breathing speaks of sleep. The door, leading into the next room stands half open, and now opens wholly, but noiselessly; and a lady, young, and very beautiful, crosses the room, and looks earnestly at the sleeper, till her blue eyes fill with tears, and a sob, vainly suppressed, breaks from her lips. But, regaining her self-control, she turns to the nurse, and asks if there has been any change within the few minutes she was absent.

"None, Miss—only he opened his eyes."

"Did he! It's the first time since day before yesterday." As she spoke, the sleeper turned restlessly, and awoke. There was a gleam of

light in his eyes, as he opened them, that spoke of the return of reason, which had now been many weeks absent from its throne.

"Fanny, is that you? Where am I? What has been the matter? Where is father?"

"Hush, Edward, don't talk; you have been very sick—many weeks. Thank God! thank God;" and she sunk down by his bed, in exhaustion, but drew his hand to hers, and pressed it to her lips, as she knelt by him. A sister's love is holy! An old man advanced now from the next room, and joined in the joy of returning health, as they all fondly imagined the new symptoms indicated. Instant quiet was ordered; but the sick man (it was Edward Whitney) demanded of his sister, what had been heard from Buffalo since his sickness.

"Here are four letters," replied his sister, "and a note. I wrote to Mary when you were first taken sick, and promised to write as long as you remained so, at least as often as any change took place; but I am surprised she has not written to me. All her letters are directed to you, as if she did not know you were sick; and this note has no postmark. I have written to her twice since my first letter, but——"

"The note, the note—open it. Why did you not open all?"

"Of course I would not, my dear brother; but I will read you the note, if you wish."

My readers will know the contents of the note, and may suppose that no delay was had in informing Mary of his critical situation. In an hour she was with him, and for weeks watched by his side while he slowly recovered, or seemed to recover. It was soon explained that Fanny had misdirected each of her letters, and they doubtless lay dead in the Buffalo post-office. Mary had never known Fanny intimately, and had not dared to write to her in regard to her brother, for she was not sure that she knew of their engagement.

A scene of hope is easily changed into a scene of sadness. The physician informed the friends of Whitney, that his disease had assumed a new phase; that he might live some months, or even some years; but that he was liable to immediate death. The blow fell heavily on the happy group, and the scene in that bed-chamber was a solemn one, as the physician announced the truth to them all together. For an instant there was an agony in all their souls. The father bowed his head and sobbed aloud. Fanny fixed her eyes on the physician, and fell back fainting. Mary, who sat holding

the hand of him she loved so well, pressed it calmly, and he calmly returned the pressure. None but God saw the wild tide of sorrow that rushed across those high hearts, sweeping before it the fairest, purest, holiest hopes that had ever gladdened their beautiful gardens. They looked to one another—one long, long look of love—and then to God, where both their trusts were resting. It was but an instant that passed thus, and Mary sprang to assist the nurse in removing Fanny.

But I am lingering too long on this story, and can but give the outlines of it. That same evening, Edward asked Mary to be his wife without delay, and she referred her consent to her friends for approval.

It was the saddest wedding I ever attended. When, two weeks after this, I drew an antenuptial agreement, having reference to the wreck of her father's property, for Mary and Edward to sign, and took it with me to the residence of Mr. Whitney, Mary refused to sign it. She said that if she had one farthing of property left from her father's estate, it should be his, not hers. In vain he argued that he was now wealthy. She said she had made a vow, when she once heard him called a fortune-hunter, that with *her*, he should have every cent she had on earth, and she was so determined. Having drawn the papers at Mr. Whitney's request, I now took the liberty of destroying them, and they were married.

It would now be in accordance with good story-telling, to say that Whitney recovered after all this; but I cannot. I will, however, hasten briefly to the conclusion of my history.

I made a very thorough investigation of the title to the property, which has been mentioned before in this account, and had scarcely completed my searches preparatory to filing a bill in chancery against the holders of the property, when Mrs. Sprague died.

This affliction to Mary was not so great as it might have been. Her mother's mind was naturally weak and frivolous, and since the death of her husband had been much more so. Death seemed to remove her from a life in which she had already entered the incipient stages of insanity. Within the next year Whitney died. Previous to his death, I had the satisfaction of paying into his hands over seventy-five thousand dollars, which was the fair valuation of the land, which had become Mary's, as sole heiress of her mother's property. I was not obliged to proceed in equity against

the heirs of Jones, for they took good counsel, and were glad to find as honorable a man as my friend Fred to deal with, as executor of his uncle's estate. They paid the value of the land, although, had we proceeded, we might have recovered the land together with all the buildings, &c., on it, which would have made the property more valuable by one hundred per cent. I spare my readers the account of legal proceedings, by which this end would have been brought about. Suffice it to say, that additional testimony was procured, which all counsel agreed was sufficient to establish our claim.

Long used to look for the hour of desolation, Mary bore up nobly when it came; and after burying her husband, set herself to prepare to meet him again in the land whither she knew he had gone. Her heart kept mournful vigils over the memory of days that were not to be forgotten. A severe cold contracted the following winter, resulted in consumption. She heard the announcement with calmness, and I have been inclined to think, with joy. The physicians recommended a warmer climate; and she, willing to do all that was duty, went to Havana and passed a winter. But the spring found her gradually failing, and she returned to New-York.

A message came to my office in May, just three years after the receipt of the note from Fred Sprague, with which I commenced this story. It was a note brought by a pilot, whom I had known in an admiralty case, and was brief and startling. A trembling hand had written it thus:—

“MR. PHILLIPS:—I have reached New-York again, and fear I am dying on ship-board. Can you come to me? The man will tell you where I am.
MARY WHITNEY.”

I went instantly with my guide to the foot of Dover st., where the brig — was lying, and found our once beautiful Mary. She

smiled when she saw me, and said in a clear low voice, “This looks sad, does it not, Mr. Phillips? But I am so glad I shall die in New-York, so that I may be buried by *him*. I was afraid that I should die at sea; and I prayed God to let me remain away from Himself and Edward a little longer, so that this body his arm has so often embraced, might sleep by his side.”

She was removed from the ship to the residence of Fanny Whitney's uncle, with whom Fanny and her father now resided. Again my professional services were rendered in preparing a will, in which she gave all her property to Fanny, except a few legacies of endearment.

One calm spring night, she was lying on her lounge sustained by pillows, when she suddenly asked Fanny the day of the month. “It is the thirtieth,” said she. “Fanny, it was this day the doctor told us he must die. Do you remember it?” And then she went on to speak of him, and then of heaven. A silence ensued, and she rose and with Fanny's assistance walked to her bed, on which she lay awhile, and then spoke in a low whisper: “Fanny, call father—I am dying.” Fanny sprang to her father's door. He had not yet retired, but came into the room. “I am going to him, father. He was here just now—he was here, and looked at me, and his lips touched my forehead. I felt them—it was no dream. Fanny, dear Fanny, give me a kiss to take to him; and you, father, kiss me. Again, Fanny—put your arm around my neck—so. It's dark, dark—now it's light—oh! how light—he is here again—he speaks of God, of Calvary, of heaven. Yes, yes, dear one. Let my coffin touch his, father, will you not? Again that glorious vision—no, no vision—God—God!” And with uplifted hand and gleaming eye, she smiled serenely and was gone.

We buried her by him as she wished, and in the resurrection they two will rise together.

LEAF III.—THE FATHER.

JOSEPH BAKER had a daughter and two sons. The youngest son was his pet. The other children he seemed to hate. They were his by his first wife. She had died, and, some said, of grief. He was a stern, unfeeling husband, and she left him—left him with those two children, and he hated them. He had married again, and again

his wife was taken. Her child he loved exactly in proportion as he hated the others. Emma had grown to be a beautiful girl, and was at the head of his household. Her brother George was her only companion, and neither of them had ever seen their father smile on them. It is needless to say that they heroed him with

the lifeless honor due to a parent who could win no love.

Year after year passed on, and Joseph Baker grew gray and cold, his heart harder, his hand heavier, his soul more lost to holy memories. How green the spring once was to him! How beautiful the summer! How pleasant the golden fruits of autumn! And now he walked out when the blue sky of the spring morning was above him, heedless of sunshine and air. His youngest son, now twelve years old, was growing like his father. The boy was like the shadow of the man, always with him, and looking coldly on Emma and on George, even as his father would. Few words were spoken over their table, when they gathered at meals, and they had no evening fire by which they sat and talked of the by-gone or the beautiful. They were like two families.

In the summer of 18—, I escaped for a fortnight from office duties, and accepted the invitation of my friend and client, Mr. Wheaton, to visit his family on the bank of the Hudson, where they were passing the summer in their elegant house. His family consisted of himself and Mrs. W., and a son and daughter. His son was a fine fellow, in every sense—a capital shot, a keen hunter, a good fisherman, and an elegantly educated man of twenty-three. His daughter was a beautiful and uncommonly interesting lady of about nineteen, and her brother's chosen ally in all his employments which admitted of her companionship. They rode and walked together, sailed together, read together, and were company and amusement the one always for the other.

The second evening after I reached their residence we were all seated on the front piazza, which commanded a view of the river for many miles. The house stood on a point of land which jutted out some hundred yards into the river. At about a mile south of this spot I observed a fine-looking place, and inquired its owner's name.

"Joseph Baker," replied Mr. Wheaton.

"Joseph Baker?" I repeated, "Joseph Baker? I don't remember to have heard the name before. Who is he?"

"I know nothing about him. He keeps himself very close. Harry here can tell you more about him."

I turned to Henry for a reply to my query, but he simply said, "I know little more than father does of them." Miss Wheaton laughed, and said:

"Mr. Phillips, I'll tell you about it. Harry was riding on horseback, alone, the other day, down the river. He had not done me the honor to ask my company, and thus not having his standard of beauty with him, he was more readily led to admire a tall, slim maiden, that he met, walking alone near Mr. Baker's avenue gate. Considerably interested in the pale cheeks and heavenly eyes of this maiden, (How could you, Harry, when mine are so black—my eyes, I mean—and my cheeks so red, and myself altogether so different?) he stopped at the little tavern at the cross road, and asked who she was. And, lo! she was the daughter of Mr. Baker; and Mr. Baker has two sons, as he learned, and this daughter, and has been living six years in that house, and we never knew them. And now Harry is teasing us continually to go and call on them, and mother is ashamed to go and tell them we never heard of them; and so we are in a quandary, wishing to oblige Harry, but not wishing to compromise ourselves."

Providence introduced them within the next hour. We had seen a boat sailing up the river, some two hours previously, and now it was returning. But as it came off the point, the wind lulled to a dead calm. The boat was too large for one man to row against the tide, which was running up; and there appeared but one man in it, and one lady. They let go their anchor, within a hundred yards of Mr. Wheaton's boat-house. We could see, with a glass, an expression of disappointment on the face of the lady; and when Henry looked through the glass, he exclaimed, "Good, good! How fortunate!"

"What now, Harry?"

"Mr. Phillips, what say you to a row by moonlight?"

"With all my heart; but which way, and wherefore?"

"Walk down here, and I'll tell you."

So we walked down to the boat-house, and while he arranged the oars, &c., he explained that the lady in the becalmed boat was Miss Baker, and he proposed to offer them the use of his boat, to reach home.

"A good idea, my boy."

"Stop a minute, Mr. Phillips. I'll ask them to come ashore, and say I'll send them down in the carriage. That will introduce them to mother and Mary, and that will fix the whole trouble."

"Capital, capital!" said I, as we pushed out

toward them. A few strokes brought us to their boat, and Harry introduced himself and then me, and in turn we were presented to Mr. and Miss Baker. The former was George Baker, now about seventeen. They gladly accepted Harry's invitation, as frankly as it was offered, and Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton, and Mary, were no less delighted than surprised with their visitors. With the informal freedom of the country, and especially that section of it, they remained something more than an hour on the piazza, and after eating some fruit, and drinking a cup of coffee, they rose to leave, insisting on walking home, but at length yielded to Mary Wheaton's urgent entreaty to allow us to take them in the boat, and we had a moonlight sail on the glorious Hudson. You may date from that night the love of Harry Wheaton for Emma Baker.

But the course of true love ran no smoother in their case than in Romeo's. I could not understand the cause of Joseph Baker's opposition to Emma's marriage with Wheaton, until after the lapse of two years. When Mr. Wheaton, Sen., called on him to open the matter, he met a brief, rude, and decided negative. No explanation was given, nor could he obtain one; but becoming excited, in his turn, at the roughness of a man with whom he had held no intercourse, farther than to bow when they met in the road, he used as high words, though not so roughly, as Baker; and they separated, having decidedly marred the prospect of a union between their children. From that time, Emma Baker was forbidden to receive Harry, and he met a closed door when he next called. They contrived meetings, however, through the assistance of Mary, and continued to love hopefully, until better times.

At about a year from this time, a gentleman entered my office, one morning, and introduced himself as "Mr. Baker." He wished me to draw his will, and I took minutes of his desires in that respect. It was not until he named property on the Hudson, in his enumeration, that I found out who he was, and did not then intimate to him that I had ever heard of him. His will devised property to the value of some fifty thousand dollars to his daughter Emma, provided she remained unmarried, and the same amount to his son George, on the same condition. But if they married, then the property was to go to his son Joseph, to whom the remainder (its value being over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars) was devised.

I drew the will, and he signed it. These were the main features of it. It was deposited in my safe, and I never saw him again.

Within the year, I saw Harry Wheaton. He told me that George Baker had died, and that Emma was now very lonely. She had been sick, very sick. He had not seen her in three months then, but there were strange rumors of her father's unkindness. Poor girl! The only companion she had on earth was gone, and her home might well be desolate.

It was not six months after this, that Mr. Baker died. God forbid that my death-bed should be like his! It was in the night that the destroyer came. He was alone, and alone he grappled with his agony. Who can tell what visions were his then? Who can tell what strength was his to pray? The thousand petty sins, the giant crimes, grown big by years of gloating over them, and magnified ten-fold by a remorseful memory, were there. His tyrannous wrongs, his grinding hardness, the cold-heartedness of half a century, a lifetime, all were with him. Mayhap other, holier visions maddened him. The mild eyes of his last and best-loved wife, her angel eyes, looked on him in the gloom. The patient smile of his sweet daughter haunted him. He strove to fly, and could not; he struggled, but those heavy sins weighed him down. He wanted to shriek, but the phantom of a hideous wrong pressed its cold hand on his mouth, and he was dumb. He would raise his hands, but George held them down. He would pray, but his murdered wife stood between him and God. He would look to heaven then, but even as he strove to look, a horrible memory interposed, and a shudder ran over him, and he was dead.

A note in his desk informed them where his will was, and I was sent for. I went, and read it in the presence of his daughter and son, and the executors named in it; and that daughter blushed for the memory of such a father. As I finished the reading, I saw her rise and walk into the next room, with a calm smile. I followed her.

"Miss Baker ——" I commenced.

"Mrs. Wheaton," said she, with a smile, interrupting me.

"I beg pardon," I stammered; "but when were you married?"

"About three months ago; did you not hear of it? My father, you remember, opposed our marriage. His usage of me after George's

death became such as to absolve me from all duty as a child, and I accepted an asylum at Mr. Wheaton's. Harry is now waiting in the carriage, outside. He would not come into the house."

I found, on subsequent inquiry, that her father had indeed absolved her from her duty under the fifth commandment. My own mind is firm in the belief that only the utmost wrong will justify a child in disobedience. But it was clearly the object of Mr. Baker to kill his daughter. My readers will regard this as an awful phase of human nature. It was so. The love of gold will ruin the noblest soul. I will now explain briefly the causes of this hatred of Baker towards his children.

I was investigating the title to a piece of property in New York, when I came across a will of one Stephen Granby, which I had the curiosity to read. To my surprise, it was the will of the father of Joseph Baker's first wife, and its contents were astounding. He devised a large amount of property, naming and describing it so that I recognized the very property devised by the will of Baker, who had died only some six months previously, to Emma Granby Baker, wife of Joseph Baker, during her lifetime; at her death, to go to her eldest son.

The whole truth flashed across my mind. Baker had married Emma Granby for her money, and was enraged to find himself with only a life-interest in a large realty. He had undoubtedly tried to influence her father to give him entire control of this property, and in his disappointment had resolved to persecute her and her children. He married again, and by some strange perversity of mind, his whole life seemed bound up in the son of his second wife, whom he loved just in proportion as he hated Emma and George. On the death of his first wife, the property, of course, became George's.

The father then conceived a plan of defrauding his infant son, which he was strengthened in by his subsequent marriage, and the birth of a son whom he could love. Concealing entirely from the world and from his children the true condition of his property, and being wholly ignorant of the most common matters in legal practice, he fancied that seventeen years of possession in this manner had destroyed all possibility of discovery.

I imagine, that on the death of George, which event he had always been anxious for, he thought that, as heir-at-law of his son, he had now a perfect right to the disposal of the property. But under the statute, which is a common law rule reduced to a statute, Emma had the right of reversion; and the bill which we filed in the case had a speedy issue, and, without difficulty or delay, was brought to a decree. The son Joseph had still, under the will, a very respectable property. I have had the pleasure of passing many summer weeks with my friend Wheaton and his family, in the same house which was the scene of Emma's trials.

My readers may suppose that the character of Joseph Baker is overdrawn, and that none such exist; but I can assure them that it is a mild phase of humanity, compared with some I have seen in my practice. Within the week last past I have seen an instance, in which a husband, who had loved in her girlhood, and married in youth and beauty and loveliness, a beautiful daughter of wealthy parents, who had proved false, and fled with another, sell, actually sell her to her second lover, for gold!—consenting to keep silence on the subject, for *a consideration*, and giving *a release*, in full of all demands, of whatever nature—a printed blank, filled out—which might be styled the bill of sale of his once worshipped wife!

THE ROMAN CHILDREN.

AMID all the charms of Italy, and they are many and potent, few more powerfully excite the admiration of the artist than the groups of youth and children he meets with in that land

where the sun shines all day, and retires at night with a promise of shining again on the morrow. But it is not in the cities where we see the real laughing phenomena of Italy—not

in Rome, where they, meagre and haggard, question you about *quattrini* in the name of some holy martyr; nor at Florence, where, with sickly complexions, they boldly ask for a paolo for the poor blind, for assuredly there is no city in the world where there are so many whose eyesight has been destroyed by excess of light; as if the sacrifice exacted by the glorious sun of that luxuriant land was—that the victim should not again look upon him. The subject of the engraving is one of those happy groups to be met with, not in the cities, but in the by-ways; and the artist has most faithfully pictured the character of Italian children of the age represented. In the cities, the picturesque lies in portions of the cities themselves; but in the country, the picturesque of the landscape is far outdone by that of the inhabitants, and of those the children are most moving to the painter's heart. They live in the air and grow brown and ripen in the sun; and all laugh with the hearty truth of genuine nature, whether they prattle in thick Neapolitan or poetical Tuscan; in short, it seems that as in art generally no picture is really charming without the climax of female beauty, so no picture, descriptive of Italy, is perfect without children. It cannot be surprising that the costumes of Italy are so captivating to the eye of the painter. Without perambulating the country, as artists necessarily do, the best opportunity of seeing an assemblage of the country people occurs in Rome upon the occasion of the celebration of particular religious ceremonies; and then it is that the pilgrims, assembled from various districts, present the most striking characteristics of feature and costume. Those considered the *eminenti* among them, wear short velvet smallclothes, waistcoat, and round jacket of the same material, ornamented with silver buttons, a parti-colored girdle, and large silver buckles. Their ample steeple hats are usually ornamented with medals and peacock's feathers; some of the men carry their coquetry so far as to wear a small bouquet in their hair. White stockings are indispensable, and in the pocket of their smallclothes, despite the police regulations, they carry a large knife, to be employed as occasion may require—for defence or revenge. The

dress of their wives is yet more remarkable: their hair is dressed with a silver comb of moderate size, and often very large, and shaped like a diadem. Their short gown is highly ornamented, and their petticoat, which is always of a brilliant color, is tastefully ornamented with velvet or lace; their apron is of muslin, elaborately embroidered, and large shoes of red or blue velvet, surcharged with silver buckles of extraordinary size, complete the female costume. Upon certain occasions they wear men's hats, ornamented with flowers, plumes, or ribbons, and more frequently a net-work of green silk depending from behind, like a purse.

On the other hand, by no means less striking is the costume of the neatherd. If we would compare the child of the neatherd with those presented in the plate, we find him but little changed since even the days of Hesiod. He is enveloped in a sheep-skin, and his feet are covered in the manner of those of the sculptures of the Lower Empire. His legs are naked, he carries a sickle under his girdle, and his head is covered with a large straw hat of domestic manufacture; place but a kid under his arm, and we are at once reminded of Homer, and tempted to look for Ulysses' dog.

The education of the youth of the Papal State is carefully watched, so far as this is practicable. In order to direct them, in their amusements, to a moral, or at least an innocent end, there are establishments to which young people voluntarily repair, where everything is provided for their recreation. There are gardens and play-grounds, in which there are arenas for gymnastic exercises, and where they are rewarded with distributions of fruit or cakes. Those who have been most constant in their attendance at these reunions receive, at certain periods, clothes, books, or other premiums suitable to their age and condition. It is especially about the period of the carnival, in the month of October, that these rewards are distributed, in order to induce their attendance at times when they might be tempted by other games less rational. Thus, in Rome, parents contemplate the approach of these festivals with less inquietude than they are accustomed to be regarded in other countries of the Continent.

ADELAIDE.

BY ELIA.

SHE stole into our hearts: the love and trust
Of a sweet guileless infant wins its way,
E'en to the inner folds of many a heart
That seems devoid of love and tenderness.

Her home was near to ours, and ere the suns
Of two bright summers shone upon her head,
Or she could lisp the first familiar words
So sweet and musical, her tiny feet
Learned to play truant from her father's door,
And follow on the little winding path
That led to ours. How oft we smiled to see
The little culprit slyly peep behind,
So fearful of pursuit, then strain each nerve,
And clamber up the rugged steps, to spring
To our embrace and nestle, while her heart
Quick fluttered, like a little wild bird caged,
In her small bosom.

Oft from morn till eve,
Amused with quiet plays and stories told,
She seemed too happy to remember home,
And gathered closer to my mother's side
Whene'er she heard a little brother's voice
Inquiring for the lost one; hushed she shrank
From his approach and eager grasp, but yet
A few kind words, and with a pleasant smile
And parting kiss to each, she homeward turned
With a light step again.

Her little heart
Was touched with kind and generous sympathy
For one, a pale and suffering invalid,
To whom sweet salutations first were given:
If resting on a couch, she nestled close
And laid a cheek to hers; or if she sat,
Bird-like upon the easy chair she perched,
And gently prattled there in whispered tones,
Striving with all her winning ways to please.
If o'er that face pain cast a shade, she gazed
So pitiful, and gently soothed with kiss
And kind caress; with little hand in hers
She tried to keep her tinkling feet in pace
With those slow faltering footsteps. Happy she
If to her special trust a message given
From the sick favorite's lips; how danced her eyes
And glowed her rosy cheek, as oft she brought
A little basket freighted with a gift
"For poor Minerva."

Pleased to win a smile,
Sometimes her hand well filled with violets crushed,
Or apron full of dandelions shed
Into her lap, was love's sweet offering made.
Nor sun nor shower withheld her; oft we heard
Her sweet voice calling at the outer door,
And took her in, as Noah did his dove.

With a glad welcome, when the bright rain-drops
Glistered like jewels in her sunny hair.

If round the board, 't was beautiful to see
(For all untaught) her gentle downcast eye,
And small hands folded with a reverent air,
While over all a blessing was implored.

Thoughtful beyond her years, her busy tongue
Plied through the livelong day a ceaseless round
Of curious questions with an earnest tone,
For which 't would puzzle wiser heads than ours,
To frame an answer that would fitting be
To bear the test of future reference.

But most of all she loved the *story long*:
With round cheek resting on her dimpled hand,
And fixed and earnest gaze, she closely pressed
To the narrator's side, as if she read
Each several sentence e'er it passed the lips.
When ran the tale of injury or wrong,
Her cheek would mantle with indignant flush,
And deep blue eyes flash with unwonted fire;
Then as the theme grew tender, swelling tears
Came forth and trembled on the long dark fringe
That rested on her cheek; and if at last
All ended well, a bright and sunny smile
Broke like a glad beam through a summer shower,
And with a long deep breath, her burthened heart
Was lightened of its load; and then so soft
The sweet lips whispered, "*Tell some more*," that oft
The moments were to long hours spun, until
The weary story-teller found the task
No sinecure.

If e'er on those she loved,
True as the magnet to the pole, there were
A shade of mischievous aspersion thrown,
Or rallery, then to its utmost height
Her little form drew up, and one small foot
Was firmly planted, while with gesture warm
Each charge against a dear and absent friend
Was quickly and indignantly repelled,
When with calm brow she sought her play again.

Four summers now have smiled upon her head;
Her home is distant now, and yet she comes,
Though at long intervals; and still she seems
Almost our own, for she is very dear.
Oh! that the traits of her small infancy
Might ever flourish there, unchanged by aught
Of chilling influence from this world of sin.
May He who reigns above, keep that dear heart,
E'en as a garden, from the noxious weeds
Of pride and selfishness, that else will root
Within, and by their shadow blight the tender buds
That open now so full of promise fair.



W. H. BARRETT

ST. REGIS, INDIAN VILLAGE.

(St. Lawrence)

ST. REGIS, INDIAN VILLAGE.
ST. LAWRENCE.

THE ST. REGIS INDIANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS engraving, from American Scenes, reminds me of many a wild bivouac in the forest with one of the St. Regis tribe of Indians. It is not my design to give a history of the tribe, which is now nearly extinct. The relics of it are mostly in Canada, though now and then one may be found around the lakes of northern New-York, where it used to dwell. Those vast hunting grounds, and lakes and rivers filled with the most delicious trout, were once their own. But they have met the doom of the red man of this continent—gradually melted away like the snows of spring. Three years ago, I went through a large portion of the pathless wilderness which lies between Lake Champlain and the river St. Lawrence, extending northward almost to the Mohawk. Here is a tract about four hundred miles in circumference, or more than a hundred miles through, either way, spanned by no road—not even a path—and navigated by no boats except those of the hunter or adventurer. There are but two or three settlements in this entire region, and those consisting only of a few log huts, surrounded by small patches of cleared land. Through these vast solitudes, made gloomier by lofty mountains, and precipices, and deep gorges, the moose, and deer, and panther, and bear, and wolf stray in great numbers.

At the outset I plunged fifty miles into the very heart of this wilderness, where I found one of the St. Regis tribe, whom I immediately engaged as a guide and companion. He was rather short, but stoutly built, with straight black hair, black eyes, and that grave, almost solemn expression, so peculiar to the Indian. Taciturn and silent, he seldom spoke unless spoken to, while his laugh never ventured beyond a smile. Cool and prompt, no danger found him unprepared, and no object escaped the searching glance of his keen black eye. I never shall forget the first night we camped out together. A large fire had been built in the open air, and we lay down on the ground

with our feet to it—our only covering a few strips of bark that leaned against a horizontal pole, which we had placed on a couple of upright crotched sticks. Our trusty rifles leaned against our rude shanty. Our boat was drawn up on the lake shore below, and all was still and solemn around us as the majestic pine trees, through whose lofty tops not a breath of air was straying. The smoke of our camp fire curled slowly upward, and its cheerful blaze threw into striking relief the dark trunks that receded away into the night like the columns of a boundless cathedral. Side by side,

“Like brothers true and tried,”

we stretched ourselves out before the fire, and were soon lost in slumber. About midnight I was waked by the chilliness of the air, and lo, the camp fire had burnt itself nearly out. A few flickering embers still threw their fitful light on the swarthy visage of my sleeping companion, and I gazed on his manly form stretched there on the leaves, and around on the gloomy scene, with new and strange emotions. Suddenly I heard a low, crackling sound, like that of an animal crushing bones between his teeth. It came from a thick clump of bushes in a little ravine a few yards distant. Taking my rifle in my hand, I crept stealthily towards the spot, when I found that what I had taken for a bear or wolf was the Indian's dog, slowly munching the head of a deer we had killed the day before. I turned back to our camp fire, and having rekindled a cheerful blaze, sat down and gave myself up to musing. The wind had risen, and the tree-tops were rustling and murmuring overhead; the ripples of the lake fell on the beach like the rattling of a silver chain, while far away on its placid bosom came, at intervals, the lone and lonely cry of the loon. The luminous stars looked brightly down—the only cheerful objects amid that solitude. I crept again to the side of my Indian friend, and was soon forgetful of all. Towards morning I was awakened by a sense of suffocation, as if an enormous pressure were

on my breast, and a low growl. I had scarcely time to open my eyes, before the Indian was on his feet, and gazing steadily upon me. That low growl had started him from his sleep like a peal of thunder. His dog had crawled on my breast, and with his huge form stretched upon me and his nose close to my mouth, had uttered the growl which had aroused us both. In an instant I heaved him from my body, and was on my feet. "What does this mean?" I exclaimed to the Indian. Without changing a muscle, he replied, "He was watching you; he scented danger near." What it was we never discovered. Day was breaking, and soon the sound of our axe awoke the echoes of the forest, as we began to prepare for breakfast.

This was but the beginning of our acquaintance. For two different seasons have we threaded the forest together, and a truer friend and a better companion I never found. Respectful, considerate, and kind, he in his silent way did everything I could desire. I never in all my intercourse with him heard him use a rough expression but once, and that was when his huge dog, jumping from a rock into our frail boat, upset it, throwing him and his rifle into the lake.

One day we started on an expedition to a beautiful lake I had never visited. Taking a birch-bark canoe, we paddled some ten or twelve miles up the lake on which we had been encamped, and entered the inlet. Slowly stemming the stream, we made our way through the deep forest, until suddenly the roar of a cataract met our ears. Soon after, its white descending waters appeared through the leaves, and we steered for the shore. Here my faithful Indian lifted the canoe from the water, and turning it over his head, strode through the forest, while I with a rifle in each hand, and the camp kettle and other utensils strung over my shoulders, followed after. Ascending beyond the cataract, we again launched our frail craft, and toiled on. In a short time we came to a succession of rapids two miles in length, around which we were compelled to carry our canoe. Thus riding in our little vessel, and letting it ride us, we proceeded, until at length, late in the afternoon, we emerged into the lake we were seeking. It was a glorious afternoon; the sun was bright and clear, and going like a monarch to his rest amid the purple mountains that towered away in endless succession in the heavens. A strong west wind swept the bosom of the lake, and the miniature waves

came flowing like wreaths of gold around our boat. Not a sign of human civilization was to be seen. Mountains of green folded in this beautiful sheet of water, while little green islands, tufted with lofty pine trees, dotted it in every direction. Nothing disturbed the solitude of the scene save the slow flight of the vulture, as he moved lazily over our heads, or the scream of the fish-hawk alarmed for its young.

At length, just before sundown, we went ashore, and pitched our camp amid a clump of dark fir trees. Wearied and hungry I sat down for a while, and then asked the Indian if we could not get some trout for supper. "We can try," he replied; and so cutting some rude poles, we rigged our lines, and pushed for the inlet to the lake. As we were proceeding slowly along, a sudden "Hist!" from the Indian made me drop my head. "Stop," said he; "I see a deer coming out to feed on that marsh yonder." Nothing but his head had yet appeared, but the quick eye of that Indian would have detected it, if only an ear had projected through the leaves. "Shoot him," said he. "I cannot," I replied; "I am too tired to hold my rifle steady—shoot over me." In a moment his rifle was to his shoulder, and as suddenly dropped again, while he bent almost double to conceal himself. With his eye fixed warily on the deer, that seemed to snuff danger in the air, he rose as the animal commenced feeding, and then as it lifted its head he would drop his own. At length he seemed satisfied with his observations, and, standing perfectly erect, he drew his rifle to his shoulder, where it rested but a moment, and then the quick, sharp report rung through the forest, and the bullet passed directly over my head. The noble deer leaped convulsively into the air, and, wheeling, darted for the woods. The Indian had shot more than a hundred yards at arm's length, and standing upright in a frail bark canoe. On rowing to the spot, no traces of the deer could be discovered. At length, however, the quick eye of my companion detected a single blood spot on a spear of grass. He pointed it out to me, yet it was with the utmost difficulty I could desery it. "He is hit hard," he said, "or he would have bled more." The next moment he was lost in the woods. In a short time I heard the crack of his rifle, followed by a shrill whistle, and on hastening to the spot I found the noble deer stretched in death, and the Indian standing over him. We dragged him to the boat, and, returning to camp, soon had a

portion of him roasting on the coals. That was a dark and gloomy night; our fire went out, and the drenching rain came down, and the fog from the lake enveloped us in its thick covering, giving to the solemn fir trees a sombre and ghost-like appearance.

This Indian had married a white wife, and I spent several days with him in his hut. During my stay, his aged father, one of the oldest of his tribe, visited him. With his daughter, some twenty-two years of age, the old man, now verging on *ninety*, had come a hundred and fifty miles from Canada in his bark canoe. His daughter paddled the boat up the streams, carried it around the rapids, built the camp fire at night, cooked the venison, and accompanied him in all his hunting and fishing expeditions. She was a handsome squaw, and her long black hair fell in waving tresses far below her waist. I never could get her to speak to me, not even to answer a question; but she would sit and talk with her brother, in her native tongue, in a low musical tone which charmed me. The old man's head was covered with a mass of white hair, and shook constantly with the palsy. He would sit by the hour and mutter to himself in French and Indian. He was a large, powerful man, but the sands of life were well nigh run. As I looked upon him, I could not but think of the long journey he had performed through the wilderness—of the tender care this solitary girl had taken of him—and

of the affection with which she watched over his feeble age. The eye of the hunter had waxed dim, and the muscular arm lost its steadiness, so that he had been compelled to change his trusty rifle for the fowling-piece. He had a dog with him—half dog and half wolf—which was the quickest, sprightest animal I ever saw. His motions were like lightning, and when he leaped to your caress, so sudden and fierce was his spring, that it seemed as if he were about to tear you in pieces.

The last time I saw this strange couple, I met them on a lonely lake on their return journey to Canada. The old man sat in the bottom of the canoe, while his daughter, bare-headed with her long black hair filled with white water-lilies, which were also scattered profusely over her form, paddled the frail craft through the water. I watched them as they receded in the distance, with emotions of pity and admiration. Some night that old hunter would lie down by his camp fire, never to rise again, and that young Indian girl would watch beside him alone. Thus in the still forest would she see him die, without one heart to sympathize with her, or one voice to cheer her solitude, then drag his lifeless form to the canoe, and seek with it the graves of her tribe.

I shall never forget the last look I had of that old Indian and his daughter, and shall long remember those relics of the St. Regis tribe.

THE SUICIDE.

THERE was much that was perplexing to his physicians in the case of Colonel O——n, for many years of his life; and his sudden and unexpected death, at the age of fifty years, fell like a thunderbolt upon his family and friends. A sort of periodicity in his illness early manifested itself, though at long intervals, sometimes of about three months, at other times of

double that length of time; yet he was never sick for more than a few days, and then never so as to be confined to his bed, and not often to his house. The symptoms of this periodical ailing were uniform and unvarying, and as medicines seemed to have no effect upon them—a fact rendered certain by the experience of many years—he finally desisted from all attempts to

be relieved in this way, and left the attacks to take their own course. They commenced when he was about thirty years old, shortly after he was married; and had they occurred in a woman, they would have received the title which very many medical practitioners are in the habit of bestowing upon anomalous complaints in that sex, or those which they can find no other name for—hysterics. They might have even called them by that name in some men; but with Colonel O——n they could not take that liberty, and therefore confessed their ignorance, and let it rest so. The most acute readers of symptoms might, and probably would, have been obliged to do the same thing. He knew what ailed him and could have settled the question for them at once, as it turned out in the end; but this, for the best of reasons, he did not choose to do. He knew, from the commencement, that whatever it was, it was beyond the reach of medical skill, but preferred to *seem* to be utterly ignorant of it, and to leave his medical attendants to puzzle their brains and exhaust their ingenuity over his case without even giving them a clue to it. It may appear strange to some that, under such circumstances, while twenty years were passing away, nothing should occur to excite their suspicions that he was not dealing candidly with them. But to those who knew him there was nothing strange about it. He was a man of great personal dignity, enhanced in no small degree by his reputed wealth and splendid style of living. He was candid and straightforward in all business matters, and never known to practice even the slightest prevarication upon any occasion. So upright a man could not be suspected without some good reasons, and these he was cunning enough to never suffer to appear.

As I am not writing a medical essay for the profession, I need not enumerate the symptoms of his case. There was one, however, which may be mentioned as the unvarying precursor of his periodical attacks, and which always accompanied them to the end. This was an exceeding nervous restlessness and uneasiness. He was apparently alarmed at the least sound. If he sat down for a few moments he would start suddenly from his chair and walk rapidly about his room, so that his heavy footfall—he was a large man—seemed to shake the house; or he would seize his hat, and thrusting it forcibly on his head, would leave the house and walk hastily to his place of business, noticing no one by the way, not even his most familiar

acquaintances. Here he would not remain long, but return soon in the same hurried and abstracted manner. The same thing would occur at night after he had retired to bed, where he would lie turning for hours in nervous sleeplessness, or spring from his bed and pace his room hurriedly. This state, I said, continued through the whole period of each attack, but after a few days seemed to be under his control, so that by a strong mastery of himself he was able to transact business with the utmost apparent coolness and correctness. The end of the fit, if I may call it by the popular appellation, was always sudden. He would return to his house after an absence of a few hours, entirely free from all his symptoms. For the last few years of his life he had been in the habit, about the time of the crisis in the attack, of going to the city of ——, where he would remain a single day, and return well.

Do I describe an imaginary disease? I am perfectly conscious that it may appear so to many of my readers, and yet the case of Col. O——n seemed to his physicians, and to me for the last year of his life, during which I attended him at times, as real disease as any I ever saw. The knowledge of his exact condition was confined mostly to his family and his medical advisers, who were for a long time disposed to apprehend some form of derangement of mind. But the periodicity of the attack, and the suddenness and entireness of its close, leaving him cheerful and clear in mind, after a few years quieted all apprehensions of this kind, and they felt no uneasiness on account of it. Indeed, it is true, that towards the close of his life, there was a development of symptoms indicative of disease of the heart, and his complexion assumed that characteristic appearance, which, to a practiced eye, is evidence enough of structural lesion of that organ. But this was a matter entirely of recent date, and not apparently connected with anything long antecedent, although the physician would be able to trace its connection with his previous condition should I give a full account of his symptoms, and more especially when he becomes acquainted with the sequel.

During one of his periodic attacks, which occurred in the month of December, 18—, in stepping hurriedly out of his own door, one cold, drizzling morning, he slipped on the icy step and fell. He was unable to rise, and upon being assisted into the house, he found that he had received a severe injury in his ankle joint.

I was sent for, and when I arrived, he was chafing furiously at the accident, and, at the same time, groaning with the pain. I inquired as to the nature of the accident.

"The cursed door-step," he replied. "I had but set my foot out of the door when I slipped, and here I am, laid up for—I don't know how long. And just at this time—it's intolerable!"

"What is intolerable?" I asked, smiling; "the pain?"

"No!" said he furiously; "the accident. I beg your pardon, Doctor—I did not mean to speak so. But this accident is so unlucky—so annoying, just at this juncture—and you will make allowance for my mood just now. There, examine the injury, and tell me how long you think it is going to lay me up."

The ankle was swollen enormously, and intensely painful. He cringed and shrank as I examined it.

"It is not out of joint, Doctor?" he inquired.

"No; it is only severely sprained."

"Only! It might as well be broken, for all the consolation that affords. And how long must I sit here and hold my foot on a cushion, as if I had the gout?"

I told him the injury was more tedious than serious, and would confine him to the house for some length of time. He received the information with another burst of rage, and added:

"It must not be. I must go to town on the third day from this, and you must get me ready if possible by that time. If you cannot, I must have some one who can, and there's the end of it."

I assured him that he might send for all the doctors in Christendom, but they could not enable him to walk on that limb in three days. He again apologized for his incivility—cursed his foot—plead the annoyance of the accident as an excuse for his rage, and at the same time seemed to feel perfectly conscious that there was no excuse at all for it. I bandaged his ankle, and prepared the proper applications, and went home.

I make no pretensions to extraordinary acuteness in the detection of disease, and I acknowledge candidly that I was puzzled and at a loss to account for the condition of Col. O——n. At first I was inclined to attribute it to disorder of intellect, but at length came to the conclusion that I was at fault here. If it had occurred but once or twice, I might have considered it some mere effect of trouble or anxiety of mind. But he was, by reputation, vastly rich,

and under no embarrassments. For many years he had relinquished the business in which he had been employed, and recently his only care was in the management of the only bank in the place, as president, and that institution was in a flourishing and prosperous condition. There was nothing then to furnish a clue to his affliction. I then looked for disorder of the liver—then of the stomach—and last of all, fixed upon the spine as affording the safest ground upon which to rest. This final conclusion was strengthened by the affection of his heart, which was becoming more and more manifest.

I made my first call, the next morning, upon Col. O——n. I found him again in a furious rage. His rest through the night, and the applications to his foot, had produced almost entire relief from the pain, and thinking himself nearly well, he had stepped carelessly out of bed and suffered his whole weight to fall upon the injured limb. A pang of excruciating pain made him suddenly and forcibly conscious of his mistake, and raging with the agony and disappointment he sunk back upon his bed, and spent his violence in groans and curses at his attendants. He was always a profane man, and this trait in his character had now full opportunity to display itself under the new stimulus. Upon my arrival he turned the whole torrent of his spite upon me. I heard him in patience till he seemed to have exhausted his stock of oaths and reproaches, and then, taking my hat, coolly bade him good morning and left the room. As I was stepping into my carriage, a servant came out in great haste, and said Col. O——n wished me to come back. I refused, and ordered the boy to drive on, but the man held on to the step, and insisted upon my return: "The Colonel begged it of me, if only for one minute."

I alighted again and went in to him, but this time with a serious, determined face, and without removing either my hat or gloves. I found a different man in Col. O——n. He was covered with confusion and shame.

"What shall I say to you, Doctor?" he began. "I am ashamed of myself. I was wrong—grossly, insultingly wrong—to address you as I did. I will not plead my condition and annoyance as any palliation of my offence. I feel that there is no excuse. But you must not desert me now, and leave me in this condition."

"Col. O——n," said I slowly, and looking

him calmly and steadily in the face, "I will not suffer any man to use to me the abusive language I have just heard from you. My manhood—my profession—my character, well known to yourself, all forbid it. And more than all, sir, I am a Christian, and no man shall utter in my presence such gross profanity and blasphemy as your lips have just uttered, unrebuked. I again bid you good morning, sir."

I spoke coolly and to the man.

"Stay, Doctor," he exclaimed, as I turned to leave the room; "stay, if but one moment longer. Hear what I have to say. What you say is right. I acknowledge it. I deserve the reproof, and if any apology could rectify the outrage, I would willingly offer it. But I feel that it cannot. I throw myself upon your generosity and compassion. If you leave me in this way I cannot blame you, and yet I am a suffering man and need your kindness and skill. You shall hear no syllable from me henceforth to wound you. I pledge you my word for it. Now let me trust to your forbearance and pardon."

I remained. The injured joint was still swollen as much as ever, and as painful. What slight benefit might have possibly been received through the night—and at most it must have been very small—had been entirely destroyed by the inadvertency of the morning. Although the patient controlled himself and successfully suppressed all exhibitions of temper, yet he soon became restless and uneasy. His general disease was beginning to resume its mastery. This, however, I left to its own course, satisfied that a few days would set everything right, and restore him to his usual equanimity of mind.

"You will call to-morrow," said he, as I rose to depart. "I want you to drive on the cure as fast as possible, for if such a thing be within the reach of skill and persevering appliances, I must be ready to go to the city the morning of the day after. And forget, Doctor, I beseech you, my offence of this morning."

I visited him the next morning, and found him in much the same condition; his ankle so painful upon suffering the foot to hang down, that he was obliged to keep it constantly elevated upon a chair. Although I assured him there was no hope of his being able to leave home the next day, yet he insisted upon my calling again after dinner, which I accordingly did. I found his friend, the Hon. Mr. R—s, sitting with him, and he was conversing freely and easily. I was surprised at the control he

exercised over himself. The Colonel took a deep interest in political affairs, and they were discussing some interesting and exciting topics which were expected to occupy the Congress then in session. In the midst of their conversation, a clerk from the bank came in and handed the Colonel a note, which he told him was due that day, and asked him what he would have done with it. He looked at it a moment, and said to the clerk, who remained standing:

"I am obliged to you for taking this trouble, Mr. —. I have been so much annoyed by my accident and the subsequent confinement and pain, that it had escaped my mind. This is unfortunate. I cannot come down to attend to it."

He hesitated an instant, and then continued with a confident smile on his countenance:

"I believe I must ask a small favor of you, R—s; a mere matter of form. Will you be kind enough to lend me your name for a few days, till I get about again?"

Mr. R—s assented, as any man would have done in the same case. The Colonel drew a small table to his side, on which were writing materials, and wrote. Mr. R—s took the paper, or Col. O—n tore it off and handed it to him, and wrote his name on the back, without looking at the face of it. The clerk received it, and departed with the renewal of a note at thirty days for five thousand dollars, secured by the endorsement of the Hon. Charles R—s. This gentleman soon took his leave. Directly afterwards the Colonel's wife entered the room, and for half an hour the conversation took a general turn. At length the lady said, with a smile:

"Mr. O—n will hardly be able to go to the city to-morrow, Doctor?"

"It cannot be possible, madam," I replied, "under present circumstances."

"I believe you are right," said he, "and if I should, I would not do any business. Yet I ought to go. How is it, Doctor? Might I not be carried without increasing my pain *much*?"

"Perhaps you might in your bed," said his wife, laughing.

"And be carried in my bed from one bank to another? No; that will not do. Well, I will submit, and stay at home, and in the mean time I will take an anodyne powder, which Doctor — advised me to use, when he attended me, and of which I have a single one left, I believe."

He took his wallet from his pocket, and

from one of the interior apartments of it he drew out a small folded piece of white paper. This was only the exterior envelop of two other papers. The two exterior ones he threw into the fire, and from the other he shook a small quantity of a white powder into a wine-glass of water, which his wife had set by his side. He threw this paper also into the fire, and, agitating the glass gently, swallowed the draught.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"I cannot tell you," he replied; and in a few moments his wife rose to leave the room.

Just at that moment I observed his countenance to become suffused with a bright flush, his lips livid; and, putting his hand to his head, he became suddenly convulsed, his arms and legs rigid, and his body bent forcibly backwards. Suspecting some mistake in the article he had taken, and that he might have swallowed poison, I immediately used every means to ward off its effects. But being ignorant of its character, and the patient continuing obstinately silent, the result was that all efforts were unavailing. In half an hour respiration ceased; the heart paused; the flush passed slowly downwards from his face and disappeared. He was dead.

I did not mention my suspicions even to his wife. In a few days it became morally certain that he was poisoned. But he had suffered long from disease of the heart, and men die suddenly often of disease of that organ; and that would be as sufficient a cause for the death of Col. O——n as of any other man, and much more satisfactory to his family than to believe him to have committed suicide. That such, however, was actually the case, became to me in a few days, and remains still, a matter of certainty. And the same developments that satisfied me on this point, revealed to me also the cause of all those symptoms which had for years perplexed his physicians.

Just one week after his decease, the whole village was astounded by the discovery that Col. O——n had died insolvent, and had left debts to an amount considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars, and resources to meet them not amounting to one hundred cents.

I might stop here, but I should leave the reader unsatisfied. He feels a natural curiosity to know something more of the singular ailment of the subject of this sketch, and also how it resulted as it did. This I proceed, then, briefly to relate.

* * * * *

We now and then meet with a man, whose fingers seem to be the true philosopher's stone. Whatever they touch becomes gold by the contact. Such men are rare, I admit; but, after all, such men there are. They have no schemes for making money; they never lay far-reaching plans involving the risk of loss and the mere possibility of gain; they make no ventures. They only do what comes to their hand, and are always successful. They do not stop to calculate this chance, and that probability, but they go straight on, and act, and—win. They never lose. If a storehouse, filled with rich and costly cargoes from the Indies, is consumed to the ground in a night, the next day a bank rises, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, and they have made a plum by the accident. I do not know how it is. I could never see into it. They are men of no calibre, no intellect, and oftentimes can hardly write their own names. Let a calculating, cool, cunning business man, who has made a fortune by his well-laid schemes and prudent enterprises, come to them with a plan by which, it is plain to him, a large amount of money will be realized, and explain it, and demonstrate its certainty of success—and they cannot see through it. It is all Hebrew to them. It is not by their brains they succeed. Providence watches over them, and pours abounding riches into their, often ungrateful, bosoms. Of this class was *not* Col. O——n.

There is another class of men, just the reverse of these, and by no means so rare. They belong, naturally, to what are called "speculating times," but are to be found always and everywhere. They wear always smiling, confident-seeming faces, and think they lay their plans and form their schemes for making money with consummate skill and cunning. They are always borrowing money, and some of them are punctual in paying. Some fail soon after they begin; others are successful; and a few have the adroitness to conceal their rottenness, and wear out a long life upon fictitious capital, and borrowed money, and reputed wealth, and die leaving a bankrupt estate, and despised character, and dishonored name to their family. Of this class *was* Col. O——n, the gentleman son of a large farmer in W—— county—the pennyless speculator—the popular president of the —— bank—the suicide.

I need not go back to his early life, to show what he was then. He was the same from the period at which he first entered upon the active business of life, till he died. Unsuccessful

speculations had involved him to a considerable amount; but this he contrived to keep secret, and with a confident air applied to his friends for accommodation. He had the reputation of being a bold, but clear-sighted and safe operator, and readily procured what aid he required. Still he was unsuccessful and constantly retrograding. He now saw it become necessary to use all his caution to prevent the discovery of his true circumstances. He had recently married into a family supposed to be very rich, but actually as worthless as he was himself. The marriage, however, was a fortunate one for him just at that juncture, for it gave his friends additional confidence in his resources. But he felt his own insecurity, and that one false step would involve him in utter ruin and disgrace. Should suspicion, from any cause, become attached to him, he was lost. But he was still unsuspected. His credit was whole. Men believed that he had been realizing large sums from his various operations, while he had been constantly losing. He had contrived, by new and larger loans upon the security of some of his friends, to pay up the sums he had borrowed from others, and keep in advance of present necessities, could this be made to hold out.

He was alarmed, and sat down to investigate his position. This was the first attack of what was ever after considered a periodical disease, and was in fact nothing more than his intense anxiety of mind, under a deep sense of his perilous position. This was comparatively mild to what they afterwards became, and if noticed by his friends, was only regarded as temporary anxiety for the success of some speculation. He called all his ingenuity to his aid at this time, and after consideration for a day or two, the plan was perfected. It was the only successful one he ever concocted; but this was eminently so. He determined to relinquish all speculation and business, while he continued to keep up an appearance of being as deep in it as ever; to collect all his debts into two or three sums, due at different periods of the year, and to meet the payments as they became due, by borrowing the securities of his different friends at different times, and resorting to various banks for the loans, enlarging enough each time to meet the expenses of his style of living. The scheme was as weak and flimsy a one as a man ever invented for a small business, much more for one already involving thousands of dollars. But to him, after mature deliberation, it seemed not only plausible, but certain of suc-

cess. And, improbable as it may seem, it did succeed, and only because it never entered into the mind of man to suspect Col. O——n of roguery or deception. But at each return of the time at which it became necessary to provide for his emergencies, his mind was in an agony of apprehension and doubt. Still he never found any difficulty in procuring all the money he required; and, the business once more arranged, he was himself again.

In the course of his speculations, however, he had managed to secure two large and valuable farms in a distant part of the State. To these he now had recourse, and by mortgaging them, he raised money to build him an elegant mansion and furnish it in the most costly style. This was a new prop to his still uninjured reputation. But there happened at length a time when the possibility of raising a considerable sum to meet his largest payment seemed almost hopeless. The friend from whom he was expecting aid was absent from home. The day was just at hand, and disclosure and disgrace seemed staring him in the face. Hesitation was ruin. He had hoped to avoid this, but there was one resort left. A mortgage on his house and furniture saved him. This, however, after it was done, was a relief, for it had considerably reduced his liabilities. One payment was stopped; one source of his periodic agony of mind was cut off. He could now breathe freely for six months. How he bore it I do not know. How he managed to keep that perpetual smile on his countenance is a mystery to me.

The establishment of a bank in the place was one of the most fortunate events in his life. It needed no management for him to procure the presidency. He was just the man. His reputation as a financier was unequalled—a quality which was exactly equaled by his wealth. But everybody thought him one, and that was enough. Here were new facilities afforded him at once and unsought. His friends required loans, and mutual arrangements were easily made. A considerable part of his debts was now transferred to the new institution. Had he been the sole manager in the concern, it would have been easy for him to condense all his debts at once, and by prudent management to have done as other bankers had done before him, in just as false and pennyless condition. But there were other officers in the bank; there were the directors—Argus-eyed, prudent, sagacious, and perhaps honest

men; there were the cashier and the clerk, who made up every night the cash account, and whose interest lay in the interest of the bank. No under-handed means could be resorted to, if he had been so inclined; and who might not have some such thoughts, situated as he was—groaning under debts constantly increasing, and which were fast mounting up to the size of a respectable bank capital? The same caution, the same steady, unwavering, sleepless watchfulness was necessary as before, to elude the vigilance and honesty of other men, and to keep down suspicion. But he did not stagger under the burden. He was still the cheerful and open-faced man he had ever been—always disposed to have his friends accommodated at the bank, and to make new friends of wealthy men even from a distance, who wanted bank aid. He could use them all to advantage. Indeed, it was an additional security to his standing, if he could use new names occasionally upon his paper, and it was better than to be always calling on the same friends, even at the long intervals which intervened between the times that demanded it. It did indeed require consummate skill in financing to blind the eyes of everybody, and hide so much rottenness for so many years. He was often absent from home for several days at a time, leaving the impression behind him that he had gone to see to property in one place, or to buy in another, or to sell in a third, or to make a capital speculation here or there. He let it be understood that he owned a large amount of property in the city of —, and everybody thought he did. It was wonderful, after all, that he held out as he did, and that his troubles did not drive him mad or kill him. They did eventually bring on the affection of the heart, which I have mentioned, but it had not reached much intensity when he died.

Another facility also he found in his position in the bank, and which he made use of to its utmost extent, involving many poor people in ruin. Besides the business men who made their daily deposits, to withdraw them as they needed them, there were many persons of small income, and others, who placed their surplus money in the bank till some favorable opportunity should occur for investing it to advantage. To such, Col. O——n proposed that, as their money was drawing no interest while lying in the vaults of the bank, he would borrow it of them, giving his note drawing interest, and payable on demand. With the utmost confi-

dence in his integrity and ability, such an offer was gladly embraced, and the money often left for an indefinite time in his hands. These sums, small individually, drawn from many depositors, for several years, in gross amounted to a good deal. He was careful to pay the interest on them regularly, and few of the original sums were ever called for, as this was all the owners wanted.

Men situated as was Col. O——n are too often made the trustees and executors of the property of orphans and minors. Their reputed wealth and acquaintance with business matters, and the profitable investment and management of money, and the universal credit they enjoy for honesty and honor, seem to point them out as proper persons to have the care of the property of those who are not legally competent to manage their own affairs. He held in trust sums to a considerable amount belonging to others. But why need I enumerate more? He was immensely rich in the estimation of men: he was actually rich in trusts and debts due to others.

The time drew on slowly, but surely—the time which he always knew must come, and for which he had trembled with an agony of apprehension several times every year—in which it became impossible any longer to conceal his true situation. Troubles had been thickening for years; the circle of fire had been gradually drawing closer around him. For this he had probably long before made preparation, by depositing in his wallet the poison which should end his life before disgrace fell upon him. Confined to his house at the time he most needed to be abroad, to provide for meeting his notes which were about to become due—prevented from going to the city, where he had usually gone to meet liabilities there—and warned by the almost dishonored bill which the bank-clerk had brought him, he made up his mind to end it. But with this resolution in his heart, he still had the coolness and baseness to involve his friend R——s in his ruin. This cunning act completed, he took the poison.

His remains were followed to the grave by multitudes. The village papers went into mourning, and published flowing panegyrics to his memory. One week changed the picture. Almost every man of sufficient credit had his name on the Colonel's notes, and when at length the full truth came to light, he was discovered to be bankrupt for more than one hundred thousand dollars.

MEETING.

BY T. W. FIELD.

WHEN through the closing gates of day
Bright vistas we behold,
And Twilight trails along the sky
Her mantle fringed with gold;

When lingering day stands on the hills,
And waits the veiled even,
While angel forms seem leaning o'er
The battlements of heaven:

The weary soul, on wings of thought,
Seems fluttering in its clay—
A bird which views its native land,
And pants to be away;

And past events appear anew,
On Memory's tear-dimmed book,
Like half-filled foot-prints seen beneath
The waters of a brook.

A hum of wings is on the air,
The shrill brook talks of showers,

And homeward bees along their track
Winnow perfumes of flowers.

From out the chambers of the night
The stars come startling forth,
Like sudden truths upon the soul,
Which Reason's sky gave birth.

The woods, and hills, and all, are still,
Slow darkening on the view,
Save one lone cloud, whose inner light
Glow with a sunset hue.

Its silver foldings cloaked with gray,
The coming gloom forecast,
Like shadows of the Future thrown
On the retreating Past.

For day and night are meeting there,
Blent in the fading even—
So friends, when one was not on earth,
Meet at the gate of heaven.

THEY WILL BE DONE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"DOCTOR! my child must not die!"

"With God are the issues of life," replied the physician solemnly.

"Don't—don't speak to me in that way, Doctor," said the agonized father. "I say my child must not die. She is more to me than all I possess. Call in further aid. Consult with Doctors L—, and B—, and S—. There is, there must be, power in medicine to save her."

"I will not deceive you, Mr. Librand. I dare

not. Your daughter is beyond the reach of human skill. There are signs of approaching mortality that no physician can mistake."

"I will not believe it, Doctor," returned the unhappy father passionately. "It cannot, it must not be! Call in the best medical counsel to be found, and save my child. She must not be taken from me."

The physician went away sad at heart. There was no hope with him. The child of the merchant must die, for the cold fingers of

death were already in her heart, and the waters of life were congealing. But he called in the ablest members of the profession, and long was the consultation they held, after leaving the bedside of the young and beautiful girl who was about departing—a pure spirit for the world of spirits.

While the physicians consulted, the father paced the length of his parlors slowly to and fro, in the bitterness of a fearful suspense. At length the tread of feet was heard upon the stairs. His respiration ceased and then went on again with suffocating irregularity. All but the family physician left the house, and he came in to advise Mr. Librand of the result of the examination and conference. The father's face was pale, and his lips quivered as he said :

“There is hope?”

“None, my friend! I cannot, I dare not deceive you.”

The merchant staggered back, and sunk nerveless upon a sofa.

She was his only child, and her mother had years ago faded as she was fading, and gone down to the grave as she was going. The merchant had great possessions, and had surrounded himself with all the good things of life; but his gentle Marion was more to him, twice, yea, thrice told, than all the rest. And Marion was about to die.

“Leave me, Doctor! If you cannot save my child, leave me!” said Mr. Librand, waving his hand to the physician.

The doctor stood reflecting for a moment, and then silently withdrew. From the house of the merchant he drove to the residence of the minister of the church to which Mr. Librand belonged. Mr. Loring, the minister, was a man who had himself seen affliction. He was well advanced in years, and stood, except in his official relation to the world, almost alone. Wife and children, all had left him for a purer and a better sphere. But he was a cheerful old man. He knew in whom he had believed, and was one who could thank God even for affliction.

“I wish you would see Mr. Librand,” said the physician, on meeting the minister.

“Is Marion worse?” asked Mr. Loring, with evident concern.

“I have had but little hope of her from the first,” returned the physician. “Now all hope is gone. She cannot recover. We held a consultation on her case this morning, and all agree with me that she is beyond the reach of medicine.”

“Does her father know this?”

“Yes, I have plainly told him the worst.”

“How does he bear it?”

“More like a weak child than a strong man. I am afraid it will destroy his reason. Will you not see him, Mr. Loring, and offer him spiritual comfort? for earth has no medicine for his affliction.”

“I will go to him now,” replied the minister.

“May you find some words that will reach him and save him from the gloom and despondency into which he is sinking.”

When Mr. Loring reached the house of Mr. Librand, he found the merchant walking the rooms in which his family physician had left him half an hour before, in great distress of mind.

“How is your daughter?” asked the minister, as he took his hand.

“Beyond the hope of recovery, they tell me; but I cannot, I will not believe it. God will not surely rob me of my only child. Oh, sir, you are his minister—say! do you think He will?”

“The Lord seeth not as man sees,” replied Mr. Loring. “His ways are inscrutable. But all that He does is for the best, and we should humbly acquiesce in His dispensations, and say, ‘Thy will be done.’”

“There is no comfort in that to me, Mr. Loring. But to take away my only child! my loving and beloved one! the very stay of my life! No—no. It is not best; and for me to say, ‘Thy will be done,’ would be mockery.”

“Shall not the God of all the earth do right? Shall He not claim His own, when He thinks it best to do so? The dear angel you call your child belongs really to God. And shall He not take her to Himself when He will?”

“You speak in a strange language, Mr. Loring. I do not understand you,” said the merchant, with some sternness of manner.

“We are the creatures of His hand; the sheep of His pasture. Shall He not do with us as He thinks best?”

The merchant answered by an impatient gesture.

“May I see Marion?” asked Mr. Loring, who saw that in the merchant's present state of mind words were useless.

“If you please.” And the two went up to the sick chamber.

Elevated upon pillows, lay the fragile form of a young and lovely girl, over whose sweet face passed a gentle smile, as her father and the minister entered.

“How are you, my child?” said Mr. Loring,

as he took her white, almost transparent hand in his.

"I believe I am not so well," Marion replied, in a low, calm voice. As she said this, her eyes wandered to the face of her father, and a tender, loving expression passed over her countenance.

"But all is right here?" And Mr. Loring laid his hand upon his breast.

"Yes, all is right there. I know that few and brief are the days that remain to me, but I am ready for the change whenever it comes."

"You are not, then, afraid to walk through the dark valley?"

"Afraid? Oh, no. He will send His angels to be with me."

Here the father interrupted the conversation, and reproved, covertly, the minister for introducing such a subject at such a time.

"Speak of life, Mr. Loring, not of death," he said.

"And does he not speak of life?" inquired Marion, sweetly—"of the true, eternal life? It is not really death, father, but the passing from death unto life. I shall go from a world of darkness to a world of light. Dear father!" and the daughter leaned over, and, taking her father's hand in both of hers, looked earnestly into his face. "Dear father," she repeated, "if God were willing, I would gladly stay with you here, and make the flowers grow thickly about your feet; but I am called and must go. The time of my probation is nearly ended. I can feel myself near to the spirit world. God knoweth better than we, the times and the seasons for all events. It will be a dreary world for you when I am gone; but think not of me as far away and lost, but as near to you, and still your own loving Marion. For I shall still love you, and love will bring me near to you, perhaps nearer than now. Look up, father, oh, look up! and say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Mr. Librand's face was now buried in the pillow that supported the head of his child, and his whole frame quivered with agitation.

"Look to Heaven, father, and speak those confiding words. Say, *Thy will be done*, and you will feel more resigned."

"I cannot," murmured the father, "I cannot, Marion; you must not go. Since your mother's death, you have been all to me. Say you will yet live."

Tears dimmed the eyes of Marion. She tried to say more, but her lips quivered so that she could not articulate.

"With God are the issues of life," said the

minister, in a solemn voice. "If he call, the spirit must answer; if he summon, the spirit must obey."

"Dear father,"—Marion had recovered herself, and now spoke in a calm voice,—"say in your heart, Not my will, but Thine be done. That is the true philosophy of life. There is none other that can bring peace to the troubled spirit. I go but a little while before you, and will wait and welcome your coming. Do not rebel against this dispensation. God is goodness itself, and His wings of mercy, are over us in affliction as well as in joy."

The father answered not, but his stern silence told how strongly his heart rebelled.

"Talk not to me of a merciful Providence," he said to Mr. Loring, on leaving the chamber of his daughter. "It is cruel to take from me my child. Is she not all I have to love? Was it not enough to rob me of her mother, that the child must be taken also?"

"Mr. Librand," returned the minister, "the future has been wisely concealed from us. We cannot know what even a day is to bring forth; but we may know, if we will, that every event affecting us is under the control and direction of an all-wise and infinitely merciful God, who permits nothing to take place that does not look, either directly or indirectly, to our good—not our mere temporal, but our eternal good, for it is this that the Divine Providence regards. Time and sense bound our vision, and the things of this world engross our affections, thus preventing our minds from being opened to what is higher, purer and eternal. But the Divine Providence, in all that concerns us, ever seeks the elevation of our affections from natural things to such as are spiritual; and in doing this, often lays upon us the burden of sorrow. But these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"I cannot understand you," said Mr. Librand, impatiently interrupting the minister. "All that I understand or feel, is the fact that my child, in whom my very life is wrapped up, is about being taken from me. Is that a merciful dispensation? No! it is mockery to say that it is."

Vain were the minister's efforts to give strength to the heart of Mr. Librand, or to lift up his bowed head.

"Talk not to me of resignation!" he would reply. "I cannot, I will not be resigned to this cruel bereavement."

But it is in vain that we struggle against the firmly dispensed behests of infinite wisdom, guided by infinite love. Death calls the aged and the young, the poor and the rich, the tenderly loved and the coldly neglected ones, and his voice must be obeyed. The sands ran low in the life-glass of the young maiden, and the hour of parting at length came. Tenderly did she urge patience and resignation upon her half-distracted parent; but her words had, or appeared to have, no effect.

She had lain for some time, with her eyes closed, and a placid expression on her face, after having uttered many tender and consoling words, when a sudden smile illuminated her countenance—a bright and heavenly smile. Her lips moved, but no sound was heard. Mr. Librand bent eagerly down to listen.

“Thy will be done,” were the only words his ear could distinguish. The motion of her lips ceased; the smile faded; and Marion slept. When she awoke, her companions were angels and good spirits.

Sternly did the heart of the stricken parent rebel against this affliction. He was angry with God, and arraigned Him before the bar of his finite reason, as oppressive, arbitrary and cruel. The minister spoke words of consolation, but his earnest efforts were repulsed; and in the solitude of his own heart, the father brooded over and nursed his sorrow.

The grass grew and the flowers bloomed over the grave of Marion, but since the departure of her pure spirit from the earth, the old family pew had been vacant on the Sabbath. Her father sought not the consolations of religion, for he was angry with God. Many times had Mr. Loring approached, and striven to break down the sternness of his grief, to pour into his heart the oil and wine of true consolation; but as often had the merchant turned coldly from him.

Thus years were added to years, and still the merchant was solitary, stern and silent in his grief. Many, very many times during that long night of affliction, did Marion come to him—whether while dreaming or awake, he often hardly knew; and she always pointed upwards with a look of holy confidence, and always repeated the words last whispered in his ear, as he bent eagerly over her, when life was ebbing feebly away.

At last his dream or vision of Marion changed. He came home from his counting-room one day, feeling more desolate in heart than usual,

and retired to his room, after partaking of his solitary evening meal. On the wall hung an almost animated likeness of his child. Upon this he fixed his eyes, as he sat in the usual place, and murmured, in the words of Cowper,

“Oh! that those lips had language.”

For a long time he remained looking upon the pictured face of Marion, thinking, ever and anon, that the smile grew brighter and that the lips moved as if about to speak. This illusion increased. Surely the face did smile! Surely the lips moved! It was to him the pulseless effigy no more, but the living, breathing Marion!—not upon the wall in a gilded frame, but standing by his side, with her arm tenderly embracing his neck, and her warm lips upon his cheek. A moment of confusion, and the father's mind was calm and clear. The past was forgotten. Marion, sweet Marion, was, and had always been his. There had been no bereavement, no separation. The dream of affliction was over, and its impressions effaced.

The merchant was happy. Days came and went; the seasons changed; and, for a time, all remained bright, for Marion's dear face was ever shining upon him. After a few years, however, suitors presented themselves—attracted, some by the maiden's loveliness of character, some by the beauty of her person, and some by her father's wealth. Mr. Librand, jealous of the possession of so rich a treasure, looked coldly upon all, and repulsed the most worthy. Soon he noticed, with concern, that Marion was not as she had been. Her face was more thoughtful, and there was a depth of expression in her eyes, till then unobserved. Home seemed to have lost its attractions, for she went out more frequently than before, and was often away when he chanced to return at an earlier hour than usual. If he questioned her as to where she had been, she gave evasive answers.

At last a letter from some unknown friend came, warning him of the existence of an intimacy between Marion and a man of bad repute in society. Alarmed and fevered by this intelligence, Mr. Librand, without suitable reflection, placed the letter in Marion's hand, and sternly demanded an explanation.

“I have none to make,” coldly replied the daughter.

“Is it true that you keep company with this man, and that, too, clandestinely?” asked the angry father.

“I have met him a few times; but I deny the

slandrous charges made against him by one who is afraid to give his name. They are false."

"They are true, Marion!" said Mr Librand, "I know them to be true. Gracious Heaven! to think that this man should steal into my peaceful home; to think that his polluting breath should touch you! Marion! as true as there is a heaven, so true is this man as base and corrupt as an evil spirit."

But he saw that his words made no impression upon his child.

"Do you believe him pure and good?" he asked.

"I do," was the calm reply.

"He is vile, he is evil, he is false, Marion! I know him. I, your father, who loves you, tells you that he knows this. Will you not credit his words? Is he not your earliest, your firmest, and your best friend? God help you, Marion, for help will come from nowhere else, if you disregard my warning. A thousand times sooner would I see you laid in the grave, than become the wife of this wretch. What spell is upon you, that you harken not to my words, Marion?"

The daughter had turned and was walking away from him.

"Marion!" he called. She heeded him not, but retired and left him alone.

On the next morning, she did not appear at the breakfast table, as usual.

"Where is Marion?" the father asked.

"She has not come down yet," replied the servant.

"Perhaps she is ill. Go to her chamber."

A strange fear seized upon the father's heart.

After a few minutes' absence, the servant returned. Marion was not in her chamber, and, to all appearance, had not spent the night there. But there was a letter upon her table. Mr. Librand broke the seal with trembling hands. The letter contained but few words. They, alas! were fatal to his peace. Marion had left her father's house and thrown herself upon the protection of one whom he knew to be base, cruel and corrupt. For a time the sad intelligence stunned the father; but, as soon as he could think clearly what to do, he went forth to seek for his daughter, and, if possible, to save her from the vortex of misery into which she was about plunging herself. He found her the occupant of a suite of rooms at a hotel, and already the wife of the man against whom he had spoken so harshly. She met him with

tears, and earnestly implored his forgiveness for what she had done. But now his heart became steeled towards his child, and he turned from her and left her to her fate.

"Oh! that she had never been born, or that the grave had swallowed her a year, a month, or a week ago. There would have been hope in her death, if she had died, but now there is no hope for her."

Thus mourned the unhappy father, and the voice of his own sorrow softened his heart. But many days elapsed before he relented towards Marion; but he relented too late. Her husband had gone away with her to a southern city.

Years seemed to go by, and he remained a lonely man. No word came from his child. He had sought for her, but his search had been in vain. At last she came home.

He was sitting, sad and solitary, one evening, his thoughts, as usual, upon Marion, when his door opened, and a slender, deeply-veiled figure, dressed in old and faded garments, entered the room. It came slowly forward, then paused and drew aside its veil. His child was before him—his long lost, long mourned Marion. But, oh! how changed. The round, smooth, warmly blushing cheek—the soft blue eyes, beaming with love and light—the delicate mouth, so full of tenderness, and so sweet with smiles, were no longer there. Thus shrunken and pale were all her features; and the child-like, loving innocence that was in her eyes, had departed. She did not smile; there was no light in her face; but, instead, she gazed with a cold, fixed look, at her father.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, starting up. But, as he approached, she retreated a step or two; while her eyes, in which burned a strange lustre, were fixed intently, and he felt sternly, upon him.

"Marion!" said the father again, "Marion! Are you my long-lost child? or has a demon come to mock me?"

A sudden change passed over the face of Marion. There was a bitter smile upon her lips, and her eyes flashed.

"Heaven knows I am not an angel," she said; "though, if you had not cast me off at my first disobedience, I ought still to have been as innocent as when my mother died and left me, her only legacy, in your hands. What I have suffered, God only can tell! Scores of times have I sat, in the dark and chilly night, upon the door-stone of this my father's house,

and wept—wept that the past, with its innocence and joy, had departed for ever; and then, with a softened heart, I have risen to ask admission to the old house; but the remembrance of your words would come back, and I have turned away. Oh! it is a cruel thing for a father to turn away from his child, as you turned from me, for her first wrong step. I erred—fatally erred; but that error was a light one to those into which I have since fallen, when alone in my weakness, and under circumstances of strong temptation. I had no father, no friend to whom I could fly for counsel or succor. A sheep in the midst of wolves, and the shepherd far away, is it any wonder that I fell?"

The father shrunk back a pace or two; his heart seemed as if it would rend with anguish. He covered his face with his hands, and murmured—

"Oh, that she had died in her beauty and innocence!"

There was the silence of death in the room. For minutes he remained thus shutting out the blasting image of his fallen child, every moment expecting to hear other and more dreadful words. But all remained still as the grave. Slowly, at length, he removed his hands and looked up.

The loving eyes of Marion, so full of truth and innocence, were looking calmly upon him, and the lips of the blessed image, parting in a gentle smile, seemed as if about to speak. Mr. Librand was not standing on the floor, but was seated where he sat, when, but a short time before, he had looked at the picture of his child, and murmured—

"Oh! that those lips had language."

He had awakened from a fearful dream.

"Thank God!" he said, fervently, so soon

as he felt really assured that Marion had indeed gone down to her grave, pure and innocent.

For a long time, with his eyes cast upon the floor, did the merchant sit and think. What the character of his thoughts was, may be inferred from the audible utterance of these words:

"Yes, yes. Let me say it from the bottom of my heart, *Thy will be done;*" and his eyes were lifted involuntarily upward. "She has been taken from the evil to come, and I will be thankful."

On the next day, as Mr. Librand was walking towards his place of business, he started, involuntarily, at meeting the very man he had seen in his dream. There was a young and gaily dressed lady on his arm. The merchant sighed as he passed on; and then he remembered that this very man had, on several occasions, shown more than a mere polite attention to Marion. A shudder went through him; but this was as quickly succeeded by a most profound and thankful acknowledgment of the truth, that all things are under the direction of an infinitely wise and good God, and that without Him not a sparrow falls to the ground.

"Thy will be done," was again the almost spontaneous utterance of his lips and heart.

From that time the merchant was changed. The old family pew was no longer vacant on the Sabbath, nor was the expression of his face so cold and stern as it had been since the death of his child. That just what he had seen in his dream would have taken place had Marion lived, he did not believe; but he received the vision as a full explanation of the bereaving providence, and ever after felt satisfied that Marion had been taken at the fittest moment.

THE VESPER BELL.

BY MARIA E. BISBEE.

The bell is tolling, vesper hour,
And all confess its magic power;
Through rock and glen it steals along,
While echo still the sounds prolong.
See you not the children stealing,
Around their mother softly kneeling?
With hands and eyes uplifted there,
They whisper forth their evening prayer.

Oh! dear to me is the vesper hour,
When seated in our orange bower!
The perfume wafted by the breeze—
The dew drops glittering on the trees—
The balmy air, so mild and clear—
Ah! these to memory still are dear.
Some tell the pleasure of pomp and power;
Far dearer to me is the Vesper Hour.

THE EMIGRANTS;

OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

It was just about the hour of noon, on a clear winter's day, when a staunch vessel, which had weathered several severe Atlantic storms, approached, with all sails set, the noble harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. The ship was literally crowded with passengers; young and old, rich and poor, joyful and sad; a heterogeneous mass of human beings. Upon the quarter-deck stood many a merry group, who, having just thrown aside their motley sea-attire, and dressed themselves in clean and wholesome shore equipments, could scarcely restrain the buoyancy of spirits called forth by the occasion. Many, after a longer or shorter sojourn in foreign lands, were now returning home to greet their numerous friends; while others were eagerly anticipating the pleasure of a speedy introduction to novel scenes, and new, and perchance valuable acquaintances.

The pilot, who was to conduct the vessel over the somewhat dangerous bar at the entrance of the harbor, had jumped aboard from his little craft, about an hour before, and was now strutting to and fro with a consequential air, in all the pride of his brief though absolute authority; issuing his incessant orders in a voice so stentorian, that it might have been mistaken for the thunder of great Jupiter himself.

But neither with the passengers of the quarter-deck, nor with the consequential, round-bodied little pilot, has this veracious history anything to do; and therefore, turning our backs, as civilly as may be, upon *le bon ton* of the vessel, let us straightway introduce ourselves into the steerage, and look about us there, as well as the darkness will allow. We propose not to favor our readers with any specimens of "high life below stairs," "romance in humble life," or the like; but intend to deliver "a plain, unvarnished tale," and relate circumstances none the less interesting for being natural and unembellished.

In the gloomy recesses of the steerage, a scene of the same nature with that which had been already enacted in the cabin, was now going forward, only in an aggravated form. There was scrubbing and scolding, there was combing and cursing, there was dressing and drubbing. Obstreperous little ones, who evidently did not understand the character of the times upon which they had fallen, nor comprehend the reasons why they should not still be allowed to enjoy their liberty, and revel in their accustomed filth, gave loud and hearty tokens of their wounded sensibilities, and danced, and kicked, and screamed, with continually increasing vigor, battling manfully for their hitherto accorded rights, and disputing heroically every inch of ground.

Yet, amid this scene of dire confusion, there were some calm hearts, and composed, though care-worn countenances. There was one family, consisting of seven persons, which a discriminating observer would immediately have singled out from all the rest. Amid the general turmoil, their quiet demeanor, and the look of lofty resignation which sat upon their faces, could not fail to attract, nay, even to rivet the attention of the bystander. We shall, for the sake of convenience, bestow upon them the fictitious name of Clarke. There were, as I have said, seven persons; the father and mother, one daughter of seventeen, and four boys, of the ages of nine, seven, four, and two years, respectively. They were an Irish family, possessing all the lofty enthusiasm of their countrymen, together with more than a common share of quiet, unpretending fortitude. The mother was one of a thousand, for, though the father was by no means destitute of a strong and lofty tone of character, she it was, especially, who, like a ministering angel, comforted them in sorrow, strengthened them in weakness, and aroused them in despondency. Possessing

naturally a superior mind, she had secured for herself a remarkably solid education, and thus appeared far above the humble station in which she was now moving. She was the main-stay of the family—their unyielding bulwark. We shall hereafter learn the secret of her success.

Among these passengers there was yet another of a somewhat different stamp, but our history includes him likewise. Patrick Mulligan was a free-hearted, open-handed, high-souled young man; a genuine Irishman; unsuspecting and imprudent, possessing far more heart than head, more heartiness than heedfulness. You could not help liking Patrick, as you looked upon his open, ruddy, Irish face; and, especially, as you gazed into his round, clear, Irish eye—that peculiar eye so characteristic of the nation—the heart of the spectator, if he had a heart, would unconsciously warm towards him. In his own country, he had been a neighbor of the Clarkes, and now, both father and mother being dead, he had joined their fortunes, and was watched over and cared for by Mrs. Clarke, as if he had been her own dear son. She found him wild and wayward, it is true; but what cannot judicious kindness accomplish? It was Mrs. Clarke's fervent belief that nothing could stand before it; that no heart, however wickedly disposed, could resist its constant influence. We must add that Patrick Mulligan was the undeclared lover of Bridget Clarke.

And now, behold the vessel arrived; all her passengers ashore; all quietness, where, so late, confusion reigned supreme. The Clarke family, with young Mulligan, had domesticated themselves in obscure lodgings in that portion of the city called "the Neck." Nor were they without their sufferings. A succession of misfortunes had befallen them, both before and since they had left their country; bad crops, long sicknesses, and corresponding doctor's bills, deaths, and funeral expenses; and finally, shipwreck, with its terrible losses—all these had come upon them; so that now they found themselves in a strange land, destitute of even the necessaries of life.

But they lost no time and wasted no strength in complaining; this would have been madness, and, so far from helping them out of their troubles, would have been an infinite aggravation to them. If work was anywhere to be had, they were determined to find it; and when they had found it, faithfully and cheerfully to do it. But where were they to procure employment? To whom were they to apply? It was not the

case in Charleston, as in the northern cities, that the poor, in their extremity, could wend their way to intelligence offices, and perchance find employment. So they knew not what steps to take. "But, at any rate," said they among themselves, "we can but try." "The man who tries," said Mrs. Clarke, "has already more than half succeeded." Accordingly, one morning, after a poor and scanty breakfast, Mr. Clarke and Patrick sallied forth together in search of work.

Meanwhile, the mother took her seat upon a log by the empty fire-place—for chair or fire had they not—and patiently darned and patched the whole long morning through, occasionally raising her eyes to give a look of encouragement to Bridget and the boys, who were poring over a few tattered books, and trying their best to teach, and to be taught. By and by, the allotted tasks being over, the boys threw aside their books, and tried, for their mother's sake, to get up one of their old merry plays. Still the morning wore heavily away. The sensation of hunger is no very pleasant one, and this, considering what they had eaten for the three preceding days, they could not help feeling. Yet hope whispered to them all, "By and by our absent ones will return, and who knows what good tidings they may bring!" Twelve o'clock arrived—they could plainly hear the strokes of a neighboring clock—one, two, three o'clock had come, and they had not returned. Mrs. Clarke looked pale and exhausted, but calmly resolute. No human eye could discern the conflict in her soul, the obstinately intruding anxieties, the frightful imaginings, nor the strong resolving, the earnest petitioning. She pressed her pale lips closely together, and strove to smile.

At length, at nightfall, came the wanderers home. But they brought nothing with them, nothing—not even hope; and Mrs. Clarke was obliged, as usual, to console and encourage them all. "Never mind," said she, "let us go supperless to bed; we may get something to do to-morrow."

"Always to-morrow, always to-morrow!" said her husband, quite impatiently, as he sat on one end of the log and buried his face in his hands. "To-morrow will not help us to live to-day." The children, poor little creatures, controlled themselves as long as they could; but hearing now their father's complaining tones, they all began to cry, though silently, and without any petulance.

"You had better go to the baker's at the corner, father," said Mrs. Clarke, addressing her husband; "tell him frankly our sufferings, and entreat him, for the love of Heaven, to let us have a loaf to keep the children from starving. Tell him we'll be sure to pay him some time or other, for God has not forsaken us, and we'll come out of this trouble yet."

"Mother, I cannot," replied the husband; "the dark hour is on me now, and I haven't the heart to speak to a human being."

"Well, I have," said Mrs. Clarke, soothingly, and yet decidedly. "I'll go to the baker's myself. Sit you there, honey, and do what you can to keep the children warm. Don't cry, darlings; mother'll come back soon, and, may be, fetch a loaf of bread with her."

So saying, she departed, wrapping, ere she went, an old blanket shawl around the two youngest children, as they sat huddled together on the floor. Many prayers went with her, for, as I said before, she was the ministering angel of the family, and always inspired them with strength for the present, and hope for the future. It was Saturday night, and there was a crowd in the baker's shop; but she resolutely entered, and took her stand to wait her turn for being served. There was that about her, however, which at first sight inspired respect, and so the shopman soon addressed her with, "Well, madam, what will you have?"

"I would have bread for my starving children," replied the woman; "but I have no money. Let me have some bread," she continued, her voice beginning to falter, "let me have some for the love of Heaven, and I'm sure we'll be able to pay you hereafter. If not, God will reward those who help the needy."

The shopman looked at her sternly, and shook his head, but he quailed before the searching, agonized glance of her eye. "No," he said at length; "I work hard to support my own family, and I have nothing to give to beggars."

Mrs. Clarke replied firmly, though without the slightest appearance of resentment, "I am no beggar, sir; I ask you for bread, with a promise of future payment, if not from us, from Heaven." She spoke with all the eloquence of unmitigated agony, and her eye kindled, as she raised her thin pale hand in unconscious excitement with the earnestness of her speech. The crowd had gathered round her, and were watching the scene with the most intense interest; for there is something in genuine feeling which

at once finds its way to the universal human heart.

The baker seemed to waver in his stern resolution, and laid his hand upon a loaf of bread, which stood upon the shelf; but his evil genius was soon again at work.

"I cannot do it," at length he said. "I've been imposed upon so many times that I have been obliged to make a rule not to give to people whom I do not know. I would not be doing justice to my family if I gave a loaf of bread to everybody that chose to ask for it."

Mrs. Clarke said nothing for a moment, but at length she replied:

"Oh, sir! may you never know what it is to ask for a morsel in God's name, and be refused. But, sir," she continued, "I cannot even now believe that you are in earnest; I cannot think that you will let us starve! For the love of God, do not send me empty away."

She had conquered! The baker took three large loaves from his shelf, and handed them to her, while she, with her eyes now full of tears, could only articulate:

"God bless you, sir."

Heaven helps those who help themselves. As Mrs. Clarke turned to leave the shop, more than one kind hand was stretched forth with its offering. Some offered money, and some offered bread. Having enough for present necessities, she declined these offerings with many thanks; "but," added she, "we are strangers, and do not know where to get employment; if you can help us to get work, we will thank and bless you." And then, having given information where they could be found, in case any one had work to give them, such work as could be done by men, women, or children, she bowed kindly to all around her, and quickly sought her home.

Over the short space between the baker's shop and her humble dwelling she rather flew than walked. Oh, what relief and joy she was carrying to her household! How quickly the children dried their tears and ran to ease her of her precious burden!

"God is always with you, mother," said her husband. "What is the reason you never fail in that which you set out to do?"

"Because, father," she replied, "I endeavor to be always sure that I am doing what is right, and that assurance gives me courage. I nearly came home to-night, though, without any bread."

"But you put your trust in God, mother,"

said the husband, "and made another trial; wasn't that the way?"

"Yes I have strong faith in God, and in man too," replied the wife. "It is because we do not expect to find goodness in our fellow-men, and do not encourage its development, that we no oftener find it. In more senses than one I believe that 'he that seeketh, findeth.' If a man seeks for evil in his fellow-men, he is sure to find it; and, on the other hand, if he seeks and expects goodness, that finds he likewise. I would not lose my faith in human nature for the world; it has carried me through many a discouraging encounter. But I never yet have found the heart that had not some soft, tender spot about it, which could be reached by judicious means."

"You never gave me up, Mrs. Clarke," chimed in Patrick Mulligan, munching meanwhile a crust of bread. "You never gave me up, though everybody else did. If it had not been for your unwearied patience, your kindness, your trust in me, when there seemed so little ground for trust, where would I be now? what would I be? Oh, Pat, my darlin'! ye owe ivrything to Mrs. Clarke!"

"I begin to think you are right, mother," said Mr. Clarke, "in thinking better of men than I do; I begin to think your philosophy is a sounder one than mine; at all events, it brings

forth better fruits. I have some faith in God, but very little, I confess, in men."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Clarke, "I'll tell you how I reason about it. Man was originally made in the image of his Creator, and it becomes us to do all we can to restore that lost or hidden likeness. Now, I am constantly on the watch for it. I believe it is there, though so unquestionably dimmed, nay, though almost effaced. By continually addressing myself to the principle of goodness, if there is the smallest remnant of it left, I am sure to find it. We are now in a strange land; but, I tell you, we shall find friends, and rise yet out of this gloomy abyss into which we seem to have fallen. I am sure of it; even this night I have seen indications of it, and, depend upon it, on Monday morning some of those kind persons I saw in the baker's shop will come to offer us employment, and the means of living.* Ah! my children!" she continued, turning to the interesting group, who, having satisfied their appetites, were gazing earnestly into their mother's speaking countenance—"Ah, my children! the secret of all the success I have ever had in life has been my faith in God and in my fellow-men; and just so far as I have lost this compound, though not inharmonious faith, has my evil star been in the ascendant."

* I am happy to be able to state that these cheering predictions were abundantly verified.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

MOTHER, thy birth-day! Let me bring
 Unto a hallowed shrine,
 The sweetest strain that poets sing
 Upon a theme divine.
 Oh! could an angel tune my lyre,
 E'en as I swept the strings,
 My lips would burn with hallowed fire
 To give Love's tribute wings.

I bless thee, mother, for thy care
 Born with my earliest breath,
 For faith which sanctified thy prayer,
 And love that knows not death.
 I bless thee for each kindly word
 When health adorned my brow,
 For every tone of pity heard
 When sickness bade me bow.

And now that age hath left its trace
 Where once the roses smiled,
 Dearer, far dearer is thy face
 To thy maturer child!
 The past hath shown a heavy cloud
 Which veiled thy spirit's light,
 The young, the beautiful, the proud
 Have left thy longing sight!

But others live to bless thee still,
 To blend thy sacred name
 With prayer and song, while pulses thrill
 To catch the filial flame.
 May the new year that opens to-day
 Grow brighter as it flies!
 Though all thine earthly flowers decay,
 Their perfume never dies. H. J. W.

HANNAH MORE AND MDE. DE STAËL.

BY A SCHOOL GIRL.

EVERY age has had its great men—great in goodness and truth; and every age, too, has had its master-spirits of wickedness, that have scattered error and desolation abroad, some of whom have turned the place that bloomed with the beauty of Eden to a howling waste, as if the sweep of a tornado had passed over it, or the breath of the deadly simoom

The same, on a less imposing scale, is true of woman. While every age has furnished illustrious examples of true greatness in woman, every age has also instances of the most lamentable waste of mind, or unsanctified intellectual greatness. Every being has somewhat in his character of the elements of *real greatness*. The proportion in which these elements combine, and the circumstances which modify them during the changes through which character passes to its full formation, are all that makes the difference.

Hannah More and Mde. De Staël acted an important part in the great drama of human life. One felt that to act *well* her part, was necessary to the perfection of the scene in which she was to appear, and which had some unknown, but real and close connection with the grand coming scene concealed behind the curtain; the other acted for *effect*, to make an *impression*, regardless whether the *tendency* of such impression was to elevate or depress the soul.

Hannah More felt that life was a *relative existence*, and that its value and importance consisted in its relation to eternity; neither did she look at the *eternity* of human existence, in the *abstract* sense, which could give but a faint impression of the number and vastness of the relations of the present life; but *her* conception of life was formed under the conviction of the truth, that the character in the present state is, as it were, a great centre of radiation, and that all the influences of all its actions are deathless as itself—aye, parts of itself,—each of which is a living, moving, acting spirit, meeting contin-

ually, and affecting other spirits—either to pour darkness on their downward course, or to bless by gilding their upward pathway, and by kindling a heavenly radiance around them, that shall shine more and more unto the perfect day, and be reflected back from innumerable points to the centre from which they radiated, so that the whole soul shall be full of light. And this is truth. It is a *law*, that the soul which shuts up itself in itself, like a light in a metallic urn, and casts no light on approaching years, will meet them in starless night; while the soul whose life is one continued blaze of love, sees in perspective ages myriads of other spirits shining like suns by the borrowed light of its own effulgence.

With these views Hannah More marked out her course, feeling that every act and event was a link in the great chain reaching back to the fall of man, and forward to his final redemption; and *her* life was a thread of golden light, and the running sands of her glass were assiduously numbered, and turned to the best possible account.

But Mde. De Staël—*she* seems never to have thought, that upon every moment of life an eternity is dependent—that every moment of life is an instrument by which an eternity of happiness may be secured or lost. *She* seems to have forgotten that in her life she held a fearful, and at the same time a priceless possession, and that He who gave it, with the rich stores of mind she held in trust, would demand an account of her stewardship. While we look upon Hannah More as a polar star, shining with a steady unchanging light in the literary heavens, showing the youthful, unskilled female mariner the direction in which her barque is driven, and how to swing her sails, to escape the reefs and sand-banks that lie in the passage to the highlands of intellectual and moral excellence—we regard Mde. De Staël as a brilliant meteor, which flashes for a little time, dazzles to blindness and disappears, leaving the

weary, storm-tossed mariner in greater darkness than before.

While the voice of Mde. De Staël was seldom heard beyond the silken drapery of the rich saloon, or the cabinet, or her own boudoir, the words of Hannah More were heard as often in the lowliest cottage as in the halls of cedar; she opened the fountains of health to the sick, instruction to the ignorant, truth to the erring, and hope to the stricken in heart.

While one, with impetuous, eagle flight, sought the highest point of honor as her prize, and to be the gaze and admiration of succeeding ages, the other passed beyond the fame of earthly glory, and fixed her eye upon a master prize, far in the distance, even at the end of life, towards which she steadily and untiringly moved, scorning to turn aside for any earthly good, or to grasp the trifles which involved princes, kings and nations, in continual competition. *She* sought that crown of unfading glory in the skies, that harp of gold, from whose strings the fingers of discord have pressed no jarring vibrations.

To one, Fame had a voice, "whose thrilling tone could bid each life-pulse beat" with a swifter, stronger throb; and when she heard the plaudits of a wondering world, she sang—

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame,
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality."

But the other, though she merited and received the plaudits of a world, sought her happiness upon her own quiet hearth-stone, in words of *home-born* love. She had heard the silvery voice of Fame floating over mountains and waters, and had seen its quick gleaming eye, and held its chalice to her lips, and had turned away from all; for she saw that whoever took a draught of *its* cup, took many drops of untold bitterness; she saw that dark clouds lay behind the bright coruscations of its sky; and she heard a sorrowing echo borne upon the next zephyr that followed its clarion-call to earthly immortality. And she said as she turned away,

"A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy—
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
And tender accents that are gone."

She disregarded the allurements of fame, not only because it brought no real happiness, but because a voice had commanded to seek *not*

the honor which cometh from men; and to obey *that* voice was *eternal* life.

While one would sooner have rushed into the embrace of death, than to have seen the laurel wreath, which was to her the most splendid gift of Heaven, laid upon a rival brow, the other humbly kissed the hard brown hand of the peasant girl, who gave with the beaming eye of kindness even the soiled and faded flower which she had worn in her sash through all the labors of the day.

The character and career of Mde. De Staël afford some lessons of emulation, but they have also lessons of strong and imperative caution. She stood on an eminence in literature, in consequence of her genius and circumstances, that few female minds can hope to attain, under the present state of things; but an eminence surrounded with dangers—dangers from which every female should shrink with trembling. She was a most extraordinary and brilliant woman. Perhaps there is nothing more complimentary to her intellectual power and greatness, than the fact, that she made one of the boldest and most ambitious men that ever lived, (Napoleon,) afraid of her.

Oh! who would have such a character? Who would not rather be known to an obscure and humble few, and loved and esteemed in that little circle, than to have her name known to the ends of the earth, as a terror to the most terrific of men? Who would not rather cherish those softer, gentler feminine traits, which grace the writings and life of Hannah More? that character which finds delight in a sunrise or a summer shower, in the opening buds of Spring, or the changing hues of Autumn, in the leaping brooks and singing birds, and all the simple, joyous melodies of nature, in harmony with which the universe itself moves on?

Mde. De Staël certainly exhibits a great deficiency in those qualities which characterize a *true woman*, and her great mental strength and power cannot compensate for the want of these. It is said of her, "Had Mde. De Staël been more fortunate in domestic life, she would have been less exclusively devoted to literature, and would have sought for happiness in the true destiny of a woman."

Although little is known of her domestic troubles, while they excite a sympathy for her, the fact, that they were a snare and temptation, should put those upon their guard who have the slightest tincture of hereditary or constitutional ambition. It is too often the case, that a secret

desire for literary fame is the *first* cause of domestic troubles, and afterwards the troubles become the *assigned* or *imagined* cause of a thirst for distinction. But whatever may have been the *cause*, it seems evident that Mde. De Staël was under the sway of ambition—an insatiable and *masculine* ambition. This is seen in all her works; in her attempts to discuss great and difficult questions, and in her freedom to give her opinion in matters of great moment, with but a very superficial knowledge of them, for which she was severely criticised by all the German scholars; in her affectation of the German style, for which she was reproached by French critics; in her attempts to establish a new political philosophy, which caused dissatisfaction and dislike, both among the republicans and royalists. It is also seen in her efforts to revive an old system of *moral philosophy*, in which she violently attacks the doctrine of *utility*, and advocates that of *sympathy* as the foundation of virtue. It is also seen in the fact, that she could reason upon politics with greater freedom and ability than upon any other branch of philosophy.

It was not so with Hannah More. Her richest reasonings were of “nature’s facts and laws,” and she felt that those “priceless lessons of philosophy, which crowd every leaf and rain-drop, every flower and snow-flake, are of infinitely more value to the fine reflective spirit of woman, than the coarse and chafing armor of philosophic combatants.” And Mde. De Staël seems, *at times*, to have had enough of the woman revived in her, to feel it too; for she says, “Most women whose superior faculties have inspired them with a desire of renown, resemble Herminia clad in warlike armor: the warriors see the helmet, the lance, the glittering plume; expecting to meet with equal strength, they attack violently, and the first blow reaches the *heart*.” True, indeed, *it reaches the heart*. Would that every woman could know how many woman hearts have been riven and torn by this unequal contest—by occupying a place which woman cannot, from the very nature of her constitution, occupy, but at the expense of those numberless sources of happiness which God has opened to her only in domestic life. The good of the world seems never to have been her motive, or to have formed any part of her plan. The whole power of her mind seems to have been directed to the single and *despicable* purpose of establishing for herself a *great name*. One of her reviewers says, “Few books in

modern times, which were not practical, nor scientific, nor directly subservient to the comforts of man, and the purposes of society, have been read so eagerly and universally and known so far as hers.” Look at the words he uses—“not practical, nor scientific, nor subservient to the comforts of man.” For what then *did* she write? To be useful? The same reviewer says, “The *moral* in some of her works has been regarded as loose, and in *all* as bordering on extravagance and mysticism.” Another says of her works, “Their morality is, or rather is not, very questionable.” Another, “The subject of religion is introduced in her works rather for effect, than with the intention of exciting a lively and practical belief in its great truths.” And all the known facts in her case seem to favor the justice of these opinions. It is related, by a cotemporary and friend of Mde. De Staël, that upon one occasion having gone with the beautiful Mde. Recamier, on a pleasure excursion on the lake of Geneva, a storm came on, and the party narrowly escaped being drowned. “What a paragraph,” exclaimed Mde. De Staël, “this might have been for a newspaper! With what *effect* the editor might have said, ‘The most beautiful woman in the world, and the most talented woman of the age, have perished at the same moment.’” Will it ever be said that one who could remark so indifferently of so near an approach to the grave, could have, in her character, any element of that religion which makes a just estimate and a wise appropriation of life? Is it mere passive abuse? Does any one think Hannah More would have spoken thus? And yet nothing could be more like Mde. De Staël. And how *could* she, to whom the great work of life was to secure an imperishable name, value the moments which were prolonged beyond the period at which she viewed the work of life as done? How could *she* look into the measureless vista of eternal ages, and trace the cause of some mighty but evil change, back to the dreamy trifles with which she hurried through this life? And even were this power given her, how could *she* bring up tears of penitence from the soul’s depths, whose heart moved only to the song of festal glee or the full trumpet tones of fame? How could *she*, whose eye was dimmed with the dust of earthly courts, wake visions in her soul of the glory of the heavenly courts, of which the countless stellar suns that glitter in the veil of night, are but the dust that lies between the gems of its jeweled pavements?



MOUNT OF OLIVES, FROM THE WALL OF JERUSALEM

Engraved Expressly for this Work, by W. Wellstood.

POPE PIUS IX. AND ITALY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE most engrossing affair of Europe at present, is the attitude the Roman Pontiff has assumed, and the probable result both to himself and Italy. Those acquainted with history, are aware of the iniquitous partition made of Italy after the downfall of Napoleon. The allied sovereigns assembled in Vienna, regarded it as so much common plunder. Venice and Milan were given to Austria; Modena sliced off for an Austrian prince who had usurped the name of Este; while the wife of Napoleon, as the daughter of Austria, had Parma. A Bourbon had a life interest in Modena, and Genoa was treacherously given over by England into the hands of Piedmont. The Pope was allowed to retain possession over about 18,117 Roman square miles, containing a population of 2,500,000. Over this he rules as absolute king. So heavy have been his oppressions, that his kingdom has been reduced to bankruptcy. The revenue has amounted to only \$10,000,000, one quarter of which was expended in mere collection. The public debt increased so fast, that constant loans were necessary, until at length the government securities have all been used up, and the Pontiff has been compelled to mortgage his palaces at Rome. The legates and delegates ruling the several provinces, have been notoriously dishonest and corrupt; even magistrates could be bought, while men could be imprisoned *ad infinitum* on mere suspicion. Six thousand are computed to be incarcerated every year, or one out of every four hundred of the population.

Now, when we add to all these the rigorous censorship of the press, the espionage of the police, and the relentless persecution of men for their political opinions, to say nothing of the oppressive taxes and discouragement of all industry, we cannot be surprised at the bitter feelings manifested by the people towards the Pope. The stream of all their troubles is traced directly to the pontifical throne. At the feet of the holy father have hitherto sunk all their

hopes and happiness. I was surprised to find the common people nourishing such hostility to the Pope. Said I to a vettura driver, that I had hired for several days, "To-morrow is the day for the grand benediction of the Pope from St. Peters." With an indignant look he replied, "It is not a benediction, it is a *malediction*." So at the close of the pageantry of holy week, as I was standing and admiring the fire-works of St. Angelo, ordered by the Pope, I entered into conversation with a well-dressed man, who astounded me with his open contempt of the Pope. When the grand eruption from the top of the castle took place, accompanied with the roar of cannon, masses of flame, and vast columns of smoke, I remarked, it resembled the infernal world. "Yes," said he, with a sneer, "hell is Rome now-a-days." After all was over, I turned away saying, "It is finished." "Yes," he replied, with the same withering sarcasm, "another day of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It is not to be supposed from this that the Pope has been worse than the other sovereigns of Italy; he has simply been just like them—one of them—and a mere creature of Austria. In Genoa, spies of government dog your footsteps day and night; and every family is required to report to the head of police in the morning, the name of any person, not a member of it, who chances to sleep there over night, on pain of imprisonment.

All over Italy, as a man said to me in Rome, in answer to some inquiries respecting the Pope, "a person who lives here, must wear a bandage over his eyes and a seal on his lips." A corrupt sovereign, corrupt priesthood, corrupt courts, corrupt officials—half of them pardoned banditti—everywhere make a mockery of justice, religion and human suffering. The strong hand of power has been crushing the life out of Italy, and hence have arisen the endless conspiracies which have resulted only in filling Austrian prisons with victims and ships with exiles.

Now it is evident, from this meagre outline, that such a state of things could not long exist. There is a limit to all oppression, a point where desperation begins and revolutions follow. Pope Gregory was a tool of Austria, and too stupid to perceive, or too timid to prevent, the bankruptcy and fast approaching ruin of his kingdom, let oppression take its course. But the present Pontiff, on coming into power, has had the sense to discover his true position, and taken the only course by which to allay the smothered fires of rebellion, that were burning portentously under his throne. He knew the state of the public feeling—that everything was rife for an outbreak; and had Cardinal Lambruschini, the old Pope's chief minister, been elected in his place, there doubtless would have been a convulsion that would have overturned the Papal throne, or ended in a general massacre of the people. But Pope Pius took his seat, and a calm—the calm of expectation and of anxiety—followed. He was surrounded with difficulties—a bankrupt and impoverished kingdom, a suffering and maddened people on the one side, and the power of Austria on the other. To act for the people would bring down on him the armies of Austria—to act for Austria, the wrath of the people. A few days after his election, he abolished the secret tribunal for political offenders; he next composed a council of cardinals, to hear on a certain day the grievances of any one who chose to come; and finally ordered a private letter-box to be affixed to the Vatican, in which all could drop their complaints and petitions. Still the people scarcely knew what to believe: these might all be simply strokes of policy to allay popular indignation. He next dismissed Cardinal Lambruschini, but this thing only awakened deeper anxiety; until at length his course seemed to be clearly pronounced, when he granted a general amnesty to all political offenders. Rome stood thunder-struck at this bold movement. The prisons, with their six thousand annually incarcerated victims, threw open their doors. Exiles in every part of the world were permitted to return. Almost every family in Rome had some connection, or friend, or acquaintance, either a prisoner or exile; and hence the sudden joy which followed. The city was moved to its centre; and lo! the crowd went rushing with shouts to the Capitoline hill, and streamed in dark masses into the arena of the Coliseum, with torches and songs—and the shouts from the Capitol, and the shouts from the Coliseum, met over the old

Roman forum, startling the night-bird from his retreat amid the ruins of Cæsar's golden palace, while the ivy on the ruins around them rustled to the breath of joy. At three o'clock in the morning, this vast throng stood under the balcony of the Pope's palace, and made its massive walls ring with "Long live Pius IX.!" The Pope rose and looked on the sea of heads beneath him, and away on Rome blazing with illuminations; and as the deafening shouts died away, he stretched forth his hands and, with tears streaming from his eyes, blessed the people, who received it with tears and blessings in return. The next day, as he was returning home in his carriage, the people blocked the passage, and detaching the horses, themselves drew him home amid acclamations of joy. Various reforms followed this: he lessened the taxes; reformed many abuses; opened the library of the Vatican; disbanded the police of the last Pope; declared that no man should be persecuted for his political opinions; abolished many of the secret tribunals; modified the criminal code; set on foot measures to instruct the lower classes in the different provinces; allowed philanthropic societies to be established; and gave individual enterprise more scope. He removed also the rigorous censorship of the press, and immediately a host of papers were started in Rome, some scientific and some political. It is not to be supposed that Austria would behold all this with indifference, or that her emissaries or bigoted and despotic cardinals and priests would submit in silence to such great changes. Remonstrance after remonstrance was made—threats mingled with petitions flooded the Papal palace; but still the resolute Pontiff held his way. Once only he faltered, and that was in restoring the severe censorship of the press, which he the next day, at the remonstrance of four hundred printers assembled before his palace, again removed.

On one holiday, the Austrian ambassador, wishing to disturb the harmony existing between the Pontiff and his subjects, sent word to the former, that it would not be safe for him to appear in public, as the people were exasperated against him. The Pope immediately sent messengers to ascertain whether it were so, and finding it to be false, boldly sallied forth on foot and mingled in the crowd. The people appreciated his confidence in them, and made the heavens ring with their acclamations and shouts of "Courage! courage! Pius IX. Fear not Austria—trust to your people."

Soon after, conspiracies were set on foot to assassinate the Pope, which proved abortive. Last July, on the day set apart to celebrate the amnesty, a general massacre of the friends of reform was to take place, and the person of the Pope was to be seized and conveyed to Naples. In the midst of the general joy, the armed conspirators were, at a given signal, to draw their daggers and rush on the liberals. This infernal scheme, which embraced cardinals and priests, was fortunately discovered in time; and a national guard was established, in which all were eager to enroll themselves. Formerly the Papal army numbered but 14,000 men, while the navy consisted of two frigates, two war-steamers, and a few gun-boats: now the Pontiff has a large force at his disposal; at his bidding an army of 60,000 men have sprung into existence. In the mean time, the Austrian army entered Ferrara, one of the Papal provinces, and looked threateningly towards Rome. The Pope remonstrates against this, and the people are fierce for open hostilities. Thus matters stand, while plans for the improvement of the people are daily progressing. Railroads are in contemplation, and the avenues of trade and commerce thrown open.

Now in all this, it would be unfair to say that the Pope has been actuated alone by motives of policy. He is, doubtless, a more liberal and a better man than his predecessor. He himself had a brother in exile; and as a missionary formerly to Chili, and afterwards to Buenos Ayres, he has learned, like Louis Philippe, to regard the rights of the people, and respect their feelings and their wants.

Still policy has had much to do with the course he has taken. His travels in the new world opened his eyes to truths that it became him to recognize; and he saw plainly, that the Pontiff of 1847 could not be the despot that a former age tolerated. But amid the general excitement with which the unexpected liberality of Pius IX. is hailed, we must not lose sight of the actual state of things. The Pope has done much; but with all his reforms, his government is still a despotic one. A criminal code is there in force, and municipal and provincial laws, and a censorship of the press, and an exercise of arbitrary power, which, if applied even to the monarchy of England, would cause a revolution that all the standing armies of the world could not arrest. To read some of the papers of this country, and listen to some of the public speeches, one would imagine that Pius IX.

wished of all things to establish a republican form of government, and lacked only the ability; while in truth I suppose there is not a government on the earth, for which he has such a supreme and hearty contempt, as for this same republic of the United States. He, as well as every other monarch of Europe, except Louis Philippe, is in absolute ignorance of this country and its resources. As a Catholic said in New-York the other day, he regards this country simply as missionary ground. South America ranks far higher in his estimation, than the United States; and I can affirm from personal experience, that this is almost the universal opinion of Italy. When America is mentioned, the Italians always think South America is intended. So true is this, that nine-tenths of all the emigration from Italy—and it is extensive—is to South America; and all her commerce is also with that country. There are but few papers in Italy, and those never speak of us but to disparage us; while our literature is entirely shut out, on account of its republican tendency. Independent of all this, the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe, to a man, regard a *republican* form of government as the most uncertain, unstable, that could be devised. They look upon our experiment as already proved a failure, and consider it settled that we shall soon break to pieces. Nor is this strange, when we remember that the majority of our own ablest statesmen believe that this Union will not remain entire forty years to come. Much less should they, educated to believe in a monarchical form of government, and judging of the mass of men everywhere by the ignorant, depraved and lawless multitudes that compose their own population, have any confidence in the permanence and stability of our institutions. The sovereignty of the people is to them the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution. I make this statement simply to say, that we should guard against enacting follies, that will only bring down on us contempt and ridicule.

A short time since, a public meeting was called in New-York, to express sympathy for the Italians. This was right and proper; but not content with manly resolutions, an address was read to the Pope, and voted to be sent to his Holiness, and it has gone, printed on elegant parchment. This address, written by the Editor of the *Tribune*, was well-meant but most ill-advised. Ignorant of European governments—of the policy of European statesmen—of Italy—he was not the man to draw up such a

letter. That ridiculous epistle addresses the Pope in a tone of patronizing sympathy, taking the ground that he wishes to establish a constitutional government; and calls on him to look upon us, for a bright example to cheer him on. It bids him not fear the despots around him, for we sympathize with him. In the first place, the Pope will regard this movement in New-York as we, should a mass-meeting in the Sandwich Islands, voting us a complimentary letter. He will answer it kindly, patronizingly, and cautiously. Such an address is wrong, whichever way you take it. If the Pope really meditated the establishment of a constitutional government, nothing would embarrass him more than such an epistle, and nothing tend more to defeat his purpose; for the very statesmen who now uphold him in his reforms would desert him, and not a government could be found in Europe but would be arrayed against him. If he has no such scheme or wish, but regards all such notions as "Utopian" and senseless, we shall appear simply ridiculous in his eyes. It will be mortifying to the American traveller hereafter, to have that address flung in his face on the continent. The distinguished gentlemen who composed this meeting were not to blame, for they could not reject it without occasioning discord. Delicacy and fear of trouble prompted them to let it pass; but ignorance and vanity should never be allowed to hold us up to ridicule. The manner in which that letter will be received, may be gathered from the following extracts of the Pope's recent speech to his new Council of State, compared with parts of it. That address says: "We know that you must have already resolved to encounter the untiring hostility and dread of all the unjust or tyrannical rulers, who assume to lord it over any portion of the fair Italian peninsula." This will be news to the Pope, who has already struck hands with the King of Sardinia, one of the most unmitigated despots of Europe. And again: "Short as our national life has been, it has already demonstrated to every thoughtful man, the immense superiority of liberty to despotism," &c.

The Pope regards it as having demonstrated right the reverse. In his address to his

new Council, referring to just such sentiments as these, he says he means to act for the good of his subjects, but "*without retrenching in any degree the sovereignty of the Pontificate;*" and he says further, that he has called that Council of State solely to aid him in "his sovereign resolutions, in which he shall *consult his conscience.*" That is, I want you to understand that I am absolute sovereign here, and intend to reign as such. My will is to be *law*; and all I wish of you is to aid me in carrying out that will. That sovereignty, he expressly states, they are not to meddle with; as he intends (to use his own language) to transmit it "full and entire" as he received it. And still further on he says, they "*err materially* who should see anything else in the creation of the Council of State;" or dream, as he emphatically remarks, that it was designed to be "the realization of *their own Utopias.*" He takes fire at the mere insinuation that he means to give the people power, or weaken, in any way, the absolute sovereignty he wields. He does not object to despotisms, but he does not wish to have his own interfered with. The Pontiff of Rome is to be as supreme as the Emperor of Austria; and he wishes all to understand that he has no intention of weakening that supremacy, but, as a conscientious despot, not to abuse it. *He* designs to rule *well*, but yet to rule *alone*. This is his decision, expressed before all the world; and now, how will our congratulations, that he is endeavoring to give Italy a liberal and constitutional government, be received? I venture to say, that when that address is received by the Pope and his Council, it will be regarded as the maddest, craziest thing that ever met their eyes. I have thus spoken of this address, because it gives one a better idea of the movements and plans of the Pope than anything else. A comparison of our opinions with his is sure to set us right, and give us a clearer insight into the principles and spirit of the Pontifical government than a dry and detailed account of all the departments and their branches, with their separate relations and powers.

CHAPTER II.

THE Pope regards such schemes as we have been entertaining as Utopian, and promises only to use the power with which he is invested conscientiously, not surrender a fraction of it. Do not consider me as speaking this to his discredit. How can he be otherwise than an absolute monarchist? His education has all been to make him one; and so has been his experience in the ever-shifting, distracted republics of South America. As well might you expect an American, educated a republican, and acquainted only with despotism in its worst forms, to be a despot, as him to be a republican. And more than this, with my knowledge of Italian society, and the policy of European governments, I am free to say, that an attempt at once to establish a republic in Rome, would be the height of madness. The people are not fit for it, any more than the people of Mexico or South America. Who does not believe that a monarchy would have been better for these chaotic States, than the endless civil wars and military rule under which they have suffered?

But suppose the people intelligent and virtuous, would a republic be tolerated? Not for an hour. No great republic will ever rise in the heart of Europe without rising out of a sea of blood, and being cemented by the blood of its haughty sovereigns. Look at France: the moment the head of Louis the XVI. rolled on the scaffold, all Europe rose like one man, and moved down on the bewildered republic to crush it. What! kings be decapitated, and republics rise on their shattered thrones? No; self-defence compelled them to direct their united strength upon it, and arrest the experiment in its commencement. Even France, one of the most powerful of the European States, could not stand, though she had one of the greatest leaders that ever entered a battle field, to head her armies: she fell at last, overpowered by numbers; and the allied powers put a king of their

own choosing on the throne. Poland fell, though for a while victorious. Under the shadow of their capital, within sight of its towers and walls, crowded with their mothers, wives and children, her sons strove with almost superhuman might, to maintain their freedom, and rolled back the Russian thousands over the borders. Yet, under European diplomacy and European villany, she sunk at last; and her patriotic sons crowd the mines of Siberia.

Switzerland has just made an effort to be free; and already the plenipotentiaries of Central Europe are hastening to the victorious army, to bid it pause in its career, or the tread of French, and Prussian, and Austrian legions will be heard on her soil. The whole policy of Europe is to keep out the leaven of republicanism—it is their great danger. The French Revolution came well nigh upsetting every throne: another such a whirlwind would scatter their crowns so that they could not be gathered up again. In view of the case, what prospect would there be of succeeding, should the Pope attempt to establish a republican form of government? None. But take another view of it. Independent of the rest of Europe, what is there in Italy to give hope of success? Great and enthusiastic hopes are expressed that the day of Italy's regeneration is at hand. This I deem a great mistake, resulting from ignorance of the condition of the country. Suppose the Pope wished it, and the European powers would permit it, and a republic should be established in Rome, how would that affect the rest of Italy? It must be remembered that the Papal States compose only a portion of the peninsula; and over the remaining portion the Pope has no more power than the President of the United States. Take first the southern portion, including the kingdom of Naples and the two Sicilies. There have been recent outbreaks, and symptoms of a revolution: so there always have been, and we have seen the

attempt for a while successful ; but the kingdom fell back again into its former state. Should that now succeed, the Pope would not dare assume the control. He has no more right to it, or authority over it, than he has over Ireland. And whatever he might be allowed to do with his own kingdom, he would not be permitted to touch it. France, Austria, and England, would each like to possess that portion of Italy ; but those who maintain the balance of power on the Continent would immediately interfere. Russia looks with a covetous eye on Turkey ; but the moment she reaches out her hand, the growl of the English lion compels her to withdraw it, and, strong as she is, she dare not carry out her wishes. And let the Pope undertake to control any portion of Italy, and his crown would not be worth the picking up. There are demonstrations of the people in various parts of Italy, and the name of the Pope is the watchword ; but not because they expect to unite under him—it is the rallying cry in their own behalf. The duchies of Servia and Modena are mere counties, and not worth taking into the account. Tuscany, the most liberal of the Italian States, maintains, as much as she can, a neutrality ; for the Austrian columns are too near her borders. The north-western portion, including Milan and Venice, are directly under Austrian rule ; and that rule will be maintained at whatever cost. She would allow the Pope to invade her capital as soon as exercise the least power over that part of her dominions. There is only one kingdom left, that of Sardinia, including Piedmont and Genoa. This is the most powerful State of Italy. The king has a standing army of eighty thousand men ; and he, doubtless, on the shortest notice, could bring one hundred and fifty thousand troops into the field ; a powerful force if thrown on the side of the Pope. Great hopes are entertained of him ; for he has declared his sympathy with the Pontiff, and offered his aid. He has also introduced some reforms into his own kingdom ; and when Sardinia shall reach her hand across the peninsula, and clasp that of the Pontiff, in sacred union, the resistance offered to Austria will be formidable.

But who is this Carlo Alberto—King Charles Albert—who has threatened to meet Austria in the field, if she attempts to occupy Ferrara, and has offered his services to Pope Pius IX. ? The veriest despot, traitor, and hypocrite that ever escaped the punishment due his crimes. He himself was once at the head of one of

the most formidable conspiracies ever set on foot for the redemption of Italy. Chief of the Carbonari, he promised constitutional freedom to Italy. That conspiracy counted some of the noblest spirits of the age. But just on the eve of its development, death removed the obstructions between Charles Albert and the throne of Piedmont ; and vaulting into it, he immediately seized the conspirators he himself had seduced into his ambitious plans, and, by imprisonment, banishment, and death, rid himself of his old friends, and became the most hated tyrant in Europe. Added to all this, he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits, and as weak as he is villanous. When I was in Genoa he visited the city ; but, as he passed through the streets, none but the lower classes appeared to do him honor ; and, as he walked from his palace past the university, the students in the porch never took off their hats, but turned their backs upon him. He has proved himself one of the darkest traitors, both to friendship and liberty, that ever disgraced humanity ; and who would trust him again ? He upholds the Pope, offers his aid, and talks loudly of the independence and nationality of Italy. Ah ! “ *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* ” I fear such a man when he brings, and though he brings gifts in his hands. But, it may be asked, what motive has he for the course he adopts ? Three very powerful ones. In the first place, he is hated intensely by his own subjects ; and he knows it, and fears their anger. This dislike he can remove in no way so effectually as by upholding the Pope ; and already has he found his reward ; for, on his last visit to Genoa, the inhabitants flocked by thousands along the road, to cheer him. In the second place, Austria is the only power he has to fear ; she trenches on his borders, and holds him in perpetual alarm ; and he will willingly seize any event that would injure his enemy, and compel him to evacuate Italy. In the third place, in case of any successful hostilities, he could not but enlarge his territory. If, through his instrumentality, Austria should be spoiled of her possessions in Italy, he knows he could dictate his own terms to the Pope ; and rest assured he would be content with nothing less than half of the peninsula. He is the most powerful sovereign in it, and he looks with a covetous eye on those fair portions which the Austrians hold.

But as for wishing the liberty of Italy, or caring anything about its independence and

nationality, except so far as that nationality consists in being under one despotic sovereign, and he that sovereign, he is innocent. Will a man that has been guilty of the darkest crimes that stain our nature, in order to get a throne, advance measures to overturn it? No, no! He is a hypocrite and traitor still, and the people of Italy will yet find it so, to their cost. But there is one other course left—the universal rising of the people, through the length and breadth of the land, and the establishment of a popular government. But can the people withstand their own sovereigns, backed by the powers of Europe? Every attempt has thus far been a failure. Even if they could, the jealousies prevailing between the different provinces and kingdoms are too strong to permit such a union. There are no elements of union in Italy—the whole theory is preposterous. But is there no hope for the regeneration of Italy, in the present movement? None, that I can see. I discern in the conduct of the Pope only a desire to rule his people well, and not tolerate any innovation on his power—indeed, no wish to abridge it. It is sad to say so; it is sad to see the Italian people, who have suffered so long and heavily, expressing the warmest gratitude and love towards their rulers, when they exhibit the least care for them, and yet say that that gratitude is thrown away, that joy premature, and those hopes groundless. How despots can withstand such confidence and offered love, seems strange to us, but so it is. They know from the past, that power, once passed over into the hands of the people, can never be recalled. I have said of Italy what I believe to be true. If any one supposes that my incredulity has grown out of a want of sympathy, he is much mistaken. My heart bleeds for that country, and no one would delight to find me wrong more than myself. But could I convey to others those views which it is impossible to obtain without a residence in Europe, with this very question constantly before their minds, and made a serious study, they would find the reasons I have given have not begun to express the difficulties that lie in the way of the extravagant hopes that are entertained by so many. There are noble spirits in Italy, that would cheerfully die for their country. Many a proud noble in Genoa would send up the shout of freedom, even though it brought the walls of his palace about his ears, could he rouse successful resistance by it.

Still it may be asked, if I suppose oppression

is always to exist. No; it will yet come to an end in Italy, but only as it comes to an end in Europe. Then it will be the *result*, rather than a *cause*—the *product* of convulsions and revolutions in more powerful States. If there be one thing fixed in destiny, it is the steady, resistless progress of the republican principle. Struggle as despots may—surround themselves as they will with all the checks and restraints on popular feeling—bind and torture, and exile and slay, the terrible day of reckoning is slowly advancing. Before this single principle Europe is incessantly pushed forward to the brink of a frightful gulf. On that brink despotism will make its last stand and final struggle. The statesmen of Europe see it and know it, and hope only to defer the day of evil. Come they know it will: as Guizot lately said in the Chamber of Deputies, *All Germany is on fire*. I might, if I had time, prove this, to the full conviction of every mind; but I will only point to Europe now and Europe sixty years ago, as fearful corroboration of what I say. Europe is yet to be set afloat on the turbulent sea of democracy. The French Revolution is but one act in the great tragedy yet to be enacted. That, with Bonaparte at its head, whelmed the continent in blood, and made the knees of every monarch smite together, like Belshazzar's of old. The next shall open under their very thrones, as the French Revolution did under the throne of the Bourbons. The *people* are yet to have the power, and woe then to those who have maddened them. It needs not the ear of prophecy, it requires only the ear of reason, to hear the sound of falling thrones in the future. Fugitive kings are to flit through the realms they have ruined. Now, barrier after barrier is erected, check after check applied, promise after promise made and broken, to arrest the waves of popular feeling; yet they keep swelling higher and higher. Soon the last barrier shall be raised, the last check exhausted, and then the increasing flood will burst over. What is to come of it, I cannot tell. Through the blackness of that approaching storm no eye but God's can pierce. Whether anarchy or constitutional liberty is to spring out of it, He only knows; but the *experiment* of self-government the people of Europe are yet to try. No power can prevent it. Around the ruins of Italy, and the feudal castles of England and Germany, amid the forests of Russia, the struggle of the people with their rulers is to take place. Every man who will sit down to

the study of modern history, with this single fact before him, will turn pale at the conclusion he cannot escape. We may not live to see that struggle, but it is the ghost that haunts at this moment the slumbers of every continental monarch. The scaffold of Charles I., and the guillotine of Louis XVI., are ever present to their imaginations, and make cowards of them all.

In this great movement, Italy will doubtless participate, and the conduct of the present Pope is only another impulse to it. He is doing more than he dreams of—taking steps that can never be retraced; and do now what he will, he cannot, as he says, transmit the pontifical sovereignty full and complete as he received it. His successor must go *onward* or *downward*.

There is one thought, however, worthy of

consideration. Italy, old as she is, has wild land. *One-third* of her surface, through the slight encouragement given to industry, is uncultivated and waste. All along the coast of the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor and Egypt, where once a mighty population was supported, land now lies neglected and idle. Could a free government be established there, with all the privileges enjoyed in this country, the tide of emigration would set *eastward* instead of *westward*. There is the centre of commerce and trade, and it requires only permission to line the Mediterranean with wharves, and cover its sunny shore with thrifty farms, and the stirring sound of commerce. It needs no well-devised plans, and great outlays of nations—it needs only *liberty*, to fill the Mediterranean with emigrants who will reclaim the desert and rebuild the cities of that once glorious land.

WAR.

BY O. S. ST. JOHN.

Among the saddest of all evils sad,
That Heaven's judgment ever sent on earth,
Or hating man inflicts on hated man,
Is *War*—relentless, ruthless, bloody War!
No grave historian yet has truly penned,
Nor grieving poet sung its direful ills.
O War! thou art a cruel, monstrous fiend!
Wholesale murderer! Thy name is Legion!
For numerous is thy train of miseries.
Thou art a gaudy cheat! a glaring lie!
Thy golden-decorated cup is filled
With nauseous, poisoned, deadly draughts.
Thou art a sepulchre—all white without,
Within are dead men's bones and loathsome worms.
Thy streaming banners and thy martial airs,
Thy gilded trappings and thy glittering swords,
Thine epauletted hero's prancing steeds,
Thy lofty boasts and deeds of high renown,
Are but thine outward show—splendid, but false.
It is in War's *unwritten* history,
In those deep, *darkest* lines no pen can trace,
Its true and woful character is drawn.
'Tis writ in sighs, and tears, and blood. 'Tis stamped
On fields made desolate—on hamlets burned—
On towns destroyed—on populous cities sacked!
'Tis heard amid the cannon's roar—the tramp
Of furious, frightened horse—the clash of arms—
The maddened charge of hostile ranks, glowing
With fell revenge, and burning hot with wrath.
And when the battle's o'er and victory won,
'Tis pitiful to hear the groans and cries
That rend the midnight air; to view the ground
All wet with human gore, and strewn with dead;

To see the wounded gasping out their lives,
In writhing throes, and calling out for aid,
Unheeded and unpitied. Oh! 'tis sad
To see the wretched band of mothers, wives,
And sisters, seeking midst the heaps of cold
And mangled corpses, brothers, husbands, sons—
Or grasping in their wild embrace, with loud
And frantic shrieks, the lifeless forms of those
That once they loved. 'Tis pitiful
To see the little weeping orphan girls,
And little weeping orphan boys, and herds
Of weeping, human wretches, War drives out,
To wander, wretched and forlorn, and die,
Amid the rugged paths of life's dark vale!
War snaps the ties that bind us to our race—
Subverts all social life—domestic bliss—
And renders man a monster! All tell us
War is sad—the victor and the vanquished.
The gallant soldier, from the field of strife
Returning, where he bravely fought and bled,
And triumphed o'er his country's foes, exclaims,
With all his laurels on his brow, and praise
Th' admiring crowd bestows, and pageant show:
"My soul is sick of War—its carnage, crime,
Distress, and stern, severe necessities!"
The soldier, dying in a stranger land,
Of wounds received in fight, or fever caught
Amid the arid wastes and putrid heats
Of southern clime—away from home, unsoothed
By yearning mother's anxious, tender care,
Or gentle sister's kindly love—parched
With thirst and racked with pain, and sick at heart,
Exclaims, with panting breath—"Oh, War is sad!"

THE SPECTRE-HAUNTED.

I WAS detained several hours, a few days since, at the house of a patient, and to pass away the time, I took up an old number of Blackwood's Magazine, containing a tale called the "Milkman of Walworth." Whether the singular incidents there detailed ever had any foundation in fact, I know not. They brought, however, to my recollection certain incidents of a very similar character which transpired under my own observation many years since, and which, I doubt not, will be recognized by many of my readers as very familiar to them. Were it not that others, many others, were witnesses of the same facts, they might well be considered, when read, entirely imaginary; and the similarity between the incidents in the case and those related in the Milkman of Walworth, is so great, that, had the latter been originally published in this country, I should have supposed at once that they had their prototype in the individual who is the subject of the following sketch. Yet I can hardly suppose that to be so, and as many of my readers have probably read that tale, I shall notice but briefly those facts in which the resemblance is striking, and detail more at large those portions of the case which are different and occurred at a more recent period than the others.

Everybody who lived in —, twelve years ago, will remember a singular individual who lived there also at that time. He was a tall spare man, of perhaps five-and-forty years, with a bent form, though evidently not from age nor weakness—heavy, scowling, bushy eyebrows, lowering down over and half covering his small, black, and very sharp eyes—a lip that never altered its appearance of being curled in perpetual and unchanging derision and scorn at a large hooked nose and upturned chin, that seemed to be always threatening war with each other whenever his mouth opened and shut—and long, straight, and very black hair, that hung

loose about his temples, and behind from beneath an old hat with a very broad brim. He was never seen in the street, but he held by the hand a boy, perhaps ten years old, and in every respect a very miniature of himself. His walk, which seemed to have become a daily and habitual one, was always the same. Emerging from his house at the top of — street, with the lad grasped firmly by the hand, he pursued his way down the broad and straight avenue, at a steady and rapid pace—his tall form bent forward—his eye fixed on the pavement, and never raised to notice any individual he met—and dragging the child, who was obliged to maintain a brisk trot to keep about a step in his rear. Having reached the end of the avenue, he turned the corner, and a few steps more brought him into — street, at that time the principal business street, and generally thronged from morning till night with a passing and re-passing multitude. Entering this busy thoroughfare, with fixed eye and undiminished speed he threaded his way through the dense crowd, occasionally jostled rudely by some passer-by, but always reaching back to retain his hold of the boy. At the end of this street he passed into a narrow alley, leading down to the canal, and continuing on to the last building in that low and muddy part of the town, he paused, and gazing out for a few moments on the open country beyond, he suddenly turned and retraced his steps, by the same way he had come, to his house. It made no difference what sort of weather it was; in cold and heat—in fair weather, or stormy with rain or snow—in the bitter, piercing winds of winter—there he was to be seen daily, and always dragging along the unresisting boy. No one knew who he was, nor what the boy was to him. He might have been the Wandering Jew, and the lad the latest of his descendants. Nobody knew, and, after a few months from his taking up his residence

there, nobody seemed to care. Strangers would often pause to notice his singular appearance, and cast a look of pity on the sad face of the child, but those who were accustomed to the sight ceased to bestow any regard upon them.

His daily route lay by my office door, and I often had opportunities of seeing him. It would be untrue to say that I felt no interest in the strange individual, nor in the poor, sickly-looking boy, who was always his companion. I made no little effort to learn something of his history; and once my curiosity led me to follow him to the end of his walk, when, as he paused, I accosted him politely with some common remark introduced to lay the foundation of a further conversation and acquaintance. But he turned upon me one fierce glance of his sharp eye, and without replying, turned and resumed his rapid walk homeward. This reception effectually quenched my impertinence, though it did not diminish my curiosity. This on the contrary was greatly increased by an incident that occurred a few weeks afterward.

I was standing in my office door one day looking at him as he came down the street with his rapid and powerful stride towards me, when my attention was called away from him for an instant by a well-dressed woman, who had stopped and was standing upon the side-walk directly in front of me, exclaiming eagerly, "It is he." Her eye was fixed upon the strange man approaching, and in whose path she stood. But she did not move—she did not seem even to breathe for a moment, as he approached with downcast eye as if he would walk directly over her. He did not look up as he turned to pass her, but she exclaimed, "Hiram Fuller!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, it would have disturbed him less than this simple exclamation. He dropped the hand of the boy—stopped instantly—clasped his hands convulsively together—but did not utter a word or alter the fixed gaze of his eye upon the pavement. He looked as if, when he had clasped his hands, he had been instantly converted into stone. The scene lasted but a moment. The novelty of the incident began to attract a crowd of lookers-on, and reaching back, he resumed his hold of the unresisting boy, and turning about, without continuing his walk, he returned to his house, followed at a short distance by the female. She, however, did not enter with him, but stopping at the door a few seconds, as if to notice the place, she walked on and was soon

lost from sight. No word had passed between these singular individuals.

From this time she became the daily attendant upon his walk. He did not see her, for he never raised his eye nor turned to look, but he knew she was there, and, as if under her influence, he had moderated his pace, so that she was able without effort to keep at the same distance from him and to follow him easily. Her presence, although it renewed the universal curiosity, and furnished a clue by which many were able to fabricate suspicions of their own as to the relation subsisting between the two individuals, only increased the mystery. What was it? Who was he? Why was this woman everlastingly following him like his shadow? Who was she? The good gossips of — had an unailing source for speculation. But the mystery remained as dark as night. There she was, in all sorts of weather, and every day, only a few steps behind him, and leaving him only when he entered his house. The manner in which he received her when they first met rendered it almost certain that the same thing had happened before. Else why did he maintain under such circumstances that same sullen, dogged, downcast eye, as if he had been all along expecting her, and had made up his mind not to look at her when she should come? A first surprise of this kind would have disturbed him more—would have caused him to look up at her, at the look of unutterable scorn which she poured upon him as he stood like a statue before her. Of the boy she took no notice. Was there, then, nothing in the meeting of the two elder ones, in which he was interested? Was he nothing to her? Was he in no way connected with the impenetrable mystery that hung over the others? There are mysteries that sleep forever—whose secrets never come to light. Such might be the case in this. The individuals held no intercourse with each other, except that unwelcome one of constant presence whenever the man appeared out of doors. They never spoke to any one else. She lodged, it was discovered, about a mile distant, in the house of a solitary and very deaf old widow woman, whom she paid her weekly stipend for the small accommodations she received, but who knew nothing of her more than any one else. There seemed no way of getting at the bottom of the matter, and all conjecture ended where it began.

Four years ago, after my return from the South, where, I have said before, I passed a

number of years, I again met the same individual, in another place, and this time without the female or the boy. Were they both dead? was the first question that came in my mind; or the boy only, and was the female still in pursuit of him to discover the place to which he had fled from her continual presence? That the latter was not the case, seemed probable from his altered appearance. His eye was no longer fixed upon the ground, but wandered with a restless and fitful glance from one object to another, as if he were now in search of her and anxious to discover her. His face had the same expression, otherwise, as it formerly had, and he was dressed in the same manner; but his gait was slow and deliberate, and he often paused to gaze for a few moments eagerly upon the crowd that was passing by him. It seemed to me at the time a singular coincidence, that I should meet him again at such a distance from the place in which I had originally seen him. And yet why not meet him as well as any other? Why not rather? for he was a wanderer, fixed to no place, and perhaps had been in a thousand other places since I had seen him. But we had met again, and although all memory of him had before passed from my mind, I now felt revived within me, with greater force, the curiosity to find out something of his singular history, and his connection with the female and the boy. I wrote to a friend in — to ascertain what became of them after I had left, and by return of mail, I received a letter informing me that they had continued their walks as formerly for about a month, when all three were suddenly missing. Nothing more had been heard of them till about a year before, when the man had again made his appearance alone, and walking the streets at all hours of the day and till very late in the evening, often looking around him as if expecting to see some person. Some sagacious individuals conjectured that he was in search of the woman now, as she had formerly seemed to be in search of him. After a few days he again disappeared, and that was the last of him. This was all I could hear.

I was however more fortunate than I anticipated, and in a few days learned from his own mouth the history of his life. The notes I made at the time furnish me the means of giving it as he related it. I shall commence, however, with my first introduction to him, and transcribe the narrative from my diary, omitting so much as contains the matter detailed above.

December 31.—I have been occupied for some days in arranging the business of the year past, and last evening had sat up to a very late hour for that purpose, when, just as the clock struck twelve, I was aroused by a violent ringing of the office-bell. Upon opening the door, I was surprised to meet face to face a man of most strange and mysterious character, whom I saw years ago under singular circumstances, the memory of which has been revived by recently seeing him again in this place.

(Here follows the substance of what I have already related.)

As he entered the door last night, I was more than ever surprised at his appearance. He removed his hat as I offered him a chair by the fire, and although the weather was intensely cold, I noticed large drops of perspiration standing on his forehead, which he wiped off, as he sat down, and for a moment gazed upon the fire in the grate. His face was extremely haggard, and his eye wild and restless, and his hair, long and matted, hung like snakes about his shoulders. I now noticed that whenever he turned his eye upon any object, it almost instantly forsook it for another—not, as I thought before, as if he were seeking for something, but rather as if everywhere it turned it met something upon which it could not bear to look; and sometimes a shudder shook his whole body.

I presume he had come in, attracted probably by the light he had seen through the window, only to seek a temporary shelter from the cold and to warm himself, for he sat a long time without saying a word. Determined, however, not to lose the opportunity, I took my seat by the side of the grate where I could have a fair view of his face, and attempted to draw him into conversation.

“Your name, I believe, is Hiram Fuller?”

He started, and again I met one of those fierce glances which I saw years before when I made a similar attempt to gain his confidence. Nothing daunted, however, I waited patiently for his answer, which I felt must come. And it did.

“You know me then;” and the voice sounded as if it came from the grave, hoarse and hollow. “I have seen you before. Do you not remember me?”

He looked in my face an instant, but not as before, and replied:

“I do. You spoke to me once in —, eight years ago. It is strange that I recollect it, for

I have had but one thought in my brain for more than ten years. And you saw *her!* Have you seen her since?"

I told him that I had not, and he continued:

"I have. I see her now—there she stands, just inside of the door. She will stand there till I go, and then she will follow me, as you saw her years ago, only now she never leaves me."

He did not look around as he spoke, but I looked involuntarily in the direction he indicated, although I knew there could be no one there. The man is mad then, I thought, and began again to speculate upon the probable cause, in connection with what I knew of him formerly. Could it be crime, and if so, what was the nature of it? Was it some foul wrong done to the miserable woman who had pursued him so relentlessly for a time, till his conscience had goaded him on to madness, and fixed her image forever in his mind to follow him down to the grave? And had she left him then—or where was she now? Was she dead, and had this added another sting to his remorse? It would seem, on the contrary, that that would have been an event calculated to relieve him of his load, by removing her from his sight. And what of the boy? A thousand conjectures passed through my mind, but all were unsatisfactory. I was about addressing some further questions to him, when, casting a glance around the office, he said, in a milder tone than he had used before:

"You are a physician, sir. Can you cure diseases of the mind?"

"They are not always incurable," I replied.

"But much depends upon the nature and origin of them. Have you such a disease?"

"Do you see any one standing between me and the door?" he inquired.

"I do not."

"But I do; or if I do not see her, I know she is there. She always stands, day and night, at just such a distance from me, but not always in the same place. When I sit down she takes her stand there, but when I am walking in the street, look where I will I see her, with her eye fixed upon me. It does no good to shut my eyes, for I always know she is there, and always will be there. I cannot escape her. In the few hours I can sleep, I am free from the illusion, for such I know it to be, but the moment I wake I see her again. But I must go. I have not spoken as many words at a time in years as I have spoken to you now, and I know not why I have done it now."

He rose to depart, but out of pity for his melancholy condition, and fear lest I might not have another chance to talk with him, I offered him a lodging for the night, which, to my surprise, he accepted without much hesitation.

Day was just breaking, when I rose this morning. Upon entering the office, I found my strange guest there before me. He had replenished the fire in the grate, and was seated before it, just as he sat last night. I again entered into conversation with him about his delusion. I found that he was a man of strong powers of mind except in this one point, but here he was entirely at fault.

"Have you never," I inquired, "looked this phantom steadily in the eye and tried to face it down, and reason yourself out of the belief that it is there?"

"The latter often," he replied; "but look her in the face! No, never. It would kill me, if I were to do it but an instant. I have not done it but once since you saw us in —; and then, O God!"

And he buried his face in his hands and shuddered violently. When he recovered, he was still agitated and his eye was restless and wandering, and soon in spite of all my persuasions he left me, to renew his perpetual tramp out of doors. Here again I am disappointed in my hopes of learning more of him. But hoping that I may yet again meet with him, and be able to draw from him the history of his singular life, I have written this. Yet he may have left the place, for I have not seen him since he left my office this morning.

January 1st.—I have already again found my strange acquaintance of yesterday morning. It seems that he has lodged since he has been in the place at the principal hotel, coming in late at night, and leaving early in the morning, and paying punctually for his bed before he retired to it. This morning he did not appear at his usual hour, and when one of the servants entered his room they found him unable to rise, and wishing to see the physician at whose house he had passed the previous night. As he did not know my name, one or two others had been summoned, and when I arrived he said:

"That is the man, now leave me with him."

The servant retired, and I moved a chair to his bedside and sat down. He immediately began:

"The moment is approaching, sir. I shall soon be free from her, though she is determined

to stay by me to the last. There she is now, standing where she stood when I shut my eyes last night, and when I first opened them this morning. But though I dare not look at her, I feel that the look is the same—no pity—no relenting—and it should be so. I have not sent for you, Doctor, hoping that you can do anything to help me, but because I am dying, and because I know you better than any one else here, and because you have shown an interest in me. Do you believe there is a God?"

I assured him that I did, and was a firm believer in the Christian religion.

"So do I," he continued—"a righteous God—stern and just—yes, just. And I shall soon stand before his face, and meet *her* there, and then—. But before I go, I wish to unburden my mind of the load that has weighed me down for so many years. I am not mad now, though I believe I have been. This morning I feel as I have not felt before in many long and dark years, all of which are now before me as plain as *she* is; and they have been full of misery, but blackened only with one crime, and that, a damning one. I wish to tell you all, and when I have done, then, if you will, you may call in the ministers of justice."

I proposed to him that a clergyman should be present, as he might be able to administer some consolation to him, but he refused. He would see one afterwards, and would have him pray with him. But he would relate his story to me alone. So after a pause of a few moments he began:

"Mean as my appearance is, and has been ever since you first saw me, it is not for want of means. I am rich. I am the eldest of two sons of one of the wealthiest merchants in—. He died leaving a large fortune, divided between my brother and myself. My brother was married at that time, though I was not for several years afterwards. He was brought up to the same business with my father, while I received an education which I finished in one of the Eastern colleges; and having a turn for letters, I engaged in no active business. After my father's death, I removed to a distant city, where I resided for a number of years. There I became acquainted with a young lady, the daughter of a respectable mechanic, but a girl of rare beauty. I was fascinated with her appearance, and the more I saw of her, the deeper and stronger hold did she gain upon my heart. I thought it was the same with her, though in my personal appearance there was nothing at-

tractive, but rather the opposite. But I was rich, and gold and tinsel cover up all deformities. I believe it was so with her. She loved me for my money, while I loved her for her beauty. There we were even, for one has turned out as worthless as the other. She was many years younger than I, but that formed no obstacle to our union. We were married.

"I need hardly say that the first months of our married life were happy. Nothing occurred to interrupt our enjoyment. We both had obtained the object we sought—she, gold, and I, beauty. It is true, that now and then I noticed that she seemed to be suspicious and discontented at my occasional absences from home, but I laughed her suspicions away and thought no more of them. But about a year after we were married, my brother, who had lost his wife, and been ruined by unfortunate business operations, died, leaving his only son, a boy of seven years, to my brotherly care. I hastened to claim the child and bring him to my own house. By some strange freak of nature, although there was little if any resemblance between my brother and me, yet the boy was the very counterpart of myself. He was no sooner established in the house, but the demon of jealousy took up his abode in the heart of my wife. It first showed itself in her treatment of the child, and once an unguarded word escaped her lips that revealed to me the secret. I remonstrated with her—kindly and affectionately told her the whole history of my family, and used every means to convince her of her mistake. It did no good. I laughed at her, and the mild woman became converted into a raging fury, and I left the house. When I returned, all was changed. The cloud seemed to have passed by, and though she said not a word about what had passed, she seemed to make an effort to drive the memory of it from my mind. This of course was not a difficult matter, and we were immediately restored to our usual harmony. Still, to the boy she could not be kind, and he became very unhappy. Once she tried to persuade me to send him away from home to school. But he was so young, and a desolate orphan, that I could not find it in my heart to do it.

"But in spite of her efforts to conceal it, the demon was still actively working at her heart. I soon thought I could see she was watching me singularly in all my actions towards the child. She was uneasy when I was teaching him anything or playing with him. The same

was apparent before long in other things, and I was annoyed with it. Again I attempted to reason with her, and again she became furious. She taunted me with unfaithfulness, and heaped the vilest epithets upon me and the unoffending child; and I again left her, to find her again, upon my return, calm and pleasant. I relate all these things so minutely, that you may see all the steps that drove me on to become what I have been, and what I am.

"From this time I knew that I was watched in all my motions, and she did not seem to disguise it. Wherever I went, she came, only a few steps behind me. It began to be talked of among our acquaintance. I heard it—I saw it in their looks. They pitied me and despised my wife. I felt that my feelings were changing towards her. I began to loathe her presence. I could not bear to be with her, for I felt that her eye was always upon me. Wherever I was I expected that she soon would be, and the sneers of men would follow. My home was unhappy, for now it was the constant scene of scornful and cruel suspicion and reproaches. Now I hated her. I could have felt a sort of joy if she had died. It would have delivered me from what I felt to be a curse.

"I ceased to visit my friends. I wandered the streets half distracted, and here one day, as my attention was suddenly called back, I discovered my wife following my footsteps. From that moment, I believe, I was mad. I hurried home, and she was there a few minutes after me. All that I said to her I do not recollect, but I know that I cursed her bitterly, and swore never to live with her again; and she vowed, that go where I would she would follow in my footsteps. I went to my attorney, and coolly arranged all my business with him, and left the management of my property in his hands, having settled upon my wife, for her life, nearly one half of what I was worth. I then returned to my house, told her what I had done, and taking the poor boy with me, left that night for a distant part of the country, where I thought she would not find me, if she should search for me.

"I was deceived. I know not how she discovered my refuge, but one day, in my walk which I took daily, I suddenly perceived her following a few paces behind me. She followed me to my lodgings and spoke to me, but I did not answer her, and again she promised never to leave me. Again I fled—from one place to another; but she always tracked me

out, though after that she never again spoke to me, or entered the house where I was, till she came to —, where you saw us. I exerted all the cunning I was master of to escape her, but in vain. For days and weeks did I travel without stopping hardly to allow the poor boy to rest, in hopes of wearing out or deceiving her vigilance; and when at last I stopped in —, I had a faint hope that I had succeeded. Yet though I was there a year before she came, something always seemed to tell me, that come she would, and I tried to be ready. She did come, and met me in the street, and called me by name, and I was in despair. For weeks she joined me in my walks, always keeping a few paces in the rear; but though I did not see her, I always knew she was there.

"I cannot tell all the feelings that grew up and crowded together in my brain through all this time. I thought of self-destruction; but the poor desolate child by my side called upon me to live, and I lived on, for him. I knew that I was mad in this one point of my wife and her persecution, and I loathed and hated her with all my soul. But I did not think of ridding myself of her presence by destroying her, though I would have given up all I possessed on earth to be freed from her. I had done so, and was living in all the appearance of utter poverty and without a friend or acquaintance. I believe she was mad too—crazed by her terrible suspicion. Why else should she follow me thus?

"About a month after she found me in —, when I returned from one of my daily walks, followed as usual by her, as I entered the house, I neglected to close the door behind me, and she entered and took her seat by the fire. It was a piercing cold day, and perhaps she did it unconsciously. But there she sat till night came on. Midnight came, and still she did not offer to go. The boy had fallen asleep and slept soundly in his chair. I had grown uneasy through the evening—I felt more and more restless as the hour grew late. She said nothing, neither did she look at me, and I would not speak to her. As the clock struck one, she looked up—looked right in my face, and said:

"Hiram Fuller, you want me to go; but I shall never leave you again. You will not escape me now;" and she laughed tauntingly.

"I rose and walked the floor. A fire was beginning to burn in my brain, that, mad as I was, made me shudder. Again she laughed, and with a bitter taunt pointed at the boy. I

con'd bear it no longer. My hand was on her throat. There was a short struggle. One moment, and she had ceased to breathe. I looked an instant upon her face, and turned away. There she stood, between me and the door at which she had entered. The same devilish smile was on her face—the same scorn curled her lip—and I thought I heard her say, 'I shall never leave you again.' She never has left me.

"One hour from that time the body was concealed, and with the boy I was on my way from the place. Mad as I was on this one subject, I was in the full possession of my senses on all others. I knew there would be nothing strange in two such beings being missed at the same time, and by day-break I had travelled many miles. Since that time she has been forever with me. Look where I will I see her,—go where I will, she follows me. I went back to my home. Men pitied me, but some asked about my wife. I placed the boy in a school, and made my will, leaving all my property to him. Since that time I have been a wanderer. About a year ago I went back to ——. So heavy had become my burden that I longed to be rid of it, even at the expense of

my life, and I almost hoped I should be suspected and arrested for the murder. But I was not, and again I wandered on. I was sustained by a supernatural strength, till yesterday, when I lay down for the first time through weariness. You have now heard my story. Now call in the officers of justice, and let me die."

Such was his singular narrative. But why give him up to the law? He was evidently a lunatic, and just ready to die, and the whole story might be only one of the vagaries of his wild and disordered mind. After his death, which took place in a few days, I wrote to my friend in ———, and he had the premises which the stranger had occupied thoroughly searched as privately as possible, but nothing was discovered to corroborate the account he gave. The woman, however, had never since been seen with him; yet I have satisfied myself, as far as I can be satisfied, that the whole story was the raving of a lunatic, who perhaps had suffered at first from ungrounded jealousy, and had eventually succeeded in evading her search by his incessant wanderings from place to place. But the spectral image haunted him to the last.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DEPARTED.

ONE year ago, he stood with us, amid this garden fair,
He mark'd the beauty of the flowers, he bless'd the summer air;
He spoke of sunny climes afar, where joyfully he stray'd,
While here, chill winter's veil was thrown o'er every hill and glade.

He look'd as one whose heart was full of gentle thoughts and pure,
He look'd as one who'd learn'd life's lore, to smile, yet to endure;
His eye oft turn'd to her he lov'd—e'en to his sister's face,
And aye, though silent, seem'd to speak words full of truth and grace.

And then he sought to share the glee of a dear little child—
Our Willie, darling of fond hearts! on thee he brightly smiled,
Then thought, perchance, how Jesus blest such children when on earth,
And how "their angels" look on God—then hushed his careless mirth.

He said that he was going home—to that dear place and best,
Home to his father's open arms—home to his mother's breast.
Oh! bless'd the weary child of earth, oh! blessed that pilgrim lone,
Who yet may hear, "Come home, my child! come, loved one, to thine own."

THE NUN.

A LARGE and brilliant crowd was assembled in the convent-chapel of one of our largest southern cities, to witness the ceremony of "taking the veil." The novice was young and beautiful; and they wondered that one so lovely should resign the pleasures of the world, to seek the solitude and unvarying sameness of a gloomy convent, in the spring-time of youth and gladness.

Arrayed in the splendid dress in which the novitiate takes her final leave of worldly scenes and worldly interests, Angelina Dalton was indeed beautiful. Her dark hair was parted on a brow where intellect was written in unmistakable characters, and there was an inspiration in the upturned eyes that bespoke a lofty enthusiasm. She seemed totally insensible to the multitude around—carried away by the full swelling notes of the organ, mingled with the soft voices of the nuns that came floating on the air, wrapping the soul in a sort of dreamy delight.

"Soon would she call that bright-eyed train sisters—together they would pursue their works of love and charity, secure in their calm retreat from the disturbances of a malicious world." These were the thoughts which filled the mind of Angelina Dalton, during the ceremony which was to render her henceforth as one dead to the world. There is in the forms of the Roman Catholic religion, something peculiarly impressive; even though we condemn their practices, we cannot wholly shut our eyes to the beautiful solemnity that characterizes them. Angelina was of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, and completely carried away by the impulse of the moment. The only child of wealthy parents, she had from her earliest youth been accustomed to consider her own will as a law to those around; but though pride and vanity had nearly choked up her good qualities, there were moments and actions which indicated, that with proper discipline, she might have been an ornament to her sex. There are some tempers which seem to have been made just so by nature—to stay just as they are placed—and to require no effort to keep them from becoming worse; but Ange-

lina's was one of those natures that must either rise or fall; become a great deal better, or a great deal worse; endowed with a perpetual restlessness for some change, and of course influenced by surrounding circumstances.

She had attended a French boarding-school for several years, at some distance from her native city, and during that time false ideas and impressions were slowly but surely instilled into her mind. There was apparently on the part of her instructors, no desire to change her opinions; there was no railing against Protestants, and the Protestant religion; they regarded her not as an object of scorn, but of pity. These circumstances awakened her curiosity, and induced a reflection whether Papists were indeed arch hypocrites, or whether they had not been most strangely belied. Angelina's parents were not professing Christians: they were regular in their attendance at church, and their characters stood high in the opinion of the world; but they had made no public avowal of their faith—they had never taught their child the value of true Christian principles—never directed her footsteps in the road that leads to heaven. There were, therefore, no hallowed ties to counteract the evil influence of these new doctrines—no softening recollections of the prayer breathed at a mother's knee—of her gentle hand upon her child's head, as she invoked a blessing; there were none of these to undermine the work as it proceeded. All was open to the attack, every point was assailed, and triumphantly did they watch their success. Her keen perception of the beautiful was directed to the seducing ceremonies of their religion, so opposite, in her opinion, to the rigid sternness of the Presbyterian forms; passages were produced from their Bibles, which bewildered her mind, and left her more in the dark than ever. The solemn countenance of the priest, in his full, flowing robes, seemed to rebuke her for harboring a doubt of the purity of their faith. She was afforded many opportunities of mingling with the nuns; they always seemed happy and cheerful, and spoke of the cloister as the only Paradise upon earth. Angelina became melancholy and un-

happy. During her short visits to her parents, they noticed with anxiety her pale cheeks and heavy spirits; but she evaded their questions, and carefully abstained from all mention of the subject nearest her thoughts. The hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton were bound up in their daughter; with fond delight they had beheld the bud expand into a flower of perfect beauty; and they now felt that to lose her, would be to blot out all the joys of their existence. They regarded with horror the innovations of Popery, and never suspected that their beloved daughter was becoming a convert to its fascinating influences.

When at length the intelligence burst upon them, they were completely overwhelmed by the blow. Each gazed into the other's face for words of hope that might not be spoken—for some cheering ray to soften their distress; but alas! their lonely hearts replied that it was vain. The time was past to avert this calamity; henceforth their daughter—their only, their idolized daughter—was lost to them forever!

"We may yet save her," said Mrs. Dalton. "I will try what a mother's influence can effect. She could not be insensible to my entreaties," continued the unhappy parent—"could not despise a mother's prayers and tears, for the counsels of her worst enemies. The unfortunate girl labors under a strange delusion, the falseness of which she may, alas! discover too late."

"We will go," replied the father, "and urge her by the remembrance of those early ties, which are ever fresh in the mind, to return to us. She was our idol, and severely are we punished for our blind and selfish love."

Angelina received her parents with the manner of one whose affections and interests were totally different; she informed them of her resolution to devote herself to a life of penitence and charity, and bid them adieu forever. The mother threw herself on her daughter's bosom, and wept in agony; while the father knelt before his child, and besought her, as she valued her own happiness, to abandon her wild design, and return to those parents whose love for her would cease only with life itself. A hidden chord was vibrating in the daughter's heart; there were strange feelings and old remembrances that bound her to her home—to those whose faces had been familiar from childhood—whose names were the first that trembled on her lips; but then came stern and mistaken

thoughts of duty; and with a strong effort, she quelled the rising tenderness, and repeated her intention of binding herself with vows that could not be lightly shaken off.

The ceremony proceeded, and though the cheek of the lovely novice was pale with emotion, there was high determination in the small firm mouth; she felt in her beautiful delusion as though the gates of the celestial world were already opened, and heavenly messengers beckoned her in.

At length the young girl appeared for the last time to the eyes of the admiring multitude. Clad in a robe of black, with her bright tresses severed from her head, there was nothing but her peerless beauty to distinguish her from the train that waited her approach. She carried in her hand a lighted taper, and having expressed her perfect willingness to resign the world, Angelina Dalton was lost in the sister Constance. As she disappeared with the nuns, there was a heavy groan, and the lifeless form of the unhappy mother was borne from the chapel.

The desolate parents returned to their joyless home, where everything reminded them of the daughter they had lost. Plans had been formed for the time when she would return to them in matured loveliness; the realization of their hopes was now suddenly blasted, and neither could comfort the other in their distress. They turned to their long-neglected Bibles, and found there words of hope and light. It was not too late to retrieve the errors of their past lives, and hand in hand they sought that comfort, which the world can neither give nor take away. With humble hearts they approached the throne of grace, and prayed for the erring one who had planted a thorn in their hearts. "She may yet return to us," said the mother, with a sad smile; "she may return a penitent child, ready to atone for her fault. In her dreary solitude memories of home *will* come sweeping across her heart; and perhaps, even now, her pillow is nightly bedewed with tears for the parents whose hearts are yearning to receive her."

Mr. Dalton mournfully shook his head, and gazed into the fire, as if to read the meaning of the uncouth images that presented themselves to his view, among the decaying embers. Since his child's desertion he was an altered man; his old occupations no longer afforded him pleasure; all appeared strange to him, and he would sit for hours brooding over his loss, in-

capable of making the least exertion. At the opening of a door he would start, and a flush of pleasure tint his pale cheek, as though expecting to see the beloved form once more sit down by him as in times of old, and with her arms about his neck, prattle to him in her sweet, childish tones. Then, as sad consciousness returned, he would sink into his usual apathy, apparently indifferent to all that took place around him. Mrs. Dalton would often steal to her daughter's chamber, and weep in solitude. The furniture had never been disturbed; all was just as she left it; her favorite volumes still filled the shelves; the walls were adorned with her drawings; and her pet canary occupied his old position, fed always by the hand of Mrs. Dalton, who felt that in doing so, she was in some way fulfilling the wishes of her absent daughter.

Angelina entered with enthusiasm upon her new mode of life; all was *couleur de rose*, and the novelty of her new employments contributed in a great degree to prevent that feeling of irksomeness attendant upon a routine of duties that never varies. She mistook the effect of brilliant and imposing ceremonies, for feelings of deep and holy devotion; and she regarded the quiet and subdued manner of her sister nuns, as an emblem of their purity, and an evidence of the holy calm that reigned within. The abbess treated her with peculiar and marked attention—never imposed heavy penances on her—and affected a motherly kindness towards her.

All this was delightful to one of Angelina's temperament; but by degrees things began to change; she could discover that in many instances, beneath that calm, saint-like demeanor of the nuns, there lurked a hidden desire to see something of the great world that was pronounced so bad. Most of them had resided in the convent from their earliest childhood, and, at a suitable age, took the veil, scarcely knowing that there *was* a world beyond the limits of their prison. Our heroine slowly opened her eyes to the fact, that her companions were not the perfect mortals she had supposed them to be—that they were endowed by nature with the same passions as their fellow-creatures—and that a calm exterior cannot entirely subdue the heart. There were many points about her new doctrines that puzzled her; and conscience whispered that all was not right. How she longed for some friend, to whom she could unburthen her difficulties—one who would en-

able her to see things in a clearer light. The priests and heads of the convent evidently suspected her of a lingering heresy, and strove to destroy the effect of her inquiries by some master-piece of reasoning that silenced, but did not convince her. She bitterly regretted her haste in taking the veil, and felt a longing desire to see her parents, and revisit her home once more. "Perhaps they might be dying—dying from her cruel neglect, and she would never see them again!" These thoughts disturbed her mind, and she resolved to return home, and throw off the fetters that were wearing her down. She would be obliged, she knew, to effect this by stratagem, for the abbess denounced, with the utmost horror, those who broke their vows to the church; and she watched an opportunity to escape without the knowledge of her companions. Often was she foiled in her attempts, till she almost began to despair; but at length she succeeded, and once more breathed the free air. She experienced a delightful sensation on feeling that she was indeed free; and turning her back on the gloomy convent, she directed her steps towards her native city, fully confident of reaching home on foot, and by her own exertions, while under the bracing influence which the first consciousness of freedom always bestows. She had proceeded several miles on her journey, when, overcome by the unusual fatigue, she paused for rest at a cottage on the road. The door was opened by an elderly woman, in reply to her tremulous knock, and, unable to announce her errand, she sunk down upon the threshold insensible.

A long period of delirium followed. At one moment she would chant the convent services in a voice of tremulous sweetness, and then pray to return to her parents, in a tone of distress that drew tears from the eyes of her attendants. During the time of her illness, a familiar form seemed to flit around her bedside; a soothing hand held the cordial, and smoothed the snowy pillow; a well-known voice seemed to be ringing in her ears; and, as if fearing to awake from a pleasant dream, Angelina raised herself on the couch, and was folded in the embrace of her mother!

Long they wept in each other's arms, and the father, with the tears of joy streaming from his eyes, exclaimed, "The lost is found!"—"And never, I hope, to wander again!" replied the penitent girl. "Oh mother! if you but knew what I have suffered, you would think me suffi-

ciently punished ! I reflect with horror upon the idolatrous error of which I have been guilty. No consideration would induce me to return !”

When the abbess and sisterhood discovered that the bird had flown, their rage and astonishment exceeded description. A search was instantly commenced, in hopes of recovering the fugitive, who was at length traced to the house of her parents. The abbess waited upon Angelina in person, and denounced her as one beyond the pale of mercy—as a criminal of the deepest dye.

But little more remains to be told. Angelina was once more the joy of the family circle ; and though her spirits never recovered their former elasticity and playfulness, there was a serene smile on her pale countenance, and a light in the soft eyes, that told of contentment within. The lesson had been a severe one ; but she rose from the bed of sickness, purified from passions that left their withering mark.

OLD TRADITIONS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

“ Shapeless sights come wandering by—
The ghastly people of the realm of Dream.”

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

THE DEVIL'S WALL.

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY AGES OF CHRISTIANITY.

In the valley between Blankenburg and the Rosstrappe there stood, in olden time, a hamlet—Blanka—all trace of which has long since disappeared. The Blankenburg which is still in existence, was at first peopled by its inhabitants, who found greater security in a more elevated situation, and in the neighborhood of the castle. There stood, in the days of Charlemagne, some distance above the hamlet, a grove, in the midst of which was the altar consecrated to Croto, the deity of the caverns. Here the loveliest of the maidens who dwelt in that region, was accustomed to meet her lover—Egbert, the bravest and noblest among all the young knights.

He lived in a castle some leagues distant ; and had first seen and loved the beautiful Thusnelda in her quiet home, during her father's absence at the feast of Stuffo—the god of wine in the creed of the ancient Germans. Their love met with the obstacle usual in romance : the father of the maiden forbade her to think of Egbert, and informed her that he had promised her hand to a kinsman of his own. His opposition arose from the difference in religious belief. Luitprand, the father, was a zealous votary of

the ancient creed in which his ancestors, from immemorial time, had worshipped. Egbert was an ardent convert to the Christian faith, then preached, with flaming zeal, throughout the country, by missionaries from distant lands.

It was the chief desire of Egbert's soul to win his beloved to the same holy faith he had embraced, and to open for her the heaven which, its ministers taught, awaited the true believer. When they met, time after time, by the heathen altar, in the shadow of that solemn wood, his talk was of the wonders of redemption, which so many prophets and wise men had desired in vain to behold. The tender heart of Thusnelda received what she heard ; and though she could not comprehend the full glory of the doctrine revealed from heaven, the simple and spiritual precepts it inculcated were deeply impressed in her childlike and gentle nature. She, in her turn, spoke to her young companions of the new and marvellous things that had been told her, and strove to persuade them also to embrace the new belief.

It was not long before intelligence of his daughter's apostacy from the faith of her fathers, reached the haughty and fiery Luitprand.

The tempest of his wrath was poured in all its fury on the head of the young girl, who, steadfast in her reliance on a higher power, avowed her conversion, and confessed her secret interviews with the knight, her lover. When the first burst of rage was over, her father ordered that she should be kept a prisoner in her chamber, and that his armed servants should watch to intercept any who came to the house.

The day and the hour came, on which Thusnelda had promised, according to her wont, to meet Egbert. She was surprised by a visit from her father, and still more by his command that she should go forth to the altar of Croto, and there abide the coming of her lover.

A fierce light gleamed in the old man's eyes as he gave this command; and the maiden divined too well its dreadful import. She knew that by means of her, and through his trusting love, the young knight was to be betrayed into an ambush, to gratify the vengeance of his enemies. She implored her father not to compel her to go to the wood; but her entreaties and her tears were in vain. His violence terrified her, and, pale and trembling, she rose and went forth, followed at a distance by Luitprand and his armed attendants, towards the altar on which perhaps her lover was doomed to be immolated as a victim.

Meanwhile Egbert, mounted on his good steed, was ascending the mountain up which the road led to the sacred wood. A storm came on suddenly with great violence. Masses of black clouds obscured the sky, rent ever and anon by vivid flashes of lightning, and the rain poured down in thick sheets of dark water. The swollen streams roared through the forest, and came rushing down the declivity, bearing with them masses of rock and sweeping trees from the soil. The brave horse struggled onward, but in vain; his strength failed, he lost his footing, and stood still, as if unwilling to pursue so perilous a journey.

To return was at present even more hazardous; and moreover, the young knight would have thought it shame to be driven back by a storm, from going to the place of rendezvous at the appointed time. He remained, therefore, in the same spot, waiting for the violence of the tempest to abate.

But it seemed to increase; the winds roared more fiercely, crashing the boughs of the forest; and the torrents rushed more rapidly under his

very feet. The horse could scarcely stand upright, and Egbert kept his seat only with extreme difficulty. Through the gathering darkness he now discerned the tall figure of a man descending the mountain, and walking in the midst of the rushing waters. Almost before he could make out what it was, the figure stood close beside him.

"You must return home," said the man, authoritatively, taking hold of the bridle to turn the horse round. "I will lead your steed down the hill, for I am well acquainted with the road."

Egbert looked surprised at the stranger who thus unceremoniously addressed him. In his small, keen, piercing eyes was a strange expression, which caused a secret shudder to pass through his frame.

"Thusnelda sends me," continued the unknown.

"Thusnelda!" repeated the knight. "And she says——"

"You must return home."

"Never! She did not say that."

"There is a snare yonder," said the stranger, pointing towards Croto's grove. "Luitprand and his men lie in wait for you."

Egbert believed not the words of the unknown. And if it were true, he said, that the servants of Luitprand lay in wait, he wished but the opportunity to chastise them. A host of serfs could not stand before the sword of a free knight.

"But you will be the cause of Thusnelda's destruction," persisted the stranger. "Thor himself commands your return, sending this fearful storm to arrest your steps. You strive in vain against his will."

And in truth, further advance, against the raging tempest, appeared impossible. There seemed no hope of its abating; and Egbert reluctantly suffered the unknown to turn his horse round. He led him safely down towards the valley; and at each step it seemed that the fury of the storm diminished. The rain had ceased entirely when they reached the valley.

"I will bring you further news," said the strange man. "But you must come no more to Blanka."

Egbert had many messages to send to his beloved; but the unknown seemed in haste, and quickly disappeared, before the knight could perceive in which direction he had gone.

The next day, Egbert sent secretly a messenger to Blanka, who had orders to bring him

intelligence of all that had passed. His own measures he would then take. The messenger, on his return, confirmed the assertions of the stranger in the forest.

What Luitprand had done was known to the inhabitants of the hamlet; and the wood was watched by detachments of armed men, who relieved each other. It was plain that the people of Blanka had made common cause with Luitprand, and, burning with zeal for the religion of their fathers, were determined to root out heresy from the land with fire and sword. Of the unknown, who had brought warning to Egbert, the messenger could discover no trace whatever.

The young knight was one who could not be deterred by obstacles from the pursuit of an object. He had already made a beginning in the enterprise of carrying the new faith into the hamlet; he spurned at the dangers to be encountered, and resolved to enter into a league, for the accomplishment of his purpose, with a band of converts to Christianity in the neighborhood. They were to aid him in the invasion of Blanka, and in opening the eyes of those deluded worshippers of heathen divinities. The rescue of Thusnelda from the power of her unfeeling father, was an object near his heart, which, however, he did not make ostensible to the others.

The league was soon formed, and the day appointed for carrying the scheme into execution. The confederates met for consultation in one of the caves, which were in those days the resort of hermits. They determined to set out that night on the road to Blanka, with such force as to compel submission; to enter the hamlet in silence, surprise the inhabitants, and, if possible, force them to yield themselves prisoners without the shedding of blood.

At the hour named, the well-armed procession began its march through the forest. The night was starless and dark; it seemed as if a veil had been drawn over the heavens. The men moved forward slowly and with difficulty, on account of the ruggedness of the path.

They had passed the most toilsome part of the journey, and were drawing near to the hamlet, when, to their astonishment, they perceived just before them a high and precipitous wall of rocks. What this meant they could not tell; their guide, to whom the way was familiar, assured them that they had not deviated from it. The existence of such a stupendous mass of rock was unknown to any one in the whole country.

A feeling of superstitious terror began to possess the minds of those who had embarked in the adventure. The deities they had abjured—such was their thought—had thus visibly interfered to protect their ancient domain, and prevent the advance of those who would destroy their altars and worship. So tottering was their belief in the faith they had lately embraced, that they trembled before the anger of those they had declared to be no gods. They remembered not that it is only the prince of darkness and his agents, who oppose the progress of the kingdom of heaven; and that the kingdom of Satan must inevitably fall before the might of invincible truth.

Weary and discouraged, the confederates at last determined to await the return of daylight. As the morning dawned, they saw with astonishment that the wall extended far as the eye could reach, and appeared to be without limit. The hearts of all, even of Egbert, began to fail them; for they discerned too plainly that a supernatural agency had been here at work. Nothing had been seen of the rocky wall a few days previous. It could have been built by no human hands. But the young knight did not yield to dismay; for his spirit was bold, and his faith strong. "Who will venture," he cried, "to climb this wall with me? It is but a delusion of the Evil One, and will doubtless vanish, if we persevere, like true believers!"

His words inspired his companions with confidence. Those at least who mistrusted were ashamed that their courage should be called in question; and all declared themselves ready to follow Egbert. The shout that answered him, however, was uttered by many in faltering tones.

The knight and the more zealous of the confederates sought a place where the ascent seemed practicable, and began to climb the rocks. They were half way up the precipice, when, from above, sounded hollow, unearthly voices—"Help us, Thor! Save us, mighty Thor!"

At the same moment came a shower of pieces of rock upon the heads of the adventurers, hurling them to the ground, where many lay stunned, while others made their escape as quickly as possible. Egbert, who alone remained unhurt, heard a sound of mocking laughter, repeated by the echoes of the forest before it died away. Bewildered by terror, he clung to the rock, in the midst of the fearful ascent; his head swam, his knees trembled;

he dared not look up, nor downwards, and could with difficulty keep his hold. Suddenly he heard a voice beneath, saying, "Keep still, Master Egbert; I will help you."

It was the unknown who had encountered him on the night of the storm. He climbed the rocks, encircled Egbert with a powerful arm, and lifting him with apparent ease, descended to the ground so rapidly, that the young man, to whom such a feat seemed inconceivable, looked at him with wonder and fear.

"What are you doing, Egbert?" said the stranger. "Will you, so weak, strive against the Mighty? Behold the folly of your enterprise! You would destroy the kingdom of the great and glorious Thor; and with a breath he blasts the presumptuous undertaking, and scatters as the dust his enemies, who have leagueed with you to war against him. Young man! give up your vain dreams, and return to the gods of your fathers. Save yourself, ere it is too late! For this once hath the mighty Thor spared you, because he remembered your service and offerings of old. Beware how you tempt his wrath again! he will pardon no more; and your new gods—you see that they cannot aid you!"

"Silence, miscreant!" cried Egbert, in anger. "I laugh to scorn the anger of thy gods!"

A peal of uncathily laughter again sounded from above, and died away in the echoes.

"But Thusnelda—what of her?" said the unknown.

"How—what knowest thou of Thusnelda?" answered the knight.

"She is dying; her heart is breaking with sorrow and anxiety, for she loves you well, and cannot hope you will ever meet again, if you turn not from your apostacy."

"And if——" faltered Egbert.

"If you will return, I will this moment conduct Thusnelda to your arms."

The young knight was stricken to the heart at thought of the anguish of her he loved. The voice of conscience was stifled into silence. A torrent of wild thoughts rushed through his brain. To *feign* a return to the worship of the ancient gods, while in his heart he remained steadfast in the Christian faith, and by his pretended recantation to procure himself the promised gift of Thusnelda, seemed to him the best course. He would thus, he thought, secure both his temporal and eternal welfare. "The all-benevolent Saviour," he said to himself,

"wills not the suffering of any of his servants, and He will grant me pardon."

He signified to the unknown that he would profess anew his allegiance to the old divinities.

"Then sign this!" said the stranger, presenting a pen and leaf of parchment. "Sign, and with your blood, that the bond may be true."

The shudder that passed through Egbert's frame, was the warning of his guardian angel, that he should awake from his delirium, and strive against the tempter. But all the faculties of his mind were in confusion; the vision of his soul was darkened; and the unknown, calm and resolute to urge him on, stood beside him. They spoke together a few moments; and Egbert took the parchment and the pen. Again the convulsive shudder passed through his frame; and thoughts floated vaguely through his mind of what he had heard—that the prince of darkness often misleads, with deceit and cunning, the souls of men. He could not read the characters written on the parchment; but he hoped to deceive the deceiver, and therefore signed at the bottom another name than his own.

The unknown hastily snatched the parchment from the hands of Egbert, and, without examining it, concealed it in his bosom. Then, taking the knight by the hand, he led him up the rocks. They were at the summit of the wall before Egbert was fully aware of what passed.

"Wait here," said the stranger, when they stood on the verge of the precipice; "wait here; I will bring Thusnelda to you. But stir not from this spot, even when you see me coming with her. A single step forward will cost you your life."

He disappeared. An hour passed, which seemed an age to the expectation of Egbert. At length he saw the unknown approaching through the forest, and leading a female figure, which could be no other than Thusnelda.

The loving heart of the young knight beat high, and he exulted at thought of the deception which had gained him so dear a boon. Scarce could he restrain the impulse to rush towards the maiden. His foot was lifted to advance; but conscious of his peril, he stamped on the ground impatiently, and stood as if rooted to the rock, stretching forth his arms towards the fair girl.

Thusnelda drew near. The light gleamed

upon her marble brow, and she seemed an angel just descended from above. "My Thusnelda!" exclaimed her enraptured lover.

Still nearer she came, till he folded her in his arms, and pressed her wildly to his throbbing breast.

But what meant the icy coldness of the form he clasped? Why answered no gentle voice to his whispered words of love? Why did not the soft eyes of his adored one unclose to meet his earnest gaze? Unhappy Egbert! he held a corpse in his arms! The body of Thusnelda was indeed there, but the spirit had fled forever; and near him stood the unknown, in his own fiendish shape, with eyes gleaming infernal hate, and voice that hissed tauntingly in his ear—"Deceiver and forsworn!"

Like the lightning, that shatters where it penetrates, the terrible truth flashed in an instant on the unfortunate knight. Paralyzed by horror, his hold relaxed; he fell backward, and lay a crushed and lifeless mass at the foot of the rocky wall.

This frightful occurrence soon became known through all that region; and such were the doubts and superstitious dread thereby spread

abroad, that the progress of Christianity was for a long time impeded. The rocky barrier, so strongly built up, concerning which there was no question *whose* workmanship it was, was from that time called "THE DEVIL'S WALL."

Some remains of this wall, which was apparently of great extent and height, but is now levelled, and in part destroyed, are still to be seen, according to rumor, in the Lower Hartz.

MORAL.

Instruction was formerly inculcated through traditions, parables, legends, &c. The moral to this is evident, and all-important. No man can start on a religious course without the devil rearing a mighty wall of obstacles in his way. In overcoming this he must be impelled by no worldly motive, or depend on no earthly means. The moment he loses his faith he loses his strength; and when he shall dare to make a compromise with his conscience and the enemy, he is a lost man. The very worldly object, for which he turned hypocrite, will become a corpse in his arms; and his whole moral nature will lie crushed and ruined at the feet of the tempter.

SOUL.

BY J. HAGEN.

TREMBLING on earth's verge I stood,
And heard his awful voice of power,
While foamed and raved the mighty flood,
As if impatient to devour;
And I beheld a form of life
Unmoved beside the billows stand,
Which, calmly gazing on the strife,
Thus spake in accents of command:
"Think not I fear thy boisterous wave,
Proud Ocean—thou shalt be my slave!"

And much I marvelled when I saw,
That one so impotent and frail
Could, by some strange mysterious law,
O'er such a mighty strength prevail!
The feats by fabled giants done,

Were but the acts of childhood's play,
Compared with his, this daring one,
Who taught the Ocean to obey!
And make him, as his master, know
To bear his burthens to and fro.

Loud roared the Wind, and in its wrath
Spread desolation far and near,
And all the beings in its path
Fell prostrate to the earth with fear!
Save this strange one! who smiling said,
"Vainly, dread Tempest, dost thou rave:
Thee will I summon to my aid—
The Wind must also be my slave!"
When lo! he did the Wind subdue,
And made of him a servant too.

I saw the all-consuming Fire
 Yield in obedience to his will!
 Back from his dreaded path retire,
 A menial post for him to fill;
 To aid him in his searchings deep
 Into creation's secret things,
 And give to him the power to sweep
 O'er earth and ocean as on wings!
 Then like a humble friend become,
 To warm his hearth and light his home!

The Lightning flashed athwart the sky!
 The adamantine rocks were riven—
 Its voice of thunder loud and high,
 Echoed till trembled earth and heaven.
 Yet I beheld that being pale
 The Lightning grasp without a fear!
 And o'er its fearful strength prevail,
 To bear his mandates far and near,
 Like post-boy travelling day and night,
 Yet swift as on the wings of light.

As round us in the vast expanse,
 Creation's glories were unfurled,
 I saw that being, at a glance,
 Measure, and weigh, each sun and world!
 I could no longer hold, but cried,

"Who may this wondrous creature be?
 Unlike all earth-born things beside,
 He grasps almost infinity,
 And doth the elements control!"
 A voice replied: "The human Soul."

Yet I beheld that very Soul
 Become of meanest things the slave!
 Subject to Passion's fierce control,
 Its powers laid prostrate in the grave;
 Or living but itself to curse,
 With ghastly fears and tortures fell;
 And more than even this, and worse—
 A weight to drag it down to hell!
 Thus did it sink despised by all,
 Spurned by the very things that crawl!

And is it always thus to be?
 Shall man still play the suicide?
 He who, when in his purity,
 Walked with his Maker side by side?
 No! thanks to the redeeming power
 Of the Creator's boundless grace,
 Not long shall be delayed the hour,
 Which erring man again shall place
 Once more upon the smiling earth,
 As pure as at Creation's birth.

TO HESPERUS.

Thou wandering star!
 Tell us what lies beyond thine airy home?
 Is there a heaven in the boundless dome
 And worlds afar?

Canst thou behold
 The battlements of pearl, the crystal river;
 And hear the song enchanting roll forever
 From harps of gold?

Art thou a heaven,
 Beaming transcendent in a lonely star;
 And rolling ever thy triumphal car
 Through holiest even?

Or do they throng
 Pure and unransomed oft a countless host;
 And touch the lyre, and sing of us long lost—
 A sweet strange song?

Or art thou cold
 And pulseless—beats no heart
 In starry sympathy with those apart
 Who thee behold?

No voice below—
 It is enough, when, like a parting scroll
 The bending heavens together roll,
 That we shall know.

POOR AND RICH.

PART I.—THE GARRET.

THE incidents I am about to relate came under my observation during my pupilage, as a student of medicine, and while I was attending my final course of lectures, in the old Medical College in the city of New York, located, at that time, in Barclay street. They are, therefore, only *reminiscences* of that period of my life; but as they serve to develop some peculiar traits of life and character, they may fitly be detailed as portions of my professional experience. Yet, being dependent upon my memory for the details, I will be pardoned if I deviate a little from that truthfulness to life which I have endeavored to maintain throughout the characters I have been portraying in my series, albeit some of them may wear much of the air of romance, rather than reality. Still, I shall endeavor to remain as true as possible to memory, in relating a short history of degraded poverty and wealth—the mysterious linking together of the two—the consequences of the deep and debasing love of money, which, the same in almost all hearts, the soul-absorbing idolatry of the present day, leads one to lavish enormous wealth in outward pomp and show, and another to hoard up the slow and care-accumulated gains of days, and months, and years, while he starves upon a crust, or the bone he has drawn from the filth of a gutter, that every night he may shut to and bolt and bar his solitary and inhospitable door, to open his chest and bring out and worship his gilded Mammon. Miserable idolatry! whether of the external pomp or of the heart's internal devotion.

I boarded in ——— street, in the family of Mrs. A——n, a lady who was a leading spirit in an association of many of her own warm-hearted sex, for the relief of the suffering poor in a certain district of the city; and by this means I had been placed in a very fortunate position

for applying the principles to practice which I was daily listening to in the medical school, and at the same time bring no small amount of relief to a class of persons who are often left to suffer in sickness, from the want of medical aid. In fact, I became a sort of physician to this society, and spent much of my leisure time in attending upon the sick who came under their care. In this way, in the course of the winter, my list of patients swelled to a considerable size, unprofitable, it is true, pecuniarily, but valuable in the way of my studies, and essentially important in the training which my heart and sympathies thus underwent. And should any of my readers belong to the class of individuals to which I then belonged, I mean students of medicine, I would recommend them to avail themselves of similar facilities whenever they offer. They will aid them as they did me; and when, in after life, they rise in their profession, and find themselves called to the bedside of the rich and proud, they will often find their memory turning back to these early scenes, to remind them, in their prosperity, that "The poor ye have always with you;" and they may thus be restrained from neglecting those whom God loves, when they are in suffering.

On my return home, one evening, I found two new ones added to my list. They lived at a considerable distance, more than half a mile, from my boarding house.

"There does not appear to be anything very urgent in either of them," said Mrs. A——n, "and you may as well call as you go down town in the morning."

"I shall be passing near there to-night," I replied, "and as it will not be much out of my way, I will drop in and see them."

A few steps brought me to Broadway, then I passed down ——— street, all lined with the splendid and costly mansions of the rich, from

which, as I passed, came out the sounds of mirth and music, and the bright glare of brilliant lights. I turned a corner, and all was changed. Suddenly I stood among the miserable dwellings of the poor. Here and there, at a distant corner, shone out the dim light of a half-burning lamp, scarcely piercing a few paces through the thick darkness of the narrow and filthy street. Now and then, as I hurried on, I could hear the sounds of laughter, mingled with oaths and blasphemy, from some of the haunts of low dissipation with which that part of the city was then full. At length I stood in front of the dwelling I was seeking. It stood in the darkest and most solitary part of the street, and only from a window in what seemed to be the very top of the house could be seen any light. This came, probably, from the room of one of my new patients. Mrs. A——n had informed me that one, an old man, lived in the garret, and the other in the basement, or more properly the cellar. I must confess to some little, perhaps foolish, fear, as I carefully picked my way up stairs, through the dense darkness of the narrow passage, stumbling from step to step, and calculating the turnings by which I was to reach the chamber of the sick man. But after climbing three flights of stairs, I discovered a light issuing from a chink in the door, at which I knocked for admittance. It was opened by a woman. I was mistaken. My patient lived still higher up, and the woman lighted me up the rude steps to his room.

It comprised the whole upper loft of the house, and was a miserable tenement even for a beast. In many places the bricks had fallen out, and the old-decayed roof admitted almost unhindered the cold blasts from without. There was no place for fire, and the wretched occupant lived there without ever feeling its genial warmth. I found him lying upon what could only be called a pile of rags, for bed it was not, yet it was the only furniture of the room, except a large oaken chest, which sat close by its side, and within reach of his hand.

"Who's there?" exclaimed a weak, squeaking voice, as I opened the door, and the faint light of the candle in the woman's hand pierced into the gloomy darkness of the dismal apartment. I took the light, and approached him. With what seemed supernatural strength in the miserable skeleton frame, he suddenly sat upright, and clutching in his bony fingers a stout staff that leaned against the chest, he raised it, exclaiming:

"Keep off! I know you. You have come to rob me, but I will resist to the last. Stand off, I say; don't come any nearer, or I'll cry murder, and alarm the house. Murder!—murder!—watch!—watch!—help!" and he fell back, exhausted.

The voice, though full of agony and fear, scarcely found an echo in the narrow walls of the garret, so weak was it, and faint, as if coming from the lips of a dying man.

"He's been so ever since he has been sick," said the woman, "and so we have thought he was crazy, and have been afraid to come near him. Before, he always kept his door locked, and would let nobody come in."

"And how has he lived?" I inquired.

"Like all the rest of us in the house," she replied—"by begging, or some less honest means. But he must have seen better times, for he raves all the time about being robbed, as if he had anything worth the taking now. But he's crazy, poor man, and I suppose is thinking about the time when he was better off."

I dispatched the woman to procure another candle, and sat down by his side, and tried to assure him that I had come to assist him. But it was some time before I could succeed. He seemed still under the impression that I had come to rob him, and while he gasped for breath he could be heard murmuring:

"You must take my life before you get it."

"Fool!" I at length said, "of what could I rob you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am poor, very poor. But what I have got I love as well as others. Yes, I am very poor—poor—poor."

When the woman returned with the light, I dismissed her, and proceeded to examine my patient. I could detect no signs of active disease, but he seemed very old and emaciated, and I thought that this was probably all that ailed him. For this, of course, there was no cure. It is the lot of those who live to grow old, to fade and wither, and waste away, and decay. Life often in them goes gradually out, like a lamp expiring for want of oil, and yet they are unconscious of the approach of death. With slow and silent pace year after year glides on, each one adding its furrows to the cheek, and new blossoms to the almond tree, and bowing lower the decrepit form with the burden of weary age; and yet new years totter on, to swell the century full, before the old and worn-out frame refuses to perform, in part, at

least, its office; and then, all at once, the flame begins to flicker, trembles in the socket, flashes brightly up, and—goes out. Such men have we all seen—such seemed the miserable being before me. Yet, to all the wasting and despoiling influences of age, I was afterwards compelled to add another cause of his wretchedness. I did not know it till he was actually dying. He was *starving*. In the midst of a city abounding with wealth and plenty, he was dying of hunger. And this of his own choice. It was not because he could not obtain food. He was too stingy and penurious to eat sufficient to support life. His history I learned from his brother, a hard-working mechanic, who found out that he was dying, and came to see him in his last hours.

From his very boyhood he had been noted for his penuriousness, and as he grew up to manhood, the passion, if it may be called so, increased upon him. He labored hard, for he worked for money. The all-absorbing love of gold had full possession of his soul. As he gathered it in, little by little, from the wages of his daily toil, he hoarded it up, and lived upon the poorest fare. Appetite had no power over him. He would have sold the very food he was putting to his lips, for money. As his little store increased, the mania became stronger. He did not invest it in any way that would make itself increase. He dared not do this, from fear of losing it; and, besides, he wanted it in his own possession, where he could see it, and count it over, and feast his eyes and his craven soul upon the sight. It was his god; he loved it for itself. He did not use it—he gloried only in being its possessor.

But the daily wages of his labor now began to add too slowly to the paltry heap. He was not satisfied with the drop-by-drop accumulation. He forsook his work, and resorted to the miserable life of a street beggar. From this time he was only known from his occupation. No one knew what was his success. His lodgings had been, for years, in the wretched garret in which he now lay dying. When he left it, early every morning, he carefully locked his door, and was not seen there again till evening. He then returned, and closing his door, bolted and barred it against all intruders. None were admitted. His life was an utter solitude; he made no friends among the other tenants of the same house. They all supposed him to be one of their own kind, and to live as they lived. Had it been sus-

pected that he had money, no matter how little, there would have been no security for him. He therefore kept his own counsel, and lived in this dismal room, in the top of a house filled with thieves, and the only furniture he possessed was that I have mentioned above.

Old age crept upon him prematurely, for he was now only sixty. But privation, and exposure, and cankering care, took the place of years, and ploughed deeper furrows in his face. Still he pursued his calling, and day by day dragged his tottering footsteps from door to door. It was probably the most profitable period of his life. Men pitied the miserable old man, whose feeble steps seemed trembling on the edge of the grave, and alms grew plenty.

But one day he did not appear. His door was not opened in the morning, and his footstep was not heard overhead by the woman who lived under him. She thought strange of it, for she missed his accustomed presence, as he passed down from his room. About noon, fearing that he might have died alone, she knocked at his door, and after some little delay she heard him making an effort to open it. At length he succeeded, and as she looked in she discovered that he had crawled to the door, for his feeble limbs had refused to bear him. He begged her to bring him some water, and dragging himself back to his bed, he received it, and soaked in it a dry crust, which he ate by morsels. From this time his door was never fastened, for he had not the power to do it. In this condition he had been found by the charitable ladies who had sent me to see him. Such was the history of the wretched man, up to that time.

Thenceforth, the remainder of his life wore out in unceasing vigilance and care. It will be understood, however, that the facts narrated above never came to light till just before his death, when his brother discovered his condition, and came to see him. All who saw him believed him to be deranged, and that he fancied himself rich, and that all who approached him came to rob him. I supposed it to be a sort of hallucination, affecting the enfeebled mind of an old man who had lived a life of the deepest poverty, and now, in his last days, was revelling in dreams of fancied riches, which he clung to as a child hugs the toys another seeks to deprive him of. There was one thing, however, which often excited my surprise. The only seat in the room was the old chest, but if any one attempted to sit down on it, he drove them

furiously away. Did it contain stolen goods? and was he afraid of discovery?

His death, which occurred in a few days, answered the question. Steeped in poverty as the man had seemed, he was actually enormously rich. The old chest contained large sums of money, in gold and silver—the base idol of the departed possessor. By his death it fell into the hands of his brother, an industrious and worthy man, who was thus suddenly and unexpectedly raised from his humble position to affluence.

PART II.—THE CELLAR.

I have related the above by itself, though it occurred in connection with the following. It will be remembered that it was night when I climbed into the garret. Thence I descended, and sought admission into the cellar; but failing in my efforts, I was obliged to defer my visit there to the morning.

Descending a steep flight of uneven steps from the pavement, I pushed open the door without knocking, and drew back with a shudder. The damp and foul air of the apartment sent a chill over me, that made me hesitate a moment before I entered. Could it be possible that human beings lived in this hole in the ground, and in such a city as this? I had seen nothing before to compare with it: the garret above was a palace to it. No wonder I shuddered. I stepped in. Hovering over a few embers on the hearth, sat a little girl, of perhaps ten years, and clothed in rags. In one corner, upon a bed, which I afterwards learned had been, the day before, made somewhat comfortable by the ladies mentioned above, lay another girl, two or three years younger. Supposing her to be the sick one to whom I had been sent, I approached her, and laid my hand on her forehead. Her skin was very hot and dry. Upon examination I found that she was in a high fever, and perfectly unconscious. Directly a female entered, in all respects the very one in appearance to be the tenant of such a place. But when she discovered that I had come to see her sick child, she evinced a deep feeling of gratitude, though she had not thought the girl was dangerously sick. But when I assured her that her case was a critical one, and already one of great severity, the whole woman was changed. I could not account for it at the time, nor for a considerable period afterwards. For a moment she seemed as if struck dumb by the information. Then,

rushing wildly to the bed, she clasped the child in her arms and wailed bitterly.

“My poor—poor little Ellen—sweet bird! Oh! do not tell me she will die—my darling child—no—no—no. It will break my heart. Is it for this I have suffered, and made you suffer so much—to lose you now—to have you die here in this miserable place! It cannot be—and yet, O God! it is but just. Poor fool that I am! And I have killed you, my sweet child—my own little Ellen!”

And in this strain she continued to talk for some time. The manner and the words struck me as belonging to one of too refined a heart to be living in such a place; and throughout the whole course of the child's sickness, the same was to be observed. I say I could not account for it then. I knew that many are cast down from affluence and high life into abject poverty, but if they retain their moral and human feelings, they never sink so low as the outward circumstances of this woman seemed to indicate her to be. Their better natures bear them up, and they will contrive, by some means, to live in at least a decent manner. But this woman, living in all the destitution and filth of the most degraded poverty, still, under the influence of her warm maternal heart, when assured that her child was like to die, poured forth her feelings in words that would seem to belong to one who had lived in far different circumstances.

I continued to attend the sick child, from day to day, and saw, each time I called, an apparent improvement in the condition of the place. The mother was anxious that her little Ellen should be removed to more comfortable quarters, but it was impossible in her then condition. She therefore continued, by some means, to make her under-ground apartment take on an air of more comfort than I at first believed it could. A cheerful fire was now always burning on the hearth. The little comforts of a sick room were found there, and the mother was the steady and faithful and ever-watchful nurse of the sick girl. I was, therefore, less surprised than I should otherwise have been, to find her soon begin to improve, and in due time she was restored, and I lost sight of them. But the day after I ceased from attending the child, I received a note, in a delicate female hand-writing, as follows:—

“DEAR SIR,—I owe you the life of my darling Ellen. For this my heart will be ever grateful

to you. I have been a fool—nay, more—I have been cruelly wicked. If we ever meet again, it will not be as we have met. The inclosed is but a poor tribute, and is no way commensurate with my heart's thanks."

The inclosure was ten dollars. I could hardly believe the evidence of my eyes, and yet there could be no mistaking the source from which it had come. It was the mother of the little sick girl. I puzzled my brain not a little to reconcile it with all I had seen in that miserable cellar, where there was nothing but the wretched trappings of the most abject poverty. I pocketed my first fee, and let the matter drop. The winter passed by. The lecture term closed, and with my diploma in my pocket, I went to the little village of T——n, to begin my professional career. I had been there but a few days, when, one evening, just before sunset, while walking a short distance out of the village, as I passed a neat little cottage, I heard a child, who was playing by the door, exclaim:

"Look, Anne, there's Doctor P."

I knew the voice, and opening the gate, in a moment I had little Ellen in my arms. In the house I found her mother. No longer the miserably poor beggar in the filthy cellar, she was now the owner and the inhabitant of this cottage, living in comfort and elegance. She told me her story. Pardon me, reader, if I seem to tell an improbability. I could not have believed it if I had not received it from her own lips, and known her in both phases of her life.

Brought up in affluence—the child of proud and wealthy parents—married, before she attained to womanhood, to a man of her own rank in life, she was ill prepared, in a few years, when a fatal epidemic took them all away, to find herself left poor, and with two children to share her hard lot. When her grief had become in a measure allayed, she cast about to contrive by what means she could live. A life of pov-

erty she could not think of. What should she do? She had heard of the large sums of money which the beggars in the streets of New York are said often to amass, and loathsome as was the thought, she resolved to make trial of its truth. If she should succeed, she might divide her time between poverty and comfortable competence. She made the attempt. Changing her own and her children's garb, for the rags becoming her new profession, she rented the basement in which I first saw her, and commenced business. At first it was a hard life; but the gains which she found rewarding her, drawn from those who felt pity more for the suffering children than the mother, gradually reconciled her to the lot. Her success more than fulfilled her best expectations. In one winter she amassed enough to enable her to retire, the following summer, into the country, and pass her time at a genteel house, as a fashionable widow. With the return of cool weather she returned to the city, and to her dark abode. But now a new plan was conceived in her mind. It was to devote herself to her new business steadily, till she had accumulated enough to retire, and live economically, but genteelly, in the country. Through what sufferings she went, and to what hardships she exposed her tender children, it is impossible to relate. Gradually she became hardened to her new life, and callous to the feelings of her children; and the thirst for gain, only for itself, began to take deep root in her mind. She no longer looked forward to the end she had at first proposed. Just at this time the little Ellen was taken sick. The discovery of her danger, and the consciousness that she had provoked it, produced a powerful revulsion in her mind, and revived all her refined love for her child. Upon her recovery she retired to this village, and, with the proceeds of her humble and mean occupation, purchased a cottage, and was living in comfortable ease. And two happier, or more beautiful children I never saw, than were Anne and Ellen.

A PAPER ON CORALS.

I saw the living pile ascend,
 The mausoleum of its architects,
 Still dying upwards as their labors closed—
 Slime the material, but the slime was turned
 To adamant, by their petrific touch.
 Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
 Their masonry imperishable. All
 Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
 By nice economy of Providence,
 Were overruled to carry on the process
 Which out of water brought forth solid rock.
 Atom by atom thus the burthen grew,
 Even like an infant in the womb, till Time
 Delivered Ocean of that monstrous birth—
 A Coral Island, stretching east and west.

THE observations made on corals as seen in the beds where they grow, at the Sandwich Islands, and recorded on the spot, as in previous correspondence, have induced me to compare the results thus obtained with what has been written on this subject by certain late authors.

To begin with Sir David Brewster. In a recent article, copied into the Eclectic from the North British Review, he says:—"Our readers, no doubt, are aware that the coral rocks, which form islands and reefs hundreds of miles in extent, are built by small animals, called polypus, that secrete, from the lower portion of their body, a large quantity of carbonate of lime; which, when diffused around the body, and deposited between the folds of its abdominal coats, constitute a cell, or *polypidom*, or *polypary*, into the hollow of which the animal can retire. The solid thus formed is called a coral, which represents exactly the animal itself. These stony cells are sometimes single and cupped; sometimes ramifying, like a tree, and sometimes grouped, like a cauliflower, or imitating the human brain. * * * The calcareous cells which they build, remain fixed to the rock in which they began their labors after the animals themselves are dead. A new set of workmen take their places, and add another story to the rising edifice. The same process goes on from generation to generation, until the wall reaches the surface of the ocean, where it necessarily terminates. * * *"

"These industrious laborers act as scavengers of the lowest class; perpetually employed

in cleansing the waters of the sea from impurities, which escape even the smallest crustacea; in the same manner as the insect tribes, in their various stages, are destined to find their food by devouring impurities caused by dead animals and vegetable matter in the land. * * *

"Were we to unite into one mass the immense coral reefs, three hundred miles long, and the numberless coral islands, some of which are forty and fifty miles in diameter; and if we add to this all the coralline limestone, and the other formations, whether calcareous or silicious, that are the works of insect labor, we should have an accumulation of solid matter which would compose a planet or a satellite—at least one of the smaller planets, between Mars and Jupiter. And if such a planet could be so constructed, may we not conceive, that the solid materials of a whole system of worlds might have been formed by the tiny, but long-continued labors of beings that are invisible!" &c.

Now here is a mixture of fancy and fact, which a single personal inspection of a coral reef by the learned theorizer, would have very considerably modified. He would become satisfied, I think, that the great reef itself, as it appears at the Sandwich Islands, so far from being the work of insect labor alone, is the basis which nature herself lays, (in the way before referred to, by the precipitation of carbonate of lime, through electrical agency, from sea-water,) for the coral insect to build upon, and garnish with his beautiful structures, and

from time to time add to, it is true, by their decay, but never rear alone from the depths of the sea. To theorize in the study is one thing; carefully to examine and compare the processes of nature in the sea and on the land, is quite another; which, if more critically and oftener done, would preclude, or quite annihilate, and always modify, the learned labors of many a philosopher.

Coral was generally deemed a vegetable substance until the year 1720, when M. de Peyronnel, of Marseilles, commenced, and continued for thirty years, a series of observations, by which he ascertained the coral to be the production of a living animal of the polypi tribe. The general name of *zoophytes*, or plant-animals, has since been applied to these marine insects, though sometimes called lithophytes, or stone plants. They occur most frequently in the tropical seas, and decrease in number and variety as we approach the poles.

"The various species of these animals," says Dr. Milner, Gallery of Nature, p. 381, "appear to be furnished with minute glands, secreting gluten, which, upon exudation, convert the carbonate of lime in the ocean, and other earthy matters, into a fixed and concrete substance, twisted and fashioned in every variety of shape. The formation of coral is one of those chemical processes in the great laboratory of nature, which the skill of man has not enabled him either to imitate or to comprehend; but the fact is clear, that large masses of solid rock are formed by those diminutive living agents, sea-workers, toiling and spinning to the music of the waves; whose constructions are capable of resisting the tremendous power of ocean, when most agitated by winds and tempests, and ultimately become a secure habitation for man himself. The coral substance appears to bear the same relation to the insect, as the shell of a snail or an oyster does to either of those animals, without which they cannot long exist; and it is upon the death of the animalcules that their separate structures become firmly knit together by some mysterious cement, and serve as the basis for the erections of fresh races, which, as they die off, increase the growth of the firm and solid fabric."

Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unwearable,

No moment and no movement unimproved,
Line laid on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual
mound,

By marvellous structure climbing towards the
day.

Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy instruments,

By which a hand invisible was raising
A new creation in the secret deep.

Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by
them;

Hence, what Omnipotence alone could do,
Worms did.

Captain Flinders, while surveying the coasts of New Holland, examined the coral formations in process there; and his remarks seem to me to give the true theory of coral reefs, if there be added the fact of the natural precipitation of carbonate of lime from the sea-water in which it is held in solution, and the formation of the cement by electrical agency and heat. "It seems to me," he writes, "that when the animalcules, which form the coral at the bottom of the ocean, cease to live, their structures adhere to each other by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some property in salt water; and the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed by the sea, which also adhere, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising bank, and die in their turn, to increase this monument of their wonderful labors. The care taken to work perpendicularly in the early stages, would mark a surprising instinct in these discriminative creatures. Their wall of coral, for the most part, in situations where the winds are constant, being arrived at the surface, affords a shelter, to leeward of which their infant colonies may be safely sent forth; and to this, their instinctive foresight, it seems to be owing that the windward side of a reef, exposed to the open sea, is generally, if not always, the highest part, and rises almost perpendicular, sometimes from the depth of two hundred, and perhaps many more fathoms."*

* Commander Wilkes, of our Exploring Squadron, sounded only one hundred and fifty fathoms from the perpendicular coral cliff of Aurora Island, but found no bottom with a line of that length.

PIONEER LIFE.

BY GOW, JR.

It was in the spring of forty-four that I found myself, wife, and little ones seeking a home in the wilds of Western Michigan. No, dear reader, not strictly *seeking*; for that home was yet to be created in the beautiful, sparse, opening forest, with which that region abounds.

The spot for our house was already selected, and we were soon domesticated in the family of a settler, one and a half miles from the site of our future home.

Assisted by a carpenter, and the strong arms of the sturdy backwoodsmen, I soon reared a comfortable log cabin. I would inform the reader that the labor of a carpenter is usually dispensed with in building a log-house; consequently my domicil presented, comparatively, a trim appearance, and was tolerably convenient in its inside arrangement. This did not excite the envy of my neighbors, who had many a hearty laugh at my ignorance of log-house architecture. In a few days the house was completed; and Mrs. G—, the little ones, and myself, were ensconced within its fort-like walls.

For the curiosity of those who have never seen a western log-house, I will give the "Plan and Specifications." First, a large tree is fallen as near the site of the dwelling as possible: two logs are cut off, and drawn around parallel with each other, at a suitable distance apart; These form the side sills, and of course determine the width of the building, which varies with the want or caprice of the immigrant. Two other logs are now lain in a transverse position, across the ends of the first. The foundation now being laid, a cellar, of not very ample dimensions, is dug, and the dirt thrown over the sills, and levelled off. The sides of the cellar being dug shelving, the necessity of a wall is obviated. The logs are now cut of the proper length—being about twelve inches in diameter—and left, duly arranged, around the foundation. Neighbors are summoned for miles around; and many a weary mile will the sturdy backwoodsman travel, to assist at a log-

house raising; for the recollection is fresh in his memory when like favors were as freely rendered to him.

Now comes the tug of war. After duly arranging the sleepers for the floor, an expert axe-man is stationed at each corner. As the logs are rolled up, the ends of each are squared, and fitted for the reception of its fellow. The pile is soon reared; and the owner is left to finish the structure according to his means and taste. If the means of the immigrant allow it, the gables are boarded and the roof shingled: if not, logs complete the gable; and strips, three feet in length, and four to six inches in width, riven from the oak, supply the place of shingles. Openings like portholes are chopped through the sides, and supplied with glass windows. Doors soon swing on wooden hinges. Loose boards are thrown upon joist infixed in the walls, and a chamber is created. A scuttle door gives entrance to the cellar. The logs are hewn down within to give an even surface; the interstices are filled in with wood and mud, to keep out the cold; a huge fireplace yawns on one side, and the backwoodsman's castle is complete. Its embellishments are few, but characteristic. On one side of the room is a large chest, which answers the double purpose of wardrobe and settee. On the opposite side hangs an antique carved frame, containing the fragments of a shattered looking-glass; the feather bed, in which it was wrapped, was not a sufficient protection against the rough usage which it received in its long and wearisome journeyings. In one corner of a room stands a bed, from under which a well-used axe shows, its silvery edge. On two hooks, fastened in a beam over the yawning fireplace, hangs the rifle: as if to attest the certainty of its aim, in close proximity hang the antlers of a noble stag. Such, dear reader, you may imagine to be the home of many a backwoodsman. Such, in many respects, was my own loved and ever to be remembered home in the wilderness of Western Michigan.

THE POETRY OF THE HEAVENS.

BY ANDREW DICKINSON.

HAST thou e'er scanned, at silent midnight hour,
Yon sparkling volume of ethereal light—
Those star-illumined pages of the heavens?
Deep shining words of wonder, pure and true,
Beam on the eye, and flash through all the soul,
Kindling strange raptures. Oh, how numberless
The starry hosts of Night! The thoughtful mind
Looks with astonishment, transfixed with awe.

Great was the throng of preachers, when His word
Spoke out of darkness all the shining orbs
That burn forever in the temple-dome
Of the Great King Eternal. They went forth
In glorious pomp and silent eloquence,
On their eternal mission in the skies;
And nightly sprinkle down their golden light,
As kindly messages to darkened Man.

Book of eternal wonders! lit with gems
Of unknown glory—decked with myriad stars
Scattered through boundless ether: teaching truths
Of wondrous meaning. Man from death shall rise
Like orient planets from the grave of Night,
And the soul live in the eternal heavens.

Unnumbered constellations deck the sky:
How peerless is their splendor! emblems pure
Of Hope celestial, and the destiny
Of the immortal Spirit in the realms
Of cloudless glory. There, the pure in heart
Shall shine like stars around th' eternal throne,
And see the matchless beauty of the King.

Planets and suns, what countless multitudes!
Orion's golden lamps; the Pleiades,
Pale-shining; and Arcturus with his sons:
Some shed cold-trembling beams along the gloom,
Whose awful travels down the boundless sky,
On their long journey since the world began,
But yesterday have reached this mundane sphere.
Ah! who can count the myriads of heaven
Along th' illimitable ocean-void?

I love the music of the starry spheres,
Where orbs of diff'ring glory swell the maze,
Convolved and complex to th' untutored eye,
Yet order and harmonious beauty all,
To the instructed soul. Delightful songs
In harmony of numbers please the ear
Of listening Fancy: sympathetic chords

Of the rapt spirit breathe a soft response
 To the celestial music of the skies !
 Are Heaven's foundations laid among the stars ?
 Doth yon bright galaxy of ocean-light
 Come from the towers of New Jerusalem—
 Mansions of bliss—celestial palaces ?
 Th' Almighty Builder of the starry dome
 Veils his resplendent throne from mortal gaze :
 Imagination never yet hath scanned
 The boundless path along the Milky Way,
 Or caught the faintest glimpse of His abode :
 The daring soul would take ambitious range
 Through heaven and hell, but finds no beacon-star
 To guide the fearful pilgrim on his way
 To the eternal city. Boundless wastes
 Lie all around the star-bespangled path
 Through vast creation's dreary solitudes :
 Heaven's awful Architect dwells everywhere !
 Alone, in midnight silence, let me view
 The glittering arch, and hear the Morning Stars
 Praise Him in brightness, and together sing,
 While all the sons of glory shout for joy :
 They praise but ONE, worthy of endless song,
 Who is himself the Bright and Morning Star !

BYRON AND SHAKSPEARE.

THE impressions left upon the mind of one who has just closed the works of Lord Byron, are far too favorable to his character as a man of universal genius. He strikes the various chords of the human heart with great skill, but it is only those of a lower key that give a strong response. The melancholic, the despairing and the awful, are strings which own his sway, and vibrate fully at his slightest touch. He therefore exerts an undue influence upon the reader, and it is only when we compare him with other poets, the universality of whose genius is acknowledged, that we truly appreciate him.

It has always been considered a course of *policy*, for the one who has a peculiar and extraordinary bent for any one branch of literature or science, to devote himself to the cultivation of that propensity. Whether this be the wise method, is a doubtful question ; yet it is evidently the one upon which Lord Byron

acted. His success, therefore, in one particular department, ought not to be estimated as the measure of his power in another.

As a poet, when compared with Shakspeare, he resembles an unbalanced and distorted tree, whose branches and foliage, at one angle, exhibit the green luxuriance of health and vigor, but at every other are dry and crumbling standing side by side, with the symmetrical oak, whose majestic proportions veer only in the tumult of the terrific tornado. We doubt not that individual passages may be found in Byron, which equal any penned by the hand of Shakspeare. This only proves that the former, with his passions lashed to the utmost fury, was capable of producing what the latter has given us in a peaceful calm. Imagine, if we can, that gigantic and world-absorbing intellect, that deepest of souls, in turbid commotion, and then may we judge of the comparative energy of the

two poets. Byron's flashes would appear like a village bonfire, when contrasted with the cloud-piercing volcano, whose mouth belched out oceans of flame, threatening to inundate the universe, and whose sides were torn with rivers of living lava, "red, right onward, and irresistible."

It would seem no very difficult task for a man of ordinary ability, to exhibit upon the stage his own personal feelings and motives—his injuries and estrangement from the world. In his plays Byron has done scarcely more. His heroes are but Lord Byron slightly transmuted. But Shakspeare wanders over the whole world, seizing every character, and instead of creating them all Shakspeares, he breathes Shakspeare into their own personality. They stand forth *natural* men and women, but touched by a master hand. Here is Byron's great defect as a dramatist. Upon his characters the direst judgments of Heaven create no veneration—no fear. Bold-faced, they gaze upon the convulsed elements, and utter imprecations upon that hand "which tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," as it guides the forked lightnings past and leaves them unscathed; while, on the other hand, in Shakspeare, the forsaken and the afflicted, though they give way to sad complaints, yet recognize the Omnipotence of Him "who doeth all things well." In the first case, we see nature perverted to the state of a demon; in the last, we see her as she is. To illustrate this point, compare the humane and dejected Jaques with the misanthropic, heaven-excluded Manfred.

But neither of these poets confines himself to the natural world. Byron, like a "wild diver," pierces the depths of Pandemonium, and *drags* his spirits from their black abodes. Shakspeare, with the motion of his magical wand, calls them to rise or sink at will. Airy sprites become invested with the human form, and then vanish into emptiness. To the latter they come like obedient servants; the other possesses an irresistible yet questioned control over them, and when the charm is broken, they flit away as an angry cloud.

Byron's non-conformity to nature, not only discovers itself in the development of individual

character, but also in the general plot of his plays. True, they have catastrophes, yet there is but a slight connection between the principal events and these catastrophes. His plays appear like sets of discordant circumstances forced into company, having no 'classific resemblance, and converging toward no grand idea. The distinct parts might as properly be spoken by one person, as by different persons. Not that the words do not delineate some character, but that each representation exhibits some characteristic element of the same character.

In Byron there is no dramatic action. We are compelled to sit such a time, and then comes the climax. By Shakspeare we are hurried along with the speed of reality. Armies bristle, engage, and are conquered in an hour. Our minds take in the scope of years at a glance. Byron's dramas have many of the excellencies of *poetry*, few of the excellencies of the *drama*.

With their works for our standard, what shall we say of them as men? The one roams about, an exile from home, native land, and happiness. The other liveth a cosmopolite. All nations extend to him the hand of brotherhood. They gaze with *wonder* upon the forced flights of the one, while they love and venerate the ready, and easy, and no less lofty course of the other. As moralists, we behold the former desecrating the holiest ties of our nature, and trampling upon all rule but the guidance of a corrupt soul. He unfolds the sensual with such delicate strokes and fanciful allusions, that we are borne along with him before we are aware of his purpose. The immorality of Shakspeare, if such it may be called, never corrupts us by its fascination, for it issues abrupt and undisguised.

As bodies revolving in the same literary heavens, Byron will shine, a star, cold and cheerless to the human heart, yet with lonely splendor. Shakspeare, as an universal sun, will radiate heat, health and life; and if in the dim vista of past ages his brilliancy be obscured by human ignorance and pride, other planets shall arise, and with borrowed rays, illumine the Night of Time.

OUR COUSINS ACROSS THE WAY.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

A VERY singular sort of people were those cousins across the way. So we always regarded them at our house, that is, at Uncle Mike's; for I went to live with him when I was a boy, and very narrowly escaped becoming a farmer under his tuition. When any stranger came to visit us, and inquired at all about the neighbors opposite, I remember we generally used to evade their questions by saying, with a somewhat knowing air, "Oh, they are odd sort of folks." For a good many years we never said anything better of them, at any rate. Why should we? They were the oddest set of creatures in the world, in our way of thinking.

To begin with, Uncle Miah was a Democrat, and piping hot at that; and Democrats, in the region of Blue Hill, where we lived, were scarce enough to be put into the museum with stuffed alligators and flying-fish. Then he was a Methodist—"a shouting Methodist," we used to call him—and Aunt Sibyl and all the children were as bad as he was. Oh, such ugly looking bonnets as the girls wore! We could not bear the sight of them. Every Sunday morning, just as regularly as the sun rose, and almost as early, Uncle Miah would rig out his old lumber waggon, and the whole family would pile in, and ride half a dozen miles to the Methodist meeting. That provoked us a good deal; for there was a Presbyterian church close by us, on Blue Hill. I am sure I don't know what possessed them to do so. Uncle Mike once told our minister that he did believe Uncle Miah got into the habit of doing some things on purpose to be odd; and so it always seemed to me.

You ought to have seen the hat he wore, and the coat too. We boys used to make ourselves very merry at the expense of the old man's Sunday uniform, as we called it on our side of the way. Besides, Uncle Miah had an odd way of managing his farm. He never did anything as we did. Oh, he was a most bungling farmer. For instance, he drove the old sorrel horses that he went to meeting with, in the place of oxen. Once, I know, when he had pitched a pretty large load of hay on his cart,

the horses took fright at something, and away they ran down the hill, and came up all standing, against the stone fence at the bottom. One of the horses got his leg broken. Uncle had one of his boys on the load, too, and he was thrown off, and pitched over the fence—into the ditch, for aught I know, for the old man had a deep ditch somewhere in that vicinity. It served him right, we all thought across the way. He had no business to use horses; next time he should cart hay with oxen, as we did. Oxen would never run away. Uncle Miah might have known better.

As for Aunt Sibyl, she was forever doing some outlandish thing or another. We thought it was a wonder how they ever got along at all, with such management in the house. Such odd cheeses as she made, you never dreamed of. She had a bed of tansy in the garden in front of the house; and I do believe I have seen her gathering tansy there—for it was in plain sight from our house—as many as fifty times. I have twenty times, I know. And what do you think the woman did with that bitter tansy? The girl that lived at our house said she could take her oath that she had seen Aunt Sibyl boil it down strong, many a time, and put it into her cheese. But I cannot remember half the strange stories I have heard about Aunt Sibyl's housekeeping.

An odd sort of people were those cousins across the way. Now my Uncle Mike was a Federalist, and went for the Hartford Convention, and everything else that was good, according to the notions of the folks that lived about Blue Hill. Besides, he was a tithing man in the Presbyterian Church; and you must know that a tithing man, in Connecticut, was, in those days, very much looked up to. He was appointed by the parish, I believe, to keep order in the meeting; and, as the precise limit of his authority was never very clearly defined, and the boys were sometimes quite unruly, in securing order, he made a great deal of disorder once in a while. The little urchins on Blue Hill knew but little about delicate thin calf-skin

shoes in that age of the world, I can tell you; and when the tithing man caught a mischievous youth in the gallery, cutting the panels of the old-fashioned pew with his jack-knife, and when the poor fellow was made to march half across the meeting-house, with his cow-hide boots on, to the tithing man's seat, you could almost fancy a horse was trotting over those white oak floors. Such was the tithing system. The business of a tithing man, as you see, was a kind of military service. It was to *conquer a peace*; and I don't know, now I think of it, but that was the reason why Uncle Mike was always called captain in our neighborhood, for I never heard that he was so distinguished at the militia trainings.

Of course our family was a great deal more respectable than Uncle Miah's. Everybody knew that Uncle Miah held some kind of office in the Methodist meeting; but what it was I never could find out, only that it had a very barbarous name. I believe the Blue Hill folks used to make fun about it, sometimes. We did, at all events, on our side of the way.

The truth is, we did not like our cousins on the opposite side at all, and they did not like us much better, for I should think. I cannot tell how bad it was before I came to Blue Hill to live. But it was bad enough then, I am sure. Our folks would not let me have anything to do with the other family, if they could help it; though I confess I did steal away sometimes, to chat with cousin Mary—dear little Mary. She is in heaven now. God called her home while she was young. She is an angel now; she seemed one then. When I was quite a child, I remember that one of the boys on our side of the way threw stones at Uncle Miah's sheep, because they got into our pasture, and hit one of them, so that it always went lame afterwards. I remember, too, hearing Uncle Mike say it was good enough for them; that they might keep their rascally sheep at home next time; and that they ought to be thankful the sheep got off without having its neck broken. This made a good deal of a tempest, across the way; and Uncle Miah said, he guessed he could take care of himself, and that he meant to come up with us one of these days.

Well, he had a chance to come up with us before long. We had some unruly hens. They were not satisfied with scratching up all the seeds in our garden; but one morning, before Uncle Miah and his boys had got out

into the field to work, over they went, the whole tribe of them, and commenced operations with the garden across the way. Uncle Miah was very nice and particular about his garden, and he had just finished planting it. It must have been rather vexatious to the old gentleman, to see those hens scratching up his seeds. He did not wait long to deliberate about what it was best to do; but he took down the musket, which once did service in the Revolutionary war, and which, I suspect, he kept loaded on purpose, and blazed away at our hens. We heard the noise, and ran out to see what on earth was the matter; for such a thing as shooting, except on training days, was rare enough around Blue Hill.

Well, sure enough, Uncle Miah had stopped the crowing of two as fine roosters as any one need wish to see, and coolly took them up, and tossed them over into our yard.

"What does that mean?" said Uncle Mike.

"It means that I have brought you something to keep thanksgiving with," said Uncle Miah; "and it means, that if I catch the rest of those hens in my garden again, I'll let daylight shine through the whole batch of them, if I can. That's what it means."

And the two uncles looked daggers at each other.

"I'll teach you to shoot my hens," said the one from our side of the fence; and he took up the larger of the roosters, and hurled it at Uncle Miah. It hit him on the breast, all over blood as it was. "There, take that," said Uncle Mike, "for *your* thanksgiving supper—and that," throwing the other fowl; though he was not so successful in his aim that time.

I have forgotten on which side of the fence the poor roosters finally rested. But I remember well, that they were thrown back and forth a number of times, and that we boys had a boisterous laugh about the arms and ammunition used in that skirmish—a skirmish which goes by the name of "the Battle of Blue Hill," in our town, to this day. Uncle Mike, however, never liked to hear about that affair. I have many a time seen a cloud gather around his brow, and heard more or less thunder, when the thing was hinted at. He was ashamed of it, I think.

There was one of Uncle Miah's odd whims, which, at the time of it, worried his brother, the Federalist, more than this shooting of his hens, a great deal. Indeed, it always seemed to me, from the manner in which the thing was

spoken of on our side of the way, that this was the first of Uncle Miah's long catalogue of offences; for, in some way or another, when the family talked over the matter among themselves, the whole stream of the troubles was frequently traced up to that source, and there they stopped. That whim of Uncle Miah's was setting up the Jefferson liberty pole. I must tell you about that liberty pole, though it was put up before my recollection.

As far back as the last war—we used to call it the last war, though I don't know but we shall have to drop that way of talking now—the fever of politics was pretty high, as it has been since, sometimes. It raged violently about Blue Hill. Nobody died with it, that ever I could learn, but a great many took it, and had it very hard. There was something quite singular, and almost ludicrous, about the political excitement at Blue Hill, however. It was nearly all on one side. The Federalists were as plenty as blackberries; and they always had it pretty much their own way. There were only two full-grown men in town who were known as Democrats; one of whom, as I have said before, was Uncle Miah. He was the only one, in fact, that made the opposite party any trouble. The other belonged to that class and order of men, who go through the world without hitting anybody with their elbows. He was a quiet sort of a man, and contented himself with believing and voting just as Uncle Miah said, of course. He was very much thought of by the folks across the way. Uncle Miah was heard to say once, that you might go a good ways in the world, and not stumble over another such a clever fellow as Billy Tompkins.

How natural it is for us all to have a tolerably good opinion of those who agree with us, and who perhaps flatter us a little, once in a while, and make us think that we know rather more than most people think we do. "My wife's nephew," says my friend, the Doctor, (who, you should know, has written a volume of poetry, and was once a candidate for Congress) "my wife's nephew is a sensible lad. He reads my book; likes my stories; admires my singing, and thinks as I do in politics. He is a youth of parts, and considerable promise."

But about that liberty pole. A week or more before one Independence day, Uncle Miah and Billy Tompkins went into the woods belonging to the farm across the way from our house, and cut down just the tallest, straight-

est, and smoothest tree they could find, hitched the sorrel horses to it, brought it home, and dropped it right in front of Uncle Miah's door.

"What now?" said the uncle on the other side of the way, for they were on good terms before that.

Uncle Miah was never a great talker, but in this case he dealt out his words more sparingly than usual. "I'm going to teach the Blue Hill folks which way the wind blows," said he; and that was all anybody could get out of him.

By and by the fourth of July came round, and early in the morning, about the time the old cracked bell on the Blue Hill meeting-house began to ring, Uncle Miah, with the help of Billy, was seen from our door-yard, setting up that long cedar pole in the ground, right in front of his door. Uncle Mike then began to "get his eye-teeth cut," as they used to say in Connecticut. "Well, Miah is an odd sort of a chap," thought he; "I wonder what he'll do next."

The liberty pole went up, and all the folks on the opposite side of the way came out into the yard, to look at it. Of course they did not like it at all, and I will tell you why. On the top of this pole was something, in its appearance about half way between a woodchuck and a guinea hen, though not much like anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, made so that it would move around with the wind; and on both sides of this odd-shaped image,

"If shape it could be called, which shape had none,"

were the words, painted in large letters, "Jefferson and Liberty." That was too bad. Uncle Mike, according to tradition, was quite out of patience, and stormed rather furiously, for a good-natured man, as he generally was. "Thunder and lightning," said he, "I can't stand that. It's a disgrace to the whole town. It has got to come down, and I'll cut it down myself, if he don't. I declare I can't stand it."

However, the liberty pole stood it, whether Uncle Mike did or not, and it was standing when I went to live on Blue Hill, and a good while after that, too. It seems that the naughty Democrat, after getting a terrible scolding, told Uncle Mike that he guessed he should do as he liked about the pole, as it was on his own land, and that the folks across the way had better mind their own business. Take care, Uncle Miah. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Yours is too hard for that, methinks.

It was not long after that before there was

another liberty pole, on the opposite side of the way, and on the top of it there was very much such a strange-looking animal as figured on the Jefferson pole, only it puzzled our schoolmaster, who was something of a naturalist, a little more, to tell whether it belonged to the land, the air, or the water. He finally concluded it was *amphibious*, I believe; for myself, I set it down as *ambiguous*. This fish, or whatever it was, had some words on it that Uncle Miah did not relish any better than Uncle Mike did "Jefferson and Liberty." I cannot remember what they were, but I do remember they had a very bitter taste across the way from our house.

The two families did not have much to say to one another, from that time. The two liberty poles, standing, year after year, on opposite sides of the way, frowning at each other, began the quarrel, and they kept it up. Things grew worse and worse. They always do, you know, in such cases. Unless you can bring people together, and have them settle up all the old scores, the breach must grow wider and wider. It was a sad state of things. We all knew that, on our side of the way—perhaps they did on the other side. You must not suppose that either of these uncles was a bad man. As the world goes, they were very far from that. Not that I mean to whitewash over this quarrel of theirs, and make quite an innocent thing of it; but what I want to get at is this—that these folks were not "sinners above all the Galileans." At any rate, I can't think that we were, on our side of the way. However, we did show some of the old Adam in this affair, I always thought.

Well, time passed away—years, a good many of them, I am sorry to say—and things were no better. There was scarcely a day but something happened to add a little fuel to the fire that had been burning so long. There was no blazing up of the flame. It was more like a fire partly confined in the bowels of the earth, which now and then shows itself, in the form of an earthquake. There were a great many shocks, little and great, in the course of a year. We children would have got along well enough, if the old folks had let us; but they really seemed to be afraid we should make up. Human nature is a queer compound, is it not?

One pleasant evening, in the fall of the year, the family across the way were all assembled, as their custom was, to read the old family Bible together, and bow before God in prayer. Uncle Miah always prayed with his family,

night and morning. So did Uncle Mike, for that matter. Good men are strangely inconsistent, sometimes. After the scions of religion are grafted on the old thorn-bush of human nature, some of the branches will, once in a while, bear a very sour and crabbed sort of apples. They don't belong to the new scions, though. But I must not preach any more sermons.

They spent a longer time than usual at Uncle Miah's, that evening, in their worship. It was the eve of a day very dear to a New Englander. The harvests had been gathered in; the grain was thrashed. A season, to the farmers one of comparative repose, had come. The chief magistrate of the State had issued his annual invitation—perhaps it savored more of a command, at that period—for the Thanksgiving festival. Then it was more customary than it is now, for parents and children, separated, perhaps, during the rest of the year, to meet around a common table, well filled with the good things they had in store, and to praise together the Giver of them all. It was the day before this precious festival. Aunt Sibyl's kitchen had been a scene of bustle and confusion never presented but once in a year. They were looking forward to a happy thanksgiving. John had come home from the West, with his young wife and babe; Sally, too, who was living with an aunt in Hartford, was expected as soon as the stage came in, and one of the boys was as sure as could be he heard the driver's horn two or three different times, though, it must be confessed, he was as often mistaken. Those drivers were not noted for coming in very punctually, at that time. The family had just risen from their knees. Uncle Miah had made an humble, earnest appeal to the throne of grace, ending, as he almost always did, with that beautiful model which we call the Lord's Prayer. The family were all seated around the fire, in the "best room." Was there anything wanting to complete the happiness of that group? Yes, there was one thing.

"Mary," said the father, addressing the youngest child, and the pet, by common consent. "come here; I want to tell you something." And Mary came and took her place on her father's knee. She was not more than seven or eight years old, then, I think. Dear, dear little Mary! I seem to hear her sweet voice now, asking questions about God, and Jesus Christ, and heaven. She was a very serious child, for one of her years. Was her heavenly

Father preparing her so early for her home in the skies? I cannot tell; but she had learned much of the language of heaven.

"Mary," said the old gentleman, "let me hear you say the Lord's Prayer."

The child repeated it.

"That is a good girl. Do you know what that prayer means, Mary?"

"Yes, pa, I think I do."

"Well, let me see." And he began to question her on each clause by itself, beginning with "Our Father." Uncle Miah was surprised and delighted. He did not remember that the same God who called Samuel speaks, though in a different way, to little children now. His heart was full, and he kissed the child of his old age again and again, and called her his "darling Mary." So he went on with his questions, till he came to the words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"Well, my child, can you tell me what that means?"

"I don't know, certainly. I suppose it means we may ask God to forgive us just as much as we forgive the folks who are not good to us, and make us feel bad. Doesn't it, pa?" and Mary turned her loving blue eyes full upon her father's face, and was silent.

That was too much for the old man. He was silent, too, for a moment; but it was only a moment. The tide was rising within him, and soon the channels of tears, which had been so long dry, were opened again, and a shower poured down those wrinkled and weather-beaten cheeks, as he pressed his darling child to his breast. Uncle Miah said no more, at that time, for he was a man of few words, you know. But Aunt Sibyl and the children knew well enough what his thoughts were. There was a good deal of meaning in that thunder shower, coming up, as it did, against the wind, and almost without any cloud.

It was late in the evening before the subject was broached again. Sally had come home, and answered all the questions about the Hartford cousins. The children were sleepy. One after another had got tired of talking, and gone to bed. The fire, from sympathy, seemed to be nodding too. The old folks were left alone, on opposite sides of the hearth-stone. Uncle Miah sat and thought for a long time. Aunt Sibyl said nothing. She knew something was coming from the other side of the hearth; and it came, at last.

"Wife," said the old man, "I've been thinking that that Mary of ours is an angel."

"May be so," was the reply.

"I tell you, wife, that child is an angel."

There was not much use in arguing with Uncle Miah, after he had once made up his mind, whatever you might think of his notions; and so Aunt Sibyl simply said, "Well, I *don't* know what to think of Mary. She isn't like other children, that's certain."

Then there was another pause, and more musing, on both sides of the hearth, until Uncle Miah said, by and by, "That liberty pole won't be standing to-morrow night, I reckon."

And the old Democrat reckoned right. He was not bad at figures, by the way. He had ciphered all through Daboll's Arithmetic, and that was a good deal for one who was born before the Revolutionary war, and on Blue Hill, too. The next morning, bright and early, before anybody else was up in the house, he was chopping away at the liberty pole in front of his door. There he was at work, with his coat off, and his sleeves rolled up, notwithstanding the Governor's proclamation, which always said at the bottom, in those days, "all servile labor, and vain recreation, on said day, are by law forbidden." The noise of that axe, a-going at that rate, sounded strangely on the hill. The folks on both sides of the way were waked up by it, and, as they rubbed open their eyes, they wondered if it was not a dream. Whack, whack, went the axe, and by and by down went the pole, with a noise like a small earthquake. That brought all the folks out, in both houses, to see what was the matter.

"What upon earth does all that mean?" said Uncle Mike, as he saw the pole lying on the ground, and the staunch old Democrat with the axe in his hand.

But there was no explanation till after the cows were milked, and breakfast was over. Then Uncle Miah went across the way, and walked straight into the house, where Uncle Mike and the family were still eating breakfast. People did not use to knock at their neighbors' doors, at that time, on Blue Hill.

"Mike, I've chopped down that old Jefferson liberty pole."

"Going to put up one for Jackson, I suppose."

"No, I reckon not; I've got enough of liberty poles."

"Shouldn't wonder. You needn't think I'm going to cut mine down, though."

"I wasn't thinking about that. But look here, brother, there is no use in our keeping up this quarrel any longer. I'm sick of it. It began on our side of the way, I suppose; at any rate, I'll do anything to stop it."

Uncle Mike was taken all aback, as the sailors say. He had kept on eating before, or tried to do so, but now he stopped, dropped his knife and fork, and turned round his chair from the table. Perhaps he was beginning to think there was another sort of breakfast to be eaten. If so, he was not much mistaken.

"God sent an angel to me last night."

Was Uncle Miah crazy? We thought it was likely enough. He was always odd—poor man!

"He did; and the angel told me how foolish and wicked it was for me to keep saying the Lord's Prayer over, and to be asking God, every night and morning, to 'forgive us our trespasses.'" And he told the whole story. He had to stop a good many times before he got through, though, for he wept like a child. Yes, all unmanly as it was, he wept. So did we all; for it was like the breaking up of ice in the spring, when the banks of the rivers are too narrow for the flood. Few words were spoken,

as those brothers shook hands together. Words are nothing, at such a time.

When the old lumber waggon across the way was rigged out for meeting, that morning, and the folks had all crowded in, Uncle Miah drove straight to the Presbyterian meeting-house; and after he got home, and they were talking about the sermon, he said he didn't think the folks up there were so blue, after all. There was an odd sort of a thanksgiving dinner on Blue Hill, that afternoon, in the best room across the way. Our large table was lugged over, and placed by the side of Aunt Sibyl's, and the chicken pies, the roasted turkeys, and puddings, of both houses, met together at that mammoth table, and around it we all gathered, with something of gratitude, I think—with much of happiness, I know.

That rude mansion always seemed sacred to me, after that. It seemed as if an angel dwelt there. Years have passed. Changes have taken place. Those uncles lie side by side in the grave-yard on the Hill, and little Mary is sleeping near them. I am no longer a child. Yet even now, there is scarce a spot on earth so hallowed in my memory as that which was once the home of "our cousins across the way."

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE.

BY E. J. EAMES.

WILT thou too leave me—thou, who wast the first
 And fairest vision of my happiest youth,—
 Who at my side the germs of Poesy nurs'd,
 And blent wild fiction with the hues of Truth;
 Thou, who didst follow wheresoe'er I roam'd?
 In the wood-path—by the sunny stream—
 By the red rose tree, when the twilight "gloam'd"—
 Thou wert my Inspiration, and my dream.
 Oh! angel of the faded year! I need
 The Glory of thy Presence once, *once* more,
 And on thy beauteous forehead fain would read
 The Prophecy the Sibyl wrote of yore.
 I do not ask thy stay for long, sweet Muse—
 Oh, then do not this last request refuse!

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I.

AH! sad the morn to me;
Though bright are earth and sky;
And on the smiling sea
I look with streaming eye!
Where yonder line, so pale,
Scarce parts the wave and air,
I watched his flying sail,
Till lost to vision there.
Passing away, in distance far,
It vanished like a setting star!
My day-star, once, it neared the shore;
But now 'twas sunk to rise no more.

II.

To hear my orphans call
Their father's name in vain,
Brings gloom that's like a pall,
And tears, that shower like rain.
They ask, "Why don't he come
His little ones to take?"
I sit, with sorrow dumb,
And feel my heart-strings break.
Wild raged the storm that dismal night;—
It plucked him from our mortal sight!
His spirit up to God it gave;
While ocean yawned, his restless grave.

III.

My light of life is past;
And from that fatal hour,
A shade of death is cast
On each fair earthly flower.
Oh! whither can I go,—
I dare not look above,
Nor you cold flood below,—
For my departed love?
Just Heaven would spurn my envious prayer;
In ocean's cave dwells dark Despair;
And, O thou sea! thou hungry sea!
A daily death I die by thee!

THE DEPARTURE.
A. S. WOOD, DEL.



Printed and Published by A. S. WOOD, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

THE DEPARTURE.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.

B E L L A H — N .

I WAS summoned, on the last day of the winter of 18—, to the house of Mrs. H—n, a wealthy widow lady, who resided a short distance from the village. At the decease of her husband, ten years before, she had been left with a large inheritance, and the care of her two daughters, the one twelve, and the other but eight years of age. Still young herself, and of rather uncommon beauty, it was universally thought at the time, that when the season of her mourning should be over, she would at once launch out upon the world to display and enjoy the various charms of which she was the possessor. It would not have been strange, in many another woman, situated as she was, had she taken that course. It might have been perfectly natural. But the community were doomed to be disappointed. The days of her mourning endured longer than had been anticipated. Bound to her husband during his life with a true affection, she did not bury her love in the grave with him, but clinging to his memory with a faithful heart, she devoted herself to the care and education of her children, as a duty she owed not only to them, but to him who was gone. Society she did not refuse nor withdraw herself from, but she avoided all display, and was especially active in schemes of benevolence. This was, perhaps, to be attributed, in part at least, to the principles and habits acquired in early life, for she had been brought up in an humble sphere, and in the simple manners of a country village, and was naturally of a quiet and sedate mind; so that, when she was married to the wealthy Mr. H—n, although externally she conformed to the more fashionable and showy walk in which he was accustomed to move, she still retained the simplicity of her former habits, at home. Left, by his death, without any bonds to hold her to her then mode of life, and having the interests of her growing girls

near her heart, and fearing the influence upon their young minds of the example of only fashionable society, she returned at once to her primitive mode of life.

Ten years had passed away, and Grace and Bella H—n had become beautiful young women. Educated under the eye of a tender and solicitous mother, they were as near as human frailty can approach what young women ought to be at that age in life. But they were not alike beautiful and lovely. Their forms, their features, or their minds were not cast in the same mould, nor made after the same pattern. Grace—the elder of the two—was tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed. To one unacquainted with her she seemed haughty. But she was not. The impression came from her noble and dignified appearance and manners. Isabella—or, as she was always called, Bella—was fairy-like in form, and had laughing blue eyes and light hair, and was altogether one of the very sunniest beings I ever beheld. Always lively and gay, she presented a striking contrast with her more sedate and queen-like sister. Yet, to a mother's heart, they were alike lovely, and the three were bound together by the fondest and dearest ties. Such were they at the date of my narrative. I copy from my diary.

February 29th, 18—. * * * * *
Mrs. H—n met me at the door and led me into the parlor, and sat, for a few moments, in a paroxysm of irresistible grief. I saw at once that some terrible affliction had fallen upon her, and did not interrupt her tears, till I saw that she was becoming more composed. I then inquired as to the cause of my being sent for.

"Bella—my poor Bella"—and she again gave way to a flood of anguish.

I took a seat by her side and endeavored to calm her excitement, but it was some time before I could succeed. I then besought her to

tell me calmly the cause of her distress. It required but few words to make me acquainted with all, but those few words were broken with sobs and tears.

Alas! that we should be always so ready to enshrine idols in our innermost heart, and bow down and worship them, only to see them torn down and broken, and ground to dust before our eyes. A child—a husband—a wife—a lover—pleasure—ambition—gold, the sordidest of all sordid idols—some one of these finds an altar and a worshipper in every bosom. It is not so strange that natural affection should raise up its false worship to the objects of its love, as that the meaner propensities—vain phantoms without form or substance—mere images of the mind's making—should find a place in the real, for the worship of their shadowy unrealities. Yet all have their hold upon the affections, and one will pursue the unreal shadow with all the zeal of another in chase of the more substantial object, as if the things of this momentary life were worth a single instant's harboring in an immortal mind—a mind destined to breathe the air of heaven, and drink in infinite and unfading joy and happiness there. These idols are all shadows, creatures of our own making, and soon or late will be destroyed. Why not, then, cast them out at once—trample them down in the dust, and learn to despise them as such; and, while natural affection rejoices in its objects as the blessed boon of a beneficent Father, hold them all subject to His will, and resign them cheerfully when He says, Give them back to me! We are not conscious of the hold they gain upon our hearts till they are taken away, and then we first learn how deep has been our idolatry.

I learned from Mrs. H——n, that her daughter Bella had been for some few months under engagement of marriage to Ernest L——e, a young physician, who had formerly been a student in my office. He was a young man of sterling character, and in all respects worthy the love of any woman, although he was in but moderate circumstances, while Bella would be very rich. But this was, in the mind of Mrs. H——n, no hindrance to be thrown in the way of her daughter's happiness. Bella loved him. And why should she not? A more noble and whole-hearted man never won a woman's love. But they were both young, and when Ernest had finished his studies as my pupil, Mrs. H——n proposed that he should go

to Paris, and spend a year there in the schools and hospitals, to perfect his education. With a generosity, eminently characteristic of her, she offered to defray all his expenses, and he accepted the proposal as readily as it was made. This was the first I knew of these matters. He took his departure with joyful anticipations of returning, at the end of the year, with improved mind, to marry Bella, and embark in his professional career. All was hope, and neither of them was inclined to yield to any forebodings of evil.

Two months passed away, and no letters were received, and nothing had been heard from him. Another passed, and still no news. A gloomy cloud seemed to be settling down upon the bright spirit of Bella. She wrote to the agents of the vessel in which Ernest had sailed, but they had not heard from her, yet they hoped that all was well. The poor girl was in an agony of suspense. The happy smile had deserted her lip, and she became gloomy and thoughtful. She would sit for hours leaning her forehead on her hand, apparently unconscious of all that was going on around her. Three days since, a letter was received from the agents, saying that they had given up all hope of the vessel's safety, and were compelled to fear that she had been lost.

In spite of all the fears of this kind which had harassed the heart of Bella for some time, this news fell upon her with awful severity. There had been a little hope till now; but that was past. She sunk under the blow. The first day she spent in tears, in the solitude of her own room, and the kind mother did not interfere, thinking this natural burst of grief would pass away and leave her more calm. But the following night she spent also in sleepless grief; and from that time no words of comfort had any effect upon her. She had become calm, to be sure, but the smile had gone, and the bright hue from her cheek, and she talked much to herself; and Mrs. H——n was fearful that her mind was becoming disordered. She had sent for me that I might see her, and to know my opinion.

I found Bella in her room; she was reclining on the sofa, with an air of deep and thoughtful melancholy in her face. She looked up as I entered the room, but did not seem surprised to see me, although she did not know that I had been sent for. I endeavored to draw her into conversation; but though she would answer my questions, she would instantly relapse into

her listless mood. I referred to her loss in as kind and cautious a way as I could, and for a moment she was aroused.

"Oh! it is a terrible thing, Doctor," she said, "and came upon us so suddenly. He was so noble and true-hearted; and to be taken away thus, when all the world was looking so bright to him! But we shall not be separated long."

"No—no, Bella," said I, "you must not talk so."

"It is so, Doctor; my heart tells me it is so. And I would not live longer. You do not know how dark the world looks to me now. And I believe mother and Grace feel it almost as much as I. And why should they not? for Ernest was very dear to all of us."

Although such was the tenor of all she said to me, yet I could not regard it as anything more than the effect of the shock, which time would alleviate; and so I told her mother, before I left.

"I hope so, indeed," replied Mrs. H——n, "but I cannot help fearing it will not."

* * * * *

April 3.—How little the world knows of the misery that lies cankering in its own bosom. We see around us, every day, the denizens of want, shrouded in rags and filth, and we hear of the doings of famine, and disease, and pestilence in other places; but all this has become a matter of course with us. But in the mansions of wealth, in their gorgeous panoply, that seems to shut out the very thought of care and wretchedness, and where the children of poverty stop as they pass, and gaze, and wonder if the indwellers know what want is—in such places misery lies hid, but is none the less real. Down deep in the bosom of the sufferer, beneath a brow all bright and cheerful, beats often a poor heart, rent, and torn, and crushed with consuming sorrow. No class, nor age, nor condition is exempt. If this world were all smiles and happiness, we should forget, ingrates that we are, to look beyond.

More than a month has passed since I was called to see Bella; and although the external signs of her grief have become less manifest—perhaps from our habit of seeing them—yet the smile has never visited her face again.

"O Doctor, how I wish it had been me," said her sister Grace to me, one day, as she followed me to the door.

"Why so, my dear Grace?" I asked. "Do you think you could have borne it better?"

"Perhaps not," she replied, "but then the others would not have felt it so. It is so sad to see Bella, once so gay, and the life of the house, now so changed. It throws a gloom over us all. Had I suffered just as much, it would have fallen upon others with less severity. We did not know her before, Doctor, nor how dear she is to us."

"Let us take courage, Grace, and trust in God."

Bella's mind does not seem to have suffered any in its powers, but her health is already beginning to give way; and she still talks of the certainty that she shall soon meet Ernest again. Her heart was early imbued with the spirit of religion; and now she has mingled with her hopes of a future life, the idea of being there united, in communion at least, with him she has lost. She will talk of nothing else. I have advised the family to try change of scene, and to-morrow Mrs. H——n is to set out on a journey in her own carriage, to try its effects upon her daughter. God grant it may help to wile away her mind from its perpetual gloom.

Mrs. H——n is still building a hope for the future, on the idea that the vessel is not lost, and that some accident has driven her out of her course, and that they shall yet hear from Ernest that he is alive. But our dear patient cannot be induced to rely upon such possibilities. They raise no hope in her mind.

April 4th.—She has started this morning. The preparation, though made with as much ostentation as possible, made no impression upon her. In some things she herself assisted, but with a sort of mechanical air that showed her utter indifference. I was with them to the last.

"I appreciate, deeply, all your kindness and sympathy, Doctor," said Bella, as I sat by her while waiting for the carriage; "and I wish, for your sake, and mother's, and Grace's, that it may be of service to me. But I fear not. I cannot arouse myself. There is such a constant weight here, on my heart, that I struggle in vain to throw off. I wish I could, for I am grieved at the constant misery I see around me, and of which I am the cause."

"Yet, Bella, will you not, for our sakes, continue to make the effort? Think less of yourself, and let your heart be open to the influences of the scenes through which you pass."

"I will, indeed, try, Doctor. I am trying all the time. But should I not come back again ——"

"No, Bella—none of that. Let it be one of your most constant efforts to keep such thoughts out of your mind. Come back! to be sure you will, my dear girl, and I hope gladden all our hearts again. But here is the carriage all ready. Now, good bye. God be with you."

I saw a tear on her cheek as I seated her in the carriage, and I took it for a good omen.

O love! love! no wonder that the ancients deified thee, and gave thee a quiver and a bow. Thou art the ruler of all hearts. Yet how different the wounds thine arrows make. To the young lover, with his fond one folded to his bosom, all is joy. Clouds may gather round them and darken their path, but the clouds throw no shadow on their hearts. All is bright to them. The heaviest ills of life look light and easy to be borne. Care knocks at their door in vain. Poverty is but the name of an unreal fear. And borne up by unfading mutual love, they wed, and children cluster round them—the blossoms and fruits of their affection—and what know they of sorrow? Labor! it is the zest of home's joys. Absence! it is only the surety and pledge of a new happiness when the meeting time comes, and the loved ones shall gather to his bosom, and make his heart swell with thankfulness and honest pride. Yet some, with hearts as passionless as the lichen on the dry rock, sneer at the passion, and live unloving and die unloved. Miserable men!

But turn the picture—for turn it we must. Let death with his unsparing hand tear them asunder—or, worse, far worse, let coldness, and suspicion, and discord, and hate—yes, hate—show their ugly forms and poison all the pure and holy feelings which were growing up in those breasts; and, like a solitary tree in the midst of the desert, upon which the thunderbolt has fallen and blasted its roots, and drank up its sap, and withered its leaves, leaving only a seared trunk and gnarled limbs as the witness of the lightning's power and wrath—so will be that lone and desolate spirit, blighted, and crushed, and down-trodden—the world, a desert of human hearts. But I do not love to look upon this side.

* * * * *

The family of Mrs. H—n were absent several months. I received frequent letters from them in relation to Bella, and once she wrote me herself. Her bodily health was improved, but her mind was still sunk in gloom.

"No, Doctor," she wrote, "the bloom may

come back to my faded cheek, but the greenness and joy to my heart—never. It is crushed and withered. Nothing moves me. I stand in the midst of scenes that a few months since would have made my heart leap to enjoy their beauty. I see their charms. I hear others speak of them in the most glowing language—but my poor heart lies still, and passionless, and cold in the midst of all. I struggle against it; I make efforts to break my chains; but I sink back powerless as a bird with broken wing. There is something wanting—a terrible void. * * * * * Why is it? They love me—they seem to idolize me. Yet, though I wish earnestly, ardently to show that I am deeply sensible of their love—though I tell them so, as I now tell you, there is no outward exhibition of it. I see and feel that I am cold as the marble statue. Why is it? It is not that the *principle* of true affection is gone from me, for that I feel is not so. Is it because the *passion* lies in the ocean grave with Ernest? I believe that is the true cause.

"* * * I feel that I have done wrong in yielding, as I have, to the influence of my feelings. I have duties to perform—a destiny to fulfil; and now I am strengthening myself for the work. I have told this to mother, and it seemed to be a satisfaction to her. Perhaps on this she builds a new hope of my recovery. And why deny to her even such a small comfort? I could hope for her sake that such might be the case. Dear Grace is my guardian angel, and my heart weeps bitter tears, when I think how ungrateful I must seem to them."

They returned. There was a remarkable change in the appearance of Bella. The smile was not there, but she was more beautiful than before. It was the beauty of the mature woman—inured suddenly and by sorrow, and with a shade of sadness that made her doubly interesting. And the others seemed to have become, in a measure, reconciled to the change in her. She became an active woman in deeds of benevolence, and all who loved her before, loved her far more now, though they mourned for the cheerfulness and gayety which she had buried in the grave of Ernest.

Bella ceased to be my patient. I met her often at the bedside of the sick, where she came like a ministering angel, and soothed the anguish of disease by her gentle, and calm, and affectionate kindness. And in this way more than a year passed by. I was one evening called to the house by some trifling illness

of her mother, and after I had prescribed for her, I took my seat in the parlor with the young ladies. I talked with Grace for some time, for Bella rarely joined in the conversation. At length she left her seat and went to the window. It was an evening of great beauty, and the full moon, just risen in front of the house, poured its full light upon the entrance, and the broad gravel walk leading up to the door. I heard the latch of the gate as some one entered, and suffered it to swing back. An instant afterwards we were startled by hearing Bella exclaim, with a peculiar tone, "Doctor! Grace!" and, springing to my feet, I saw her stand with both hands pressed convulsively to her breast, and her eyes strained eagerly towards some object out of the window. I stepped quickly to her side, and received her in my arms as she fainted. But I had seen the cause of her distress. A gentleman was approaching, and Grace, at that instant exclaimed, "It is he—it is Ernest!"

I carried Bella hastily into the adjoining room, and laid her upon the sofa, while Grace ran to the door to admit the visitor, and lead-

ing him into the parlor, came to us just as our patient was murmuring—

"O! I had such a dream, Grace," she said, as she opened her eyes. "I thought he had come back, and——"

"It was no dream, dear Bella," said Grace. "It is no dream. He is here—here in the house."

As I am not writing romances, I will not attempt to describe the effect of his sudden arrival. His story was soon told. The ship in which he had sailed had been lost at sea. The crew deserted her in the boats, with as many as they could carry. After tossing about for several days, the boat in which was Ernest, had been taken up by a vessel bound for the East Indies. Of course he went along, and returned by the first opportunity. No chance of ever sending a letter had occurred, which could give notice of his safety before his own return. He brought the news himself, and with it the joys of other days. Bella has never regained the same smile she wore before; but cheerfulness and peace have visited her again.

TRUST NOT.

Trust not, trust not;
The world is full of change:
Though Fortune smile, her frown erewhile
May warmest friends estrange:
Then trust not.

Trust not, trust not;
The sun at rosy morn,
With gladsome light, may promise bright,
Yet herald cloud and storm:
Then trust not.

Trust not, trust not
The smooth and placid sea;
Its rocks lie deep, and tempests sleep,
To wreck thy bark and thee:
Then trust not.

Trust not, trust not
The love that *gold* may buy;
In poverty 'twill turn from thee,
With cold and altered eye:
Then trust not.

Trust not, trust not
To aught beneath the skies;
Earth's promised joys are gilded toys,
To cheat the longing eyes:
Then trust not.

Trust not, trust not,
But they—the tried and true,
And then a pang, from falsehood's fang,
Thy heart shall never rue:
Then trust not.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY MRS. E. MARIA SHELDON.

NEW SARATOGA.

ABOUT two years after the paper-city mania, in this Wolverine State, being on a visit to a relative, in the village of D——, it was one day proposed that we should take an excursion on horseback, to Prospect Hill, about seven miles distant. The proposal was hailed with pleasure by us all, and the next day fixed upon for the ride.

The morning proved cloudy, and of six couples, all except three individuals gave up the project from fear of a storm.

"No, indeed, we won't give up, will we?" said Helen N——, a fine, spirited young lady, to Mr. H——, my relative, who was preparing to accompany us.

"I don't anticipate a storm," he replied, "and as this will be the last opportunity we shall have before Cousin leaves us, I am anxious to go. We will show Emily all the beauties of the hill, then go to New Saratoga, and dine at the White Cottage," he added with a quiet smile.

New Saratoga! thought I; I never heard of that place before, and that smile has meaning in it. But I was not Yankee enough to ask questions, and too much Wolverine to be taken by surprise.

Up and away! we were soon riding leisurely through the village, greeted with a polite bow now and then, from an acquaintance, and an ominous shake of the head from one and another of the more *judicious* part of our party, who chose to stay at home.

The village passed, we resolved to try the mettle of our "bonnie steeds," and away we galloped over the undulating "openings," till fatigue sobered us, and an easy pace gave us opportunity to observe scenery, and enjoy the reading of Nature's book.

The season was early spring-time. The very first tiny blossoms were peeping up among the dry leaves; here and there, in the valleys, were patches of green; but the old oaks spread out their huge arms above us, leafless and

apparently dead, and only now and then could we see the least vestige of green beneath their broad shadows. All nature seemed in a "sweetly melancholy mood." The air was soft and warm, but there was not wind enough astir to sway the smoke that rose lazily from the cabins seen at intervals by the wayside. The clouds, that hung heavily over all the face of the heavens, seemed coming down to rest on the tree-tops. Not a robin's note was heard, and the squirrels running across the road, or looking down saucily from some overhanging limb, did not chatter as they were wont. Our own little cavalcade gradually partook of nature's pensiveness: gleeful sallies and the merry ringing laugh subsided into sober remark, then a long silence succeeded, and each drank into the spirit the purifying gladness of pleasant reflections.

Beautiful, most beautiful, at any season, is the scenery on our "heavy-timbered oak openings,"—for this is the term used for those sections of country where the timber is mostly large, sturdy oaks, thickly set, but without underbrush. The surface of the land is as if it had once been an ocean, and the Almighty fiat had changed it to earth while its billows were rolling. Thus, for miles you will see a succession of billowy hills and intervening valleys covered with these forest monarchs. Can such scenery be otherwise than beautiful?

On, on we rode over these hills and valleys in silence, but not in gloom, till another road intersecting ours woke us from our day-dream.

"Asleep! horses and all," exclaimed Mr. H——. "Come, Speedwell, you must step quicker, or we won't get to the 'White Cottage' in time to see the boarders."

I glanced at Helen, and the would-be grave expression of her countenance was enough.

"We will take this road, girls," said Mr. H——, reining his horse to the right, "and then we can ride to the top of the hill."

I began to think "Prospect Hill," "White Cottage," and all, would prove to be a hoax, from the mischievous looks of my companions; but determined to be surprised at nothing, and to enjoy all I could find worth enjoying, I rode on without remark.

"Away, away!" shouted Mr. H——, spurring his horse into a gallop. In a moment we were all bounding over the ground at full speed. The aspect of the country began to change; it was lower and more level; beech, maple and elm almost displaced the oak, and the thickly-set black ash in the distance betokened our approach to a larger stream than the brooklets we had crossed. Presently huge saw-logs appeared, scattered by the wayside, and a little further on, it would have required a skillful hand to steer a carriage through such straits.

"Heigh ho! we can't gallop here," said Helen as we walked our horses, "Indian file," through this scarcely more than footpath.

"I should think we must be near your famous city, from appearances," I remarked to Mr. H——; "they seem to be making large building preparations."

"New Saratoga is about a mile from here," he replied, and again that smile.

"There is one of the seven lakes, that I told you we could see from the top of the hill," observed Mr. H——, pointing with his whip to the right, "and this river just below is its outlet."

Yes; there lay the lake, a broad, beautiful sheet of silver, encircled by tall forest-guards, but it seemed scarcely possible that this rapid river could be the outgushing of waters, which were there so placid and still. A little further on was the uncouth, noisy saw-mill, with its usual medley of boards, planks, slabs, &c.

"To the left, to the left," shouted Mr. H—— to Helen, who, having emerged from the mill-yard, was riding rapidly toward the river.

"I will lead the way presently," he said, as we wheeled off into the dense forest.

"Look out for veils and plumes," was our next much-needed advice. "This footpath leads directly to the top of Prospect Hill, ladies," added Mr. H——, with the most polite bow imaginable.

We soon began to ascend a gentle elevation, so gentle at first that it was scarcely perceptible, our pathway winding among the trees, and the horses, now and then, treading on a cluster of spring blossoms which we would gladly have saved from such destruction. A

few moments' ride, and the ascent became more steep.

"Hold a tight rein and look well to yourselves; if the horses falter don't spare the whip," said Mr. H——. "*Excelsior!* away, away!" he shouted, and dashed on up the ascent.

"*Excelsior! Excelsior!*" echoed through the wood, and our own "bonnie steeds" were not far in the rear. Up, up we went, and still above us rose the hill, and the trees seemed climbing higher and higher above their fellows. "*Excelsior,*" rang again and again through the forest. Our panting horses scrambled on unused to such steep, till, at last, we reached the summit.

"Here we are," is our simultaneous exclamation, and the tightly drawn bridles are thrown on the horses' necks. Here we are, in the midst of nature's loveliness. The broad level summit of this towering height is covered with stately trees, which, as if proud of their elevated position, are lifting their heads still higher, till they almost reach the clouds. But the "hill" has not an appropriate name; surrounded and covered by a dense forest, surely there is no "prospect" here. Not quite so fast; first impressions are often false: there, there, and there, are vistas, through which are most exquisitely disclosed the beauties of the far-off landscape. The glassy surfaces of five lakes are spread out in different directions, and were these heavy clouds swept from the face of the heavens, two more would be visible. At the base of this almost mountain, on the west side, is a lovely plain, shaded, and only shaded, with oaks; and just beyond is the largest lake in this region, the Portage, seven miles long and three wide. How beautiful it looks. There are but few rushes on its margin, and slipped feet might step unharmed from the bank into the light canoe dancing on its bosom. That white ridge, just beyond the middle of the lake, is a sand-bar which extends entirely across the lake, with but one opening, probably kept clear by the current of the waters.

How came the ridge in such a place? what action of the waters heaped up the little grains, whose multitude form the dancing hall of the Naiades, till a vein of pearl divides the emerald in twain?

Swiftly to me the past comes back again, and busy imagination repeoples this quiet spot with the habitants that have but just passed away. There, on that plain just below us, is the camp-fire again built, and those rude wig-

wams erected—the dwellings of a day! Look at that dusky mother bending over the camp-kettle, in which she is preparing coarse food for her little ones. Just within that hut is a young mother, carefully adjusting the bands that fasten her first-born to the hard board, its only cradle. Strange tenderness this seems to us; but are not those upright forms somewhat the result of such rugged caresses? By yonder tree, with his right hand grasping the trusty rifle, stands the husband of that young wife, the proud father of that wailing babe. In him, perchance, he sees the future warrior, mighty in the battle, fortunate in the chase, and one of those who shall protect these favorite hunting grounds from the despoiling tread of the hated pale-faces. See him instinctively search for his tomahawk: at the very thought his eye kindles, and that scowl shows the fearful storm of passions in his bosom. Hark! a sweet voice calls; the storm subsides, and the savage is a man, with true and loving heart—the seat of all kindly affections. Oh, the omnipotence of love!

'Tis night: torches are glaring and flashing over the lake; birch canoes are paddled swiftly to and fro, by young maidens, while fathers and brothers sit in stately silence, unconscious of any wrong in this unnatural vassalage. Now they rest, and the quick eye and true spear rapidly gather spoils from the placid waters.

Yonder is one canoe apart from the rest: look closer—two young girls are its only occupants; how much engaged they seem with their fishing tackle, yet that paddle moves oftener than it need, and the canoe is most unnaturally floating up stream, towards that little cove.

A bird-like note floats over the waters: see them start! now another, and a low warble from the elder of the two maidens is the response. Gradually they near the cove, suddenly the torch is shaded, quick as thought the boat touches the strand, the elder sister leaps out, and the younger shoves off; the light appears again, while 'neath the shadow of yon "trysting tree" the beautiful and pure-hearted Indian girl, and her dark-browed lover, plight their vows of changeless fidelity.

"Halloa, the house!" shouted Mr. H—; and with telegraphic speed the Indians were beyond the Mississippi, and there were Mr. H— and Helen, leaning over their horses, gazing in at the open door of a house built on this tip-top of all Michigan—a building worth describing: dimensions, seven by nine, one

story, built of logs, *minus* roof, windows, chimney, and inhabitants.

"This magnificent structure," remarked Mr. H—, "was planned by a two and sixpenny speculator, for a refreshment house, when New Saratoga was first settled."

"But where is New Saratoga?" I inquired.

"Spread out before you, coz, in all its beauty, on the plain between us and the lake; and there, almost on the very shore, is the 'White Cottage' I spoke of."

Sure enough, there was a little, uninhabited, one-story building, with the brick chimney and oven visible on one side, while the other side, and one end, were painted white, whence its name.

Oh how contemptible those two monuments of human folly looked in the midst of all that handiwork of the great Architect! We could not laugh at such a spectacle, for we felt ashamed of our own humanity.

Large rain-drops began to fall now and then, as if admonishing us to take our leave; so we gave heed to the admonition, descended the hill on the west side, crossed the site of the would-be village, rounded the head of the lake, and galloped off through the woods in search of a tavern about two miles distant. The road winding around the foot of this hill, and turning out to avoid that little spot of low ground, made these Michigan miles, as the Dutchman said, "narrow, but very long."

"A river, with pure, deep waters, for me," I exclaimed, as we came in sight of a beautiful stream rushing along through a little valley just before us, as if in haste to reach the lake, lest that great reservoir should be exhausted.

"What! a deep river, if you have to ford it?" asked Mr. H—.

"But there's a bridge," said I, pointing to a rude causeway thrown across the stream.

"Yes, an impassable one. Don't be so fidgety, girls, there is no danger," he added, laughing.

"Oh no! Mr. H— was mistaken; we were not fidgety; not in the least afraid; we would love dearly to ford the stream—'twould be a novelty, something worth boasting of." So—as boys whistle in the dark, to keep their courage up—we were very busy, gathering up our riding dresses, adjusting caps, whip and bridle, for the plunge. Bravely we rode to the very brink, but there was a catching of breath, and nervous grasping of the rein, as the sudden descent threw us forward in the saddle. 'Twas only momentary; the stream was not deep,

and we enjoyed the splashing through those limpid waters, more than any other part of the ride.

"What is the name of this river?" I inquired.

"It is the Portage, flowing into the lake yonder, which bears the same name, you remember," was the reply.

"All ashore! halloa, the house!" sung out Mr. H——, as we gained the bank.

"Where? where?" Oh yes, through the woods yonder, we could descry the looked-for hotel—that is, a common-sized log house, with a huge sign creaking before it.

A few minutes' ride, and we were alighting, while the landlord held our horses, and the usual knot of loungers were watching the most interesting process of dismounting. Then the horses were handed over to the boys, and, "This way, ladies," said the unpolished, but kind-hearted landlord, throwing open the door to the "square room." Mr. H—— left us to order dinner; and we, throwing off our riding habits, began to look about for some amusement, while said dinner was being prepared. There was not a book nor paper in the room; we were too tired to be sociable; the dark clouds were rushing across the sky, and presently the big rain-drops began to patter against the little panes of glass in the two little windows, thus keeping us within doors. The room, though not large, was clean; the well-worn furniture was neatly dusted, and one could not help feeling comfortable, though in an unpretending way.

"Oh! here is just what we want," said Helen, as her eye fell on a gaily painted map hanging above the mantle-piece.

"Yes," replied Mr. H——, who was entering the room, "that is just what you want, for it is a map of New Saratoga."

"What! the place we passed on Portage plain?" I exclaimed.

"That same," said Mr. H——, laughing.

We both ran to the map, and, truly, there was Saratoga in all its *painted* beauty! A city as large as Rochester, New York, with its broad streets, and spacious squares; its shady parks, and gushing fountains; its splendid mansions and public buildings, and numerous "spires pointing up toward heaven;" all spread out to the astonished view! Here were the "mineral springs," that gave name to the place; and there, just out of the village, were the mill-seats with their astonishing water-power.

As I gazed on this beautifully executed map, and read, "hotel erected," "flouring mill in progress," "bath house," &c., and listened to Mr. H——'s account of the manner in which the proprietor, taking advantage of the times, went to New York, and actually, by his map and misrepresentations, succeeded in selling many of these "city lots;" I thought how low such a man must have descended in the scale of morality, thus to take advantage of his fellow-man's credulity; and when there came a summons to dinner, I turned away from that beautiful falsehood, mentally exclaiming, "Surely, surely, 'the love of money is the root of all evil.'"

Discussing a well-cooked dinner, when one is hungry, will restore cheerfulness, though the viands be more substantial than delicate. So it was with us: by the time our repast was finished, we were chatting merrily, and were "ourselves again." Another hour, and the clouds had broken up their council; brushed away their tears, and were running a swift race along the pathway of the sky.

Mounted, and "homeward bound," we bade adieu to the neat log tavern, and wended our way back again. In fording the river on our return, I carelessly allowed my horse to go lower down the stream than my companions, who were a little in advance; presently I saw Mr. H—— look back and motion up stream, with anxiety on his countenance. Immediately reining my horse as directed, and quickening his pace, I was soon safe on the opposite bank.

"Well, coz, you just escaped a ducking," said Mr. H——, drawing a long breath; "very near where you were when I beckoned, is a deep hole, beyond your horse's depth, and a martingaled horse cannot swim; so I expected every moment to see you go down."

"Yet I am safe, you see."

"Yes, but no thanks to your own care or wisdom," he replied, with a smile.

Merrily, cheerily, we rode homeward, except when, for a moment, a breeze of disgust rippled the sweet stream of happiness, as we passed Saratoga plain.

The weary clouds, one after another, sank away in the east; the sun shone out in softened beauty, and when we galloped triumphantly through the village of D——, a splendid sunset lit up all the face of the heavens with celestial smiles.

THE SOUL'S UNREST.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

I HAVE an Atheist in my breast
 Who lurks within its inmost cell,
 Who smiles amid the soul's unrest,
 And round me weaves Abaddon's spell.

Whene'er I turn my eyes within,
 To know the inmates dwelling there,
 I see them all enslaved by Sin,
 Who softly spreads his glittering snare.

I learned the truth in years gone by,
 When first awoke my inner sight,
 And day-dawn met my shade-filmed eye,
 That now has scarce escaped the night.

He lingers round his secret place,
 No power has yet compelled him thence,
 Where, half-subdued, he hides his face,
 But makes a bold and long defence.

An Egypt was my heart at first,
 And plagues were there—how long they reign!
 Its streams and sands and stores accurst
 Made outer day a galling chain.

Bright things of hope soon died away,
 And left pale ashes in their shrine,
 Where, at the altar, stood Decay,
 The oracle of dreams like mine.

And through the labyrinth of doubt,
 Deep underground, like that of old,
 I strive to find my pathway out,
 Where Faith's bright sun I might behold.

The first-born of my heart was slain,
 Strong Love that knew not death till then,
 While holy sisters joined the train
 That hastened to their tomb again.

Oh, that some full, o'erflowing Nile
 Might irrigate the barren sands;
 Then should the verdure spring a-while
 Heaven's guardian angel near me stands.

Then, in the Goshen of my soul,
 Bright beams of joy their bliss shall pour,
 And lead me where the Jordans roll
 On holy Faith's untroubled shore.

O C O M O ,

A TALE OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

CHAPTER I.

It was a sun-set scene on the banks of the beautiful Mississippi: the majestic river was rolling calmly on, while the ripples on its bosom caught the golden rays of sunlight, and danced and sparkled in their beams. As far as the eye could reach was one unbroken sheet of water, bordered with spots well worthy a painter's pencil; but art could never equal the bright vivid green of the velvet turf, or the thousand varied hues of the blossoms that gemmed the vales. Art could not portray the giant forms of the grand old trees, whose gnarled and twisted roots were twined together at their base, with a strength that defied human power to separate them. The very sky seemed of a deeper blue than where it canopies our colder clime; and the music of birds was heard in the forest. Upon the grass, their broad forms resting against the trunks of the forest trees, sat a group of Indian warriors. Their rifles were lying idly before them, and the deadly tomahawk gleamed in their belts. Old men and young were there; and the dusky but gentle faces of the Indian women were fixed in earnest attention, as they listened to the tones of the missionary, whose voice broke gently on the stillness that reigned around. He was apparently a middle-aged man, and his pale, meek countenance had a look of suffering and resignation, while the dark hair that swept his brow was thickly threaded with silver. His words were in the Indian language, to the study of which he had long applied himself, in order to instruct the poor ignorant red men; and he spoke it with a fluency which showed that his labor had not been in vain. He had left a pleasant home in the East to take up his abode with the rude, untutored savage; shut out from his own species, with no companion but the Indian—by whom his life was often threat-

ened—the devoted man steadily persevered in his task, in spite of the obstacles that surrounded it.

He spoke to them of Jesus—of His death on the cross—and tears stood in the eyes of his hearers; while the faces of the old chiefs were bent forward with an expression of wonder, curiosity, and surprise, to hear “the strange pale face,” as he was called. That he talked in the Indian language as quickly and correctly as themselves, while he spoke of another “Great Spirit,” puzzled the red men. Some lent a willing ear to his affecting truths, and wished to hear more from the great book; while others observed the white man's influence with jealousy, and regarded their more believing companions with contempt. The missionary's heart often failed him; but he was not one to be easily discouraged from the path of duty, and, seeking strength from the throne of grace, he proceeded with renewed vigor.

The missionary had often noticed, among his hearers, an Indian youth of strange appearance. His eyes were always earnestly fixed upon the speaker, and nothing could divert his attention. His brow was often wreathed with wild blossoms, and his large dark eyes had an unsettled expression; while his finely-cut features always wore a look of the deepest melancholy. His manners were quiet and subdued—so different from the other Indians, that the missionary felt interested in the youth; and turn where he would, those sad dark eyes were continually before him, with a fixed, though gentle gaze. In answer to his inquiries, he learned that the boy's name was Ocomo, the son of Undega, a powerful chief, and one of those most strongly opposed to him.

From his earliest childhood the young Ocomo had found himself an object of contempt to his tribe. His mind was unsettled: at times he

would have all the simplicity of a child, and laugh and gambol in his vacant glee; and then again his insanity assumed a higher order, and he would fancy himself conversing with spirits; while the words that fell from his lips, at such times, were strangely wild and irregular. His love for flowers amounted to a passion; and he would express the wildest joy at the sight of a rare blossom, or a cluster of early violets. The soul of Ocomo was deeply imbued with the spirit of poetry: in summer he sought the most retired parts of the forest, and, seated by some limpid stream, gazed with silent pleasure on the sunlight that streamed through the opening glades; while a hushed and joyous feeling stole over him, and he would see bright forms flit by him, and hear the gushing melody of unseen songsters. Poor boy! he was happy in his insanity. As the rich and gorgeous sunset burst upon his view, he gazed upon the rosy-tinted clouds with awe, and longed to see that spirit-land whence all things beautiful seem to emanate. As the evening wore on he would steal from the wigwam to gaze upon the star-gemmed heavens; and solitude had a peculiar charm for him, for he could people it with beings of his fancy. The warriors regarded him with contempt; he could not join the hunt; could not fix the deadly arrow, and display the scalp of a slaughtered enemy, or bring home a supply of venison. They nicknamed him the woman-boy, and sneers, taunts, and revilings followed his footsteps; for the rude savages despised a mind that found pleasure in flowers—trifles which the heavy foot of the Indian would crush in his path, rather than stoop to pluck the bright-hued blossoms; for his eye is never arrested by their modest beauty: it is generally fixed on the crouching form of some hidden foe, or panting deer, gasping its last breath in its efforts to elude the pursuers.

It galled the proud spirit of the old chief to see his only son an object of contempt; and smothering all feelings of tenderness towards the unoffending boy, he spoke sternly and harshly to him, and never could endure his presence.

But his mother loved him; she was not ashamed of her unfortunate son; and the tender heart of Ocomo clung to her as the only being that cared for him. He would load his mother with affectionate caresses, delighted at having something to love; and the rarest flowers and brightest-hued berries were always for her. Sometimes her warm tears fell upon his face; and Ocomo would exclaim, in surprise—

“Why do you cry, mother? Ocomo is happy.” But she only answered with her tears; and the affectionate boy would lay his cheek to hers and kiss away the drops that trembled on the fringed lids.

When the missionary first appeared among his people, Ocomo listened to his words with surprise and pleasure, and a new light stole into his mind. He went home and told his mother; and she too came, and listened eagerly. But the wrath of Undega burned fiercely against the intruder; and only in secret could they talk of the promises and invitations which the good man read from the Bible. At length Ocomo noticed, with alarm, his mother's sunken cheeks and feeble steps, and he saw that she was failing daily. Throwing himself on her bosom, he besought her not to leave him, and murmured, “I have no one but you!” But the arrow of the destroyer had sunk into her heart, and she smiled sadly, as she replied:

“I am going, Ocomo, to the spirit-land of the pale face. When I am cold and stiff, tell him that I died in faith.”

When her breath had indeed ceased forever, the poor boy threw himself on the body, and his cries and sobs were heart-rending. He refused to believe that his mother was dead. “She would not leave me alone!” he cried; “I know she will come back!”

But they tore him from her, and Ocomo saw them bury his mother in the cold ground.

CHAPTER II.

It was a beautiful morning in the early fall. The forest-trees had a slight golden tinge, and the breeze blew clear and refreshing; while not a single cloud dimmed the blue sky. The birds were filling the air with their melody; and here and there a cluster of dark-red berries rested against the rich leaves, with the dew-drops glistening in the sunshine. In the midst of the forest there was a small space of cleared land, which surrounded the missionary's cabin. The hand of improvement was visible in the little spot; and the tangled underwood had given place to the bright green turf. The cabin was small, and divided into two apartments, embowered in climbing vines, which gave it a pretty and picturesque appearance. The little plat of ground had been cultivated with care, and vegetables, in abundance, re-

warded the laborer's toil. Plants and flowers, of New England origin, mingled their blossoms with the brighter ones of western birth; and over all was thrown an air of refinement. To a mind fond of solitude, a more perfect little paradise could hardly be imagined; but the eye grows weary of the loveliest scenes when the heart longs for sympathy—for companionship. The interior was neat, and well arranged: a small piece of carpet covered the floor, and a clean white curtain hung at the window. A hanging book-case rested against the side of the apartment, and the shelves were filled with well-used volumes. A few wooden chairs, a table, and large chest, with one or two cooking utensils, composed the furniture; and the sunlight, which streamed in, and danced upon the wall, imparted an air of cheerfulness to the small room. The cabin door was open, and the missionary sat there reading; while every now and then he raised his head, and listened to the music of the birds, or the stealthy steps of some wild animal. The least rustling of the bushes attracted his attention; for, in a lonely forest, with no companion but your own thoughts, the slightest sound is magnified into something of importance. The missionary was not a fearful man; he daily received strength from the book upon his knee; his lamp was trimmed and burning, and he felt ready to depart: but his work was not yet done, and from frequent surprises he had learnt to defend himself. He was aware of the dislike entertained towards him by some of the Indian chiefs, and it warned him to be upon his guard. The bushes crackled around him; the birds flew frightened from tree to tree, and there was a noise as of advancing footsteps. An Indian youth, with pale, haggard countenance, restless eyes, and head fantastically wreathed with flowers, bounded forward, and stood before the missionary. It was Ocomo. In surprise the good man gazed upon the strange form before him; and from his altered appearance, he had some difficulty in recognizing him. Grief for his mother's death had preyed upon the mind of Ocomo, and reduced him almost to a skeleton; he had abandoned his father's wigwam, and sought the forest, where he had, for several days, tasted nothing but the wild berries and nuts that grew there in abundance. The missionary was moved by his forlorn appearance, and in a kind tone inquired the reason.

Ocomo gazed fearfully around as if dreading

the approach of some one, and then bending closer to the missionary, whispered in his ear:

"They have taken her from me—laid her in the damp ground, and Ocomo has now no friend—no one to love him. She would lay my head upon her bosom and speak kindly to me. Ocomo loved her, and now she is gone!"

The boy's grief broke forth in sobs, and throwing himself upon the grass, he wept aloud. His kind friend was silent, though his countenance expressed pity and interest for the poor youth. But the tears were an evidence of his returning reason; the wild restless look had departed from his eyes, and, as though awaking from a long dream, Ocomo wept bitterly.

"Tell me, tell me where she is!" he exclaimed: "I have sought her many days—and see," he continued, pointing to the flowers, "I gathered them for her. She loved their bright colors; but did they not take her away?" and he put his hand to his brow, as though trying to recollect some long-forgotten tale. "I know you will tell me where she is," said the boy, "for the voice of the pale-face fell on Ocomo's ear like the sound of sweet music. Ocomo loves the white man."

The missionary gently raised the youth, and bore him into the cabin. Here he strove by soothing words to gain the boy's confidence; and like a dimly-remembered dream the events rushed upon Ocomo's mind. He told the kind-hearted man of his mother's last words, and the missionary breathed an inward prayer, as he heard the words, "I die in faith." There was at least one soul redeemed from the darkness that surrounded it; and in glowing colors he represented to the bereaved youth his mother's happiness above. Tears streamed down his pale cheeks, as he listened; but when the missionary told him that his mother was now happier than she had ever been on earth, his grief became less violent. "She happy—Ocomo happy," he murmured; and when the good man said that he would see her again if he obeyed the great book, Ocomo fell at his feet and embraced his knees in the fullness of his joy. The poor boy needed rest, and the missionary laid him tenderly on his own bed, and bade him try to sleep. The grateful Ocomo closed his weary lids, and worn out with his exposure and fatigue, soon fell into a refreshing slumber. The missionary watched by the side of the sleeper to cool his fevered brow, and heard him murmur several times, while a smile

of pleasure beamed on his face, "I shall see her again!"

"Poor boy," said his kind nurse, "we know not how soon."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Ocomo awoke, the last rays of the sun were gilding the tops of the tall trees, and shone in on his narrow bed. The missionary was spreading his frugal repast; but on meeting the wandering eyes of the Indian boy, he sat down by his bedside, and gently taking his hand, asked him how he had slept. Ocomo gazed wonderingly on the speaker, and then, as if comprehending his situation, burst into tears. His benefactor quietly withdrew to let him indulge his grief without restraint, and kneeling in the silent grove, he offered up a prayer for the Indian boy. On his return, Ocomo knelt at his feet, and begged him not to send him away!

"Ocomo will be your slave—anything!" said he; "only do not send him away! Ocomo knows where the maple yields its richest juice—where the wild roots grow the thickest—and he will bring the brightest flowers to adorn the white man's dwelling. Ocomo loves to hear from the great book of that bright land where his mother has gone: do not send him away!"

The missionary was moved to tears by this appeal, and promised that he should remain. The poor boy flew to perform a thousand little offices for his benefactor, and it was with difficulty that he could be restrained.

After this, his grief subsided into melancholy, and his mind seemed clear and settled. The missionary strove to make him understand the glorious truths of the Bible, and was encouraged by his pupil's mildness and diligence. No one could be more devoted than the grateful Ocomo; he was never so happy as when he could anticipate his benefactor's wishes; and he watched each movement and expression of his countenance, so that he knew almost by instinct what he wanted. The lonely man began to love the Indian youth; and there was a band between them, that knit their hearts strongly together. Both were desolate—away from all but each other; though with poor Ocomo, there was no one else he had ever loved, except his mother, and she was now gone. No two beings could be more strongly

attached: the knowledge of conferring happiness on one side, and a sense of the deepest gratitude on the other, kept this feeling constantly alive.

The missionary amused Ocomo with stories of his early home, and answered all his numerous inquiries about the customs of the whites. The boy listened eagerly, and never interrupted the speaker till he had ceased; then, in a tone of disappointment, he would ask if that were the end. The missionary wondered at the interest he manifested in the manners of the East, but attributed it to gratitude. One night, after they had retired to rest, Ocomo cautiously rose, and proceeded to dress himself. His companion, surprised at his cautiousness, and apparent wish not to be perceived, lay quietly noticing him, till he observed the boy open the door and leave the cabin; when he rose, and throwing on his clothes, hastened after him, for he feared that Ocomo had been seized with one of his insane fits, and might meditate putting an end to his life. From long association with the Indians, the missionary had learned to imitate their cautious habits, and his tread was as light as that of any wily savage, as he followed the footsteps of Ocomo. The boy walked on for some time, through the mazes of the forest, but at length he paused by a small cleared space, and kneeling on the ground beside it, he hung a wreath of wild flowers at its head. It was his mother's grave. The missionary was touched by this token of respect to the dead from a poor Indian boy—it reminded him of a grave in his New England home—of his mother's grave, which he had strewn with flowers, the night before his departure. This, then, was why Ocomo had questioned him so closely respecting the New England customs for the dead—he wished to pay a tribute to his mother's memory! Ocomo then prayed aloud in his simple but expressive language; he prayed that blessings might descend on the head of his benefactor; and hastily retracing his steps, the missionary was apparently buried in slumber on the boy's return.

The father of Ocomo said nothing at his son's departure, and apparently cared not that he took up his residence with the missionary. But while all was calm without, within the evil passions of his Indian nature were raging. Though his son had ever been to him an object of shame, yet he *was* his son, and Undega regarded with hatred the white man, who (he

supposed) had lured Ocomo from his wigwam. He was jealous of the influence which the mild conduct and obliging disposition of the missionary had gained over the Indians, and he vowed his destruction.

An assemblage of the chiefs was called, and when the calumet had passed around, Undega rose and said: "Brethren, shall this white man twine himself like a serpent round the hearts of our people, that in their unsuspecting blindness he may sting them the more easily? Is his look to be more regarded than the words of our Great Spirit? Is it not enough that he has made squaws of our warriors—that they no longer excel in the chase—no longer wear the scalps of their enemies, but gather round the pale face, to hear his words, and carry them in their hearts? Rouse, warriors! Shake off these binding fetters, and drive the pale face back to his own people!"

There was a long silence after Undega had thus boldly spoken. Most of the Indians liked the unoffending white man, and some of them were hopeful converts to the Christian faith. But Undega was a powerful chief, and they feared to displease him; for they could read the threatening spirit that gleamed in his fiery eye, and curled the distended nostril: it was ever thus when an enemy crossed his path, and they knew not what to reply. At length, the oldest chief arose with the following words: "My-brother has spoken well. Let the words of Undega sink into the hearts of the people, and not be as though breathed upon the air. Let the white man return to his people, as my brother has said." The countenance of Undega gleamed with triumph; for he thought not of his own harshness to Ocomo; he remembered not how he had repulsed his son's affection, and often driven him to seek shelter in his mother's bosom; he regarded the missionary as the cause of his son's estrangement, and resolved to gratify his revenge. The group continued silent, and soon the missionary approached. Undega's countenance assumed an expression of hatred, and the good man, astonished at the silence that reigned among them, sought to discover the cause. He was not long ignorant; his quick perception enabled him to read the countenances before him, but his calm self-possession never deserted him. He spoke to them of the trials he had endured for their sakes—of the interest he felt for their souls—and of his total unconsciousness of the cause that moved Undega to this injustice.

"Give me back my son!" exclaimed the chief. "Did you not lure him from me, and now inquire the cause of my hatred?" said he, as his lip curled with scorn.

"Oh, do not send me from you!" whispered Ocomo.

"I used no arts to lure him," replied the missionary; "he came of his own free will; and should he himself wish it, I am ready to restore him to his father."

"Oh, do not give me up to him!" said poor Ocomo. "See how his eyes glare! He will kill me!"

Ocomo clung close to the missionary, and with a bitter smile of malice, Undega departed.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a few days after the above scene, that the missionary noticed a change in Ocomo; he spoke not unless addressed, and his looks were melancholy. Now and then a smile flitted across his face, but it quickly faded away. He would sit abstractedly, and seem to be talking to himself. The missionary observed him with concern, for he knew how deep would be his loss should anything befall Ocomo. The boy had wound himself so closely round his heart, that he felt as though he could not part with him.

"Let us walk out into the forest, Ocomo," said he tenderly; "the air will do you good, for I think you are not well."

"We will go," replied the boy; "'tis the last time."

"The last time! What mean you, Ocomo? What strange fancy has entered your mind?"

The boy smiled sadly, and placed his hand on his heart: "Ocomo dreamed last night of the spirit-land. His mother beckoned him to her, and he must go. When another moon has waned, Ocomo will sleep beside her."

"Ocomo," replied the missionary sternly, "have I not often told you how wicked it is to gaze forward into the future, and try to decipher that which is hid from our view? Shake off this feeling; 'tis but the consequence of an idle dream."

Ocomo shook his head mournfully as he said, "I feel it here." The missionary was sad: in spite of his contempt for all superstition, it made him melancholy to hear Ocomo talk so

calmly of his fate. The two walked on for some time in deep thought; not a sound was heard in the forest, save the twittering of the birds, or the rustling of a leaf—when suddenly a slight, whirring sound fell on the ear of the missionary. At the same instant, Ocomo threw himself forward and received an arrow in his heart! A piercing scream rose on the air, but it came not from the wounded boy—it was Undega, who had slain his son! The devoted boy heard the fatal sound of the arrow, ere it flew from the bow, and shielding his benefactor, proved his gratitude with his life. The missionary stood transfixed with horror, and the unhappy father knelt beside the boy, from whose breast the warm life-blood was slowly welling. Undega had watched this opportunity to revenge himself on the missionary, and had not Ocomo sprung forward, too surely had the arrow reached its mark. A faint purple tinge was settling round the eyes of the

dying youth, and his breath came slower and fainter. With his head pillowed on the missionary's bosom, he breathed his last, murmuring, "I go to her—farewell." The missionary thought not of the wrongs he had received from Undega; he saw not a malicious enemy before him; he saw only an unhappy father—a miserable man; and, subduing his own grief, he tried to offer consolation.

The missionary was hereafter accompanied by an Indian of aged appearance; his hair was white, and his brow furrowed; but they whispered that grief and remorse had bleached his hair, and marked his brow. It was Undega. His strong heart was touched by the mild and forgiving spirit of the missionary, and over the grave of the murdered boy, a compact was made between them, which lasted till death relieved Undega of his weight of crime. The missionary soothed his last moments, and entertained hopes of his sincere penitence.

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