

Why I am a Temperance Man:

A SERIES OF

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

TOGETHER WITH

TALES AND SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE,

AND

Hearth-Stone Reveries.

BY THURLOW W. BROWN,

EDITOR OF THE "CAYUGA CHIEF."

AUBURN:
DERBY AND MILLER.
BUFFALO:
DERBY, ORTON AND MULLIGAN.
CINCINNATI:
HENRY W. DERBY.

1853.

DN 244 305
NC 3421598

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, by

DERBY AND MILLER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of New-York.

TO THAT BEST AND TRUEST OF EARTHLY FRIENDS,

Mother,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE

WHOSE LOVE GROWS STRONGER WITH HIS YEARS.

May she live to see the dark night which rested upon her childhood's heart and home, pass away; and the evening of her life close as cloudless as its morning dawned desolate and sad.

THE SILVERY FOOTPRINTS OF YEARS

Are thickening upon the locks of that Mother; and when her head is at rest upon its pillow of earth, her teachings will be remembered, as the feet of her child beat out a pilgrim path to her grave.

MAY HER WANING SUN LINGER LONG IN ITS EVENING SKY!

PREFACE:

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR MEETS THE READER AT THE DOOR OF HIS WIGWAM.

WELL, critic! friend or foe—just a moment's talk, if you please. He has not written a book,—he denies the charge. His too kind friends, the publishers, against his own judgment and protestations, have had made into a book the following pages from files of his paper, where he had supposed his humble editorials would have slumbered undisturbed forever.

Another book! The eye of the critic glitters with ill-concealed delight as he coolly sharpens his weapons, in eager haste to pounce upon the stranger who is just in the world.

Most potent, remorseless, and much dreaded literary savages! your blades smoke with the blood of the authors you have butchered, and yet you crave more scalps. But you are grinding your knives for naught: the unpretending *editor* does not care a fig for you or your scalping.

The contents of the following pages were all written, in the midst of severest night and day toil, for the columns of the CAYUGA CHIEF. Without literary advantages or opportunities, and never writing only as an hour was snatched from hard

labor—literary merit or careful thought will not be looked for in the brief articles which make up this volume. They make no such pretensions. They were all hastily prepared, without dreaming that they would ever again come before the public.

There are those who will look kindly through these pages, for they will feel and know that they were written by one who loves his friends.

THE CHIEF.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

WHY I AM A TEMPERANCE MAN,..... 9

TEMPERANCE TALES.

EDWARD CARLTON, OR THE FATAL GLASS,..... 65
CARRIE MASON, OR THE RACE FOR LIFE,..... 135
MORTIMER HUDSON, OR THE OLD MAN'S STORY,..... 146
ZELMA UNDINE, THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC,..... 158
ONE MORE FIGURE,..... 233
THE WIDOW'S CHILD,..... 243
AN HOUR AMONG THE WOLVES,..... 249
MARY LINN, OR THE HOME IN THE VALLEY,..... 254
"IF MY MOTHER HAD LIVED, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN HERE,"..... 263

HEARTH-STONE REVERIES.

MABEL; A REVERIE OF EARLY DAYS,..... 268
A BLIND GIRL FEELING FOR A SUNBEAM,..... 279
"GOOD NIGHT,"..... 282
LOST,..... 287
ROBERT LINCOLN,..... 289
A WARBLER'S STORY,..... 292
A VOICE FROM THE GRAVES,..... 297
LETTERS,..... 301
TREES,..... 306
"A BROKEN HOME,"..... 308
"WILLIE,"..... 310
JANE MONTGOMERY,..... 313
SPEAK LIGHTLY OF THE DEAD,..... 314

PAGE.

SPRING, ... 315
SUMMER, ... 322
AUTUMN, ... 324
WINTER, ... 330
APPLE-CUTS, ... 335
HONOR THE AGED, ... 339
THE NEW WORLD, ... 341
THE VOYAGE OF LIFE, ... 345
KINDNESS, ... 348
TRUE FRIENDS, ... 350
TEARS, ... 351
THE IRISH WIDOW, ... 352
BIRDS, ... 354
THE PANORAMA OF LIFE, ... 356
SHADOWS, ... 359
THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS, ... 361
WATCHING SPIRITS, ... 363
MECCA OF THE MEMORY, ... 365
NEW-MOWN HAY, ... 366
MOTHER, ... 368
EXCELSIOR, ... 369
MOMENTS OF SADNESS, ... 371
SUNSHINE, ... 372
THE LUDICROUS, ... 373
'OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN," 375
SABBATH, ... 378
GRASPING AT SHADOWS, ... 379
THE ORPHAN, ... 380
THE LIVING AGE, ... 382

WHY I AM A TEMPERANCE MAN.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER I.

My Dear S.:—You seem to wonder at our zeal in the advocacy of temperance principles, and ask us why we are so sleepless in our hatred of the rum traffic.

The question stirred many thoughts within us. We first thought we would write you a private letter; for when a friend asks us a question in a spirit of kindness, we love to answer him. But thought has followed thought until a whole train of visions have glided in, and the ink dried on our nib. We have little time to spare, and propose to use our pages and let others see our reasons as well as yourself. By some our motives are often questioned—that we expect. The sincerity of our blows against the liquor traffic cannot be accounted for by others, who feel not as we feel. We have reasons as "plenty as black-

berries" for our opinions; others must judge whether those opinions are carried out in our action. Those who have received our blows are welcome to all the consolation they can derive from the assertion that we only assail their system for "effect."

Why do we hate the rum traffic! Our only wonder is how any upright, honest man can live and not hate it.

We have no direct, personal wrongs to avenge. We never were drunk but once, and that is farther back than we can remember. But our mother has the fact on record, as well as the indignation she felt towards the man who put the glass to the lips of her child. May a kind Heaven and that mother be praised! she has but one such treasured in her memory! We look above into the blue sky, abroad into the face of our fellows, and lift our arms in the pride of unpolluted manhood, unfettered by chains which have enslaved and crushed the strongest of earth. We go to our home with a steady step. We stand at its hearth-side as we stood in childhood, loving our honored parents with a stronger and holier love as years pass away, and obedient as then to their instructions. We can kiss the fading cheek of that mother with lips unstained by the cup. We go forth in the morning, and she knows that we will return, if alive, to honor and bless her. If the years allotted to ripened age are vouchsafed to us, we are midway in the ocean of life. We

feel that our sun has passed its high-noon mark, yet, as we look back upon a brief life of varied fortunes, there is not a shadow of drunkenness resting there. We have had sorrow, and often wept, as who has not? yet never that our young manhood has been disgraced, or a single tribute offered upon the shrine of the bowl. We are a freeman to-day! and may God enable us, at our sun's decline, to rest in a freeman's grave!

— No, we've no personal wrongs to avenge, and yet every warm drop of the red Pilgrim tide in our veins is embittered with the knowledge of wrongs which those most sacredly cherished by us have suffered. We live to avenge those wrongs, as well as others suffered by those kindred to us by the ties of a common humanity.

History has taught us temperance principles. He must be blind who cannot learn her lessons. Her verdict is against the license system. Intemperance is one of the most fearful words known in our language. It is the embodiment of all that is crushing in poverty, bitter in woe, or black in crime. The rum traffic is an unadulterated, unmixed curse—a parent scourge from its first cancerous seating upon humanity to this day. That canvas, as it moves before us with its fearful scenery of poverty, vice, and crime, sketched from life in its deep coloring of tears and blood, has not one bright spot on which the wearied eye can rest. Not a single gleam of sunlight beams upon it. Rum has

been a malign star to man! From the cradle to the grave, its false light has lured him to ruin and death. From Noah's day to this, drunkenness has been the same. Empires have passed away, nations have been forgotten, and the cities of their greatness covered with the dust of oblivion; but intemperance yet lives, the most desolating scourge that ever darkened the pathway of man. The pestilence stalks forth and feasts upon its rotting tribute, but passes away. War lifts its beacon crimson in the red glare of conflagration, and strides over the torn field until his garments drip and smoke with blood; but war ceases, and the harvests of peace lift their golden waves where hostile squadrons met in deadly shock. Famine, gaunt and spectral, stalks on around the fire-sides of men, and the famished skeletons lie down in death, and, without shrouds or graves, bleach at the threshold. But the earth teems again with promise, and the judgment is stayed. But how different with rum! It never slumbers. Its work ceases not for a moment. It is not, like the pestilence, confined to particular localities or classes. It invades all. It drools and slavers on the throne and in the hovel. The civilian and the divine, the orator and the poet, the statesman and the warrior, are alike cut down. Like a serpent of glittering eye, its deadly coils slime upward over the pedestal where genius is enthroned, the chaplet upon the godlike brow is withered, and

the fair fabric which fame has reared crumbles into ruins. The strongest intellects from the hand of God, as well as the weakest, rum has destroyed. Stars that have beamed in the world's sky have set in darkness, while unnumbered ones of lesser ray have gone out unnoticed. Such has been the work of ages. Onward the dark and damning tide has rolled, rill adding the tribute to rill, until individuals, families, communities and nations have been swept away. The strong oak has bowed to the storm as well as the slender reed. While wept over by humanity and denounced by God, strong behind the infamous legislation of ages it has moved on, a withering, wide-sweeping curse; a seething and desolating tide, black with the wrecks of hopes, happiness and life, and in every land and clime filling homes with poverty and want, hearts with woe, the alms-houses with paupers, the prisons with felons and murderers, the earth of God with graves, and a hell with the damned!

Are we right? Where, where, on God's green earth, has the traffic borne a different phase than that we have given it? In civilized or savage land, it is the same. No spot so sacred or hidden away; no hill-side or valley, with its lakes, and rivers, and blue sky, has escaped. By the school-house and church, the capitol and the academic hall; on the ocean; in the wilderness, where the axe opens the first view to the upper blue; by the hearth-side, where childhood

lives and old age dies—every where rum is the same. In every burial-ground in Christendom the sod is green above its victims, and the mould has gathered where its triumphs are chiselled in marble. Every house has had one dead in it. Every circle has been broken.

You say that the system is very ancient, and should be cautiously removed. It is ancient. It is hoary with years and with infamy, for millions have been offered up at its shrines, and millions still go up to the sacrifice, until, like that idolatrous pilgrim path of heathendom, its course is marked by the bleaching tribute of skulls. Great God, Sir! could all who have thus died pass before us in vision, the mind would reel. Yes, it is old, but ever a wrong. The whole system is a falsehood, and exists to-day upon falsehood. From the time the Hungarian miners swallowed alcohol to give them endurance, to the drunkards and tipplers of 1852, it has been a falsehood. The history of the past and the present write it so. Fact and reason are against it. The instinct of the brute is emphatic. Physiology brands the fatal deception, from the first faint net-work of red upon the cheek, to the swollen veins and livid purple of sottishness. From the unnatural and sickening laughter of conviviality, to the wailing curses of madness, Nature, assaulted and injured, every where repels the falsehood, and in trumpet-tones speaks out against the wrong, and in her

citadels of heart and brain, wars faithfully against the invasion. Honor and manhood, virtue, love, and truth—all that's noble, and good, and pure, utter an emphatic verdict against the falsehood. If it is consecrated by time, so are its iniquities more wide-spread and towering. It is ancient, indeed; but if all the injury it has inflicted upon the human race—their destiny in this world and the next—could be gathered from the record of God's angel and presented in one view, a world would be startled from its slumbers. We venerate not, we worship not at the altar of the Moloch because the pathway to its shrine is worn deep, and beaten hard, by the ceaseless tramping of ages of idolatrous madness.

We go not with its pilgrims because the stones which mark their pathway are covered with the green mould of ages.

You think the matter might be regulated. What has been the history of its regulation? For more than two hundred years, the sale of intoxicating liquors has been regulated by law. Need we point you to the result? The history of the traffic is a sufficient answer.

Regulate a wrong! The idea is not more absurd than infamous. It is a foul compromise with iniquity—a yoking of saint and devil—a compound of heaven and hell—an infernal adulteration which lifts up and legalizes wrong and pulls down the right! a

draping of the three-mouthed dog of the pit in the habiliments of a guardian angel, to stand and smile at the door-sills of the pits of earth. The principle would associate the arch-fiend with Deity on the throne of heaven, and mingle the wails of the lost with the praises of the redeemed. It would unite the worlds of bliss and woe, and place angels on a footing with devils. Does God, Sir, in his government, recognize such a principle? Do his laws regulate theft, swearing, perjury, murder, &c.? Do his retributions slumber when so-called respectable men trample upon his laws? Do his penalties fall without modification upon the most abandoned, while sinners of "good moral" character enter in and dwell at his right hand? Does he strike hand with iniquity? Can those who have wealth, and power, and respectability, transgress his commandments and go unpunished? Where, in any civilized government now existing on earth, is this principle made the basis of legislation, save in the legalization of the rum traffic? Supposing, Sir, that the Legislature should legalize the crimes which are now punishable with imprisonment and death for the purpose of restraining them? That they should empower a selection of good moral men to perpetrate those crimes, so as to have the perpetration legal, moral, and respectable? That men should be selected to rob, to steal, to gamble, to counterfeit, to commit forgery, to burn buildings, to murder? The most

common intelligence would revolt at the damning wickedness, and treat such legislators as madmen or knaves. The popular breath would at once sweep them into lasting infamy. Yet the license system is a creature of legal enactment, and stands before the world this day as the *great fountain-head of nearly all the crimes which endanger the peace and blacken the character of society.* Men are selected to engage in this traffic, and the Government sells the accursed "indulgence." If but a good moral character is endorsed by the Excise Commissioners, the seller becomes a state officer—a legal instrument—a servant of the people, empowered to nerve the villain's arm which carries the torch or lifts the knife to burn and destroy. He scatters fire-brands and death throughout the whole land, blights hopes as bright as bliss, destroys happiness the holiest and purest, and sweeps on like an avenging storm, until all that is pure in childhood, noble in manhood, or venerable in old age, is withered and crushed to earth Life, happiness, and hope; virtue, love, and truth, are alike blasted, by these men, selected by the State, and protected by its laws. And all this to restrain and regulate the traffic! The policy is wrong in motive, impolitic in principle, atrocious in its execution, and most cruel in its consequences. It is a principle so damnable in its conception and character, and so sweeping and remorseless in its destruction of human happiness and life,

that it may well crimson the cheek of an American freeman with deepest shame. Regulation and restraint! And so, if a man has a disposition to cut our throat or plunder our pocket, instead of having laws and penalties to protect us from the desperado, he must be restrained by being empowered to carry out his purpose in a legal way, provided always that such a man can get a certificate of good moral character, and will pay the Government for the *right* to rob and kill us! Look at the infamous and "unholy alliance" against the rights and interests of society—this great copartnership in the work of demoralization and death. The Government is *particeps criminis* in these crimes. It licenses instruments to make felons and murderers, that its civil officers may imprison and hang them! The people are accessories to this glaring abomination. How does it look, Sir, in the light of a Christian and progressive age? Is there any thing in the history of the world more unpardonably, more inexcusably wicked?

> Ten thousand casks
> For ever dribbling out their base contents,
> Touched by the Midas fingers of the State,
> Bleed gold for Ministers to sport away.
> Drink and be mad, then! 'Tis your country bids!

LETTER II.

My Dear S.:—But however wicked the principle or policy of regulating a wrong, may I point you to the effects of such regulation? The present scourge has become gigantic in its strength and world-wide in its desolations. It overshadows every land, and in every class or station of human society, it has grown up on its throne of skulls, until the wail of its sorrow, and the curse of its madness, and the burial of its dead, goes around the earth with the sunlight. The wintry wind that chills to the heart in the wretched tenement; even the summer wind that cools the cheek of the wife who is dying by inches in the drunkard's home; pauperism as it stalks through the streets in rags; the idiotic laugh or fiendish curse which falls upon the ear; the crashing of bolts as we enter or pass the gloomy prison; all speak a history which is most fearful. The very atmosphere which wraps our altars, bears the intelligence that the work of ruin and death is still going on.

Why sell rum as a beverage at all? Can you tell me? Would you regulate the disease that preys upon your system; the mad dog that leaps upon you with his death-giving fangs bared for the strike; the

pestilence that at noonday walks into your household and levies its assessment of death? Or would you remove the disease, destroy the mad dog, and turn aside the pestilence? The rum traffic is more destructive than war, pestilence, and famine, and yet you say, Continue the traffic under proper regulations! Then why not extend the same indulgence to other and lesser evils?

Our law provides that none but men of "good moral character" shall have a license to sell. And so men of good moral character can buy the privilege of engaging in a businesss which produces nothing else but immorality and evil!—buy it of the Government—of the people. Look, Sir, among those who are to-day engaged in the sale of rum. There is not one in twenty whose moral character would stand the test of the law, to say nothing of our own opinions of morality, or of the revelations of God's truth. It is notorious that the great mass of men who sell rum are as utterly reckless of human or Divine law as they are wilful and deaf to the cry of the suffering, and blind to the effects of their damnable business. If they trample a law under foot, that violation is unblushingly held up as an argument against the law. Such is history. Day and night, the evidences of their work stand before them. The drama of intemperance is always passing before them. The shout of the living victim mingles with the curses of the

dying; the jingling of glasses and coppers with the noise of the spade and the clod. Had they lived when Popery was in its strength, they would have purchased indulgences to perpetrate all crimes. Had they lived in times past, they would have stolen men and dealt in human flesh. Would the law allow them, they, after giving a bond to keep within certain restrictions, would counterfeit, commit forgery, take to the highway, or plunder the graves of the dead. Start not, Sir; this language is strong, but gospel truth. The same disposition and character manifested by the rumsellers of this day, and the arguments and excuses for engaging in their business, would justify any crime known in human depravity. These men are not only reckless—utterly indifferent to the destruction of human happiness and life, but generally loose in their morals, and coarse and low in their manners and conversation.

I know there are exceptions, but they are rare. And these are the men whom our officers have selected under oath to deal in one of the most dangerous elements that ever cursed humanity. And so we regulate the sale of rum by empowering such men—men who have no aim but to get money at whatever risk—to sell it. Really good and moral men will not sell rum; but Excise Boards go through with the damnable farce of selecting men of "good moral character" to make drunkards! and to send out upon

community the most bitter and desolating evils. Were the worst men on God's earth to be selected to sell rum, intemperance would be robbed of a main pillar, for the shield of respectability would be stripped away, and the foul monster revealed in all its ugliness.

Such is but one of the bad features of the present license system. Even the rumsellers are themselves outlawed. After it is deemed "absolutely necessary for the benefit of the travelling public" to have a rum tavern, and a man of "good moral character" has been selected and has given bonds as required by law, thus saying to the community that it is both right and necessary that rum is sold; after all this, if the seller trusts out over ten shillings' worth of liquor to others than travellers "not residing in the same city or town," or "lodgers in his house," he cannot recover the "same by any suit." If he takes security for such debts, it shall be void, and he forfeit twice the amount "intended to be secured thereby." How is this? A man comply with all the requirements of the law, a "good moral character," and bonds given to remain so, engaged in a moral, necessary, and *legal* business, and yet, if he trusts his customers over a certain amount, cannot collect pay for the same! Why this outlawry? Why this robbing a man of the fruits of a legitimate business? Why take the price of his "indulgence," and restrict a man in car-

rying out the business for which he has paid his money? If rumselling is so necessary and right, why not let those engaged in it do all the business they can—the more the better? Or if he is restricted, why not restrict the merchant, the farmer, and the professional man? Why not let the dealer sell as much as he can? We empower him to sell, and yet debar him from collecting pay for property sold! a restriction placed upon no other honorable business. Of the same piece is the law which certioraris a judgment if the juryman drinks while the suit is pending. He drinks at a legally licensed tavern kept by a good moral man, and when an honorable Board have deemed it "absolutely necessary" to have it sold, and yet the verdict is set aside! No matter how just a verdict, the juryman has drunk what Government, Excise Board, and community deem right and necessary, yet the parties must try again.

Again, the law provides that licenses to sell liquors to be "drunk in the house of the seller" shall not be granted unless he "proposes to keep an inn or tavern," and has all the qualifications of character in himself, and accommodations of furniture and fixtures in his house. Now is it not notorious that this provision of the law has been utterly disregarded by our Excise Boards? Look in all our villages and cities, and see, not only liquor "*drunk* on the premises," but men *drunk* there. And why not? Why give the

keeper of the public-house the monopoly of retailing by the drink? Isn't the "travelling public" around the grocery just as thirsty as that around the tavern? How many of these rum-shops, in such cities and villages, have "two spare beds," stabling, hay, grain and pasturage for "four horses or other cattle more than their own stock?" And yet, Sir, this matter is all "regulated."

The moral dealer must give a *bond*. The Commissioners may be "satisfied that the applicant is of good moral character," but that is not enough. Yet why compel a moral and honorable man to, before he can engage in a moral and honorable business, give bonds that he will not become a rascal? The man presents his good character and pays his money; and yet, with that reputation for good morals so *satisfactory* to the Excise Board, he must enter into bonds of one hundred and fifty dollars, with a sufficient surety that he will not become a gamester or a common gambler, or keep a gambling-house. Complimentary, truly, to those men of such excellent moral character! The Commissioners seem to think, after all, that rumselling is a rascally business, and men who engage in it must be bound not to become rascals. And so, under oath, this miserable feature of the system is "regulated." If good citizens—moral men and members of Christian churches—decide that the sale of rum must be licensed, and if they wish good men engaged

in the business, why not select our most exemplary clergymen to sell rum? Do you get the idea? A sneer would linger upon the face of every abandoned wretch that haunts the drunkery. Yet why should not such men sell rum? Let them make dram-shops of their studies, or go from the bar to the pulpit, and break bread and pass the wine with the hand that has made his neighbor drunken. Why not let the fumes of rum go up with the incense of morning prayer? A Christian world would cry out against a rumselling clergyman, and cast him out for engaging in a business right, necessary, and regulated by law! My dear Sir, in the days when indulgences were sold, when every kind of vice was licensed and *regulated*, this abomination would not have been out of place, though more thoroughly infamous than any of its kindred iniquities. Mark these inconsistencies—the inefficiency of the law in securing the object designed, and its demoralizing influence upon public sentiment, and its *legal* waste of happiness and life—and blush that so foul a stain has a resting-place upon the statute-books of our people. We go upon the principle of choosing a good man to engage in a devilish business. We give respectability to a business denounced by God; a business which crushes the rights of humanity and destroys the sanctity of religion, its every footstep smoking with the hot blood of the hearts it has crushed. Our Commissioners would appear as

honorable, and far more human, if they were to select men of good moral character to steal, burn, and kill, and do society far less injury. If truth and history were to be listened to, instead of draping the infernal traffic in the tinsel of respectability, our Commissioners would ransack every stenching pest-house in society; dive deeply down into the darkest dens and hells of infamy and guilt; and there, where the base, unprincipled, and abandoned crawl and slime in promiscuous iniquity, and diseased humanity reeks and rots in lowest degradation, hunt out the wretch who is learned in all that is foul and leprous in vice and black in crime, and adorn him with insignia of their authority to go out to curse and kill every thing that should come in contact with his poisonous breath. Then select some locality where God's fierce wrath has been written upon every blade, and leaf, and field, in language of most blighting desolation, and where some temple of death lifts its dark walls, damp and dripping with the green moisture of pestilence, its altars slippery with blood, and its atmosphere the malaria of death, and doubly fœtid as it swept the brow of corruption; where God's sunlight has faded out, and the fierce glare of infernal light should fall fearfully upon the ghastly faces of the maddened hosts; where every tree should be a Upas, dripping with death and casting their withering shadows over all; every breath a simoom like the scorching blast of the

pit, and every stream a Stygian tide to roll lazily on, thick and poisonous, through the waste; there place the instrument of ruin and let him sell. The damps of rottenness should gather upon every glass. Kindred spirits should gather to break the stillness with their night-fiend revelry and unearthly laughter. Cursings and wailings should come up from the depths, and the gnashing discord of the living should mingle with the anthem of the damned. Shrieks should sweep through the corridors of the infernal fabric, and the revellers crowd, and jostle, and curse at the gates. The bones of the victims should bleach and glare in the sickly light, and whitened skulls look out upon the scene. ACCURSED should be written upon all things, and at the entrance, "THE ROAD TO HELL UPON EARTH." All would then be in keeping, and not so bold an outrage upon justice and truth.

Our excise law forbids the selling of liquors to minors—boys under fourteen years of age. And why not sell it to boys? Is not this another evidence against the system? Whence this "regulation?" Why this restraint upon a matter armed with law and respectability? And how works this "regulation?" Need I call your attention to the facts? Do those who deal in rum ask the age of their customers? Do they care for their age? *No.* They respect neither age nor sex. Let the friends of the system

blush when pointed to the character and conduct of rumsellers in this respect. Their guilt is as plain as daylight. The price of a dram is as welcome from the hand of youth as from that of palsied age. They are even pleased to see children stand at their bars, especially if the children of temperate parents. Childhood, hardly away from the hallowing influences of the home and of the mother, is sent back to wring that mother's heart. The facts in support of this are overwhelming. Look in our villages and cities, and every day adds to the wickedness of those who sell rum. We have seen, from our own window, boys of twelve years reeling, and cursing, and playing the drunkard in the most revolting manner, and proud of their proficiency. And it cannot be helped. Men who sell rum at this day care not for innocence or childhood, and so, as a matter of course, will sell to boys as well as men. But yet how devilish! The money taken from the boy is nothing; but the intoxicating cup is placed deliberately to the lips of the young victim, and the work of ruin set in motion, and all under "regulation." We would guard our purse and our life from those who are thus reckless and unfeeling. Our houses of refuge and jails, and even State prisons, furnish humiliating evidence of the effects of "regulation" in such matters. No matter for the mother whose old heart is bound up in love for her boy; no matter for the sister who clings

with fondness and pride to the fair and manly brother; no matter for the father who watches the son as a prop in the evening of life; no matter for friends, happiness or home; the licensed dealer lures with a smile, and cares not for the ruin of the young. Not a year since, crushed and broken in spirit, we bowed and wept upon the pale cheek of one whom we loved more than all on earth. Even while torn by the heart's bitter agony, the spectre of Intemperance passed between us and the beautiful dead. Had the loved one lived and come within reach of the tempter's influence, he would not have been spared. For *money* the idol would have been broken, and far more unutterable anguish visited upon us. Our heart beat nearer to God at the thought, for while the stealthy tempter slimes across our thresholds and coils upon our hearth-sides, our children are not safe. The grave and heaven afford a refuge. Better to weep over a child, angel-fled, than over the wreck of manhood, and no hope beyond. And so, Sir, your boasted "regulation" spares not childhood, but forges chains for fresh victims to follow those passing away.

— Thoughts crowd upon thoughts, and we will again talk of these matters.

LETTER III.

My Dear S.:—There is a regulation, too, in the matter of selling to drunkards. Indeed, the license law is professedly to restrain intemperance. Need I point you to the results? Whence come this vast army of drunkards who throng every avenue of life, and with ceaseless tread move on to the grave? Where are the fountains which feed this stream of wrecked humanity? Where is the cause? Day and night, from year to year, the unbroken columns move on. The grave swallows forty thousand in twelve months. The sod has hardly closed upon a fearful sacrifice, before its cold arms are thrown up to embrace as many more. And so this host moves on. Recruits are ever enlisting. The youth in the saloon takes the drunkard's place. And so back until the legions are wrapt in the sunlight of youth, the diorama of life is moving. And so it has moved for ages, that measured and gloomy tramp taking hold upon dishonored death. Rumsellers never wish men to die drunkards, and, under a wise law, never *sell* to drunkards. And so we "regulate" whole armies of human beings into premature graves every year that rolls around. When—when, Sir, will intemperance

be so "regulated" by our present system that our green land shall not become a burial-ground for drunkards?

The present law regulates the Sunday liquor traffic. And with what result? Are the facts not startling to contemplate? We turn with hope and faith to our school-rooms and churches for influences which shall promote all the best interests of society. By the side of these institutions are those which directly counteract all these influences, and sap all these interests. Like consuming cancers, they eat always upon the vitals of society. Their work of injury never rests. The Sabbath of God is no more respected in our rum-shops than religion in the pit. All the influences of the rum-shop are against religion and the teachings of the Sabbath. It educates for evil. Its very atmosphere is pollution—a moral miasma which is sickly with moral death. Virtue and purity cannot exist there without injury. The associations are contaminating, and the language and sentiments pernicious in the extreme. If you wish to hear bold and unblushing profanity, linger in the bar-room. If obscenity and every variety of low vulgarity, linger in the bar-room. If you wish to hear scandal and wholesale slander, female character blackened with pollution, and virtue and religion the target of sneers and scoffs, linger in the bar-room. The Sabbath is a general holiday there. They are the rendezvous of

all the low and vicious in society, and thus from ten thousand sources the leprous influence comes up to canker and blacken all that is cherished in our Sabbath-day privileges. See you nothing to startle in all this machinery of evil? The reckless and unprincipled rumseller is more potent for the time being, among his kegs, than the minister in his desk. Thus, Sir, throughout the land, your boasted "regulation" makes the Sabbath one great saturnalia of bar-room festivity.

You justify the sale because the license money goes into the treasury! This policy furnishes to us another strong reason why the whole system should be removed. It is one of the strongest arguments against the legalized traffic. The principle involved is one of unadulterated wickedness. Government thus assumes the attitude of a speculator in the lives and happiness of its subjects. With one arm it thrusts its victims upon the begrimed altars, and with the other grasps eagerly for the price of the sacrifice. Here it stands upon its pedestal of the heart-broken, the dying, and the dead, a remorseless Moloch enthroned, and smiling upon the enginery of death which, for gain, it has set in motion. There is something hideous, something revolting in the aspect. Like an unnatural parent, it destroys its own for a price. Those whom it should guard and protect are thrust beneath the ponderous wheels which roll in ruin. Men, women, and chil-

dren; youth in the buoyancy of its hopes, and old age in its locks of gray, are alike offered up. Society thus immolates all its most cherished interest for pay, and secures to itself the glorious privilege of bearing tenfold burdens, building poor-houses and prisons, and digging graves. It sells the lives of its own citizens. Christian men sit down deliberately and say to those who wish to sell rum, in as many words, How many pieces of silver will you give us if we will betray these women and children into your hands? All this is cool and deliberately cruel. Life and all its bright hopes are thus bartered away, while an oath sits heavy on the soul. Does not your cheek tinge with shame as you take in the length and breadth of this policy? Even in a pecuniary point of view it is ruinous. For every dollar thus received, hundreds are paid out. It is a fearful and perpetual drain upon the substance of the people. Evils are sown broadcast, and we reap a burdening harvest of woe, want, crime, and death. All that we cherish in this world and hope for in the next is put in the scale with dollars and cents. For five or ten dollars a man is delegated to scatter a moral plague throughout the land, and fatten upon the substance of the people. Let our Commissioners look at the silver they have received. It is the tribute of blood. It has been wrung from the crushed hearts of the ruined and is clammy with drops of blood. It is hot with the scalding tears of

widowhood and orphanage. As it falls into the public coffers, its dull sound echoes back the wail of the famished and defenseless. Ho! for the price of blood! Hoard it well, for an ever-living and watchful God has put its cost on record. Over against it, to be tested at the tribunal of the Judgment, stands the record of the unutterable evils of the rum traffic. And as witnesses against it will stand the myriads whom the policy destroyed on earth.

We have all heard of the good old lady who in the winter-time cut off one end of her bed-quilt to piece out the top. Her good sense and economy are on a par with that of Government in the regulation of the rum traffic. If the lives, and character, and happiness of men were not involved in the matter, the results of this system would call for an entire change. The policy has been illustrated in this county. The Commissioners in one town licensed one tavern, and received five dollars from the applicant. The fees of the Supervisor in the matter amounted to *four dollars and eighty cents!* leaving twenty cents to pay four justices ten shillings apiece, and to swell the poor fund! Bounteous provision for the poor! And such is an illustration of this policy. Were the pauperism, vice, crime, and criminal and other expenses directly flowing from the traffic, to be put into the scale, our excise money would be but a drop in the ocean. We license a plague for a paltry pittance, and bear all the

burdens which it heaps upon poor humanity in its desolating course.

The moral, physical, and intellectual injury of the rum traffic furnish the strongest of reasons against it. At the same time, there are others of great weight. It wars upon property. It paralyzes industry; thus working deep and irreparable injury to individual and national prosperity. Its cost to the American people is hardly to be comprehended in all its extent. The cost direct is enough to arouse the patriot against it; indirectly its corroding effects leave their blighting mildew wherever it exists. Our poor-expenses tower until the people groan under their weight. The hard earnings of the tax-payers of the country are annually assessed to meet the cost of the sale of rum. The family is beggared, and the people support them. A drunkard ruins his health, breaks a limb, or sustains some injury from his drinking habits, and becomes a public charge. A citizen wastes his substance in the dram-shop, and from one gradation of vice to another, at last becomes a criminal. If he counterfeits, commits forgery or burglary, the people try him and foot the bills. If, inflamed by the people's rum, he thrusts the torch into the city at night, thousands are licked up by the flames; and if the incendiary is caught, he is imprisoned or hung, and the forbearing people foot the bills. If in a drunken broil he takes the life of a fellow-being, the people try him, hang him, and foot

the bill. Thus circles round the great Maelstrom. From the bar-room to the almshouse, prison, and scaffold, a great highway has been cast up, beaten hard by continually thronging thousands. Every day's history records a fresh crime. Our prisons are thronged. The executioner is busy hanging up the effects of the traffic. The blood-offering of one murder ceases not to smoke upon the glutted shrine, before another victim is cast on from the bar-room. The press teems with the sickening details. The great fountain-head of crime sweeps on with increasing volume, and red-handed murder stalks forth even at noonday with the axe and the knife hot with gore. Lesser crimes swarm like locusts, all combining and swelling an amount of tax which is drawn from the life-blood of the people. The rum traffic costs the American people more than three hundred millions of dollars. And this is the pecuniary aspect merely! This annual drain would bind our land in one unbroken net-work of railroads, telegraphs, and canals; dot every hill-side with school-houses and churches; erect charitable institutions wherever afflicted humanity groans under misfortune, and make the blessings of education as free as the air we breathe. Patriotism—that love of country, its institutions, and people, which beats warmly and truly in the heart—would awaken our strongest opposition to a cancer which eats so fatally upon the business interests of the land

we live in. We might enlarge upon this point, but it needs it not. Trace back the history of any community, and you will be astonished at the amount of its waste. Sift our tax-lists, and it will be found that the cost of the rum traffic is one of the most grinding burdens borne by the American people. What a position for a nation of freemen! Sacrificing the property and health of its citizens for the pastime of supporting them as paupers! Our people are liberal to a few. They foster vice and crime, that a few may reap a pecuniary harvest. They make paupers, and build almshouses to keep them at the public expense. They manufacture criminals of every grade, and they furnish officers to catch them, try them, and punish them. They build prisons, and annually make large appropriations to sustain them; reservoirs where they sweep in the criminals they have made, branding their own offspring with infamy, and compelling them to toil for naught. They instigate murder, and are at the expense of building a scaffold to hang the guilty instruments of their creation. In fine, they educate an army of children for all that is wicked, and then punish them for putting their teaching into practice. Were we a rumseller, we should look with a smile of contempt upon the people. They would give us the privilege of coining money out of the destruction of man's temporal and eternal interests, and then kindly support all the paupers and criminals, and hang all

the murderers we might make. Such a policy in an individual would be madness. And so it is madness in a great people. It is a heathenish offering up of their own vitals to the rending talons of the monster which is enthroned in every dram-shop throughout the land. Sir, we honor that high-toned, unbending love of liberty and justice which characterized the conduct of our revolutionary fathers. They put every thing at stake, rather than bear the burdens of unjust taxation. War became to them one of the most imperious of human obligations, and the battle-field "the sublimest theatre of patriotic achievement and heroic martyrdom." They left their ploughs in the furrows and their homes to the protection of Heaven, and grappled boldly with England's strength. That same spirit would to-day make every true patriot's heart beat high with indignation, and arouse a storm which would for ever destroy one of the most grinding oppressions on earth. The spirit which hurled the tea into Boston harbor, would seize and destroy every barrel of rum designed for the injury of society.

LETTER IV.

My Dear S.: — There is a kind of property destroyed which is seldom thought of, in viewing the consequences of the rum traffic, and the destruction of which forms one of our strongest objections to it.

As the traveller stands in the Seven-hilled City and dreams of the greatness of the once proud mistress, he looks around with awe for the evidences of that greatness. The winds sigh amid the crumbling ruins, like the footsteps of the past, and he finds himself alone in the silence of desolation. The ruins have outlived the greatness of the proud empire. He sits upon the broken columns which silently yet eloquently speak of the Greek's skill; but that classic land is only remembered in history and perpetuated in her exquisitely chiselled marble. The proudest structures of earth pass away. The ivy creeps over the ruins, and dust gathers thickly upon them. Even the pyramids, should time continue, will waste away under the beatings of the storm, and mingle with the sands of the desert. But there are monuments which never crumble. There are structures which lift up proudly amid the surgings of ages, and bid defiance to time and storm. We muse sadly where lie the ruins of empires,

and tread carefully where nations are entombed. But to us there is no sight so utterly saddening as a MIND in ruins. We weep from a heavy heart as we see the gloom of a rayless night gathering over the mind, and the structure which was moulded by the hand of God crumbling into ruins. The mind is property—property which is of more value than all the wealth of the material universe. And here is where we find one of the most startling effects of intemperance. Here is where the system wars upon a class of property which cannot be gauged by dollars and cents. Here are ruins, thickly strewn up and down the land, over which the patriot, philanthropist, and Christian can weep with keenest sorrow.

Look into the bar-room, where swarm the infatuated inebriates. Their slavering nonsense disgusts, and their wickedness shocks. You turn away? No, Sir, stand within the threshold. It is a licensed house, and that man behind the bar has been declared fit and competent to keep a tavern. You voted for the Commissioners who licensed him to do this. Now, Sir, stand within the throat of the seething crater, and snuff the fumes which come up from the ever-active and consuming fires. Turn away from the hoary drunkard in rags, whose shaking hand is lifting the glass to his lips, to a scene close by. Stretched upon his back, with leaden eyes rolled back in the head, and the arms thrown out, lies a man of middle age,

slowly breathing in the deep stupor of lowest drunkenness. The face is nearly a livid purple, still darkening beneath the eyes, and assuming a livid, burning red upon the brow and temples. He is evidently a man of middle age, and his form was once one of rare and noble beauty. Both mind and body are now crumbling into decay. His comrades have gone through the mockery of placing coppers upon his eyes and straightening out his legs upon the floor. And there he lies in the promiscuous filth of the bar-room. Even the dog who comes in snuffs daintily, and turns away from the bloated countenance with signs of loathing and repugnance. One of the company has practised spitting tobacco-juice into his face and hair. Nature has attempted to beat out the poison, and the froth of the conflict has oozed up from the stomach, and courses slowly and disgustingly down the side of the face. A scene of a more sickening and humiliating character could hardly be presented.* And yet that was once a noble and gifted man. His was a brilliant and powerful mind. The beauty of his form was only excelled by his nobleness, integrity, and moral worth. He was adored by his friends and relatives, honored by his fellow-citizens, and respected by all. His was a bright promise for the future. The eloquent, the noble, the gifted, and the true, lies there! That

* Drawn from fact.

mind is in ruins. Pillar after pillar has been undermined by the subtle stream, until there is scarcely enough left to show the once classic beauty of the structure. A fortune has vanished like the morning mist. A lovely wife has gone to the grave broken-hearted, with the babe destroyed by a brutal hand sleeping on her bosom. His old father and mother have gone down in sorrow to their rest. A sister, with a devotion which never wavered, clung to her only brother, until a blow from that brother struck her down, and she sits a dreaming lunatic in the asylum. See you no destruction of property here? The eloquence which thrilled in the Senate of his State, and that wisdom which gave dignity to her councils, has been trodden down. The orator and the statesman; the amiable husband and the upright citizen, lives lower than the beast in the common drunkery. Every hope in life is blasted, and with a mind reeling on the verge of madness, the poor benighted wanderer stumbles on to a premature and dishonored grave.

Great God! how thickly such sketches are upon the record of the past. We need not disturb the dust which has long gathered, or leave our own shores. There was poor Poe; what a mind! what a mine of wealth to him and to the world of letters! but destroyed. There was the gifted Dr. Lofland. There was the warm-hearted McConnell. There was the high-minded Dromgoole, of Virginia. There is Han-

negan, whose hand is now red with a brother's blood. There—but the catalogue is endless. Take the wealth of one drunkard's mind, and look with awe upon its waste, and then, with the wide grasp of thought, gather in the innumerable hosts which have passed from the fields of life, and you have a destruction of property, from the contemplation of which the mind turns shuddering away. There is no resurrection frem the wide waste of ruins. Here are whole temples of genius, where every thing that is intellectual and godlike in humanity is buried beneath that lava-tide which has so long swept on its course.

Aye, the property of the mind. Leave us that, though all else perish. Let us grapple with poverty and want, but leave us that. Let us struggle with life's deepest, bitterest sorrows, but leave us that. Let every friend pass from earth, and we die away from our kindred; let disease exhaust the fountain of life by drops, but leave us our mind. Even when the body crumbles away, and the shadows of the night of death shut out a brief day of life, the mind unbroken looks unmoved over the material waste, and with a smile rises to Him who placed it in the tenement of clay.

I can conceive of no destruction of property like the ravages of intemperance upon human mind. We have a father, whose white hairs we love with an almost idolatrous love; yet bring him home to us with

the seal of death upon him, and let us lay his head gently upon its pillow of earth, rather than send him to us with the throne of reason reeling from the effects of drunkenness.

There is still another reason why I abhor the rum traffic. It spares neither age nor sex. Its trophies are more to be dreaded than those at the red man's belt, snatched from the throbbing brows of innocence. The system is cruel, mercilessly cruel. It wars upon the defenseless — upon women and children. Its most desolating strife is at the fireside. We execrate it for its cowardice, as well as its injustice and cruelty. Those who are never seen abroad, and who never lifted a hand or a voice against the seller, are crushed down with remorseless coolness. If men alone were destroyed, without wringing the hearts that are linked with them, it would not seem so damnable. But why should a Christian government and a Christian people war upon the happiness of the defenseless inmates of the household? Why should woe and want be carried into our homes? Why should our mothers, and wives, and daughters be scourged until they weep drops of blood? Why should children be turned out with no inheritance but orphanage and disgrace? Why should the props and pride of old hearts be snatched away and broken? Why—in God's name tell us!—in this land of plenty, where our barns gush with fatness, where our fields groan under the har-

vests which roll like golden oceans to the kiss of the sunbeams, and where an ever-kind Providence has scattered his blessings on every hand, should women and children go hungry for bread? Why should our sons be turned out to be drawn into the whirlpool of crime, and our daughters to forget all that's womanly, and sink in vice for their daily bread? Is this Christian-like? Is it like freemen? Why should our homes be transformed into hells, and the husband and father into a demon, to torture and kill? Why must those whom we love be torn with hunger and grief, that a few men may fatten by selling rum?

The infant sleeps in its cradle, and knows nothing of life's realities, but smiles as it looks up into the fathomless love-light of a mother's eye. The rum traffic reaches in and rends that mother's heart until the fountains of life grow dry, and the tender infant wails for food. That babe is pinched with cold. If it lives, it finds life's pathway darkened with gloom. It is turned out from the shrine of the paternal roof and reared in vice. In after years, the babe of the cradle stands upon the scaffold, or scowls in the dungeon, or wallows in vice. A great people have looked on while the fatal net-work of their accursed policy has bound the victim hand and foot, and cast him down.

A young bride stands at the altar, dreaming of a cloudless future, and looking with a woman's devotion and pride upon the loved one of her choice. To-

gether, she dreams of a bright journey through life. A great people reach into her happy home, and wring every fibre of her young heart, and blast every bright dream, yoking her for a lifetime to a living corpse.

A young man stands at the threshold of manhood, the pride of the home circle, and a heart throbbing with high and noble resolves. The mother's eye has kindled as it has watched his ripening years. The sister loves him with a sister's changeless love. A great people reach in and shiver the idol of the old mother at the very altar, until she weeps and prays over the blighting of all her hopes, and sinks herself, like a blasted thing, to her grave. That sister may tread alone the pilgrimage of life; the people have no tears for her.

A father, with his sun in its evening decline, leans with increasing affection upon the stalwart form of an only son. A great people blast the bright hope of the father's old age, and leave him to turn alone to his broken home, and no child's hand to lay his white head in the grave.

Our own mother had a happy home in her childhood. A great people sent her out a beggar, and compelled her to go hungry for bread! We came near invoking God's curse upon those who will do this! Our blood heats. There is a hot tide in every vein. We almost have wished for a battle-field, where avenging arms could strike for our mothers, wives,

sisters, children and homes. Here is a point which writes the traffic all over with deep damnation, and brands a great people with worse than cowardice. Men who will coolly and deliberately fold their arms while such ruin is being wrought in our social relations, are unworthy of the name of freemen.

LETTER V.

My Dear S.:—Another reason. The rum traffic is the main lever of political demagogism. It is the subtle and ready element which it ever invokes to compass its ends.

Look, Sir, over the land, at the vast number of drunkards. They swarm in almost every community. They are the most servile slaves to their appetites, and are easily decoyed by the wary and unscrupulous demagogue. They have no principle for the time being, and aim only for the proffered dram. Once under the malign influence of these demagogues, this class of our fellow-citizens are but ready instruments of their wicked scheming. Let the sincere friend of his country and her institutions contemplate for one moment this dangerous element in our midst, and he will find food for painful thought. He will see danger. In all our political contests, this element is embodied and wielded by the most reckless of our politicians. And in the approaching great struggle between the honest people and the rum interest, this element will be found against the right.

You, Sir, having been a voter, are not ignorant of the demoralizing tendencies and effects of this element

in all our elections. On such days, when, of all others, the voter should be in possession of all his manhood, there is one general outburst of drunkenness. Dissipation is made the first object of the politician, and the corrupting and stupefying glass is made as free as water. The inebriation of the voter is the stronghold of success. The politician or party who can get the most liquor down the throat of the citizens, and make them the drunkest, hopes with confidence for success. We have seen more rowdyism and fighting, more drunkenness, and heard more profanity, than on any other day. Through the grog-shop and over the heaps of the drunken, men slime their way into places of emolument and trust, which they fill with dishonor to themselves and injury to the State.

The rum traffic eats like a foul cancer at the purity of the elective franchise. The integrity of our elections is but in name. The "Vox Populi" is not the voice of the Deity. It is but the clamorous discord of noisy demagogues. The right of suffrage is the dearest boon ever confided to the care of freemen. It is the dear-bought legacy of revolutionary hardships and death. It was won at a fearful cost. It is an anchor which shall hold in the storm, a bulwark behind which a people can gather and hurl back destruction upon those recreant to freedom. But this sacred right is trampled in the dust. It is prostituted to the basest purposes. It is wrenched from its honorable and

legitimate purposes, and, upon a wave of rum and corruption, made to bear bad men into public stations.

Can a man seriously talk of the purity of our elections as now carried on? They are but annual exhibitions of intemperance. They are held in the dram-shop, and the poor purchased drunkard stands by the side of the sober and high-minded citizen. Perjury, as black as ever damned a soul, puts its polluting lips to God's truth, instigated by those who drink less liquor, and know better. From sunrise to sundown this scene is presented at the ballot-box. There is a dark back-ground of eager politicians furnishing the motive-power of this corrupting tide, and swindling citizens of their suffrages. The jingling of glasses joins with the oath hiccoughed from drunken lips. We all know these things to be so. Our elections are, oftener than otherwise, a deep disgrace to the American people. They are stupendous farces, a giant system of demoralization pervading and poisoning every community. Our drunkards have become the Swiss mercenaries who sell themselves for rum, and carry our elections for their purchasers.

Long before the caucus, this machinery is set in motion. The nominees are assessed, and a fund raised to "pay the printing." This is draping the Devil in stolen plumes, and cheating the printer. The whole is one grand corruption fund, raised on purpose to secure the party aims by bribery and corruption. The

great portion is thrown into the grog-shops, and the unfortunate of our citizens plied with rum at an early day. The more unscrupulous nominee in expectancy himself leaves the funds in the till, and troops are drummed up for the caucus. Thus, from the first moving of our conventions among the people, rum is used as the main lever. In many instances, the ballot-boxes have themselves been destroyed by the drunken rabble, respectable people disfranchised, and lives endangered. Hundreds of dollars have been known to be expended for rum, to secure a single set of delegates, with the view of nominating a certain rowdy for the Assembly. Men thus nominated and thus elected are the men whom we petition to shield us from the evils of the rum traffic. Our National Conventions are outrages upon common decency. During the last, Baltimore was transformed into one vast stenching drunkery, and wholesale inebriety was the order of the day.

Thus our grog-shops control our elections. The worst men can step from them into honorable positions. Talent, capacity, honor, and worth are not the stepping-stones of political preferment. The libertine and the gambler take the "funds" from the hands of the professing Christian citizen, and from every sink of vice marshal forth the bloated and motley columns to the support of the candidate. Grave senators send money to the drunkeries with a liberal hand, and men

highest in the honors of a free people stand within the lowest groggery and drink with the mobocracy. We have seen a candidate for high judicial station mingle with a nauseous mass of rum-cursed humanity, and furnish liquor to sink them still lower, and himself turn off the poison. Such men eagerly grasp at this machinery of political ascendency. And so strong has the current become, that men turn from the communion-table and lead on the drunkards of the dram-shops, after they are drunken on liquor they have furnished.

We but generalize. Yet the facts are written in the history of every election-day since rum entered the field. There are those who will recognize a more than "fancy sketch" in our rapid hints. And is there nothing saddening, nothing alarming, in this wide-spread corruption of demagogueism? With rum yoked in unholy alliance, it stalks through the land, and stands in its huge and damning deformity at the polls. It leans with a leer of triumph over the ballot-box. It comes forth from the drunkards of the land, reeking with all that's foul, and shouts its triumphs in the very citadel of the popular will. Thus libertines, gamblers, and drunkards slime into our town, county, State and national legislatures, and have to do with all the interests of the society in which we live. This tide must be checked and rolled back. This accursing union must be broken in pieces. The lightning of a

people's will must fall upon this demaguogeism and crush it to earth, or our freedom will be but a name, the elective franchise but a badge of servitude, and the pillars of our free institutions will roll like dust before the storm.

Yes, as God is our judge, were there no other reason, we should arouse for a conflict with the rum interest for the evil it has done and is doing to the purity, stability, character, and permanency of our cherished political institutions. Here is enough to alarm. And yet a large class of the American people slumber without concern over this crater which is charged with violence and anarchy. Were we to point to the most threatening dangers to the prosperity of these States and the perpetuity of their free institutions, we should single out that class of evils, of Protean phase, which breed in foul luxuriance in the rum-shops of our land.

We are against the rum traffic because God is against it. His curse is written upon it. All his attributes are opposed to it. It wars against his creatures, him and heaven. He has pronounced a woe against him who maketh his neighbor drunken. What awful temerity in those who deliberately cast defiance in the teeth of Jehovah himself, and say to men that they may sell!

Retribution follows upon the footsteps of the traffic. The property accumulated in the business sooner or

later crumbles away. He whose hand holds the poisoned chalice to another's lips, in turn holds it to his own. His sons become drunkards, and his daughters are sooner or later cursed with drunken husbands. Most of the rumsellers who have died in the last quarter of a century have died drunkards, and their property wasted. They make rum, sell rum, drink rum, and die drunkards. Such is history. The avenger is on their track, and at their threshold awaits their last coming out. Their victims have gone before them, and been shut out of bliss. Where can they go, if those they have made drunkards see not the rest of heaven? Offenses have come by them. They have tempted and lured men to ruin. They have dug pits, and the blinded have fallen therein. They have been the altar-priests of the world's darkest iniquities. Within their bloody temples they have given false responses, and grown fat amid death.

They have increased that which was not theirs, and there shall rise up suddenly in the last hour a remorse which shall bite them and vex them. They have spoiled many families, and shall be spoiled in their turn, because of "men's blood and the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein." They have "coveted an evil covetousness," that they may set their "nest on high." They have reaped shame, for they have cut off "many people." As they turn from their dwellings to the grave, the "stone shall cry

out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." Woe to them, for they have builded a "tower with blood," and established "a city of iniquity." They shall be "filled with shame," and "the cup of the Lord's right hand" shall be turned unto them. Accusing spectres follow them. Dread thoughts shall torture them in death, and herald them to the judgment. We know not of a more accursed business than that of rumselling. It is a crime against human society—against nature—against God. It is the refinement of robbery and cruelty. Let us die with a soul burdened with every crime but that of putting the bottle to a neighbor's lips. We then answer for our own crimes. Those of others cannot be laid to our charge. For the wealth of the universe of God we would not sell rum. May God be merciful to those who do! No class have more to expect from the saving influences and triumphs of the temperance reform.

LETTER VI.

My Dear S:—Lastly, we are against it for a mother's sake. To her we ascribe the holiest of our temperance teachings, and to her history that deep and sleepless hatred of the rum traffic. A tear will come to your eye as we write of that hallowed name. She sits before us now, and we look with a holy love and a misty eye upon the locks fast silvering with gray. That idol has been shivered at your own hearth-side, but her temperance teachings and fervent prayers for her wayward boy will not, cannot be forgotten by him.

A vision passes before us. There is a home, in New-England, of happiness and comfort, and a lovely matron makes one of the links of the family circle. Again she stands at the altar, and weaves her destiny irrevocably with that of the man of her choice.

Years pass happily and swiftly by, and the young bride is a happy mother. Fresh blessings are added to the first, but in the mean time a shadow has fallen upon that heart and its home. A tempter has glided into the Eden, and wreathed its coils around the husband and father.

Other years go by, and ruin is in that home. The mother weeps and prays, and gathers more closely

her children around her as the storm bursts in its fury. Want, neglect, and abuse wring her aching heart. She fades out like the autumn leaf, and with a crushed heart sinks to the rest of death and is borne to a pauper's grave; and ten brothers and sisters weep over the last home of one who can no longer shield them from hunger or the cruel blow.

An officer steps within the abode of poverty and wretchedness, and drags away all to satisfy an execution in favor of the rumseller, who has swallowed the living of that family and placed the mother in her grave. The once high-minded, but now lost and imbruted father, sells the cow and riots the proceeds out at a drunkery, and leaves the children to the charities of friends.

A girl of fifteen summers toils in a factory until her heart and brain ache, and she turns away to the lone group at the desolate hearth, and sinks HUNGRY to her fitful rest. The cold-tongued bell breaks in upon short slumbers, and drives the slight and weary frame again to its bitter task. Saturday night finds her turning homeward with a feverish cheek and a heavy step. A father calls at the office of the Superintendent, secures her earnings, and during the Sabbath squanders it all at the grog-shop with his boon companions!

The factory-girl once idolized that father. But hunger, and poverty, and abuse have taught her to

hate him; and as he goes to the groggery in the morning, an involuntary prayer goes up from the child's heart that he will no more return. So accursing are the effects of rum!

Long and weary days pass away, and yet the factory-girl toils, and at night gathers with her brothers and sisters gratefully around a loaf of brown bread. There is a jug of rum on the shelf, and an imbruted father slumbering on the hearth.

— A dark and cheerless pathway opens to the factory-girl.

The worse than orphans are driven out from the wretched home and scattered here and there as paupers, kept by the town. One little girl, a fair-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful creature of three summers, is taken by a family. Away in an entry-way, without sufficient clothing, hungry, and no eye but God's to look kindly down upon her, she dies in the winter night—dies cold, hungry, and covered with vermin! and the older sister could not even weep upon the child-pauper's grave, her of the fair hair and wild blue eye.

With the brand which society once cruelly affixed upon the brow of the drunkard's child, the factory-girl entered into the great battle of life. Without education or friends, she was compelled to perform the most menial drudgery. The shadows that then clouded the sky of her youth have mingled with and

darkened the happiness of after years. Her brothers grew up, and some of them followed in the footsteps of their father and became drunkards. One was drowned near Albany. Another rests beneath a southern soil. A younger one, a faultless model of manly beauty, and as noble in heart as in form, was taken by pirates at sea, and killed only when he towered the last of his crew upon the slippery decks, and his arms were hewn from his body. Two others wrestle now with an appetite which dogs their footsteps with remorseless craving, and but one lives the soul of manhood and honor.

Thus were those linked to her by the strongest ties that can bind us to each other, wrenched away and driven up and down the world. The father lived on a drunkard, and at a ripe old age died a drunkard by the roadside, and not a stone tells where he sleeps.

Such are but the outlines of a childhood and youth of suffering, humiliation, and sorrow. The details are known only to the sufferer and to God. Memory rolls back upon its bitter tide the history of such scenes, the fountain of tears is opened fresh, and flows as bitterly as in the past. Childhood without sunshine! The thought is cold and dark indeed.

This hasty sketching would apply to unnumbered thousands of such cases. As the sands upon the shore, the blades in the meadow, or the leaves in summertime, or the stars that glitter in the blue above, are

the histories of such ravages upon the hopes and happiness of youth. They will never be known until the record of the angel shall be unrolled at the judgment.

That factory-girl—that drunkard's daughter—that child-pauper who toiled while a drunken father drank down her wages—who went hungry for bread—who was deprived of society and education, and entered upon life's stern realities with no inheritance but poverty and a father's infamy—IS OUR MOTHER!

God! how the veins knot and burn as the tide whose every drop is bitter with the memory of her wrongs sweeps to our fingers' ends. Our soul throbs firmly in our nib, until we clutch involuntarily for a good blade, and wish the rum traffic embodied in one demon form, that we could go forth with God's blessing and smite the hell-born monster. We look upon her head, now thickly flecked with threads of silver, and wish that the temperance reform could have dawned in her day. We look upon the tear that steals down her cheek as the dark days of yore are called up, and our manhood's cheek burns with indignation. She was robbed—cruelly, basely robbed. She hungered for bread to eat! She was threatened with the vengeance of a rumseller if she would not toil in his household for the merest pittance! She was shut out of society and its privileges because she had no home. She was pointed at as a drunkard's

child! She toiled until her heart ached with pain, and the rumseller clutched from the hand of an imbruted father the last penny of her hard earnings! OUR MOTHER! God of justice and truth! give us but the power to-day, and we would strangle every hydra whose breath is blasting the hope of others as it blasted hers.

To that mother we owe the most of our hatred to the rum traffic. We imbibed it from her breast, and learned of her in childhood. A father, too, his strong form untainted by the scourge, has taught us the same lesson. The memories of his own childhood are darkened by the thoughts of a drunken father. He grappled alone with life's difficulties, and commenced his career by working to pay rumsellers' executions against his deceased father.

Thus from the cradle have we been educated to hate the scourge. That hatred is mingled with every Pilgrim drop in our veins. It grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength. In the high noon of manhood we swear, by friends on earth and God in heaven, a lifelong warfare, if need be, against the traffic. There can be no compromise. It is a conflict of extermination, and the blows will only fail when the battle of life is ended, and our strong right arm is mingled with its mother dust. We will wear our harness to the grave, and make Hannibals of those who come after us, to fight on.

A few brief years at most, and our old mother goes down to her rest; and if living, we shall, with a heavy heart, lay her head in the grave. But we shall turn away to the strife with a holier faith. We cannot be less a temperance man while she is living. We know we shall not be when she is dead. As blessings are ever the brighter after they have flown, so will her lesson be more sacredly remembered after she has passed away. She will never die to us. Her spirit will linger around us for the remainder of our brief journey, to watch over and guide our footsteps. Or if our sun shall first go down, her tears shall not scald the green turf over one who moulders in the rayless night of a drunkard's grave.

Other duties demand our attention, and we must close these hastily written letters. A hundred might have been woven out of the facts and arguments which are at hand. We have not time to weave them into form, nor is it needed. Your own better heart and calmer judgment will respond to every sentiment we have here written. We have spoken frankly and plainly. At times, our own tears have fallen upon the lines we have written. Again, our teeth have closed firmly, and our fingers have moved the pen as though it were a good weapon of steel.

The hand which has here traced a few of the thoughts that welled up from an honest heart will ere long, at most, cease its work. But while we love our

home and its circle, our own green land and God—by every tie which binds a good man to his hearth, altars, kindred, country, and heaven, we feel bound to toil for the downfall of a parent scourge.

And so we shall do.



THE TEMPTATION.

EDWARD CARLTON;

OR,

THE FATAL GLASS.

A SERIES OF PICTURES FROM REAL LIFE.

PICTURE THE FIRST.

SWAYING and creaking were the tapering pines and the iron-armed oaks as they wrestled with the blast; the darkness in the forest not less impenetrable than that which wrapped the angry sky in one wide veil of blackest gloom. Drifts of snow were yet remaining upon the ground where they had been piled over the brow of some hill, and the Ohio, swelled by the melting of the snows, and filled with fleets of ice-cakes, was rushing and roaring like an angry torrent, the white froth of its madness hardly seen as it went whirling by. It was a night which few would wish to encounter. The elements were at war without, and as their maddened columns howled and shrieked as they mingled in conflict, a dread crept over the listener, and he drew nearer the blaze upon the hearth. There were voices without; now of wailing, and then again of demoniac laughter, chilling the warm blood as their startling echoes died away.

The "warm spell" which had broken in upon the ice

and snow, had recoiled from the attack like a gallant but repulsed army, to muster again for the onset. But the sun's rays and the melting breath of the sŏuth wind had shaken the realm of Winter, and his power was rapidly on the wane.

On the night of which we speak, a winter's blast had made a sortie, and was struggling to arrest the work of ruin. The heavy rains of the day had ceased after turning into a cutting sleet, coating the forest and fences and fields with a sheeting of ice. As the wind swept along, the branches crackled, and the shivered coating broke and rattled like hail as it fell.

Deep in that forest, so dark and so coldly draped, was a settler's hut. There might have been, perhaps, an acre "cleared" around it, a path leading to the river, where a skiff was chained to a sapling upon the bank, with which the settler crossed to the "settlements." The cabin was small, and rudely built of logs, no chimney mounting upward, the fire built against a backing of stones, and the smoke ascending through a broad opening in the roof of the bark. A four-lighted window was pierced by the side of the door, which was made of split pieces and fastened with a wooden latch, the renowned "latch-string" hanging without. The floor was made of small bass-woods "halved," the flat side up, and "evened down" by the axe. Every thing within was of a corresponding rudeness, and all evidently new. There were some signs of refinement,

especially in the delicate-looking housewife, whose light form moved about with a languid step. Her cheek was hollow and faded, and her lips thin and bloodless. Her eye had a dreamy dulness, save when lit up while resting upon a golden-haired boy, who was as happy in the wild-wood as he would have been in a better home. The hastily built hut was no palace, yet, with right hearts and lives, there is no truer happiness found than under the roof of bark in the frontier wild.

But happiness was not where we have been looking. Mary Carlton was fading away. In better days she married a noble-minded man in New-England, and for a number of years was surrounded with wealth, comfort, and happiness. In an evil hour he entered into political life, and there formed the habit of moderate drinking, which stealthily but rapidly grew into drunkenness. A large speculation into which he ventured went against him soon after, and his estate was swept from under him at a blow. With a stout heart he could have rolled back the adverse tide, and with a portion of the wreck of a large property shielded his family from want, and saved himself from ruin. But the mysterious and accursed slavery of the cup was upon him, and he turned from his home, his wife and child, to steep his better nature in the poison of the glass. His descent was rapid and destructive, and as a final attempt to escape as a public charge, he re-

moved to a piece of land upon the Ohio river which had escaped the general ruin.

His hand had never been hardened by toil, and the axe weighed heavily upon his wasted energies. The winter brought want in a new form, and, to add to his troubles, he cut his foot severely, and was "laid up" in his house for a long time. With angel fortitude and meekness, the heroic woman submitted to the bitter change. Had the husband aroused himself like a brave-hearted man and wrestled with his fortune, she would have looked into the future with hope.

As soon as Carlton could hobble out, he crossed the river to the settlement, and returned intoxicated. The act was a crushing blow into the wife's already wounded heart. It was the first time he had been in such a situation since his arrival West, and a shadow fell over her spirits like the sickening sense of some coming calamity. An exile from a happy fire-side, poor, and buried in the forest, the darker threads of life gathered like a woof of woe around her wearied footsteps. Her kindest words, tremulous with touching emotion as they gushed from a heart flooded with grief, in tones which yet glowed with the silvery witchery of other days, had failed. The mute eloquence of woe produced no impression. The fast-dropping tears were unheeded. The pleading eye of the beautiful boy, as he looked upon his mother's sorrowing countenance, was rebuked by harsh and sting-

ing words. The destroyer was in their midst, his footsteps upon their very hearth-stone, and his hot, scathing breath wrapping the very altar. Home or heart has no shrine too sacred for the demon.

On the day of which we have spoken in the commencement of our story, Carlton had returned from the settlement, drunker than usual. He barely succeeded in crossing the river in the early part of the afternoon, reeled as he walked, and had a bottle in his pocket, and was cross and ill-tempered beyond any previous period. His wife said not a word. To his stern demand for food she could answer but with tears. Edward, the boy, crept up towards his father and asked him if he had brought home that meal which he said he would get. A rude blow with the palm of the hand sent the boy reeling backwards, and he hid away, vainly endeavoring to smother his broken sobs.

In passing before the fire, Mary stumbled against the wounded foot and partly fell. Mad with pain and liquor, the brutalized husband drew up his bottle of heavy glass and struck her a full blow upon the temple. She fell heavily upon the floor by his side, straightened out like a weary sleeper at rest, and then recoiling with a shiver, remained motionless and still.

Edward shrunk away to his "bunk" in the loft, where he soon forgot his troubles in slumber, from which he was aroused in the morning by the voice of

his father. He hurried down, and was ordered to take a ring and go across the river after liquor. The boy listened to the roar of the river and shuddered, but dared not say a word. He reached out mechanically and took the ring, which he recognized as his mother's, one which she had always worn. It was yet dark, but he found his way to the river, where the swollen tide frowned upon any human attempt to row a boat across its arrow-like surface to the opposite shore. A lad of twelve years of age recoiled at the sight.

Broad daylight found Edward still upon the bank, pierced through and through with the cutting cold, and shivering to the heart, and yet he durst not return to the house. The blue lips grinned and twitched convulsively over the chattering teeth, and his eyes—the mild blue eyes—glared wildly with the gnawings of hunger and mental anguish. The broad day, we said, found him upon the bank. The husky voice of the father aroused him, and he forgot the danger and his sufferings, in his fears. Curses and blows fell upon his shrinking form, and he was harshly ordered to do as he was bid. Old Carlton managed to unloose the skiff, and as he held it where it rocked and struggled, Edward mechanically stepped in, and the besotted parent pushed the frail craft out upon the sweeping waters.

'Twas a fearful sight! Benumbed with cold, and appalled with fear, the boy's arm was like a reed—a

blade of grass in a storm. As the boat shot out into the current, it was whirled like an autumn leaf, and went down the river stern foremost, like an arrow. Edward looked towards the bank where his father stood, and as he saw him there, he shrieked out in an agony of fear, "O Father, *Father!* save me! I am——"

An ice-cake struck the skiff at this moment, and the supplication was broken off, and Edward thrown upon his face. The oars had been lifted from the oar-locks and borne away; and as the boy again looked up, he found himself without even them, and shooting downward in a seething caldron of ice, tree trunks, and roaring waters, beyond the reach of human arm. A deep curse was borne away from the lips of Carlton, upon the "clumsiness of the little villian."

Downward shot the skiff, the bare-headed, shivering boy upon his knees, with a hand clutched upon each side of the boat, and he wet with the water which dashed in jets continually over him. As he shot farther down, he stretched out both arms towards his father, now dimly seen upon the bank, and his wild wail for help mingled with the roar of the surging river and the hissing of the blast. The father turned sullenly away as the drifting speck disappeared around a bend in the river.

PICTURE THE SECOND.

THE RESCUE.

THE clouds have gathered in dense depths in the sky, and the snow falls thickly and steadily down. The earth is soon wrapped in white, and sheets of coarse, hail-like sleet now and then go hurrying by on the blast. But there is no white upon the river. It swallows the snow-flakes, and rolls on as swiftly and as angrily and darkly as at early day The streams that have swelled its current are not yet chilled, and the undiminished volume rolls on.

A house has just gone by, tumbling and lurching close under the bows of a steamer which is struggling across the ferriage. As the steamer rounds to within the pier, a skiff shoots forward upon a cross current, and is cast by the wake of the wheels shoreward, and washed upon the pier. Another wave, and it will be snatched back! A boatman catches sight of something in the bottom, and draws the boat beyond the reach of the swell. Nearly dead, the ears, hands and feet frozen stiff, is Edward Carlton, watched over and preserved through more than fifty miles of peril, where danger and death stalked together down the river.

Bitter were the sufferings of the poor boy as the

warm tide of life again shot like barbed arrows through the chilled frame. He had been awakened from a fearful but sweet slumber to suffer still more deeply; but the kind and true-hearted looked after him, and he so far recovered as to give the history of his perilous ride, and the cause of it. His account was listened to with painful interest, and a company, as soon as he was able to go with them, started up the river to find the boy's family. Under the direction of Edward, they soon found the landing-place, and followed the direction of the path towards the house. A dead tree had fallen across the path, where, as they passed over, they recognized bones under both sides, the flesh eaten off by wolves, and pieces of clothing scattered about. The bones were those of a man, the joints yet unseparated; and broken under the tree was a crutch which Edward recognized as the one carried by his father. The remains were those of Carlton, who, in returning from the river, the morning on which he had driven Edward out after liquor, had been crushed under the tree, and his flesh eaten by wolves.

While some of the party remained to cut out Carlton, the others pushed on to the house, where no sound of human life greeted them as they entered. Living alone in the wilderness at that point on the Ohio river, no one had been in the vicinity of Carlton's dwelling since the fatal night of the drunken husband's return.

As they entered, a blue jay darted upward through the chimney opening, and perched, screaming, upon a branch. Snow was yet heaped upon the hearth, discolored by the rains which had washed the soot from the logs, and tracked up by the jays and squirrels, who had been the only companions and watchers of the dead. That blow of the bottle had done its work; and at the hearth, beyond the reach of the rumdealer or spring sun, lay the accomplished Mary Carlton, dead and frozen as she fell at the feet of a maddened husband. She lay partly upon one side, her left hand under her, and the right arm stretched out upon the hearth, and buried in snow. The blood had flowed out, and then blackened and dried, holding the hair firmly to the floor. The lips were slightly parted—all else as calm as an evening's rest. The rude settlers looked tearfully upon the scene, while the orphan wept upon the neck of the frozen mother. Well might the injured boy have asked why his home was thus desolate, his parents dead, and he alone in the world.

Mrs. Carlton was buried by the river bank, and the skeleton of the husband beside her. Edward was torn from the spot, and went forth prematurely old. An age of dark, undefined thought had passed over him with its crushing memories, to rest like shadows upon his after life.

PICTURE THE THIRD.

THE MOB.

LATE in the autumn of 18—, a young man appeared in L———, Ky., and entered one of the law offices of that city as a student. He sought no intercourse with those around him, nor mingled in any of the fashionable amusements or gatherings of city life. He was not more than eighteen years of age, and yet the native nobility of manhood had sealed his brow, and a soul of lofty purpose beamed out in his large, full eye. His bearing was proud, and at the same time cordial and frank, such as marks the ease and grace of the true gentleman. His form was slightly above the medium height, and a perfect model of symmetry and strength. The features were in keeping with the outline of the man, classic in their beauty, and marked by the calm repose of uncommon energy and strength. He was modest and retiring, yet the arrogant upstarts around him turned away abashed from the quiet and mysterious influence of true worth.

The boy was to be drawn from the calm current of his course.

Late one dark evening the community were aroused by the news of an assassination, on one of the main streets, of an old and respectable citizen. The body

was pierced with wounds, and his head was nearly severed from his body. The whole city was in commotion. The time, the boldness of the deed and its seemingly unprovoked atrocity, coupled with the well-known worth of the deceased, fired the people into a frenzy. The most persevering efforts were made to hunt out the perpetrators of the act. A broken lamp had been found near the mutilated body, and it was soon traced out as one seen at the Post Office on the evening of the murder, in the hands of a newly arrived citizen from the Eastern States.

At daylight his residence was surrounded, and the silver door-handle found marked with the imprint of a *bloody hand!* The house was entered and searched, and the owner found in his bed, his coat and vest besmeared with blood. No protestations were listened to, and he was rudely dragged from his bed and his family to the hall where the corpse of the murdered man had been laid, followed by a gathering crowd, whose mutterings were fearfully ominous of summary proceedings.

During this period our student had been soundly sleeping in the rear of his office, but awoke as a quick, loud rap was given upon the street door. He dressed himself hastily and opened the door, starting back as his eyes fell upon a sad and yet as beautiful an apparition as ever appeared to a young lawyer. It was no phantom, however, but a girl in the full bloom of

womanhood. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her lips were as pale as the bloodless marble. Sinking into a chair, she hurriedly told her errand. Her father had been arrested that morning at daylight for murder, and forced away amid threats and imprecations. She glanced eloquently at the history of her family, and there was that truthful, heart-broken earnestness in her recital which won the complete confidence of her listener.

"He is wealthy, and a stranger here, and would have harmed no man;" and she wept still more bitterly.

"But," said the student, "they will not injure a man without a trial?"

"A *mob*, sir, a MOB," she shrieked, and arose, with her extended finger shaking as she shuddered at the sound of the word, and thought of her parent in the hands of the infuriated populace.

The student was embarrassed. The lawyer with whom he was studying was out of the city, and he said:

"You must call upon some of the lawyers of the city for aid; Mr. —— is not at home at this time."

"I have, I *have*," she cried, wringing her hands, "but so strong is the fury of the mob that not one of the cowards dares to raise a voice to save an innocent man."

"I WILL," said the student, shutting his teeth firmly together. His eye kindled with a proud conscious-

ness of right, and his chest heaved with the struggling energies of a spirit aroused. A thought had flashed upon his mind as he remembered the incidents of the previous night. While returning to his room, he heard voices from a dark passage-way between the buildings.

"Strike quick and deep, and then for the boat," said one.

Not dreaming of the meaning of the words, he carelessly turned—to hear quick, stealthy steps, and a gasping cry as a heavy body fell upon the ground. He was immediately run against by persons at full speed and thrown from the walk, something at the same time falling with a ringing noise upon the stones by his side. Reaching out his hand, he grasped the blade of a bowie-knife, warm and clammy with blood. As he regained his feet, he saw an old man, with a lamp, fall forward upon the ground where the scuffle was, and, with an exclamation of horror, spring up again and hurry on. By this time others had found the body, and the student wisely kept out of view with the bloody knife in his hand, and blood running from his nose, which had been struck by the retreating assassins.

The student now believed he understood the whole matter, and he started for the City Hall in company with his fair client, who would not be persuaded to remain.

The crowd slowly made way for the pair, and they stood by the side of the dead, and before one of the most dreadful tribunals on earth—a frenzied MOB!

Here was a sight for the eye!

"Has any one a word to say why this man shall not suffer death?" asked the ringleader in a coarse voice. The sea of passion was hushed for a moment. Pale, but calm, the old man charged with the murder stood with a rope around his neck, and a tear gathering in his eye as he saw the two new-comers enter the circle around the corpse. The daughter looked towards her father, and sank to the floor without so much as a whisper.

The crowd swayed for a moment, and the student sprang lightly, but modestly, upon the rude platform. His beardless face and mild blue eye, notwithstanding his athletic form, seemed a feather in the angry maelstrom around him. He was embarrassed for a moment; but as he heard a cry from without of "Pull him down," followed by a missile which just missed his head, the untried steel of a powerful mind gave out its fire, and it kindled and glowed in his eye, and went over his cheek like a sun-flash.

"Fellow-citizens!"

There was an indescribable magic in the deep, clear tones which rolled out over the multitude, and vibrated to every heart. The angry elements were almost instantly hushed under some master spell—some weird

incantation fell upon that maddened throng, and they looked upward to the boy giant, who towered as he proceeded, until his white brow rocked like a marble dome upon the stirring depths beneath.

The student rapidly and clearly detailed the incidents of the night as he witnessed them, and produced the knife which he found upon the walk before the old man stumbled over the body, and held it up still red with blood.

The people here swayed with sensation, and wedged closer in towards the youth. As for him, he was launched. The pent-up crater had opened, and the warm tide of nature's eloquence gushed like the streamlet, or swayed with intensity and volume. He spoke of the stranger, and of his previous life—his family. He boldly attacked their proceedings, and the principle of mob law; and as his bitter invective fell upon the remorseless system, hissing, glowing from under his curling lip, it burned upon the hearts of those who heard him, until madmen recoiled and cowered in shame. The ringleader let the rope fall from his hands, and wedged back through the crowd.

Again the boy spoke of the family—the daughter at rest in their midst—the wife and mother at home—the white-haired old stranger standing in the midst of a band of American citizens, and in a land of government and law, a rope around his neck, and he to be hung like a dog, without a trial by his countrymen or

a word with his family; and the crowd breathed freer, as though they had escaped some fearful gulf, and one of the persons stepped up to the prisoner and cut the rope from his neck.

Again he appealed to them as citizens, Christians and men. The foam gathered upon his lips, and as the sentences rolled rapidly from them, livid with the intensity of thought, and fell from his trembling finger, the mob wept and swayed like children.

A man entered the outward circle, his veins swelled into dark purple chords upon his temples, and gasping with the violence of his exertions.

"*Hold on! hold on!*" he hoarsely bawled, "the old man didn't kill him—let him go."

The story was soon told in the rude manner of the new-comer. A man had died an hour since of yellow fever, confessing himself the murderer of Dr. Vaughan, the man whose corpse was before them.

Old and stern men wept as they heard it, and turned pale with awe. They were not murderers; and they looked at one another silently, while they shuddered at the contemplation of the deed they were a moment ago so eager to commit. The tide of sentiment flowed back to another extremity, and the intoxicated, the generous, but excitable people, joined in a shout which rolled and swelled until it was deafening. The student was borne away upon a sea of stalwart arms in a triumphal march through the

streets. An innocent life was saved, and happiness carried to a desolate home. The student was the lion of the day. 'Twas a proud occasion for the boy, whose drunken father and heart-broken mother slept upon the banks of the Ohio—for Edward Carlton.

PICTURE THE FOURTH.

THE BRIGHTER SKY.

FROM the time we left young Carlton, after his speech before the mob, the thread of his existence became bright in the light of hope. At one bold bound he had cleared the youthful heads of his young comrades, and was tracing a bright and giddy height in the popular estimation. His talents, his eloquence and worth, made him every where welcome; and his native dignity and suavity of manner commanded the respect of the fashionable, and won the regard of all classes. At twenty years of age, he found himself borne rapidly along upon a strong current of popularity.

To the venerable Fleetwood, whose life he had saved from the mob, he appeared as a deliverer; and in the wealthy merchant, Edward found a firm and enthusiastic friend, with a *carte blanche* to unlimited confidence—his house and hospitality. The gratitude of the daughter was almost idolatry, and it would have been strange if the lone youth had not learned to more than admire the beautiful and gifted creature who, as a client, first brought out that spark which had kindled into a blaze. She was every way worthy of such an attachment—a prize which the best and

the noblest in the land might have been proud to win. Wealth had often sought her hand, but she turned from all to treasure the regard of the young and unknown, but gifted Carlton. We said he was unknown. We mean so far as his personal history was concerned. None knew from whence he came, or of what family he was. None asked him, for the broad stamp of nobility was upon him. Nature's heraldry was written indelibly upon his features, and her best blood had a fountain in his true heart. Had he been of kingly line, with an ancestry reaching back into the mist, and renowned in the history of ages, Ellen would have thought no more of him. She knew him as the saviour of her father's life, and her own truthful choice.

At the time of which we speak, the facilities for acquiring an education were not so great as now. Public institutions of learning were then scarce in the West. Carlton, with all his reading and brilliant ability, felt the want of a more thorough education. He longed to master the avenues of knowledge, and turn their teeming treasures into his own mind. An ambition had been kindled in his heart. The outburst at the City Hall, upon the morning after the murder, had revealed to him his power. Another stimulant had now been mingled with his hopes, and he resolved to make the most of the talent God had given him.

Hope shed a glowing light into the heart of young Carlton, and the thoughtful student became buoyant and hopeful. The dark nightmare of the past had fled backward still into the gloom of the distance, and his step became more elastic as the future brightened. At times his thoughts went delving into an earlier and darker period of his existence. He remembered his pale and sad-hearted mother, his father's curse, and his own fearful ride upon the river; his return, the crushed skeleton under the old tree, and the pale cheek by the snow-covered hearth; the rude burial by the river bank, and his heavy-hearted departure, a homeless, friendless, pennyless boy. How through the dark valley he had passed in the bitterness of spirit, and now emerged where Heaven seemed to smile upon his efforts. Young Carlton was not ungrateful, and he bowed himself with deeper faith to the battle of life. With a bold hand he would carve out a name which should be a beacon-light.

Carlton avowed his attachment to Ellen. There was no sickly coquetry, no trifling with the heart so far above deceit. The sentiment, so frankly uttered, was as frankly reciprocated, and no childish scenes. With all that we have no business, dealing only with the more prominent facts of a brief career, too sadly and quickly ended.

Edward remained in the office a month after his engagement with Ellen. He then made known his

project of entering Yale College for the purpose of completing his education. Old Fleetwood remonstrated, and Ellen looked sad; but the stout-hearted youth smiled, and spoke so earnestly of his purpose and of his hopes that they did not urge him further, and he proceeded to make arrangements for his departure.

He was soon ready for a leave, and looked forward to the morrow with regret, as he was to step from a threshold across which he had already looked into a brighter world.

The sunbeams crept softly in where he was seated, in the midst of trunks and packages, after shimmering upon the river, as if to smile upon his departure and warm his heart with hope and faith. He was lost in dreamy revery, and he thought of the change so recently wrought in his fortunes, while his resolution almost faltered. His popularity was already all that a young man could wish—brilliant and full of promise; but he flung back the temptation, and became the more resolute in his determination to work the mine which had been so deeply opened.

When he aroused himself, the dusky shadows of twilight were gathering without, and he hastened to the parting which he dreaded, and yet which he would not have foregone for a world.

There was another interview which we will not intrude upon. The swift-footed hours stole rapidly into

the depth of the night, and the dews fell damply around ere Edward rose to bid a good-bye.

As he turned to leave, the heavy ring upon his finger flashed in the clear moonlight, and Ellen playfully begged it of him as a keepsake. Edward became suddenly sad and silent, and remained lost in thought.

"No, no, Ellen," said he at last, "my heart and hopes are all yours now, but do not ask me to part with this. The finger that wore it has mingled with earth, and its beaming reads me a sad history; and yet I would not forget it. Not a drop of my blood runs on earth save in my own veins. I am going again among strangers. I am not superstitious, Ellen; but my destiny is woven with this ring, and I should give it up with a shudder. It speaks from the dead; and when I am away from the spot where I have been blessed, it will be a talisman which will guard me with mysterious power. You *will* leave me this?" he continued.

There was a sadness in his tone, a tremor in his voice, which vibrated to the heart of Ellen. She would not have taken the cherished trinket from him for a kingdom.

There was the sad but blissful parting of youthful hearts just flooded with sunshine — a happiness unclouded,—and each turned away, the man to grapple more sternly with the purposes which he had formed, and the maiden to weep herself into a world of happy dreams.

At an early hour the morning after the parting interview, a steamer swung from the pier and moved up the Ohio. When the spires and domes of the city were fading out in the distance, Edward lingered upon the stern-deck and watched the receding shores until all was blended with the hazy blue of the sky. The waters rippled with a sound of sadness, and the innermost thoughts of his heart went back to the Mecca of his first love.

He stopped a day at the "clearing." No one had disturbed its solitude. The fire-weeds were densely and rankly standing to the very threshold of the hut, and bowing over the rude mound by the river bank. The spring flowers were already starting upon the grave, like emblems of promise, speaking of an immortality of bloom. Edward communed with his thoughts, and wept over his mother at rest. Age had made him keenly acquainted with the character of the sorrow that consumed her, and he loved her all the more sacredly as memory clothed her with the virtues and goodness of a suffering angel. The river, upon whose bosom he was launched by a drunken father upon the morning of that fearful voyage, was now gliding smoothly in the sunlight, and its banks shaded to the water's edge with a dense fringe of opening green. He pushed on up the river, plans of a monument to the dead, and memories of a bright parting at the city, mingling and blending like sunshine and shadow in his mind.

PICTURE THE FIFTH.

THE LAUREL.

THE field red with blood, and where the life-swelling legions of foemen, draped in the heavy clouds of battle-mist, roll before the iron hail of death like the dust before the blast, and "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" upon the rent and reeking turf, is not the soil whose laurels are the greenest and most unfading. The roar of the bristling surge has music for the foeman as he dashes against the opposing surge; and its crest—the sea of tossing plumes that rise and fall with the drum-beat—makes the eye kindle and the hot blood mount to bold deeds. But they leave no record save the red drenchings upon the sod, or the rank harvests fertilized by the fearful waste of human life.

The wild shout of an intoxicated populace when the hero returns from the field of triumph, is grateful to the ambitious chieftain; but it is as fickle as the wind, and returns not to cool the feverish brow of the discarded toy of popular caprice. The world may applaud, and history may call the hero great; but the shattered household circle invoke no blessings upon his head.

The world is full of heroes who are unhonored and unsung; who are unknown; whose graves are never

marked by more than humble slabs. The homeless, landless, friendless laborer who sweats out his brain for five shillings a day, and wrestles with poverty through a long life to feed, clothe, and educate his family, is more of a hero than him whom armies follow to battle. Every position in life furnishes its heroism, though it be unwritten. There are laurels every where for man and woman to win, if they are but brave, honest, and true.

There is a gathering in old Yale. Another term is brought to a close, and the distinguished of the land are grouped within the precincts of the venerable old pile. The élite of the city are there—the beauty and the fashion. Bright eyes are glancing thickly in that sea of heads; jewelled fingers, with delicate fans, are coquettishly luring the coy breeze to the flushed cheek; and over all there breathes a low hum of half-uttered voices which mingles with the rustling of silks and the moving of slippered feet. An intellectual banquet is prepared, and the assemblage is awaiting the opening of the feast.

The feast has opened. For a long time the most elaborate and polished thoughts have been dropping into the minds of that audience like gems, to be admired as they shot up, and treasured as they fell.

"'Genius,' by —— ——," is announced.

With an unassuming yet dignified air, a manly form moves out upon the stage, with a roll of manuscript

in the left hand. The audience are hushed as he comes, for such symmetrical, manly proportions have not appeared before upon the stage that day.

Upon that classically chiselled yet massive front sits the repose of conscious strength. There is a rich flush upon the cheek, changing as a cloud when the soft blue eye sweeps over the scene before him. A heavy lock of black hair has fallen across the broad dome of thought down by the eye.

Every eye is riveted upon him, awaiting the first tone from his lips. He stands as if gathering himself for his task. The muscles are working around his throat, as if struggling to keep back the words thickly crowding for utterance.

His lips part with a sigh—the first breath of the engine whose machinery is already on the move. A single sentence glides out, and the lips again close; but the deep, rich tone floats away and rests upon the minds before him like some holy spell. Its slightest vibrations, as they shiver and die away, cannot be forgotten. The audience lean forward by one common impulse, as if to more quickly catch the next thought of the speaker.

He speaks again.

Another and another period rolls gracefully out, the volume deepening. The eye kindles and the form sways slightly as he continues. Such a voice! Such words! One old white-haired man to the right of the

stage leans forward upon his staff, his lips slightly parted, and his eye resting intensely upon the speaker, who is now fairly afloat.

"Genius!"

Genius was there, enthroned in regal majesty upon that swaying brow, its temple within and its altar-flame glowing where Deity had kindled it.

Not one in old Yale on that day spoke as did the young orator from the West. No thoughts like his thoughts—no tones like his tones—swelling and lingering in the heart until the people wept, and yet they knew not why. And when he concluded, they awoke slowly as from a dream—no deafening applause—but a hum of smothered praise came up like an incense to the master whose incantations had so wondrously steeped their minds in the strange witchery of Nature's eloquence.

The speaker has passed within, but hears the offering of praise, and a smile gathers upon his lip.

He is overwhelmed with congratulations from teachers and comrades, and receives the highest honors of the institution; and before the sun sets he is on his eager way to the far West, Hope weaving her fabrics of mingled woof in his happy breast.

Another proud day in the history of Edward Carlton.

PICTURE THE SIXTH.

THE TALISMAN LOST!

THERE is a stir in the city—a hurrying of feet and a hum of voices. Edward has returned with the greenest laurels of old Yale, and the mansion of old Fleetwood is thrown open to the throng that is wending thitherward. A party is being given in honor of his return, and the fashion and the wealth of the place is gathering, for the scene at the City Hall has not been forgotten. The rooms are filled with a gay crowd of the beauty and chivalry of the Old Commonwealth, bright eyes and ornamental gems glancing in the light.

With a kingly stride Edward Carlton passes among his friends, dispensing smiles and modest words, himself the observed of all observers. Such a form, such a mind, and such a heart, receive a willing homage from either sex, for he is above envy.

Ellen Fleetwood is there, dressed in a suit of white muslin, her person unadorned, and yet adorned the most. She is peerless in that elegant crowd, and Carlton's heart bows silently in deeper homage as he watches her movements of ease and grace, and the goodness and purity of soul which shine out from every feature of the lovely girl. He dreamed as the gifted dream, even in the passing crowd.

Dreams pass away!

The mellow moonbeams of a summer's night poured like a flood from a full fountain, gushing out in the sky of unclouded blue, and its shimmering waves swept silently over forest and field and river, or lingered in silvery eddies around the domes of the city. It looked in through the windows, and laughed upon the waters of the river as they glided on beneath its silver shallops, and left them dancing, anchored by gleaming cables which reached back to the flag-ship of the queen of night sailing high up in the ocean above. Music floated out on the still night air, and the scene looked like some fairy enchantment as it lay wrapped in the silver haze.

Old Fleetwood's mansion overlooked the river. A broad balcony ran across the rear, from which the eye could plunge down to the depths where stars were thickly studded in the world below, and winked back to stars above, smiling at one another. Upon this balcony were gathered a group of ladies enjoying the beautiful scene before them. With a heart full of the ecstacy of happy youth, Carlton passed out and joined them. His eloquence lent a new charm to the scene, and he was soon surrounded by a galaxy of fair friends.

A waiter came out upon the piazza with a salver upon which were glasses and bottles of wine. He passed it around, and each took the glass until it came

to Carlton. A flush came upon his cheek, but as quickly passed away, and he calmly refused. He saw the look of surprise with which the company regarded his course, and attempted to smile as he apologized for any seeming disrespect.

"I trust you will excuse me, ladies. I never have practised drinking, even moderately, and do not wish ever to do so."

There was a tone in his voice that forbade levity, and but one urged the matter further. She was a dark-eyed Creole from New-Orleans, of almost matchless beauty, an heiress, and of queenly pride. She had been drawn into the circle by the witchery of the student's words, and now so strange appeared his conduct, that her full eye rested upon his until the color deepened upon her own olive cheek. Her snowy teeth burst into a smile as she still held the glass in her hand.

"Ha! Sir Knight, the favorite of fair dames, and yet refusing our royal behest! Surrounded by our court, and yet a bold rebel! What freak is this? We shall look next to see you spread your fins, and take to the river like a fish, and spend your nights in cold water. Who would wish to hook out such a cold-blooded monster?"

The wild creature shook back her black tresses, and burst into a laugh which gushed like a flood of music from her heart.

The faint smile upon Edward's countenance gave place to a shadow, and the mischievous creature teased him all the more.

"You must drink, Sir, or you are no knight for the beautiful. Pledge us in wine, we command you, or we shall break you of your knightly honors."

Edward had not said a word, and now his full, sad eye rested steadily upon the bewitching tempter as she stood before him.

She changed her manner, and her low tones thrilled with mysterious power, as she wantonly urged him to drink with her.

"One sip to the brave and the true; or is your Northern heart too cold for wine or lovely women?"

She stood peering into his face, her lips slightly parted, and the glass still in her half-raised hand.

Dampness gathered upon Carlton's brow, and he put forth his hand to take the cup. As he did so, his mother's ring blazed in the moonlight, and he withdrew his hand as from a reptile's sting, while the hot blood mounted to his temples, and he looked away with a sigh of relief, and a lip firmly compressed.

Ellen Fleetwood now came up, and the Creole said:

"Here is a rebel, Miss Fleetwood, and we yield him to you; but we fear he is so ungallant that none—not even *you*—can bring his proud lips to the wine-cup. We leave him to his fate."

"I will test him," said Ellen, laughing; and the Creole and her companion left them to join the dance within, where music was already thrilling to light and restless feet.

A long hour were Edward and Ellen alone upon the piazza, dreaming away one of the brightest periods of their lives. Edward spoke of his success at college and of his future hopes, his deep eye kindling and his countenance mantled with the inspiration of genius, while the pure and beautiful creature by his side hung in rapture on his glowing words. Their nuptials were arranged, and all seemed bright and promising.

As they entered the hall, the wine-table stood before them, and Ellen remembered the conversation she had heard. She was not without pride, and she felt an inclination to accomplish what others had failed to accomplish. She was not wicked, but thoughtless.

Taking the glass, she invited Edward to drink with her. A shadow of mental anguish—it might have been a bitter memory—swept across his features, and he suddenly became sad.

"No, Ellen, I am sure you will excuse me—you must."

"You know what I promised to the Creole—I cannot," and she held another glass towards him with a smile.

"I would do any thing in the world but this, be-

lieve me, Ellen; but I have solemn reasons—you will not urge me?"

"Some boyish whim. Fie! you afraid of one glass of wine! Not drink one glass, just for *friendship's* sake?" She leaned close to him, and he felt the warm words as they fell like the breath of the tempter.

"Do not urge me—do not, Ellen! I am sad. Some day I will tell you why I refuse a simple glass of wine from your hand."

Her pride was a litttle touched, and she pressed him hard.

"What harm in taking one glass of wine with a friend? Is the talented Edward Carlton of so slight a texture?

She was piqued a little, and it appeared in her voice. Edward pressed his hand upon his brow, as if to shut out some terrible thought, and passed out and leaned over the railing to the piazza, looking down into the river as if to secure some record which should nerve him now. Ellen followed him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Edward—Edward, you do not love me: you have forgotten Ellen in your thirst for honors.

There was a tremor in her voice as she stood by the side of the struggling man.

"Ellen, why do you talk to me thus? You will

drive me mad. Have you ever had reason to doubt me?"

"If you loved me, why refuse to take one glass of wine with me after so long an absence?"

Her tones were low and thrilling, and her hand trembled on his shoulder. He looked up and saw a tear struggling out upon the lid.

"You know not what you ask, Ellen. If I take one glass with you now, will you never urge me again?"

"I never will, if you wish me not to, Edward; but why so reluctant about so trifling a matter?"

He grasped the glass, still held by Ellen, with a trembling hand, and drank it off. His left hand was resting upon the railing. As he turned off the wine, he clutched the rail with a strange frenzy—so fiercely that the ring upon his finger snapped in two pieces and fell into the river.

Edward uttered a smothered cry of pain, as if his heart had been riven, and leaned convulsively over, as if he would follow and snatch the lost gem from the waters.

"Ha! ha! bold rebel. Now we will forgive you, with faith plighted that there is no more such treason;" and her wild laugh rang out—the beautiful Creole's.

Edward started up, and the large drops stood on his brow while he echoed back a startling Ha! ha!

"Now, Sir, you have returned to your allegiance. You must drink with me."—"And me,"—"And me," went round the gathering throng.

Without an effort, the cowering Carlton accepted the proffered glasses; all wanted to drink a glass of wine with Edward Carlton. Ere long, he was himself again, but not himself, as the calm observer could have seen. An unholy and unnatural fire was kindled in his heart; it danced with a new and mysterious glow through his veins; it gleamed wildly in his large round eye. His words flowed faster, and his laugh was louder and more frequent than before; his modest demeanor became more reckless, and he strode from the piazza with a bearing that attracted the attention of the ladies.

Ellen lingered on the piazza some time after his departure, and looked out upon the still river gliding on in the moonlight. She thought of Carlton—was pained at his conduct as he passed into the drawing-room, but, poor girl, she never dreamed that *she* had done any harm.

The dance went on, and the wine went round until a late hour.

"Here's a prodigy from old Yale, No. 1, with the shell off! Old Fleetwood and his girl for ever! *I* saved the old chap's neck! ha, ha! Get away, old man, while I drink with the girls. I am a sheepskin—old

Yale itself in one piece. Angels ain't no touch to Ellen. On with the dance, for lamps

'Shone o'er fair women and brave men.'

Give us room, old man—ha! ha!"

The music and the dance ceased as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of the assembly. All were startled and astonished—painfully shocked. There, in the middle of the room, leaping and whooping like a madman, was Edward Carlton, his face of a fire-red, and his eyes glaring with the frenzy of drunkenness. *He was drunk*, and for the first time in his life. He soon became torpid, and finally reeled and fell upon the floor.

The party was immediately dispersed. Ellen went to her room with a heavy heart, and Edward Carlton, the young and gifted, was carried to his room.

That was a restless night for Ellen Fleetwood. Waking, she thought of her soul's idol, its moral beauty marred and stained; sleeping, she dreamed of the same idol, transformed into a laughing, shouting demon, trying to clutch her in a foul embrace, from which she started with a bound and a shriek. Tears burned their fiery way out upon her feverish cheek, and the morning sunbeams were unheeded by her. The first bitter grief had entered her heart and left its chilling shadows. And yet the sorrow-stricken girl never dreamed that she had had any agency in the work.

There is trouble for thee, Ellen!

The conduct of Carlton was the subject of conversation at the breakfast-table of Ellen's father. Ellen abruptly arose and went to her room, whence he followed her.

"Ellen, Ellen, you love Edward Carlton," asked the old man, as he stooped down where she had buried her face upon the sofa.

"God knows how well," sobbed the stricken girl, in bitterness of woe.

"And would to God you did not!" slowly spake the old man, now standing erect, and a tear gathering in his eye, as he looked down upon his daughter. "Yes, would to God that I had died by the mob, rather than——"

"Mercy, Father, do not say that! he is brave and noble." Ellen stood with streaming eyes, her hands convulsively clasped, and her hair hanging in dark masses about her neck.

"But, Ellen, was he not *drunk* last night—brutishly *drunk?*"

The blood went back from her cheek and lip, and she stood before the stern-spoken father, her lips parted, looking into his face with the intensity of despair.

"Yes, he was drunk," continued the old man, "and the affianced husband of Ellen Fleetwood!"

"But, Father ——"

"No buts, Ellen; the daughter of Herman Fleetwood never marries a drunkard, though he were thrice Edward Carlton. He wants no wine-bibber for a son-in-law, nor will he have one."

The old man spoke more sternly as he proceeded, Ellen clasping his hands as he stood, and sobbing, as each word fell with a weight of woe upon her heart.

"He is not a drunkard, Father, he did not want to——"

Her heart failed her. For the first time it flashed upon her that she had urged him to drink the wine.

"Did not want to show his real character," said he, taking up her words. "But it is well that he did. Ellen, Ellen, my child, I love you; and as God is my witness, Edward Carlton must never visit this house again as a suitor of yours. I'll have no wine-bibbing in my family."

"Oh, Father! do not say it now. I——"

"I have spoken," broke in the old man, "for your good and ours. The blow is severe, but better now than when I am not here to protect."

He laid Ellen upon the sofa, as he would a child, and passed out of the room. He left a wreck.

Edward Carlton awoke sober, to find his mind bewildered by the floating figments of some dark dream, and the sun high up in the sky.

Thought by thought, the incidents of the night came up before him, until the harrowing scene had all

stared at him like accusing phantoms, and he bowed his face in humiliation and shame. He had fallen from a high position.

Late in the afternoon, Carlton walked over to the mansion of old Fleetwood and rang the bell. The summons was answered by Fleetwood himself, standing sternly before Edward. The latter colored deeply, but at last asked if Ellen was within.

"She is, but does not receive company to-day," coldly answered the merchant.

"Is she unwell?"

"It matters not. I will not allude to what has transpired, but have to request that you will not consider yourself any longer at liberty to call here as the affianced husband of my daughter. I will make any other sacrifice to cancel my obligation to you for the service you once rendered us."

Carlton was stung to the quick, and spoke with feeling.

"There need be no words," earnestly and somewhat bluntly spoke the merchant; "after what transpired last evening, you never can be welcomed to the only and cherished child of my old age."

"Last night," bitterly replied Carlton. He had lost his self-respect, and at first cowered before the father of Ellen. But now his eye flashed proudly back the thoughts that burned in his bosom.

"After what has transpired!" retorted Carlton, with

bitterness. "I suppose you allude to the scene last night, when I, for the first time in my life, got intoxicated. You, old man, furnished the wine, and your daughter—yes, Ellen—prevailed upon me, against the most solemn refusals, to drink. She handed me the glass with her own hand. I do not reproach her; but it is ill grace in you to make that act, which I regret as bitterly as any one, the basis of such treatment. The serpent which you have thrust into my cup will turn to rend and blast you and yours. You say she does not wish to see me more. I would——but so be it. Old man, tell Ellen Fleetwood—tell her—*farewell!*"

Edward turned with a fierce step, and a heart full of bitterness, and passed for ever from the threshold of Herman Fleetwood.

PICTURE THE SEVENTH.

THE GAMBLER.

THE dark night wore on, the air hot and oppressive. Light after light had gradually been put out, until here and there they gleamed out in the sultry haze, like dying watch-lights, from the hut of the toiling seamstress, the rendezvous of vice, or the chamber of the sick. Pedestrians had ceased to thread the streets, and not a sound broke upon the stillness save the occasional rumbling of an omnibus, or the hourly toll of the old clock in the tower. Lamps burned dimly in front of the hotels, but even the waiters had fallen asleep.

Back from the main thoroughfare, and through a dark passage so narrow that the grim walls of the blocks which towered on either side almost shut out the murky sky above, we will thread our way. A stench comes up from the reeking gutters, and even in the darkness you know that here is poverty and vice huddled together, and piled layer upon layer, until it reaches the roof far upward, where charity never finds its way, and even the sunshine is unwelcome as it looks fiercely down to burn upon the feverish brows beneath the heated roof.

We shrink as the pattering steps of some retreating

dog strike the ear, but tread boldly; for want is forgetful, perchance, in its brief rest, and vice is yet at its revels.

Your arm, if you please, and turn here to the left, down into a still darker and narrower alley, the pavement covered with filth, and the buildings still more desolate in their outward appearance.

God of heaven! is this a part of the world we left at sunset, when the eye lingered upon beautiful landscapes of green meadows and trees, where neat cottages peeped out from the shrubbery, and clear streams stole on through the woods, to smile again as they emerged into the sunlight? Is this the world where the blue sky hangs like a curtain studded with stars over the sweet rest of beings blessed with wealth and comfort? Do the creatures here huddled under these dingy roofs ever see such fields and streams, green trees and sunny skies?

Here, isolated from the other buildings, is a huge pile of dirty brick, its outlines now looming darkly out against the dull sky. Up the broad steps!

Hush! sounds of revelry—of voices and loud laughter within. Lights, too, shine from the upper windows, and fade out into darkness beyond. The crater is active, its mortal lava ready to roll out and poison and blight the moral beauty of the whole neighborhood.

We will lift the heavy knocker!

Its stroke sounds harshly out upon the stillness, and the noise is stilled within.

A cautious step is heard upon the stairs, and then the shutters of a small oval opening in the upper half of the door are slightly turned by some one within.

"Who is there?" asks a coarse female voice, as a lamp is held up behind the opening so that the light shines out upon the steps. The next moment her eye catches a view of the "star," and the bolt is drawn and the door slowly opened, the woman still standing behind it and peering into our faces.

There is something painfully repulsive in her coarse, sensual features—a red, bloated mass, steeped in the excess of every vice. The brow is low, and the nose thick and flat; the hair wiry, and standing out in short mats, as if it never had known the toilet; her form stooping, and her long bony arms hardly covered by the ragged and dirty sleeves. Her eyes are small, and of that peculiar dark which strikes a dread as they gleam out from their inflamed sockets. The monster to guard the portals of the moral hell is well chosen; a woman-tigress, whose very breath is hot and blighting, and whose eye glares like a serpent's.

We follow her up a dirty stairway, and stand in the long, narrow hall upon the second floor, with rooms on either side. Laughter, oaths, and mingled sounds of reckless revelry are distinctly heard in different parts of the building. But we will enter but one

room to-night, for in truth we always feel tainted by the foul atmosphere here imprisoned.

Here is the gambling-room and bar. The old hag knocks a mystic number upon the door, and it is opened, and we pass in.

A lamp hanging from the centre of the ceiling gives out a bright glare through every part of the room. There are settees around by the walls, and upon them are men and women; some conversing in whispers, and others loud and boisterous, or laughing at some low jest. Here is the old adept in vice, and the young scholar already madly plunging on to ruin. Here is the rotten sepulchre where all that is womanly is buried, echoing now with sounds of obscene revelry, and reeking with the pollution of a life of debauchery. Purity has fled. The cheek is never reddened with shame, for vice has stamped its imprint so deeply there, that we turn with disgust, and wonder how the pure and beautiful can fall so low.

Here are young, girlish-looking creatures, but the footprints of vice have already been stamped on the delicate beauty of opening womanhood, and the bold speech and the coarse laugh arrest the attention while we look upon the youthful faces and fair forms which are here gathered.

Look within the bar to the left!

A slight-built, rather delicate-looking girl, of not more than sixteen summers, is resting on one elbow,

with her head leaning upon the hand, and a beautiful face upturned to the glare of the lamp, though perhaps too deep a hectic for innocence and health.

She is neatly attired, and her small and delicately chiselled features would attract attention in any fashionable drawing-room. The night is far advanced, and the wearied creature is at rest. The forgetfulness of sleep has shut out the sounds of revelry, and perchance she dreams—dreams, it may be, of home, of early purity and bliss, and forgets that she is entombed, and yet lives on among the fetid exhalations of moral death. She looks weary and sad. Some fiendish wrong may have brought her here to be an "angel damned," while the spoiler is the pet of the society which dooms the victim to the hell of infamy, and smiles upon the destroyer.

The night's revelry has palled upon her exhausted spirits, and in the midst of that Babel of tongues the orphan girl forgets that she is a wreck upon the sea of vice, and sleeps and dreams, the sunlight of that dreamland flitting across the features, and giving a purer and calmer breath to the heaving bosom.

Leave the girl in the happiness of slumber, and turn to those with whom we are more interested at this time.

A large circular table stands in the middle of the room, directly under the broad glare of the lamp.

Turn and look upon the circling line of flushed and eager countenances around that table!

Here is the old and young gambler—the hardened knave and the unsteady youth, rushing recklessly into the fangs of older and more experienced "sharks," plunging deeper and still deeper as fortune eludes the cast of the die.

Across from the door where we stand is a haggard-looking old man, his features sharply cut as if with some intense suffering, and his thin hairs hanging loosely about his threadbare coat collar. His teeth are firmly set, and his small red eye glaring wildly at vacancy; his right hand thrust deeply into his pocket, and his left clasped hard across his brow. His slouched hat is drawn down in front, as if to shut the light from his eyes. The old gambler has lost all, and now sits wrapped in the solitude of his own bitter reveries.

Near him is a full, red-faced, sensual-looking individual, deeply intoxicated, and staring stupidly at the players, or smiling, like a drunken idiot, at his own coarse attempts at wit.

Standing back of him is a masculine-looking female, with her hand resting upon his shoulder, watching the play. She should have died when all that was womanly died.

There are others around, both sitting and standing, some deeply interested in the game.

Do you see the players?

The strife is between two, all the rest retiring from the arena, and leaving the champions alone in the

struggle. They have played long, and with intense and absorbing interest. Stake after stake has been swept from the table, the tide steadily setting in the same direction. One is flushed with success, but still wary and cool. The features of the other twitch convulsively at the corners of the mouth, and the restless eye glitters and rolls with frenzy. The madness of the gambler is upon him. The working of his face is fearful.

But mark the victor. His sharp features are as pale and as rigid as marble. Not a drop has he drunk, for from the first he has planned and played with coolness, closing the net with fatal skill and deliberation around his excited victim. His keen eye glitters like a serpent's, kindling as he marks the frenzy of his antagonist, or as the spoil is swept from the board. It gleams with an exultant light as it turns upward to the face of some looker-on when some deep stroke has made wilder havoc in the purse of his opponent.

Look at the other gambler!

There is something peculiarly attractive in the features and bearing of the man, and at the same time sad and painful. That manly countenance, although its moral beauty is marred by vice, awakes the strongest sympathy, and the heart goes out towards him with painful intensity as we watch him madly struggling in the net-work of ruin. He chafes in the meshes, and braves fate to her utmost.

There is a bright, fiery spot in his cheeks, and a fierce light in his eye. His hands tremble as he deals the cards, for his whole system, his very soul, is wrapped in the terrible delirium of the destroying vice.

That athletic, firmly-knit, and symmetrical form seems out of place in this den of the vile. Manhood yet claims a place upon his brow, now white and beautiful under his black hair, but thickly covered with large drops of sweat which he continually brushes away with his hand.

There is something in the man's face so familiar, and at the same time so winning, that all our feelings are enlisted with him, even in the infamous game he is playing. We involuntarily wish him success now; we wish him to win back from his repulsive antagonist what he has lost, and then we would rush in and snatch him from the place and from the wretch who has pocketed his money.

Another and a heavier stake has been lost, and the man in whose behalf we are so much interested glares a moment upon the table, his lip drawn between his teeth until the blood starts from under them.

Heavens! what intensity of agony is there! Cool and sneering sits the victor, watching like a serpent every move of the man before him.

With a convulsive start the victim thrusts his hand into his bosom, stops again, and then, with the energy

of desperation, wrenches from his neck a beautiful miniature, set in the costliest manner. A tear glistens in the eye of the madman as he lays the sacred treasure upon the table and stakes it for the last.

The black-eyed antagonist takes it eagerly up and scans its worth, his gaze lingering with surprise upon the lovely features of the portrait.

Not a word is said by either as a sum of money is counted out to match the miniature. The cards are dealt, and the game commences.

The miniature is lost!

The winner reaches out to secure the prize, when the loser, with a groan of anguish, convulsively clutches his hand at the same moment.

With an oath, the other partly rises from his seat; and as he does so, the other's eye catches sight of something, and at the next instant a bright blade flashes in the light, and the old gambler's hand is pierced and fast to the table!

"Fiend and scoundrel! you have played false. I have pinned you and the evidence of your guilt to the table.

"It's a LIE!" thunders the gambler. The other catches the wrist firmly, and as he snatches the knife out, turns the arm quickly up, and the card, pierced and bloody, drops upon the table!

The bleeding gambler throttles the other across the table, but is no match for the iron frame, stung with

rage and with rum. The foeman is thrown fiercely upon the floor, the latter's hand still clenched in his enemy's bosom. Before any one can interfere, the knife again flits like a sun-flash overhead, and is buried to the hilt in the heart of the old gambler. Blood, cards, gold, and the broken miniature, are all mingled where he stretches out with a shiver, and lies lifeless and still.

Look at the miniature. Broken from its casket, it still wears the pure and womanly smile of *Ellen Fleetwood!*

The murderer is in jail and in irons, his black locks falling in matted profusion as he bows himself and weeps.

Genius has fallen in ruins! the gambler and murderer is—EDWARD CARLTON!

PICTURE THE EIGHTH.

THE PRISON—THE INMATE.

BACK from the city, on a slight eminence, and close by the river, stands the prison. Its dark walls and turrets look grim and gloomy, and the crash of its iron bolts, or the creaking of its hinges, as the ponderous doors are swung backward and forward, grate harshly upon the ear, and touch the nerves with a feeling of dread.

We look in vain to read the secrets of the prison-house upon those voiceless walls that loom up against the sky. They close with the same soulless echoes upon the hardened and the tender. Granite tomb! a charnel-house, where the living are dead, shrouded in coffins of stone, and yet denied the rest of the sleepers that dwell in the graves. The rains fall, but water not; the sunshine beams down, but warms not; the earth lies beneath, but bears not a flower or green blade for the doomed. Time wings onward, but the world is a sealed book, and mothers live, and weep, and mourn; but stone and iron have no heart, and they live, and weep, and mourn in vain. Give us a still spot on the earth for a resting-place, and a green sod for a covering, where the spring sunshine and rain and dews shall cover us with bloom, rather

than the living death, where not even a cool breeze or the carol of a summer bird shall lighten the heavy footsteps of time.

Look beyond the old prison walls, where the chastening beauties of God's pencillings have been traced on the evening sky. The evening flag-ship has swung out from her moorings, and floats on a sea where every wave is dashed with a crimson crest in that ocean of gold and blue.

The sun sinks in a couch of regal haze! A sheet of richest golden sunshine sweeps back over the earth, as if for an evening farewell, and lingers on the top of the forest, the distant hills, or the spires and domes of the city.

Now see the old prison buildings!

That golden sheet of lingering sunshine bathes the tower and turrets of the dusky pile, leaving the lower part wrapped in gathering night. It looks like the light of hope struggling to illume a world of gloom.

Slowly that light fades out, and a feeling of loneliness comes over us, as we see it leap from the topmost point, and fade out in darkness.

As that light fades out, a pale face can be traced back of the dark net-work of iron which chokes up the small, high windows. We thought at first that it was some shadow, but it is not. A man stands there—one of the entombed—gazing out upon the world through the small, four-lighted opening in the

wall. He lingers as long as the light lasts, and until the stars come out above. We cannot see him; and yet, by some mysterious influence, we know he is there, watching and dreaming as he stands in his solitude of iron and stone.

That prisoner has been there but a short time, and his history has been an eventful one. The meteor of the morning has gone down in darkest gloom. The fall has been sudden and fearful; and yet we know that the fragments of ruin are beautiful and massive, rendering still more painful the desolation of the fall.

We saw him at his trial, charged with the murder of a fellow-creature. We remember the proud but sorrowful face in the court-room, the pallid cheek, and the calm, impressive eye. We remember his white brow and his black locks, as he sat in the prisoner's box, watching the progress of his trial.

The proof was conclusive; and the counsel assigned to defend him made but a feeble effort for the guilty man. The prisoner watched the flimsy effort, and a sneer gathered upon his lip, and his cheek assumed a brighter glow.

The prosecution made a strong appeal against him; —spoke of his habits—of the circumstances of the murder, and asked of the jury protection from the ruthless hand of such characters.

The prisoner's eye kindled and flashed, and then again moistened with a tear. He asked the privilege

of the Court to make a few remarks. The Court and those around were startled by the depth of that voice. His request was refused; but he asked the privilege so feelingly, stating that he wished to state the whole truth in the matter, that none objected, and he arose. His voice was at first tremulous, but it swelled as he proceeded, and the court-room was startled by one of the most touching appeals ever made within its walls. He stated truly the circumstances of the murder; but when he came to speak of the charge against him of being a common villain, his form towered, his words burned with fires which vice had not extinguished, and the tears fell fast down his cheek. All wept. The jurors sobbed like children. Even the stern judge looked at the giant before him with streaming eyes.

The Court charged the jury to beware how their sympathies warped their judgment; and when, after the verdict, he delivered the sentence, with an emotion which choked his utterance, all looked with a grief that was painful upon the situation of one so gifted, and wondered how he came to a fate so infamous. The prisoner was sentenced to fifteen years' solitary confinement in the penitentiary.

We feel a deep interest in the history of one so young and so talented; for we know that circumstances of more than ordinary strength have conspired to place him in the realm of guilt.

Knocking at the gate of the prison, we are ushered in by a surly turnkey, who frowns as we enter, and who answers a question with that ill-bred bluntness which too often characterizes the conduct of those placed in such situations. To our statement that we have taken an interest in the person recently sentenced for murder—that we believe him no common criminal, he sneeringly blurts out an oath, and puts all criminals in the same class—cold-hearted and relentless, never seeing the semblance of humanity in the wretch that has committed a crime, and boasting of his cruelty, as though it were an evidence of great capacity for rule. And yet, look at the physiognomy of the man! the small, black, hog eye; the narrow and ill-shaped brow; the lisping tongue, sounding like the serpent's hiss; and the sensual lips, which grin like an idiot's when the man attempts to be a gentleman, or leer like the devil's when his *nature* glares unrestrained upon his repulsive features. He has no more idea of the real duties and responsibilities of his position than the bull-dog in his kennel. Without talents to govern men as a man, his only way to win notoriety is to be a brute and beat men as brutes. We are not mistaken in that face. We have read the souls of more cunning men in our day, and we can decipher the language written on that physiognomy as plainly as though written in English. We know the man's whole strength, his course of

thought, and the motives that govern his actions. If he has not committed a *state-prison crime*, nature has written false for the first time, or else he has never had an opportunity. We have seen many a better man don the suit of a felon.

He says we cannot see the prisoner; it is contrary to rules! And yet we learned this very evening that a notorious felon was taken to a *neighboring city* to attend a night council of his confederates. The keeper himself *belongs to the same band*, and yet has a "holy horror" of uninitiated scoundrels.

We are anxious to see the prisoner, and we urge the ill-bred official; but No! We drop a coin in the palm; a sickening smile gathers upon the face, and we pass in, without a word!

The heavy bolt crashes behind, and the iron-voiced echoes die away in the lofty corridor. Another crash, and another wall of wood and iron is between us and the world without. The steps give out a hollow sound, and we look upward into the gloom where cell towers above cell, with their wretched inmates.

Round the mausoleum of the living and upwards we go, until we arrive at the last cell of the number. As we look over and down from the narrow pathway, we look into a black chaos, and a feeling of loneliness and dread creeps over us. The guide hearkens as the measured echoes of a footfall steal out from the gloom. He places a trembling hand upon a pistol, but imme-

diately assumes an heroic attitude as another knight turns the corner beyond, with a bottle in his hand. The cowards need some stimulus to dispel the phantoms.

We hearken at the cell—we speak to the inmate. There is no sound save the deep and heavy breathing within, for the prisoner is asleep. Another call, but he hears not. So sleep and death relieve man from his earthly troubles.

The guide turns the key in the lock, and the next moment the iron-grated door swings back against the stone slabs, and we step softly in. The dull light of the lamp scarce fills the narrow space until the eye is accustomed to its dimness.

The cell is hardly of sufficient length for the prisoner, its walls bare and cold, and filled with a bad, oppressive atmosphere, as it is upon the upper tier of cells, and no ventilation whatever. The bedding is thin, and of the coarsest material, but it is the same winter or summer.

Uncovered upon the rude cot, his face partly under him, and his arms thrown out, is the prisoner. A fever hectic is upon his cheek, and his long hair strays out in heavy masses upon his mattress pillow. There are traces of tears! and yet we are told that *prisoners* are not human, and have no hearts to feel!

We are startled—are astonished, as we look upon the manly features—the high, broad brow. The

sleeper was not born for the place. Intellect is written there too plainly—an intellect which naturally towers above acts of meanness or crime.

A nervous twitching creeps around the corner of his mouth, and a dark shadow passes across his features. The realities of waking hours are mingling with the spectres of his sleeping ones. The light falls more directly upon his face, and he leaps convulsively up, and stares wildly at the light and at those standing in his cell. The clank of his chains falls upon his ears, and in a moment the reality rolls back upon him, and he bows himself convulsively upon the bed.

We will not detail the painful interview. We cannot contemplate such a man in his ruin. The clank of his chain has a sound of wretchedness and woe. His broad bosom heaves with the fearful emotion of a proud spirit broken. Who wrought this ruin? We know that some one did it. Such a man never, of his own accord, plunged into a career of vice and crime.

Upon the stool at the end of his cell is the broken wreck of a miniature, still glittering in its ruin. Ha! the stake at the gambling hell—the trampled and soiled likeness of *Ellen Fleetwood*, the same pure and womanly soul as when sketched by the pencil of the artist.

We know it all now. The gifted prisoner is *Edward Carlton!*

The guard beckons us away, and we turn, after leaving a tribute of tears. The iron latch clanks into its socket, and the young criminal is again alone for years. He stands at the iron netting as we turn away, and a sigh is wafted out which dies away in whispering echoes like the wail of a spirit crushed for ever.

We stand once more in the hall of the prison-house, and in the presence of the repulsive official. His breath is now a stench, for his potations have been deep. We pass him with a feeling of disgust, and stand again in the free air and under the blue sky, where the stars look coldly down upon the dark pile, and the cool night-winds wipe the foul damps of the stone graves from the cheek.

PICTURE THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE PARTY—ONE NOT INVITED!

BENEATH the warm skies of the sunny South, where the moon looks more closely down, and the orange-blossoms are sleeping in its beams, while the soft breeze steals the fragrance from their slumbers and bears it away; beneath the warm sky where Florida stretches out to the south, as if to court the warm kiss of the tropical sunbeams, bearing on her bosom the richest and most beautiful of flowers, scattered in richest profusion over her prolific soil, in the open field, or where the dark everglades hide the treasures from the sunlight; beneath that sunny sky rests the beautiful land where, in earlier history, Europeans located the El Dorado of gold, as well as the fountain of health where men drank, became young again, and lived on in eternal youth.

In that land, in its capital, and in the mansion of its popular and distinguished Governor, ten years later in our history, there is a gathering of fashionable and élite. A party is being given, and the beautiful, the gifted, and the brave are assembled in the large mansion.

The moon beams soft and beautifully down without,

and lamps gleam brightly within. The evening breeze whispers in unseen melody through the vines that cluster up over the windows of the mansion, or hang in festoons in front of the piazza. Music steals out through the open casements, lingers, and dies away on the air. Song, sentiment, and wit enliven the scene within, where light and happy hearts are written upon smiling faces. The band strike up a stirring strain, and a cloud of throbbing feet are ranged upon the floor, and fair and manly forms whirling in the dance. The host, with his bold and martial bearing, smiles upon the scene, where every eye is light with the glow of happiness and joy.

The evening wore on, and yet the tide of happy feeling flowed on with steady volume.

Peerless in the crowd was the Kentucky girl, pale and touchingly sad, and yet beautiful in her plain dress of black. The proudest eye followed her with admiration, and wondered why one evidently so gifted and so accomplished in her person and manners should, in that crowd of happy faces, wear that air of dreamy melancholy, unobtruding, and yet winning the sympathy of every heart.

She did not dance; seldom smiled that sweet and sad smile; but moved about like a purer creature, to refine and bless.

The old clock in the hall slowly counted out the hour of twelve; but time had little to do with the

merry and happy throng, for the dance, the laugh, and the song went on.

While the music and the dance ceased a moment, the wine was handed around. It came to the Kentucky belle first, and she silently waved it by, while a shadow of unutterable sadness, almost of woe, gathered more deeply upon her features. She became still more pale, and with an unsteady step passed out upon the piazza. There she stood in the calm moonlight, her heart torn with some harrowing thought or memory, for the tear glittered in her eye. The beautiful wept.

Her absence was thought of but for a moment. Within, the party were alive with a flow of happy spirits.

At this moment a wild, unearthly shriek burst upon the air without, so startling and fearful, that every other sound was hushed at a breath.

Again and again it burst out, still more intense and piercing. It had a tone of unutterable anguish, of suffering, of a wail perhaps from some horrid danger. The cheeks of fair dames paled as they heard, and the chilling blood crept swiftly back to the heart. That voice was horribly touching, so unearthly did it sound in its freezing agony.

It came nearer, until those in the room could hear the very gasps of the sufferer as he struggled in the fangs of his tormentor. The women drew closer

together, while the men moved into the room from whence the sounds seemed to proceed.

At the moment, a man bounded through the open casement into the middle of the room with a yell that never could be forgotten by those who heard it; even brave men looked on with whitening brows.

God! what a sight!

A well-formed, strong-built man stood before them, withering in the dreadful convulsions of *delirium tremens!* His face gleamed like a heated furnace, his coarse, matted hair stood out on end, and his eyes were crowded out of their red sockets, and rolled and glared with the furor of his madness. He had torn his shirt from his shoulders, and still continued to clutch the reptiles which he saw creeping over him, and cast them off, or wrenched them from his throat, where they seemed to be choking him to death.

Again he shrieked, as some unseen spectre grasped him by the throat, leaped into the air and fell upon the floor in convulsions. And then he would still writhe and struggle, or moan and plead for help so piteously, that eyes wept that were unused to weeping. There was a sad company gathered around the suffering wretch. He fought and struggled with the dread creatures of his delirium, bit the flesh fiercely from his arms until he was drenched in blood, and still shrieking and spitting the flesh and blood out upon the floor.

"O God! take 'em off! TAKE OFF! Don't let me die! I will not—HELP! Merciful God! they are coming again, and I am lost! O——"

They came upon him, that legion of dreams and slimy reptiles. He leaped up and glared, as if suffocating, while he tugged at his bloody throat to loose the grasp of his foes, shrieked again, and fell heavily upon the floor. He struggled a moment, and then straightened out with a shiver, and was still.

The suffering wretch was at rest. His eyes were turned upward and glaring; his face cut with the sufferings of a strong man in his agony, and the blood and froth of madness welled up out of his lips, and slowly coursed down from each corner of the mouth. It was a fearful sight to look upon, and a solemn silence rested upon the company who had gathered around.

The Kentucky belle came into the room, anxious to look upon the creature who had died so horrible, so horrid a death. At that moment one of the party placed his hand under the dead maniac's head and lifted it up towards the light, when it caught the view of the girl. That face was marred and branded with vice; its moral beauty blotted out, and the black locks mingled with gray; but a memory of iron recognized, in the distorted features of the dead maniac, lineaments that never had been forgotten. She leaned heavily upon the arm of her partner, and whispered:

"Take me away—I am sick—I am sick."

She swooned, and they carried her out of the room a stricken, heart-broken creature; the last hope crushed out, and the mind of the sad-hearted girl for ever launched out upon the sea of hopeless lunacy.

When she came out of her swoon, she alternately smiled and wept, and called upon some familiar name with the touching broken-heartedness of a child.

But she was sick, sick at heart, hopelessly sick, and beyond the reach of any balm on earth.

That dead maniac!—

He was once the gifted, eloquent, noble and pure-hearted EDWARD CARLTON, of Kentucky!

In 184– we looked into the lunatic hospital of Kentucky. Among the inmates, we noticed one with dishevelled locks and child-like sadness, swaying backwards and forwards in the sunshine that came in at the window, anon trying to clasp its golden beams in her snowy fingers. She was dressed with neatness, in bridal white, and continually asked for one whose name seemed to linger in youthful vigor amid the wreck of mind—a beacon in the midst of utter and irreparable ruin, where her thoughts lingered and clustered. Again she would weep like a broken-hearted child, and wring her hands; again lift her beautiful face to heaven and pray, looking more like an angel of innocence and truth, with her long black tresses hanging uncon-

fined around her snowy neck, and wreathed with the snow-drops which the Matron had given her.

There are no ruins like the ruins of the mind; none so sad to look upon. We have looked upon the decay of earthly monuments unmoved; but when we saw one so beautiful and gifted crushed into chaos, we turned away and wept. We left her still swaying in the sunbeams, the beautiful maniac, her mind never again to be illumed by the "light of other days," and often have we thought of her and wept.

Reader, the beautiful lunatic was the Kentucky belle of the party at the South, who was sick when she saw the corpse of the maniac, of whom she yet talks and dreams in her cell; ever pure-hearted and womanly, and yet the architect of her own and others' ruin—ELLEN FLEETWOOD!

Let her dream and stray on in the sunbeams, and await her lover in her bridal white with the snow-drops in her hair, for it is a mercy. She could not live under the knowledge of the wrong she had done to Carlton. The gifted orphan boy is at rest. She will soon be, and both be beyond the reach of the enemy of all human happiness—the dread liquid that stirreth in the cup, but at last is more fatal than the reptile's sting.

Will our fair readers heed the solemn moral of our tale? It is founded on fact, and reveals the influence

of woman, and how easy that influence can be made to ruin—yes, "HOW EASY TO RUIN!"

Have we written for naught?

Fair readers, adieu!



A RACE FOR LIFE.

CARRIE MASON;

OR,

A RACE FOR LIFE.

But a few days since, my eye fell upon a thrilling description of a contest with wolves. The details stirred some bitter memories of the past. The very name of wolf causes a shudder to creep over me, and brings back a train of most bitter associations. A dark, horrible vision falls upon the inward soul, its freezing incidents as vividly portrayed as when enacted long years ago.

Reader, indulge an old friend in a brief tale of facts. Draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you a story of other days which will stir your blood.

You did not know Carrie Mason? Why do I ask the question, for years have gone by since she died. I knew her and loved her. Who could know her and not love her?

Carrie! I turn back into the past, when the world was all a paradise, and she its loveliest angel. She was beautiful—how beautiful! No thing of earth was ever more so. I will not attempt to describe her. No light cloud, tracing the summer sky, was ever more

graceful; no snow-flake ever purer; no warbling bird, or dancing stream, ever more happy and gleeful. And yet she had a spirit which soared; and her blue eye, as mild as the depths of a summer sky, would melt in tears or flash indignantly at a tale of wrong. She was surpassingly beautiful in form and angelic in mind. Such was the guiding-star of my youth—the lovely flower which beamed out in the then wilderness. Do you wonder that I loved her? I love her now as embalmed in memory, and bow in silent homage to her pure spirit as it lingers around me in the winter of life. The Carrie Mason of earth is dead. I know that. But the Carrie Mason of heaven lives, and I love her as I love the things of heaven. Years have swept by and sifted the snow among my locks, and my eye looks dimly out upon the world; yet that one bright dream lingers as freshly in the heart as when treasured there in the springtime of life.

Closer with your chair. Heap on more fuel, for chills creep over me as that blast goes by. I can hear the snow sift thickly against the window-panes. I know that a thick white snow-shroud is silently weaving over the leafless, bladeless, flowerless earth. So has time woven a shroud over all the bright hopes of my youth.

The drifts are piling up! Away back of the village church the heaps lie upon the graves of the dead. Carrie lies there. I see the spot now, even as I watch

the blaze and listen to the wind without. The snow there gathered is not purer than the spirit of Carrie.

That was a fierce one! The night winds have a language. I understand it. Long, long years I have sat here and listened. As they go past they whisper, and I wander in thought until the ashes gather on the waning hearth.

How the winds shriek and wail! They have a touching moan. It makes me sad to hear them sigh, and I people the night air with spirits of grief. Now a faint, solemn dirge goes whispering by. There! hark to a shriek which leaves a freezing sense of some fearful crime committed. And yet the winds are company for me. They have been my sole companions for years.

Let the winds murmur, for I should miss their faintest whisper.

Forty years ago!

Time has fled fleetly. It seems but a day, and yet I look in the glass across the table and see the withered features of an old man. Is it myself that is old? I draw my hand over a face of wrinkles, and then lay it upon a smooth bald head. Around the ears are thin white locks, and a well-worn staff glistens in the fire-light.

Years *have* gone by, while the heart has been dreaming as though there were no winter after the springtime of youth.

Forty years ago, as I was saying, my father's family settled in one of the counties of central New-York. All was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer "clearing." The shadows were around us, the tall trees and the picturesque mountains.

Many a summer's day have I toiled up the rugged mountain sides, and looked out upon a sea of green as it swayed and rolled in the summer breeze, or watched the waning sun as it lingered to bathe the whole wilderness in a flood of gold and crimson. All was very beautiful.

The axe had opened a space in the forest, and a cabin of that good old time afforded us shelter. It looked new and comfortable, and its chimney-smoke curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of the forest. The blackened heaps smoked and crackled, and deep in those wild-wood solitudes the wilderness blossomed and smiled in the presence of yellow harvests. A happy home was there. The birds sang at earliest morn, and the deep river near the door murmured sweetly at nightfall. There were gentle whisperings in the old trees. As they bowed their heads to the winds, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temples where nature breathed fresh and pure from the hand of God. The wild flowers bloomed even by the very door-sill, and the deer stopped in the forest edge to gaze upon the smoke of the chimney-top.

'Twas a beautiful home in the old wilderness!

The spring brought us neighbors. 'Twas a great day when a settler came in and purchased land across the river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer hearts, and by the ready agency of pioneer hands a comfortable log-cabin peeped out from the dense woodland of the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from its open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for it the next morning. But it was not the smoke that I cared so much about. I only knew that it curled upward from the fire-side where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke, and dreamed as I watched the river, until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shimmering silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carrie Mason. Before the mellow haze of autumn had dropped its dreamy hue on leaf and stream, I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home.

The leaves faded, and the winter winds swept wailingly through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabin homes were bright, and our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened, and the birds returned, we were to be married.

I was happy.

A winter evening party in a new country! Did you ever attend one, reader? There are large hearths and open hearts there to be found.

Carrie and I were invited to attend the party. A rude "jumper" had been built, and in this we started. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the wide hearth, and old-fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall. But we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horse sped on the forest path.

Carrie grasped my arm and whispered, Hist! The wind shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side, and talked with less glee. In spite of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirits.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines which shot upward and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip, and he moved briskly through the woods.

Again Carrie grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. With a

heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of any danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm, and I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood rush quickly back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrific, it burst out in an unearthly howl, like a wail from the world of fiends. I heard it. Its dismal, heart-chilling echoes had not died away on the storm, when it was answered from a score of throats.

Merciful God! a pack of wolves were around us! In those dark woods, at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry throats were fiercely yelling each other on to the feast.

For a moment, my senses reeled, but I felt Carrie leaning heavily on my shoulder, and aroused.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddened devils were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

That was a slim chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carrie. The quiet cabin, and the happy hearth at home, flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment, a dark shadow glided up by the side of our sleigh, and so wild and devilish a yell I never heard since. My flesh crawled on my bones. A cold shiver ran to the heart and crept over my head as though the hairs were standing on end. Two

orbs glared out like demon-lights, and I could hear the panting of the eager beast.

Firmly grasping the lines, and shouting sharply to the horse, we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act, that infernal chorus again burst out in earnest, and their dark forms leaped in lengthened strides on either side of us. The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling devils kept pace. Turning to speak to Carrie, I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead, his teeth shut with a vice-like snap, missing Carrie, but stripping her shawl from her shoulders. With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of the seat.

God! It was horrible! We were to be eaten alive!

I became maddened—reckless. I shouted to the horse, now reeking with foam, and we went at a fearful rate. The stumps and roots, and uneven places in the road, threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles ahead! Oh for a world to give for home!

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a new danger. It was a difficult place, and not only danger of upsetting, but of being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to the clearing than by the river, but I durst not attempt it with the sleigh.

On we sped! that infernal pack neck and neck with us, and every now and then, jaws shutting like steel-traps close to our persons. Once around that angle, and I hoped!

How madly I shouted to the noble brute as we neared the turn in that race for life.

Heavens! the infernal devils had crossed ahead, and hung in dark masses in the path. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.

A few rods more! The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilishly than ever.

With a swoop, the horse turned in spite of me. The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow. Away sped the horse, and my heart sunk as I heard his quick footsteps dying out towards *home!*

But I had no time to think. In truth, I can remember nothing distinctly. It all seems a nightmare which I never can forget.

The maddened pack had followed the horse, and shot by us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods. A shriek from Carrie arrested

them in their career, and in an instant they were upon us. I gave one long, desperate shout, in the hope of arousing the folks at the cabins. I had no time to shout again. Their hot breath burned upon me, and their dark masses gathered around like the shadows of doom. With a broken limb I wildly kept them at bay for a moment; but fierce and closer surged the gnashing teeth. Carrie lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more chance. A stunted pine grew upon the outer edge of the bank, and shot out nearly horizontally over the river below, full a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in the teeth of the pack with my cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy of despair, grasped Carrie with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine. I thought not of the danger—I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches, and breathed freer, as I heard the fierce howl of the baffled pack.

I turned my head, and, God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along on the trunk to our last refuge. Carrie was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her, and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was within reach of my arm. I struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carrie! Oh for help!

for a weapon, for a foothold upon earth, where I could have grappled with the monster!

I heard the long fangs crunch into the flesh, and the smothered breathing, as the wolf continued to make sure of his hold! Oh, it was horrible! I beat him over the head, but he only deigned a munching growl. I yelled, cursed, wept, prayed; but the hungry devil cared not for curses or prayers. His companions were still howling and whining, and venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carrie. None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a wrench, and nearly threw me from the pine. Carrie was helpless and insensible. Even the crunching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deathly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf, and Carrie's waist slipped from my aching grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had not released his hold, but, as if aware of danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carrie.

The end had come! My brain reeled. The long body of the wolf hung downward like a dark shadow into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils,

and lights danced and flashed across my eye-balls. The overtaxed muscles of the hand would relax, and as instantly close convulsively upon the eluding skirt. I heard a tearing as of stitches. The black mass beneath writhed and wrenched, as if to deepen the hold. A sharp cracking mingled with the humming noises in my head, and the dress parted at the waist! I shrieked as I heard the swooping sound of the fall of the black devil and his victim, as they shot down, down into the darkness. I heard something like the bay of the old house-dog, and the firing of guns, and heard no more.

* * * * * *

Weeks and months passed away before the fearful delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, as helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, and I was prematurely old. The raven-black locks of twenty had changed to the silvery ones of eighty years of age. Look on this arm that clung to Carrie! It is withered. I never have raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and awake, covered with the cold, clammy sweat that gathered upon me while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse, as he dashed into the clearing, had aroused the people at home. The empty and broken sleigh told a brief story. The howling of the wolves arose on the blast, and with guns, and

the old house-dog, they rushed to the scene. They found me senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and a wolf feeling his way towards me. In turning at the sound of their approach, he slipped, and went down upon the ice.

Our people looked long for Carrie Mason, but did not find her until next morning. They then went down on the ice, and found her corpse. The wolves had not picked her crushed bones—I thanked God for that. The fall had partially broken the ice, and the oozing water had frozen and fastened her long black hair as it had floated out. The wolf had not released his death-grasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure white shoulder.

The spring sunshine, and birds, and green leaves had come again, as I tottered out. My sisters led me to a grave on the river's bank—the grave of all my youthful hopes, and of all that I loved. The wild flowers were already starting on the sacred mound. I wept over and blessed them, for they were blooming upon the grave of Carrie.

Such was the fate of my first and only love.

There never was but one Carrie Mason.

MORTIMER HUDSON;

OR,

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I NEVER shall forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their child. Wine and beer were often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave me the bottom of the glass.

One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table, after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whis-

pers and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn of the strange thing. My father merely said it was some wild visionary scheme ~~to unite Church and State~~.

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church.* I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of his friends. For an hour the people ~~of the place~~ continued to come in, until there was a large congregation. ~~fair houseful~~. All were curiously watching the door, and apparently wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in, and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in, and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed throughout the ~~house~~. church

The men were unlike in appearance, one being

foot note

* In the United States ~~the~~ parish & public meetings were commonly held in the Churches.

short, thick-set in his build, and the other tall and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely glanced around over the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like, as he strode slowly up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a brief address at the conclusion, calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments I have often heard since, and concluding by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of

respectable people. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper; and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead; and beneath the heavy brows, his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's. The tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment more he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced. There was a depth in that voice—a thrilling sweetness and pathos which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eye of the speaker with an interest which

I never before had seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends! I am a stranger in your village, and trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker locked his hands together, and continued — "O God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted upon which the drunkard can look, and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer!"

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured; but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain-drops. The old man brushed one from his own eye and continued:

"Men and Christians! you have just heard that I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just.

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is deep sorrow in my heart and

tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life's bright hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home, or kindred on earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred, or home! It was not so once!"

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking away through vacancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving.

"I once had a mother. With her ~~old~~ loving heart crushed with sorrows she went down to her grave. I once had a wife, a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every

fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he still lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom, but these hands destroyed it, and it lives with one who loveth children.

"Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A ~~spirit~~ mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to ~~virtue and honor~~. The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine!"

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness, and home to the accursing demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply.

"I was a drunkard! From respectability and afflu-

ence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home-idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread.

"One New-year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in its cradle awoke and sent up a famished wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"'We have no food, James; have had none for two days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, *must we starve?*'

"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before; but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down, as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair.

"'~~God of mercy~~, James!' exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, 'you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie!' and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and sharp cry of the babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my ~~older~~ son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers into my side-pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of a ~~devil~~ as I was, shut the door upon the arm, and with my knife severed the arm at the wrist!"

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old

man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his. He continued :—

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought that I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it— ~~God, how horrible!~~—it was my own injured Mary and her sweet babe, frozen to ~~ice~~ death! The ever-true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it ~~to~~ to ice on the white cheek. The frost was white in ~~its~~ the babe's half-open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Oh my God again I ask thee to pryne my horrible fin—

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father

chunky

sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:—

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years—but no tortures could have been like those I have endured within my own bosom. O God, no! I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye upon the paper.

"Sign it—sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones!"

My father wrote "*Mortimer Hudson.*" The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with red and a death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange!" muttered the old man. "Pardon me, Sir, but that is the name of my own brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes; both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeled down, pouring out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.

That old man is dead, but the lessons he taught his grandchild on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

ZELMA UNDINE;

THE

BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEST IN THE ROCKS.

THE world is made up of light and shade. Day and night alternately clothe the material world in beauty, and shroud it in gloom. So with the affairs of life. To-day an unclouded sky may smile prosperity and happiness upon the heart and home, to be followed by the drifting shadows of sorrow and care to-morrow. The free sunlight of heaven pours in at one time upon the richly furnished mansion, and again it falls silently across the threshold of the hut, and glistens upon the tear that trembles upon the faded cheek of its unfortunate tenant.

Hidden deeply away among the Green Mountains was a comfortable mansion, built of brick and stone, and owned by a gentleman from the North of England. It stood at the commencement of a level field, closely wedged between the mountains on either side, and was cultivated with that nice care and exquisite



ZELMA UNDINE.

taste peculiar to an English farmer in comfortable circumstances. It was a smiling garden in a wilderness of rocks and barren peaks, shut out from the bustle of the world, and safe, as it would seem, from the tread of any thing inimical to the happiness and peace of its dwellers. Back of the house, the stream came tumbling down the rocks, while from the piazza in front, the eye reached through a rugged gorge upon a little lake, almost hidden by the forest-covered precipices. A narrow wagon-track, upon the side of the mountain, led to this retreat.

"The Nest in the Rocks," as the cottage was called, was the abode of Walter Tourney, an Englishman of reading and wealth. Three years previous to the time of which we write, he had left England, and selected the "West" for a residence. We know little of Tourney. In early life he aspired to the hand of an heiress, and was insultingly rejected by her guardian on account of his poverty. Tourney's personal integrity and moral worth, with a family record without stain, were nothing in the scale, and the proud-spirited young man went forth, embittered in heart, but more resolute and aspiring than ever. He stood upon the deck of the vessel that bore him away from his native shore, his lips firmly compressed and brows knit with indignant feelings; a tear of tenderness in the eye, and a stern determination in the heart. From that time none ever heard of Tourney until he returned,

ten years after. He came back seamed with scars and swarthy with hardships, and preceded by the magic heraldry of enormous wealth. Nor was the rumor wrong. Tourney was rich, enormously rich, and various were the stories afloat as to the manner in which he accumulated his immense fortune. But the subject of these rumors paid little heed to all this. Save a tinge of melancholy, Tourney was the same frank and generous man as when he left, but always shunning nearly all association with society.

Tourney at once became a person of note. His gold brought him troops of friends, and his society was courted by those who knew him not when a poor young man. He had not forgotten Flora Alton. Neither had the true-hearted girl forgotten him. Her rich uncle had died, leaving his estates to her, unencumbered with any provision in relation to her future course. She had refused all offers, and when Tourney came back, her heart turned towards him with unabated sincerity and warmth. The result need not be detailed. Suffice it to say that Walter Tourney and Flora Alton were married, and lived quite secluded at the country-seat. But for fits of thoughtful melancholy in Walter, the happiness of the two would have been complete.

Two years passed along, and a daughter bloomed beautifully in Tourney's home, binding closer and closer the lives of the parents. The warble of the

child gushed around the hearth like a flood of sunshine melody, and gave promise of years of such to come.

Flora was cast down with sickness, nigh unto death. This had a strange effect upon Walter, who, silent and tearless, watched night and day around the bedside, as if afraid some unseen hand would snatch the sick one from his presence.

One night—dark, rainy, and tempestuous—the invalid lay, as it were, suspended between life and death; her face and form emaciated, and her rest as fitful as the drenching gusts which rushed against the window-panes, or went shrieking by. The curtains were closely drawn, but the fierce glare of the lightning shed a sickly light upon the ghastly face of the wife.

In sympathy with the warring of the elements without, a tempest had gathered in the mind of Tourney. Some fearful reflection, or some warning presentiment of evil, had taken possession of his frame and shook it like a strong man in his agony. He was walking rapidly backward and forward before the door opening into the chamber where his wife lay. He stopped quickly, while he listened to a violent noise at the door below, and stepped to the stairway as it became more frequent, mingling with a human voice calling for admittance. Tourney descended the stairway with the lamp, and unbolted the outer door with an un-

steady hand, the wind extinguishing the lamp at the moment. But enough had been revealed to Tourney, and he impulsively dashed the door in the face of the intruder with a husky exclamation, startling from its depth and fiery energy. But upon second-thought he opened it again, and the stranger coolly thrust himself into the room, shutting the door after him.

"Mr. *Rigdon*, I believe?"

As these words came slowly from the lips of the stranger, a faintness shivered through the frame of Tourney. The voice was familiar, and the man too well known.

"Who dares address me as Rigdon?" replied Tourney, with forced sternness.

"*The brother of Zelma Undine.*"

Tourney started as if stung, and silently led the unwelcome visitor into the library, where he lit his lamp and left him for the bedside of his wife, who yet slept.

Returning to the library, he turned the key, passed across the room, and stood full before his visitor.

"Has the sea given up its dead?"

"Given up no dead," replied the stranger, looking Tourney calmly and keenly in the face. "It preserved the living to avenge the dead," he continued, a fierce fire lighting up his small black eyes, and a shadow of fearful paleness creeping over his thin lips. Tourney looked in that steady eye like one entranced, but again turned away with a flushed cheek and knit-

ting brow, pacing the apartment with his head upon his bosom. Stopping suddenly again, he asked,

"For what are you here?"

A paleness went over Tourney's burning brow, as a moan from the wife's sick-chamber fell upon his ear, and he unconsciously turned his head to listen. It was not heard again, and the hot blood came back and gleamed more brightly upon his cheek.

The stranger, too, heard the moan, and his restless eye glittered in its deep socket.

As Tourney turned from listening, that eye met his.

"For what am I here, you ask?"

"I did."

"*For revenge!*" and the lithe form of the singular personage stood erect, confronting Tourney in the middle of the room, and the small jewelled fingers resting carelessly upon the handle of a poignard. "*For revenge!*"

"As an assassin, I suppose," coldly answered Tourney, his arms folded across his breast, and his eye watching the movements of the other's hand.

In the dim light of the room the two appeared like bronze statues. The large, muscular form of Tourney looked an over-match for the symmetrical but firmly knit one of his antagonist. The one looked the lion, standing in the repose of conscious strength; the other the wiry tiger, ready for the spring.

"You wish to murder me in my own house, eh?' continued Tourney.

"I wish *revenge*, I tell you. Zelma Undine can't sleep under the waters. *Mister* Rigdon will not refuse any thing for the beautiful Creole, though dead," sneeringly hissed the man, leaning forward until his hot breath fell like a serpent's upon Tourney, and his white teeth glittered like fangs between his parted lips.

Tourney stepped back as if that breath had burned into his blood, and that sickly paleness again went over his iron-like features.

Tourney was no coward; and why did the presence and the words of the stranger work such agony in the brave man?

"As a gentleman, I hold myself responsible, and will meet any one who feels aggrieved, in honorable combat."

"As a gentleman! ha! ha! Well, so be it. When and where, *Mister* Rigdon?"

Tourney turned sharply at that taunting tone, and raised his clenched fist, but dropped it again, and showed his mortal enemy to a sleeping-room.

At sunrise they were to play at a game of blood, and life the stake.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLD-SEEKER.

At the close of a hot day in August, a small sail appeared off the harbor of Havana, gleaming in the intense and unclouded sunlight of the tropics like the white wing of a sea-bird. It seemed in no haste to enter the harbor, and lay off until the sun had gone down in a golden flood. It then stood in, still warily keeping at a distance from the shore, as if ready at a moment to take wing and flit away. Her black hull had already become blended with the shadowy waters as daylight faded from ocean and sky, her tall and slender spars cutting sharply the clear horizon beyond.

Upon the deck of that vessel stood a stranger, a young man, handsomely built, but emaciated with the landsman's terror, sea-sickness. He sat leaning against the bulwarks, his cap off, and the breeze stirring his black locks as they hung in clusters over his faded forehead. The eye wandered over the ocean in a long, dreamy gaze—not where the setting sun had stained the waters with a purple sheen, nor where the moon, just rising, was silvering them with cold beauty in an opposite direction, but away where night had fallen between the vision and the blue pathway to a distant home. There he looked long and sadly. Walter

Tourney—for it was he—was an exile. The gate of a paradise he had dared to dream of had been closed against him. He had not the magic talisman to penetrate its precincts. Gold would have done it, and yet Tourney been the same! With an aspiring heart, and a moral character unblemished, he cast his hopes into the scale, and found it all naught. He chafed under his feelings; but, like thousands of others, instead of looking upward to a nobler fame in the future, wrought out by manly struggles in the contests of life, he looked upon himself as an injured man, and went forth with feelings of bitterness, brooding upon plans how he could bring down those whom he had learned to hate. The reflection that he had a heart uncorrupted, and a fame uninjured by excess—ever a source of happiness to the correct mind—brought no pleasure to his. He had been trodden upon for his poverty—for the want of gold. That gold he would have. How? He had not yet formed a single plan, for his thoughts, in the freshness of grief, lingered around the spot he had left.

Such were the thoughts of Walter as he looked out towards Old England. With right resolves, he might have conquered all obstacles. With his talent, he might have wrenched any position from fortune, and without a single sacrifice of the nobler qualities of integrity and manhood.

Such were the mingled emotions of Tourney, as a

hand was laid upon his arm. He turned and saw the captain of the vessel eyeing him closely.

From the moment Walter had stepped aboard the "Racer," he had noticed something singular in her arrangements and equipment. The crew was made up of men reckless and forbidding in their bearing, and the vessel garnished with arms. Her black outlines were ominous. A long gun at the stern, on a swivel, yawned frowningly, and her sides were pierced to the water's edge, while beneath the deck were piles of cutlasses and fire-arms, ready for immediate use. Besides this, Walter had caught sight of a banner in the hands of one of the crew—a broad emblem of sable black, centred with a blood-red cross. Sea-sickness and thoughts of home had kept these suspicions at rest—indeed, he cared but little about them. The presence of the captain called them up. But as he looked upon the slight-built, blue-eyed, mild-appearing personage before him, he banished the thought.

"A beautiful night," said the captain, gracefully touching his cap.

"Very beautiful," briefly answered Walter.

"Too beautiful for the heart that loves to behold such scenes to brood in melancholy."

Walter blushed, and would have been offended, but that mild blue eye beamed with a kindness which strangely won the young man's confidence.

"Thinking of home, it may be?" continued the captain, in a tone soft and silvery, gradually sinking into a whisper as his own mind seemed to go back at the magic sound of that sacred name. "We must all experience these emotions sooner or later." Walter could not look upon the man, as his sad, thoughtful eye rested upon the rippling waters, and believe him an outlaw upon the seas.

The captain offered his arm to Walter, and they walked the deck together in earnest conversation until late in the evening. With that quick, intuitive knowledge of human nature which gave him such power over the people under his command, the former had detected at a glance the discordant elements in the aggrieved heart of his passenger, the probable cause of his sadness, and, at the same time, the sterner mould of the man. Gradually he insinuated himself so completely into the confidence of Walter, that when they descended into the cabin, he had drawn from him his whole history, and thoroughly analyzed the natural bent of his mind. There was a strange fascination in the captain's voice and manner. He had drawn from his unwary companion a life-history, while that companion only knew him as a strange being whose singular influence fell on him like a spell. Save a jet-black moustache upon the lip, the captain looked a mere boy, his eye as mild as a

summer sky, and his fair-colored locks falling thickly from his richly embroidered blue cap.

He had marked Walter's resolution of character, and the unsubstantial nature of his principles. These turned into the accomplishment of personal objects—the securing of that, for the lack of which he had made himself an exile—his boldness and courage would render him an invaluable acquisition to a band of *freebooters!* The captain of the "Racer" was a pirate on the high seas!

We will not detail the history of a few weeks—the stealthy, but apparently careless manner in which the captain of the "Racer" drew the web of his mysterious strength around the not firmly fixed principles of Tourney, and moulded them to his will. By degrees, he was led to contemplate with a sort of wild, intoxicating interest, a life on the deck of a freebooter. The thing was artfully managed. Under the influence of wine and the gaming-table, every scruple was undermined. The freebooter spoke of his crew as a band of heroes, and of their deeds with enthusiasm, denouncing those interests which depressed one class, however worthy of honors, to the earth, and, upon overgrown fortunes or monopolizing commerce, elevating another into perpetual power, handing that power down from generation to generation through effeminate veins. He knew where to direct the exasperated feelings of Tourney, and suc-

ceeded without difficulty. Glittering hoards had been displayed before the intoxicated victim, and in a brief period, Tourney had entered heart and soul, blindly, but enthusiastically, into the aims and hopes of this band of ocean robbers. Where wealth and poverty were not so far apart, and where the steps between were not so religiously sacred from the profane tread of boots without golden spurs, he might have won a bride and been honored, instead of falling under the first temptation, while smarting under the treatment of a false and evil system of society.

For an hour after the first conversation with the captain of the "Racer," Tourney sat upon the deck, and looked into the shadowy world around in deep thought. He finally retired to rest, where mingled dreams left their flitting spells upon his chaotic mind. He dreamed of gold, of a home in Old England, and of one so sadly familiar to his waking thoughts; and then dark shadows would go shrieking by, ghastly lips were pressed to his, and a bloody hand clutched his throat, until he awoke with nightmares upon his soul, and the hot drops dripping from his burning brow.

Tourney had become identified with the people with whom he moved. That strength of mind and that restless ambition of his already placed him conspicuously above the mass of his associates. The second officer of the pirate ship having been shot in

a recent encounter, Tourney was placed in the post. This created some dissatisfaction, but nothing like rebellion. With the graceful and peculiar uniform of the band, Tourney looked a hero, and he strode the deck with emotions of pride at the thought of his position above those around him. Thus the captain of the "Racer" had adroitly adopted the very plan to enlist the young Englishman, tossing him the responsibilities of one in command, thus feeding his ambition and his pride.

CHAPTER III.

SAIL HO!

EIGHT weeks had gone by, and no chance had offered itself to the "Racer." A heavy English cruiser had been hovering in the neighborhood, and the pirate wisely kept out of her reach, waiting for some more valuable and less dangerous antagonist. Once only had the "Racer" found herself in the neighborhood of the cruiser. The latter bore down, but the fleet-winged pirate spread her pinions in the night, and the next morning found her dark hull alone upon the waters.

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out.

"Where away?"

"Right ahead."

The captain took his glass and swept the horizon, where the distant outlines of the ocean faded dimly into the sky, finally resting the instrument intently upon the distant stranger. Pulling down his cap to shut the sun from his eye, he rolled the quid in his mouth and looked again.

That mild eye lighted up as he handed the glass to Tourney. The latter vainly attempted to discover what the captain had so readily caught sight of. One of the sailors smiled with contempt, for the promotion of a "landlubber" to one of the first stations had

been freely canvassed in the forecastle. But the captain had a motley band to govern, and he left sailing qualities out of the question in his anxiety to secure a true blade in the hand of one of his countrymen.

Tourney was mortified at the result of his effort to catch a view of the distant sail, but the manner of the pirate reässured him.

"Shall we fight him?" asked the latter.

"What is she? an enemy?" unconsciously answered Tourney.

"All are enemies to the 'Racer,'" continued the pirate, with peculiar meaning, looking Tourney full in the eye. Tourney colored, as the words brought back a knowledge of his present position; but he firmly answered, by laying his hand upon the hilt of his sword. The pirate smiled, and again turned to look at the sail.

"Sharp-built, light-footed, full of teeth—d——n the Yankee!" he muttered to himself, as he scanned the little speck again and again. The pirate had reason to dread the Yankee privateers, for the last conflict brought nothing but hard knocks from one of those daring rovers.

The die was cast. There was no retreating now. The pirate had determined to fight the new-comer. Walter was fully committed to the hazardous strife; indeed, there was no way of avoiding it, had he so

wished, for the arms had been placed in his hands, and around the deck on which he stood was the ocean, across which were sweeping vessels on the look-out for the daring freebooter. Confused with the excitement of the position, he thought but a moment of the right or wrong of his course. He looked eagerly into the future, when wealth should enable him to turn homeward and bid farewell to a life condemned by the world. He had yet to learn the crimes which ever follow a step like this.

While standing, lost in thought, the order had been given, and as he turned upon the bow, a pyramid of snowy canvas met his eye, as if unrolled by magic. The "Racer" felt the impulse, and bending forward like a steed under a well-known rein, she already coursed through the water like a thing of life, herself trembling with the tremor of excitement, and the waters parting and going by in eddying whirlpools, a long line of foam-bubbles marking the undeviating track. Sail after sail came out over the slight fabric beneath, and it plunged madly along before the stiffening breeze.

Other matters had not been unattended to on board the pirate. Her guns had been double-shotted, and the grapnels made ready. Rows of boarding-pikes and cutlasses had been placed along, and heaps of huge balls piled in the rack by the stern gun. That had been run forward, and made ready to send its

summons across the track of the unsuspicious stranger. The captain smiled as he cast his eyes over the graceful form of his vessel, and marked the spray which glanced like dust behind the light heels of the charger. Save here and there the mark of a ball, or a blood-stain upon deck, an unpractised eye would not have discovered a single mark of an unsuccessful strife upon the "Racer."

Tourney was upon a new theatre, with new and exciting scenes opening before him, and already felt the thrill which seemed to course through all, even the timbers of the vessel itself. He unconsciously found his fingers clutching the hilt of his cutlass.

The "Racer" had sped away for an hour thus, and the prey still kept steadily on, unsuspicious of the proximity of so dangerous a pursuer. Hardly a movement had yet been seen on her decks. Her beautiful proportions and admirable rig formed the beau ideal of a seaman's craft. Her spars shot up like whips, and her graceful hull already appeared above the ocean surface, her sides pierced for an unusual number of teeth.

"She has an ugly look," muttered the captain, "but we must fight her."

The fact was, the last few weeks had brought nothing but a bootless strife, followed by a period of inactivity, always dangerous to the subordination of such crews as that of the "Racer." The captain un-

derstood human nature, and acted accordingly. Thus, however much he disliked the appearance of the strange craft, he had made up his mind to give her battle.

The sun had gone down, and darkness would soon drop between the two vessels. But, as if guided by the will of the pirate captain, the wind increased until the "Racer" almost dipped her low deck in the water.

"Hail the sleepy-head, and call his attention to the reception of visitors," mildly spoke the pirate, with a meaning smile.

The order was understood, and the man stood beside the long tube with a lighted match, his eye on the captain.

"Speak closely—*now!*"

The deck of the "Racer" shivered under the deep-mouthed baying of the "old bull-dog," as the crew called the long gun, and the heavy shot was seen to fall directly ahead of the quiet stranger. The captain watched it all with intense interest, for the careless appearance of that craft was inexplicable to him.

The captain of the "Racer" was not long in suspense. The compliment was understood. A cloud of smoke rolled out from the stranger's sides, and the heavy boom of the cannon was hardly heard before the shot went over the pirate's deck, leaving a broad rent in the mainsail, and sinking in the sea beyond.

A cloud gathered darkly upon the captain's brow

as he saw the force and metal of his antagonist. Her answer was significantly and promptly made to the insulting introduction of the "Racer." As the smoke rolled upward, the starry emblem of the thirteen Colonies, or States, unrolled in the fading daylight.

"Give him another," growled the captain through his set teeth, dropping his heel fiercely upon the deck.

The shot shivered the bowsprit of the enemy, but the water had hardly closed over it, when the smoke again rolled out from her side, and another ball fell swooping through the pirate's rigging, striking the mainmast obliquely, and crashing through the bulwarks into the sea.

"No more of this," thundered the captain; "give him the pirate's embrace. Run back the gun, and give her all sail. *Show him our flag.*"

The gun was run back to its place at the stern, and in another moment the dread emblem of the pirate slowly floated out in graceful undulations, like a cloud of doom, lit up by that blood-red cross. A cheer burst upward from the "Racer's" deck, and the excited crew stood at their posts, so wrought up that they leaned over the bulwarks as if to impel the swift craft with their own feelings. All at once the American vessel spread her sails like a gull, and, with a speed unexcelled by that of the fleet "Racer," sped away before the breeze. This astonishing manœuvre added to the chagrin of the pirate captain, and at the same

time increased his desire to overtake her, for it was certain that some consideration connected with passengers or freight operated with the captain of the American, or, with the force under his command, he never would have taken to his heels.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER SAIL.

THE unequal and sanguinary struggle of the colonies with the mother-country had already commenced. The fleets of Great Britain darkened the ocean, but the American sailor, with that daring which has ever marked his history, boldly determined to dispute the supremacy of the "mistress of the seas." From every port issued swarms of privateers, manned by hearts of oak, fired with the determination of punishing the arrogance of English seamen, and of avenging the wrongs of their countrymen. These flags flouted the cross of St. George until their very name became a terror to the English merchantmen.

It was at this period of our country's history that one of the heaviest merchants of Charleston failed under the pressure of the times. He came from Cuba, his family made up of his wife and two twin children, one son and one daughter. The merchant was a Spaniard. His children were Creoles, their veins fired with the pure Castilian pride, and their cheeks tinged with the rich olive of the mother.

Zelma, the daughter, was a lovely creature, not as tall as the heroines of our novels, exquisitely formed, and all her movements of queenly elegance and grace. The jetty hair hung in heavy braids over her full

cheek, and her eyes, sparkling with a liquid brilliancy, beamed from out their dark depths a world of thought and feeling. Her form was a model of faultless symmetry, and her heart the very shrine of purity and happiness. Her parents loved Zelma; her brother adored her. Felix was like his sister, handsome in person, and of unblemished honor.

As the old merchant looked upon his wife and children, he wept. On their account he mourned over his reverses, and looked forward with a heavy heart to the future. All his bright dreams in regard to his children had vanished at a breath, and, with the weight of years and with impaired energies, he shrank from new struggles in the world's strife.

At this time news came of the decease of a relative in Havana, by which he was unexpectedly left in the possession of a small estate. This cheered up the heart of the doating father, and he prepared immediately to depart. He was anxious to leave the scenes of his reverses, and the arrangements were progressing with activity. Zelma heard the announcement in silence. Her father did not dream of her thought, or notice the tear that gathered in her dark eye as he spoke of their present home, now owned by others, and then alluded to the circumstances which had given him another, where he could spend his days in comfort.

An hour after, as the moon came up in unclouded

beauty, and glided with silvery step across the waters to the balcony of the merchant's dwelling, its beams found Zelma watching their approach with a dreamy, saddened gaze. Her cheek rested on her hand, and her hair hung in uncared-for, careless confusion upon her neck and shoulders. The breeze moved it gently, and fanned a cheek flushed with a brighter glow than usual.

A shadow fell across the path, and the next moment a step was upon the balcony, and a familiar hand placed in hers.

We will not attempt to intrude upon the meeting of Zelma and Charles Sumpter, her affianced husband. Fortune had made sad havoc of her prospects since last she saw him. He was rich, and the sensitive and proud-spirited girl shrunk from a marriage which she looked upon as unequal. While she would have spurned such an idea in the man she loved, she could not drive from her mind the thought that she was now unworthy of Charles Sumpter. What havoc wealth makes of true nobility!

Sumpter reasoned warmly, and with all the enthusiasm of a lover. Noble of heart, he only admired Zelma the more for the change in her fortune. He was all the more anxious to place his own wealth at her disposal. But she remained firm, though tearful. When again in a home of her own, she would welcome him as a husband.

Sumpter at last ceased to urge an immediate marriage, and they spent the hours in weaving bright day-dreams of the future. Zelma looked with regret to the hour of parting, but, with the faith of youth, to a reünion. Would that all bright dreams might be realized!

A strange vessel was lying in port—a small privateer of exquisite proportions, and rigged in a style which would have warmed the heart of an old tar to behold. Her decks were spotless, and she sat on the water like a gull, rocking upon the swell as if instinct with life. A long blue streamer floated from her peak. An eighteen-pounder sat frowningly upon her stern-deck, and from her sides yawned long rows of lighter pieces, new and unsoiled by a single spot or blemish. On the stern could be traced from the shore, "DART."

The Dart was from New-Bedford, and manned by a crew of out-and-out Yankees. The captain was a native specimen, six feet and a half in height, broad-shouldered, with a chest of unusual depth; his long bony arms hanging like handspikes, hard and sinewy with muscular strength. He had a small blue eye, as mild as a child's, and a smile ever rested upon his wide mouth, save when compressed with passion. The observer would not have dreamed that he had the energy and daring to command a privateer in such perilous times. But thunder slept in that mild blue

eye, and a warmer, nobler heart never beat in Yankee bosom than that in Captain Slack's. He was revered by his crew, and every man had unlimited confidence in the skill and bravery of "Old Eben," as they called him.

The Dart had been out on her first voyage, and returned with a prize. The circumstance created no little excitement in Charleston, and hundreds flocked down to the wharf to catch a sight of the audacious stranger who had captured an English ship upon the Briton's favorite element.

Zelma's father liked a brave man, and went on board the Dart to engage a passage to the Indies. He could hardly conceal his disappointment when he saw the rudely built captain. But his penetration enabled him to detect the true man under the ungainly exterior, and he at once made known his business. Captain Slack declined the undertaking at first, but on learning more of the circumstances, he thought he would "think on't" a spell, and let him know.

Captain Slack called his crew around him and related the case, and the price the merchant was to pay for the passage of himself and family. Here was a chance to obtain a good round sum of money, and at the same time throw themselves in the way of adventure. They all said ay, and each one prepared with alacrity for the voyage.

By noon the next day, such had been the expedi-

tion, the merchant and family, with their more valuable effects, were aboard, and the rattle of the rigging and the tramping of feet announced a speedy departure. Snowy sails uprose around the naked masts, and the Dart glided gently but fleetly from the harbor. The flag was run up, and long, hearty cheers came from the people on shore.

Zelma lingered on the deck, for away in the distence, fading out in the vision, was a tall form, whose outlines could not be mistaken.

The golden sheen of the fading sunlight on the waves, their musical ripple as they parted around the vessel, or the stars in the clear blue above, could not awake Zelma from her thoughts, or arrest her vacant gaze. She was leaving the home of her youth, perhaps for ever, and all its cherished scenes and associations. She left a heart that was all nobleness. Girl as she was, this first shadow fell darkly across her pathway.

The amiable-minded girl soon won the regard of the rough sailors, and her every wish was carefully attended to. The weather was beautiful, and but for the memories of the heart, she would have enjoyed her sojourn on board the Dart.

The Dart had nearly reached her destination. Lightly she skimmed over the waters, as if eager to bear her fair freight to a speedy and safe destination.

One afternoon, as the sun was going down, throw-

ing long shadows from the masts of the Dart far out into the sea, not a cloud in the sky or a sail on the wide expanse, the monotony on deck was broken in upon by the look-out.

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" answered the captain.

"To the leeward."

"What is she?"

"Can't tell neow, Capt'n—guess she's a Britisher."

The captain did not notice the pronunciation of the look-out, for it was common to all aboard the Dart. But he took the glass, went aloft, and scanned the distant speck on the ocean.

As he stepped on deck, the merchant asked him about the sail. Captain Slack again raised the glass to his eye, without making any reply. He looked with earnestness, never taking his eyes from the direction of the vessel, only as he rapidly ejected large mouthfuls of tobacco-spittle over the bulwarks.

"She may be British; and then again she mayn't. Guess she ain't, though. She sails like a streak, anyhow."

Thus rattled on the captain to himself. As she came nearer, he ceased his soliloquy, and looked with a more careful and intense gaze.

"Don't like her a bit. She ain't British. What she is, the Lord only knows. Nothing good, anyway."

By this time the merchant and his children, and some of the sailors, had gathered around Captain Slack, awiting with increasing interest further developments as to the character of the vessel. The captain answered no questions, but continued to look through his glass, and to eject tobacco-juice more rapidly than ever. His crew understood the omens, and were discussing, in groups, what it all might mean.

The sail came down rapidly before the wind, and Captain Slack could now distinguish the movements on deck. He saw the long gun wheeled about, and a stern shadow knit the muscles of his swarthy features.

"What do you make out?" somewhat anxiously inquired the merchant; for he dreaded a conflict which might result in capture and detention, if nothing worse.

"Not much, Sir," replied Captain Slack, respectfully. "She hasn't shown her colors yet. We may have to *salute* the stranger, and maybe the lady here would not like to witness such compliments."

The captain looked what he would not speak before Zelma. Her brother caught the glance and understood its import, and carelessly drawing Zelma's arm within his own, went below. But the eagle-eyed girl had fathomed the fact that the appearance of the strange vessel foreboded no good, and looking her

brother calmly in the face, while her hand slightly trembled in his arm, said:

"I see it all, Felix; the strange vessel is no friend; but they surely will not harm us!"

"No assurance of that, Zelma; war has little respect for those who come within its perils. You must keep below, and be of good cheer."

"Do you suppose that Zelma Undine has fears when her father and brother are by the side of her?" and the brave girl stood in her pride, with her eye flashing as it kindled up with native fire. "The British would not harm *us*, surely!"

"Our captain says the vessel is no British vessel. She may be worse—she *bears no flag*."

"Merciful Heaven! she is not a——?"

Felix would not speak the dreaded name he knew his sister feared to utter. "Let what will come," said he, "we have strong arms and cold iron for a foe;" and with a kiss, the gallant fellow hastened on deck. His quick eye at once saw that the Yankee captain was no one to trifle with, and his vessel one of no ordinary character. The "Dart" looked like a fortress; and yet all seemed so orderly and quiet, that a landsman's eye would hardly have noticed the preparations that had been made. But Felix had seen something of privateering, and he almost wished for an encounter. Had he been alone on board, he certainly would not have dreaded it.

The vessel was cutting square across the track of the "Dart." Captain Slack had not said a word, but his orders had a significant meaning. Every thing was ready for a warm reception, even to the lighted match by the long gun.

Captain Slack once more raised his glass, and at the moment the smoke rolled up, and a shot struck right ahead of the "Dart."

"That's yer play, is it? Guess you'll get sick o' that fun. Ready there! Let him have!"

The order, though given in Yankee phrase, was understood, and the answering ball went through the rigging of the approaching enemy. At the same time the American flag was run up to its place, and its blue field of stars and alternate stripes, in graceful curves in the air, silently wrote out the character of the "Dart."

Another shot from the enemy, and the bowsprit of the "Dart" was shivered in splinters.

Captain Slack was aroused, and himself jumped behind the long gun, and ranged the piece.

"Give him that!" and he watched with his glass to see the effect of his shot. A smile lit up his eye as he looked, but gave place to a dark frown as he saw the black emblem of piracy run up to the mast.

"Ay, ay! *pirate*, by ———!" The merchant started, as the dreaded name fell upon his ear, and a paleness crept over his thin lips. He was no cow-

ard, but his quick thoughts were of his daughter, and the old man pleaded with the most touching earnestness that all sail might be crowded upon the "Dart," and a conflict with the pirate avoided. Captain Slack bit his lips, but the old man grew more and more earnest. He reasoned that the capture of the pirate, even, would bring no spoil, perhaps; and, at any rate, the result was doubtful. If against the "Dart," the fate of Zelma was sealed. He appealed to Captain Slack as a father. A few hours at most would land him and his children, and then the "Dart" could punish the lawless freebooter.

Captain Slack hesitated, but at last he said:

"That's just so; we'll land these 'ere folks, my lads, and then we'll give the black vagabond what he wants."

The orders were immediately given, and almost as soon, the "Dart" had slightly changed her course, and, under full canvas, was dashing over the waters.

Night was gathering around, and the stars above were to witness the speed-test between the "Dart" and the "Racer."

Which shall win?

CHAPTER V.

THE FIGHT.

DARKNESS soon closed over the pursued and the pursuer. No sound was heard but the breath of the breeze in the vessel's rigging, and the restless roar of the ocean, as its long, heavy swells heaved along. The wind had increased, but not a sail had been stirred, and, as at sunset, the Dart and the Racer sped on.

The clear blue sky of the evening had become overcast by a dense haze, gradually thickening into a heavy sky, and, to the south-west, assuming an ominous darkness. Not a star was to be seen in the whole heavens, or a spot of clear sky. The vessels sped on in a chaos of gloom. Even their white sails appeared like dim shadows as they faded out above the decks.

The old merchant had remained on deck until near midnight, carefully threading his way backward and forward, his mind stirred by the most anxious thoughts. He became feverish with excitement. Occasionally, as the wind freshened, he looked ahead with elation, his hopes again falling as he recollected that the same breath was probably filling the sails of their dreaded antagonist. And then he would return to

the stern, and vainly attempt to look back through the dense night, as if he expected to look out the locality of the pirate. Dangers ever loom up with deeper awe as they are hidden from the eye. The sensation that creeps through the heart under such circumstances is peculiar and painful. The merchant would almost have welcomed the day, and yet he felt safer in the impenetrable gloom that hung around.

There was another sleepless eye in the cabin, and a feverish cheek. Zelma was there, her ear catching every sound as the waves beat against the sides of the vessel, rousing her from mingled dreams of happiness and terror. Rapidly as the lightning's flash, thoughts of home, of Sumpter, of her present situation, and of her probable fate should she fall into the hands of the outlaws in pursuit, chased each other like shadows of light and darkness through her mind. The moan of the rising breeze, as it rushed against the sails and whistled through the creaking cordage, had a dismal sound.

After midnight the wind had risen into a gale, and the Dart bowed her masts and sails until the spray dashed over her forward deck. The air was intensely hot, and almost suffocating, breathing unmistakable warning of the approaching storm. A streak of dull, reddish sky appeared to the south-west, as if the dense horizon had been lifted to let the tempest in upon the already angry waters, the lower edges of the

dark curtain bathed, from north to south, by the lightning's breath. As the eye swept over the surface of the sea at such times, the rising waves lifted their dim outlines, like legions of tempest-demons stalking over the shrinking waste on some errand of desolation.

Captain Slack took warning of the approaching danger, and at the word of command, the crew of the Dart were silently wrestling with the shrouds. The gale had increased, and with all their exertions, now and then one would break loose and snap like a pistol-shot in the mad blast.

The canvas of the Dart was soon reduced to bare poles, and yet she flew madly through the seething waters, scarcely outstripped by the gale. The ocean was heaving and chafing, its depths boiling, and white with surging foam, the tempest sweeping so fiercely that it lifted the crests and bore them by in drenching showers. The Dart seemed like a maddened charger, plunging fiercely into the blackness, and shivering as she dashed the waves from her bow. Captain Slack had unlimited confidence in his craft, but he could not but look anxiously upon the scene.

The old merchant braved all danger, and remained on deck throughout all, drenched to the skin, and his white locks dripping with water. A fearful presentiment weighed upon the old man's heart, and he heeded not the storm as he stood by the stern and

looked back into the gloom, as if to determine whether the pirate was within sight. The lightning lit up the black waste, and simultaneously the two vessels uprose upon two huge waves, and the merchant saw near at hand the pursuer, standing at the instant like a spirit of evil scanning the surrounding ocean for its prey.

The Dart outrode the storm, and her passengers and crew gladly watched the waning efforts of the wearied and exhausted tempest. But a new change was hovering over them. At the risk of sinking, the Racer had kept on some sail; and as the gale subsided and daylight broke in the east, the black hull of the pirate loomed out of the retreating darkness, that same sable emblem that was seen at the sun's decline now emerging from the storm like a messenger of doom.

The pirate saw his advantage, and manœuvred accordingly. Captain Slack had no alternative but to fight his enemy, and he prepared with spirit for the encounter. The sea was yet rough, but the approaching contest occupied all thoughts.

Not a gun had been fired, for the two vessels had found themselves so near together that each turned for a close contest. The Racer came up alongside the Dart with a crash, both recoiling from the shock and again closing, the pirate using his grapnels and lashing

the rigging of the vessels to each other. These proceedings foreboded the character of the fight.

We will not attempt to detail the incidents of the conflict which followed. On an open sea, where the Dart could have used her guns, she would have stood an equal chance. But lashed to her antagonist, with the odds of three to one against her, the strife was fearfully unequal. But Captain Slack and his men were no children in such an hour, and they awaited the onset from the Racer.

The crew of the pirate now swarmed in dark masses upon the Racer's deck, a fierce, bloodthirsty-looking band of cut-throats, armed to the teeth. With a shout that rang above the elements, their lines streamed over the bulwarks and down from the rigging upon the deck of the Dart, until they stood densely there, like banks of solid flesh garnished with glittering steel.

Captain Slack and his men stood gathered like lions at bay, silent as death, calmly waiting for the work of death to commence. The pirate band stood hushed for a moment as they looked upon the huge forms before them, as if dreading the onset.

At the moment, the pirate captain shouted them on from the deck where he stood, and the manly form of Walter Tourney dropped lightly between the two parties. He was making his dĕbût under the eye of

his captain, and was warm with conflicting feelings. As his feet touched the deck, he was struck by a pistol hurled from some impatient wretch in rear of the pirate band, making him reel for an instant. With a yell of rage the whole band rushed to the slaughter, led on by Tourney, wild with the excitement of the moment, and borne forward upon the wave of steel.

Then came the strife of blood—of men on the one hand fighting for life, on the other for blood and spoil. The parties surged backward and forward as they struggled; oaths and shots and fitful breathings all mingled with the quick clash of steel on steel. The pirates became more fierce and maddened as they fought, still swarming from the Racer until the crew of the Dart were nearly hedged around by bristling arms. Firm, placid, and calm, the captain of the Dart and his little band stood like a rock, struck with dripping blades on every side. The deck was already covered with dead and slippery with blood. The odds were fearfully against Captain Slack and his crew. They fought with the energy of despair, but the paleness of fatigue was upon their countenances, and they confined themselves chiefly to the defensive.

The pirates were exasperated at the obstinate nature of the defense. The old merchant fought like a tiger at his lair. His tall form towered in the strife to its utmost height, and his long white hair, uncovered tossed like a plume, while his arm, nerved by the

reflection of what he was fighting for, dealt death at every stroke. His locks were stained with blood, and it dripped steadily from his sword-arm, but with a terrible voice he rolled back the assailants. Glorious old man! His black eye kindled and flashed; and his broad chest, unbared and seamed with cuts, heaved like an angry crater. By his side—worthy scion of the old stock—stood Felix; and before the two the enemy rolled back, like some wave broken on the cliff.

A wild demoniac shout, intense with rage, rose above the din of strife, and the lithe form of the pirate captain sprung over the shoulders of his crew and plunged into the thickest of the fight. He was maddened at the resistance, and at the loss of so many of his men. As he gained his feet, he aimed a lightning blow with his cutlass, and the head of the old merchant fell forward upon his breast, nearly severed from his body, and the hot blood spouting upward in dark smoking jets as the quivering trunk settled upon the deck.

Felix turned as he heard the shout of triumph, but to see the dim eye of his parent turn upward to his, as the face lay turned back when it fell. An age of agony went through his heart at the sight. His swimming eye caught sight of the red blade of the pirate captain, and, quicker than the spring of the infuriated tiger, his blade flashed a circle and cleft the head of

the captain to the very shoulders, the black locks, as he fell, thickening in the old merchant's gore.

In the meantime some of the pirates had descended into the cabin of the Dart, where they found Zelma, pale and trembling. Her tears and pleadings were unheeded, and she was rudely seized and forced upon deck. Felix had slowly retreated towards the cabin-passage, the more effectually to defend his sister to the last, the remainder of the Dart's crew rallying at his side. As Zelma appeared, her eye caught the form of her brother, beating back a half-score of blades, his own and himself covered with blood. She saw not her father. She shrieked, then turned and struggled to reach the side of her brother. Felix turned at the sound of her voice, and the next moment fell senseless upon the deck. The horrible scene swam darkly before Zelma, and she lay as insensible as the dead around her.

At the commencement of the combat with the Dart and the Racer, one of the pirate crew, who had been struck by his captain for some offense, and was smarting for revenge, went below while the attention of all was directed to the centre of interest, and set fire to the Racer. So intense and fierce had been the contest, that before the act had been detected, the hold was a crater of flame, and sheets of smoke starting already through the deck. The pirates turned to the rescue; but after an hour's unremitting and almost superhu-

man toil, it was found that the fire could not be subdued. The blood-earned spoils of many a piracy were wrapped in the red sheets of flame, but human effort could not save the Racer now. More than this, the danger was imminent that the fire would reach the magazine and blow all into the air.

Tourney, who had fought like a madman throughout, gave orders to cut away and separate the vessels. After much difficulty the order was executed, and the Racer slowly drifted astern. The flames had already burst out, and lapped about and twirled up the masts like serpents. The guns discharged as they were heated by the fire, the pirates listening and watching the scene with heavy hearts. The sun came out a moment upon the burning vessel, high above which still floated the black emblem of piracy, now, as in the strife of arms, speaking in its own dead language, "*No quarter.*" The next moment there was a tremulous shuddering of the waters, and black masses, lit up by pencillings of flame, shot into the sky and fell back into the hissing ocean in every direction. The Dart was alone with its bloody freight.

While the crew of the "Racer" were so earnestly endeavoring to save their vessel, Zelma had recovered and arisen from where she had been left. Her father alone occupied her thoughts, and, woman as she was, all unmindful of the dead, she moved over them in search of him. As he was the only white-haired man

on either vessel, she had no difficulty in finding him, those locks black with blood-clots, where they had fallen back upon the deck, the half-shut eye still turned upward, and the red blade in his hand. Zelma sickened and fell silently and heavily upon the pulseless dead. Would that she too had then died!

CHAPTER VI.

THE END NOT YET.

AFTER the destruction of the "Racer," the pirates took full possession of the "Dart," and immediately made sail for the Isle of Pines, a locality somewhat celebrated in history as a resort at that time, and for many years after, of ocean freebooters.

The dead had been removed from the deck and consigned to the deep. The survivors of the crew of the "Dart" were in irons, Felix among them; for he had recovered from the sabre-blow on the head which had laid him prostrate.

Walter Tourney, now calm and unexcited by the delirium of battle, looked with a whitening cheek upon the scene presented on board the "Dart" at the termination of the conflict. The rallying-shout of his comrades, and the clash of blades, had ceased, and every sound of the conflict had died away. The dead lay in heaps, some as they fell forward, vainly attempting to thrust their convulsed fingers into the red planks; others with their ghastly countenances deeply marked by the fearful passions of life and the throes of dissolution, their half-shut eyes glassy with the haze of death, and upturned with a frightful glare towards the shrouds. Dark blood-clots and

foot-prints made up the handwriting of blood, which read to Tourney a lesson he had never learned before. He recoiled as he looked, and leaned over the bulwarks and down upon the waves, as if to shut out from his soul the scene. But it lingered and burned like a nightmare. He was not yet steeped in guilt—not old in crime, and he turned from the dead as from upbraiding victims in whose destruction he had participated. No, he could not shut out burning thoughts or images of blood. Every foam-bubble that danced by was a cold, glaring eye looking up into his; every white crest was a blanched countenance; every blue wave grew red beneath his gaze; while the noise of the water deepened into a moan, or broke, as the waves broke, into a wail, and went shrieking by. The sun shone out warm; but the deck smoked and reeked like an altar of blood.

Tourney passed forward with an unsteady step. There lay the old merchant, the neck nearly severed, and the head turned back. Walter had a faint remembrance of the old man's lofty daring, and his eye moistened with emotion as he saw his thin white locks matted with blood. He had heard the shriek of "Father!" as the form of Zelma burst like a beautiful vision upon deck, and he judged at once that the white-haired corpse was that of the aged parent of the girl. His heart smote him at the thought. Without a friend or protector, the frail

woman was alone upon the seas, and in the power of a band of men whose only principle was booty and beauty. The very circumstances of the case — the friendless and helpless situation of Zelma—aroused the chivalrous sentiments of Tourney's heart, and he unconsciously found himself resolving to protect and shield her from wrong. He felt a pride in feeling himself a protector of weak woman. The generous impulses of a better nature were yet alive. The sunlight of manly feeling had not yet faded out into the murky gloom of crime. But the shadows were around him, and the current of fate was stealthily bearing him from the haven from whose safety he had recklessly struck out.

The sailors were soon dropping the dead bodies into the sea with a dull, heavy splash, every plunge sending another shadow across the spirit of Tourney. He turned away and went below.

When Zelma came to her senses, she found herself in the cabin of the "Dart," with not a soul near her; she put her hand upon her feverish brow in bewildered thought, for she could not distinctly trace out the thoughts that flooded her mind. The cold damps of a horrible dream, as she thought, chilled her to the heart, and she raised up on her elbow as if to dispel the illusion. The door was ajar, and a groan of suffering reached her ears. A sense of some unseen danger nerved her at the moment, and she listened,

and finally moved carefully towards the door where she could look out. Her dream was real, for there, manacled in irons, lay Felix, writhing with delirium, and yet covered with blood. She staggered to his side, and in her anxiety for him, she forgot her own situation and her own dangers. She burst into tears, as she saw the irons on his wrists, the latter swollen and bleeding from his struggles to free his hands. She spoke to him, and oh, what joy could she have heard his voice, as he was wont to speak to her! but his eyes glared in the red sockets, and he raved as if yet in the midst of strife. And Zelma was alone—not a friend near her, save her brother, and he a madman.

The "Dart" kept on its way until sundown. Her decks had been cleared of the dead, and the stars and stripes pulled down from the peak.

Zelma heard a tramping on deck, the quick struggling of feet, and words of anger. Situated as she was, her ear caught every sound made aboard the vessel. Not only this, but her brother had been removed under pretense of placing him in better quarters. Her fears were all excited in relation to the movement, and she listened all the more intensely to every sound on deck.

"Dead men tell no tales," is the doctrine of the pirate. The voiceless waters of the ocean entomb the victims whom the strife has spared; and in conformity

to this rule, long established on board the Racer, the pirate crew proceeded to arrange the fatal plank over which the living could follow the dead.

Tourney had fought like a madman in the recent conflict. Those most dissatisfied at his sudden elevation had been killed, and thus, at the death of the captain, the command of the pirates had devolved, by tacit consent, upon him. He now made use of his position to arrest the usual course of things, and save the captives. His efforts were met with frowning brows, and one hugh old Portuguese placed himself significantly by the side of the plank, and with his hand on his poignard, looked Tourney in the eye. The language was understood by the fellow's comrades, and the work was commenced. Captain Slack, covered with scars, and his head tied with a handkerchief saturated with blood, was the first on the plank, his arms tied firmly behind him. He strode erect and firmly, looking back defiance as he dropped without a word into the waves with a sudden plash. The thinned band of heroes, but eight in number, followed their old commander with unfaltering steps.

There was one more, pale and haggard, and his eyes gleaming like red balls of fire in the hollow sockets. That was Felix. Chafing and howling, he was forced up to the plank. In the struggle, the bandage had been torn from the wound upon his head, and blood was already dripping from the gaping gash

upon his black hair. The youth seemed to catch some dim perception of the scene around him, and he turned like a giant and looked Tourney sadly in the eye. The froth stood upon the corners of his mouth, flecked with blood, and his long black hair hung darkly upon his faded cheek. Some unseen influence—some ray of light, of memory, seemed to struggle inwardly as his fierce manner melted into one of painful, touching sadness, and he exclaimed,

"Oh, Sir, for God's sake, save her! SAVE HER!" the last word bursting into a piteous wail, the plea of struggling reason drowned in the howl of frenzied madness.

With a fiendish laugh, the old Portuguese grasped him rudely by the shoulder and forced him upon the plank. Tourney involuntarily moved forward to arrest the act, but a dozen forms were promptly by his side, and he was crowded back. There was a struggle and wild laughter, and the young maniac sank through the shadows of twilight into the bubbling waters, the plank breaking from its fastenings and falling after him.

Zelma had heard the struggle below and the voice of her brother, and rushed upon deck but to see him sink from her sight. Her shriek mingled with her brother's, and she darted forward and made an attempt to follow into the same watery rest. The Portuguese caught her like a feather in his arms.

"Ha! ha! my pretty bird, we cannot spare such as you," and the rude fellow would have borne her away.

"Hold, wretch! release that girl," spoke Tourney, with forced calmness, through his clenched teeth. The fellow laughed a low, fiendish laugh, as he looked at Tourney with a leer, and again turned until his polluting breath glowed upon the bloodless cheek of Zelma, lying unconsciously in his arms.

"Strong arms and quick steel rule here with us."

"Quick steel it is, then," growled Tourney, and his sabre sank to the hilt in the spouting side of the huge ruffian.

A score of blades were quickly drawn, but Tourney was aroused, and before he had received a scratch, three of the pirates had fallen.

"Back, you cowardly devils! a hundred men against a woman! Shame!"

Tourney's blade and towering form had more effect upon the pirates than his cries of shame, and the less daring of them shrank away from his commanding presence.

Peace was soon restored on board the Dart. Tourney had borne Zelma to the cabin, and ordered her all the attention that could be given.

Night came on, and the pirate captain paced the deck like a restless spirit writhing under the lashings of burning thoughts. He turned with loathing from

the idea of governing and uniting his destinies with the band of men now under his command. The memory of Mary came to his mind, but the thought of her now seemed a desecration, and he turned from an angel of purity to a confused view of his own rapid descent in crime, his cheek mantling with shame. He dared no longer to think of Mary. Strange, then, that his thoughts should turn upon one of equal beauty and purity, Zelma! But he had found her on the ocean—had saved her life, and thick-coming fancies fed upon his vanity and thronged his brain.

Before the combat, the captain of the Racer had placed in Tourney's hands a sealed paper, to be given up, unless the former should lose his life. Tourney now retired and opened the letter, and read it with strange emotions. It read:

"A child of misfortune is at rest, as you look upon this. I have not a friend on earth. Within you will find a paper which will place at your disposal wealth sufficient to make you idolized by the world, and to fill your wildest wish."

New dreams flashed into the mind of Tourney, and he reeled under the intoxication of excited hopes. Wealth! He had reached the goal, and won the boon. Happiness and honor! He would tread over his rich enemies, and win the world's applause. Wild chaos of castle-building in Walter Tourney's mind now! He plunged into distempered plans, forgetting

in his joyous madness the Mary of better years. She would probably forget him and marry some rich suitor. He would—ay, ay, he had it—he would marry the poor captive, and return to Old England with a beautiful bride and unbounded wealth. He would *not* become a pirate, but leave the imbruted wretches and secure his spoil.

Thus galloped the thoughts of the scene as he turned down the wine in his delirious joy, until his blood was on fire and his reason tottered. Yes, he would offer his wealth to the captive. How gladly the defenseless creature would accept his offer! and he already looked upon Zelma as his own. Staggering with intoxication, from his frequent potations of wine, he started to unfold his plan to Zelma.

Tourney found Zelma a quiet, harmless, beautiful maniac. Oh, what an object to arouse the godlike traits of chivalric manhood! But Tourney was drunk, and his eye gleamed as the beautiful creature wound her arms around his neck, and with tears and kisses pleaded for protection. She called him Sumpter, told him that they had killed her father and brother, and that she had now no friend on earth but him. Her mind was wandering back to Charleston, and, wrenched from its moorings, was gathering around the drunken and degraded Tourney as the lover of her youth, the pure-hearted and noble Sumpter.

A devil would have turned away with remorse, but

the sot gloated over her beauties, and breathed his hot, blasting breath upon her silken cheek. At times she would start back and hearken at the sounds on deck, and put back her dishevelled tresses and gaze with heart-touching tenderness upon Tourney, and then, shrinking at some dimly defined memory, again nestle in his arms, and plead and weep for mercy from some phantom enemy.

* * * * * *

The night-dews were the tears of angels who had watched the scene that night enacted upon the ocean—a scene over which pirates might have wept. * *

The sunbeams of morning glanced upon Tourney's shrinking vision like strokes of wrath, and every wave that went murmuring by broke with a sob, or curled upward, like the heart-broken, faded vision of helplessness and despair.

But the end is not yet.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

BEFORE the Dart reached her destination, at the Isle of Pines, she had an encounter with the British cruiser spoken of at the commencement of our story. The cruiser carried too many guns for the Dart, and the latter was run ashore and burned, and the pirates took to their fastnesses. Tourney looked without much regret upon the destruction of the vessel. His wealth once secured, he would leave the pirate band and the locality.

It was some months before he could accomplish his object, so closely was he watched by the suspicious crew. At last he succeeded, and in an open boat, accompanied by *Zelma Undine*, he sailed from the island, and was taken aboard the *same cruiser* which had pursued him. He represented himself as a rich planter, escaping with his more valuable effects from the pirates of that section, and appealed to the English captain for protection.

Crime follows crime. Zelma passed as Tourney's wife, he giving as the cause of her insanity her fright at the scenes she had witnessed when they were attacked in their mansion. Thus, when once launched

upon the tide of wickedness, the current increases in depth, and blackens as it moves on.

Zelma was the same quiet, beautiful creature, clinging to Tourney with childish affection, at times weeping upon his bosom, and begging him to take her away from those who killed her father.

A lovely flower, blooming in the crater's throat; a happy, unthinking child, asleep within the reptile's reach!

* * * * * *

The rich Dons of Havana were aroused from their Castilian dignity by the appearance of an English stranger in their midst, whose equipages and lavish exhibition of wealth exceeded all their own knowledge of extravagance. His form was tall, muscular, and finely proportioned, and his presence commanding. A heavy black moustache hid his upper lip, but contrasted strikingly with his snowy teeth and high brow. He was known as —— Rigdon simply; but his gold won him the confidence of the planters, his person the admiration of their daughters, and his charities the homage of the rabble.

Not the least interesting part of his history was that which went abroad in connection with his *wife*. Her beauty and grace created an interest every where, and she glittered like a star where stars are plenty. The interest in her history grew more intense as it became known that she was insane. Many a man

deplored the misfortune of Señor Rigdon, while the women envied her so attentive and devoted a protector. Wherever Rigdon appeared, his wife hung sadly upon his arm. At times she would dimly remember some terrible danger, and sob and wring her hands as she knelt at his feet and pleaded for protection for the life of her father and "Felix." Old Dons turned from the spectacle with moistened eyes, and the populace hushed their mirth as the "beautiful maniac," as they termed her, passed by. The situation of Rigdon was commiserated; but, could they have known all, their tears for the wife would have turned to drops of scathing fire, for they would have seen the destroyer coolly revelling mid the ruins of a mind whose possessor might have once thrown down the gauntlet to the purest on earth.

After a time, there were whispers against the fair fame of Rigdon. His habits had excited that attention which, had he been other than the husband of a lunatic, would not have been given in a society always dissolute. It was thought that his wife, even, had some shadowy perception of his conduct, for her cheek paled and withered, and her eye grew sadder.

Among Rigdon's associates was a young Southerner from the American States, rich, handsome, and open-hearted, but weighed down with melancholy, from the effects of which he sought relief in the glass and the excitement of play. Sumpter—for it was he—

had followed Zelma to the Indies, but had found no trace of her. His strong spirit bowed under the stroke, and the thought of her death by shipwreck weighed heavily upon his hopes. He could not leave for home. There was a melancholy interest attached to her fate, and he lingered around the point of her destination when she left the States, completely unsettled in his aims. What added to his grief was the rumor, from some source, that the Dart had been taken by pirates and the crew destroyed. But months had passed, and the painful tidings were not confirmed.

Rigdon and Sumpter were seated at one of the public resorts. Each had sipped deeply of the wine until thoughts were drowned in the tide, and the bitter memories of each were forgotten. At the moment, a sweet female voice from the balcony swelled up in one of the native songs, arresting the attention of the two, and of the company. Its mellow strains hushed the hum of voices, and both the individuals we have introduced to the reader looked down in thought.

Sumpter lifted his glass with a tremulous hand as the song ceased, and with a moistening eye said:

"Here, Rigdon, a toast: To the absent, the—— *dead.*" And as the last word fell slowly from his lips, he set down his glass untouched, and buried his face in his hands.

While Rigdon was turning off his in silence, his

wife entered the room. Every voice was at once hushed as she tripped along, singing snatches of a plaintive strain; and going up to the side of Rigdon, running her fingers carelessly through his hair, she said,

"Come, Father, are we not most to the land? There is a storm coming, and Charles will be waiting for us. Hist! I heard a shriek!"

So turned her head and looked away, as if over the waters, in a listening attitude, holding the tresses from her ears with her hands.

Sumpter raised his head at her voice, and started as he heard his name. She had not noticed him until now. As he raised his head from his hands, her wild, dreamy eye fell full upon his.

"*Zelma Undine!*" burst unconsciously from his lips, as he partly arose from his seat, and stood in bewilderment.

She stepped back a moment, with both hands upon her brow, looking him steadily in the face, and then, with a bound and a pleading wail, the crushed-hearted creature fell upon his neck and besought him to save her.

"Oh, save me *now*, Charles. Let's fly, or they'll kill us, too;" and she attempted to pull him away from Rigdon, who stood with whitened lips and his hand on his stiletto.

A light flashed through the mind of Sumpter like

lightning, and he bent his eye, full and piercing, upon Rigdon where he stood.

"This is no place for such scenes," said the latter; "my wife and I will return."

But no effort could prevail upon her to leave the side of Sumpter. She would shrink, as if from the presence of an assassin, the moment he approached her, continually weeping, and beseeching of Sumpter to save her and take her away.

The attention of the spectators was aroused, and Rigdon, with forced calmness, invited his friend to retire to his dwelling. The party left, Zelma—for it was her—clinging to the arm of Sumpter.

The next morning the inhabitants of Havana were startled by the details of a fearful tragedy enacted in their midst. Sumpter was found in the street, stabbed seven times in the back and through the heart, and his throat cut from ear to ear. The weapon, plunged to the hilt in the body, was found and recognized as the one carried by Rigdon. It was known that the two left the night before in company, and suspicion fastened at once and strongly upon him as the murderer.

A base assassination in the streets was not a thing of such unusual occurrence; but over the body of the corpse, her long locks clotted in the blood of the murdered, was Zelma, moaning and swaying to and fro in speechless agony. The sight aroused the peo-

ple, and as her conduct and words the evening before were narrated, dark and mysterious surmises took possession of the public mind.

About daylight the morning of the murder, a young French physician and a friend had been promenading along the beach, and were returning when the startling news met them. Laborde was known as a skilful surgeon, and was soon called to see the wife of Rigdon. He invited his friend to accompany him. That friend consented. He himself looked like an invalid, emaciated, but his eye shone with wondrous brilliancy.

The two were soon by the bedside of the "beautiful maniac." No eye could withstand the scene unbedewed. Raving with insanity and the pains of premature childbirth, Zelma presented a picture to touch the hardest heart. The doctor's friend retired to await his coming. While dreaming on his own bitter fortunes, a sharp infant wail from the adjoining room arrested his attention, so utterly lonely and touching, under the circumstances, that he forgot his own thoughts. The wail soon died out, and with a light step the doctor stood at the door and beckoned him in.

The captive was being freed. She lay at rest, save a labored breathing, as if the wearied and bruised spirit was struggling to wing away from its prison-house.

While the two were whispering over the strange

events connected with the history of the sufferer, she raised her hand, and a diamond ring glittered in the light. The stranger leaned forward as his eye caught the flash, and with livid lips he convulsively snatched the hand of the dying girl, and gazed so closely and intensely upon that ring that it seemed that some fearful revelation was burning its secret upon his eye-balls. Calm, exhausted, and sinking, she opened her eyes and met the fixed gaze of the stranger. The fire of insanity had burned out, and reason had returned to guide the spirit away from the wreck where it had been tossed.

"Felix! Oh, what a dream!"

"Zelma! In God's name, how is this?"

Brother and sister had again met, but what a meeting! Laborde retired, and the waning energies of the injured girl were spent in detailing the events of the last few months. Clear and unclouded, she remembered all that had passed. Her pale, sunken cheek lit up with a burning flush at the recital.

"But I thought I heard a cry," said she, as she shut her eyes as if to avoid some dread truth. Her hand fell back upon the early dead, and she raised her head quickly and gazed down upon the little sleeper. None can depict the agony of her countenance as the truth came stunning into her pure heart. A few words revealed the whole to Felix, who stood with scalding tears upon his fierce, glaring eye-balls,

and the blood starting from the lip shut convulsively between his clenched teeth.

She laid her hand upon her infant, and, with a shiver passing over her frame and lingering at the corners of her mouth where the foam had gathered, the spirit of Zelma Undine passed away.

Long did Felix linger and gaze down into the face of the dead, hushing his breathings as if he would not disturb the rest of the weary sleeper. And then, alone with his dead sister, the sunbeams falling athwart the black locks and faded countenance, and her yet warm hand grasped in his, Felix breathed out his oath of revenge.

He passed out of the room and to the mansion of Rigdon, but the bird had flown. A dark speck upon the ocean told him that upon that deck had escaped Walter Tourney for a time.

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

'TWAS with a bowed head and a bitter heart that Felix followed Zelma to her home in the earth. The warm sunbeams of the tropics fell upon the spot after the turf had been rounded up, like the beacon-light of the haven where the tossed mariner is moored after a storm. But it shed no warmth into the soul of the bereaved brother. All was desolate there. Young, and unused to worldly reverses, his spirit rebelled against that Providence which had wrecked all his hopes. Blasphemous thoughts welled up in his heart as he asked himself why he and his had thus been made the sport of such cruel fortune; why he had been singled out. Such were his thoughts as he turned away from Zelma's grave.

Felix did not spend many days upon the island, but went aboard the first ship that left for England, in pursuit of Tourney. The latter had left no footsteps upon the ocean, yet the iron-hearted pursuer lived upon the belief that he should scent out the destroyer and mete out justice to him. His purpose was sacred in his eyes, and he religiously dwelt upon its fulfilment.

The winds were too light for his feverish spirit, and

he leaned over the bulwarks or trod the decks with impatience. The tempest was welcomed with a smile, and he watched the curling dash of the surges, or listened to their rumbling break, with emotions of pleasure.

A voyage of ordinary length brought the vessel into the mouth of the Thames, and Felix, friendless and alone, stepped upon the soil of "Merrie England." But the heart of the kingdom was a solitude to him as, with his griefs, he threaded its teeming thoroughfares. He could hear nothing of Rigdon. It was like hunting upon the beach for a pebble which had been cast into the sea.

A year had elapsed, and Felix had obtained no tidings of the object of his search. He grew gloomy and more bitter in spirit. Life was a burden; and but for the object of his visit to England, he would have cast it off, and left a world now a desert to him.

Pennyless and dejected, Felix one day entered a drinking-shop, not knowing what course to take, and not much caring, provided he could obtain the usual dram to drown his troubles for a moment.

No one would have known Felix save by the black, glittering eye which gleamed fiercely in its socket of inflamed red. His hair had become tangled and wiry, and his face had not been shaven for months. Most people shunned, but no one insulted the determined-looking stranger. None knew from whence he came.

Upon his little finger—the wonder of all who looked upon his miserable garb—was the brilliant ring which he had taken from the hand of Zelma. Its flash ever reminded him of the dead and her wrongs, and of the oath yet unfulfilled. No extremity of circumstances had wrenched it from him, and he would have starved before he would have parted with it, the only relic of the lost, and memento of a happier period of life.

While Felix sat, with his face buried in his hands, two countrymen came in and called for a flagon of ale. Felix mechanically looked up, and again resumed his position.

It seemed that one of these countrymen lived near London, and had accidentally come across an old neighbor from ——, his native town. As the beer went down, the spirits came up; and at the end of an hour the two were revelling, like boys, in the memories of other days. Old scenes were called up; friends remembered and pranks laughed over, interspered with anecdotes and incidents which were called out as the garrulous chat proceeded.

"By-the-bye," says one, "there was Walt Tourney, a devilish fine lad, if he *was* proud."

"Hic—what ever became of the fellow? Made somebody, I'll warrant. He had mettle, that fellow."

"Haven't you heard any thing of him?" asked the first, with surprise.

"Not a word! What of the boy?"

"Well, only this. You know that he wanted to marry Mary ——; but her friends being rich, the match was broken of, and Walt left the country. But the girl was full of spirit, and wouldn't marry none on 'em. Two years ago, who should come back but Walt himself, tawny as an Indian, and as *rich as mud!*"

"No!"

"Yes, he is, and handsome as a king."

"How does he carry himself?"

"Oh, good, tho' kind o' shy. But he is free with his money as tho' there's no end to't."

"But how d'ye 'spose he got it all in so short a time, eh?"

"Don't know any thing about that. I only know that he has got the money, and knows how to use it. No body don't trouble themselves about how he got it. If he turned pirate, his money is just as good as any body's.

A hissing sound through a compressed nostril, and a fierce grating of the teeth, startled the two countrymen from their conversation; and as they turned, the livid countenance of Felix was close over their shoulders, his thin lips white and bloodless, and his eyes glaring like a hungry wolf's in their reddened sockets. His long fingers were clutched like hooks of steel into the counter, but not a muscle stirred.

One of the countrymen jumped from his chair and

assumed a defensive attitude, as if he expected to be attacked by an assassin.

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked he.

"No harm, good friends;" and Felix made an attempt to master his emotions, relaxing his clutch upon the counter and standing erect, with a long-drawn sigh, the hectic flush again flooding his cheek, over which dissipation had woven its scarlet net-work of inflamed blood-vessels.

"Your pardon," continued he in milder accents; "but your conversation, to which I was an involuntary listener, brought to mind those whom I would wish to see. Of whom were you speaking, if I may ask?"

The half-saddened manner in which Felix spoke, together with his wretched appearance, won the sympathy of the Englishmen.

"We were speaking of one Walt Tourney. Did you know him? was he a friend of yours?"

"I'm not certain. What sort of looking man is this Tourney? and when did he come back?—as I think you spoke of his return."

The countryman's description of Tourney was that of Rigdon, as near as it could be thus rudely told. The time of his return corresponded with his flight from Havana, and there was not a doubt that the two men were the same.

"Where does this Mr. Tourney live?" carelessly asked Felix, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

'At ——, just over the stream, in the old mansion once owned by the Carltons."

"How should I find him—I mean, what route should I take to reach the place?"

"Easy enough to find him, good friend. Take the shore round out by the Sea-Lion Inn, and keep straight on."

Felix turned at the instant, and was soon striding away with unsteady steps towards the point to which he had been directed.

"Poor fellow!" said one of the countrymen, as Felix left the room. "Some poor relation of Tourney's, I'll warrant, needing help. Well, well, Walt has enough for him."

We will not stop to detail the weary journey of Felix to the place of his destination. His unique appearance excited considerable attention where he went, at the same time so wretched that the simple-hearted people freely offered him their hospitalities, and occasionally tendered him money. But he refused that, and pushed on. At the close of a more than usually fatiguing day's journey, he crossed the stream, upon the bank of which was the long-looked-for mansion of Walter Tourney.

The meeting of Tourney and Felix we have already spoken of in the opening chapter of our story, and the emotion of the former as he looked upon the brother of the injured Zelma; one whom he saw drop

from the plank of the Dart into the ocean. The reader saw Tourney light the dreaded visitor to his room, and return to the bedside of his sick wife, his guilt-stricken soul in the tortures of a worse than hell.

He sat by the bedside of the sick, but his thoughts were away, and his brief career in crime came back to him more vividly revolting as he contemplated it from his present position.

The town-clock clanged one, clear and distinct above the storm. He aroused himself and listened for the breathing of Mary, but not a breath came up from the sleeper. He leaned over her, and yet caught no sound. He quickly brought the lamp, and as its faint glare fell upon the wife's face, the glazed eyes of the dead looked out from the half-opened lids. Tourney put his trembling hand upon the side, but the heart had ceased from its labors, and the machinery of life was all still.

Tourney's brain reeled under the crowd of thought. It seemed that a link of purity which held him from the abyss of his crime, and beyond the retribution which he dreaded, had been broken. Guilt makes cowards of men. Tourney shrank even from the couch of the dead. The light of the lamp was hateful to his gaze, yet he dreaded the darkness more. At one time he turned towards the hall, planning another crime, to rid himself of his dreaded guest. But the

cold touch of the steel was like an adder's fang, and he retreated like a lion at bay.

He stopped as a sudden thought entered his mind—a scheme which he at once hastened to put in execution.

An hour afterwards, a fleet span of blacks and a light coach were standing at the front gate of the Tourney mansion. In the mansion was the owner, moving about with stealthy steps. His papers, money, and jewelry had been gathered, and he stood bowed over the little bed of his daughter, as if fearful of imprinting a kiss upon her lips, for fear she would awaken and balk his plan. He stood but a moment. Nature triumphed, and the strong man, as if snatching at the last link on earth, stooped down and gently lifted his little daughter in his arms, and passed out, without arousing her from her slumbers.

Long before day the black steeds had skimmed a long distance from the village, flecked with foam and dripping with sweat, but their energies unabated. On they went until the darkness faded out behind, and daylight revealed to the people the reeking steeds, still plunging away.

Tourney was fortunate. He arrived at the port in time to go aboard a man-of-war, just swinging off for America. He looked sadly back upon the land where he had sought a home, and upon his favorite steeds panting at the wharf, and then listened with a feeling

of relief to the music of the waters which were again bearing him away from doom.

During all this time Felix had not slumbered. The rumbling of the wheels had arrested his attention, and he arose and looked out, fearing that his prey would escape him. He listened at the door at the head of the stairs, but heard no sound. He passed down to the door of the library and entered. Across that hall was the room from whence he had heard the groans when talking with Tourney. The door stood ajar, through which a sickly light shone out. He entered, but found all deserted, papers strewn over the floor and half burned in the grate. He stepped towards the bed to satisfy himself, and found only the——dead.

He at once divined the movement of his enemy, and passed out of the hall door, where he encountered a domestic.

"Where is your master?" asked Felix.

The fellow seemed disposed to get by and evade the question.

Felix caught him by the collar, and, with his dagger in his other hand, again demanded an answer to his question. The frightened wretch told all, and at the command of his stranger assailant brought out the best horse in the stable, saddled and bridled.

Felix mounted, and the quick clatter of his steed's hoofs rung out in the morning air, in pursuit. Daylight enabled him to track the black horses, and a

half hour after the Warwick left her dock, Felix reined up, but to once more look over the ocean upon the spreading sails which were placing his prey again beyond his reach.

We must hasten to the termination of our story. The reader has already been introduced to the home in the hills where Tourney and his lovely daughter were hidden away from the noisy world. Tourney could not forget the past, but in deeds of goodness he sought to atone for wrong. He was a changed man. Repentance had swept over him like a flood, and he had been crushed to the earth. Could *his* life now have restored life and happiness to those whom he had injured, the sacrifice would have been a thousand times made. The whole current of his thoughts had changed, and the only happiness he found now was in relieving the distressed and watching over the education of his daughter. Memory stung him with her scorpion thongs, but he bore it meekly.

Early one spring, a singular-looking foreigner landed in Boston and commenced his remorseless search for Tourney. He was richly dressed, a costly brilliant gleamed on his finger, and a heavy chain and seal, of massive gold, hung across his bosom. His countenance was withered and weather-beaten, but his eye was full, and intensely restless and piercing. The reader will not recognize an old acquaintance in the splendid garb. But the stranger was Felix, in pos-

session of a fortune by a turn in the affairs of his father's estate, but weary of life, and hunting up and down the world to fulfil an oath.

Having learned the name of the ship in which Tourney had sailed, he had been enabled to trace him to Boston. After much trouble, he succeeded in tracing him still farther, and finally, into the mountains.

As he rode along in the neighborhood of the "Nest in the Valley," he had no very defined notions of what course he should take with Tourney. He had learned the place of his residence and his situation, and every where heard his praise and that of his lovely daughter. His heart would sometimes relent, but the remembrance of Zelma's wrongs—so aggravated, too—would again nerve his enmity. He would at all events confront Tourney, and expose him to public reprobation.

While thus lost in thought, night overtook him in the mountains; and at the same time a fierce thunder-storm, whose approach he had noticed. The rain came down in torrents, the thunder shaking the rugged mountain-sides, and the lightning flashing fearfully in almost one incessant blaze. Each gap had become a torrent's bed, and the larger brooks were already so swollen that it were madness to attempt further progress. The tall pines surged and shrieked as they swayed against the black sky, or came crashing down,

shivered into ten thousand splinters by the livid bolts.

Felix reined up by the side of a precipice of rocks, headed in by the warring torrents, and nearly blinded by the lightning.

He dismounted, and essayed to pacify his restive steed by patting his neck, while he curvetted and plunged at every peal of the thunder, or trembled at the flash.

All at once he neighed loudly, and was instantly answered by another horse immediately in the rear. Felix strained his eyes to learn who it was that had been with him caught out in the storm. Then came a fierce, intense flash, which seemed to linger until it blistered upon the skin, followed by a terrific crash. A huge pine, standing ahead on the verge of the gully, was splintered from top to bottom, immense slabs whizzing and booming through the air.

Felix heard a shriek, and then low, short moans, as of some one in distress. His own horse had burst from his hold and plunged over the precipice, and he turned and groped his way to the spot where he heard the groaning. The lightning revealed a horse and rider, the former transfixed to the earth by a splinter from the pine, and the latter writhing with one through the neck. Felix shuddered at the sight, but it was impossible to render aid. The streams were impassable; the gulf yawned on the one side, and the wall of rocks towered up on the other.

The sufferer's pains were severe ones. Parties were hunting the next day among the mountains for the missing traveller. The waters had run madly by, and he was found, Felix still by him. It was a horrible sight. Both horse and rider were transfixed to the earth. The mud and sand had come down and lodged against the two, until one side of the rider's head was buried where the water had left it. The pine shaft was cut away and extracted from his swollen neck, and the dead man placed upon his back. Felix carelessly looked upon the upturned face, and started.

"Who was this man, good friends, who has died so horrid a death?"

"Hon. Walter Tourney, our neighbor; and a fine man he was," replied the man.

Felix kneeled like a broken reed by the side of the dead man, and looked into his bloated countenance. It was Tourney, the *Rigdon* of his revenge, thus hurried out of the world by his side. He felt rebuked. He trembled at the tenacity with which he had clung to his vow of revenge, and inwardly thanked God that his hand had not been lifted against the man. Clear and distinct in his ear the solemn truth was pronounced, "*Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.*"

* * * * * *

Ten years had elapsed, and a family from New-England settled upon the Mohawk—a mild, beautiful, matronly woman, somewhat saddened, with a

young child; a husband, worthy of such treasures; and a gray-haired man, of middle age, around whom they all seemed to cling with love and veneration. That matron was the daughter of Walter Tourney, with her husband and child; and that gray-haired man, prematurely old, but kind-hearted and mild and meek as a lamb, was the once revengeful Felix, transformed into a confiding Christian, and watching, with a parent's care, over the daughter of him who crushed and destroyed the only relative he had on earth. The career of all had been made up of light and shade, the former predominating at last, and gilding the happier sunset of a checkered life.



ONE FIGURE MORE; OR, THE DANCE OF DEATH.

ONE MORE FIGURE;

OR,

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

With a horse, pill-bags, and a small stock of medicines, and a carefully-hoarded twenty dollar bill, my whole capital, I journeyed from Connecticut in 18—, and settled in one of the eastern counties of N. Y. State.

The village was a small one, consisting of one church, a school-house, tannery, and some dozen private dwellings. The prospect was not very flattering. But if I failed, there could not be much of a wreck, while there was a possibility of working my way upward. So, with a stout heart, I began. I secured a room in one of the largest buildings, and hung out my shingle as conspicuously as possible, and then, with much dignity, awaited a call.

Reader, were you ever there? In that humble office, with book and pestle, how many dreams have been woven and castles built—in air—as the long

days went by! I did not wish evil to befall poor humanity, but if people *were* sick, I should be most happy to give them—*physic*, and receive their grat—ahem!—their money.

For three months there was no call. My day-dreams were not the brightest, and my castles were fast tumbling about my ears. Life's realities, in the vulgar matters of board and horse-keeping, threatened to engulf the last penny. Something must be done. And so, as often as twice or thrice a day, I saddled my horse, and, Jehu! how I spurred away to see my numerous patients! I ate hurriedly; and over the country, up hill and down, until my horse was flecked with foam, I careered in pursuit of patients. In the depths of storms the most bitter—in the depth of the night, after knocking my own knuckles bare upon the door, I plunged out, to return late at night, or early the day following—been to see a patient. The ruse worked. The kind-hearted hostess commiserated my arduous toils, and every little attention was shown me—I had *so* much to do! In the meantime I kept my pestle agoing in the back chamber, looked wise, and kept silent. The good woman carried the news to the next neighbor, and from there it circulated through the whole community, increasing as it went, until it was generally agreed that it *was* "very sickly that season—'*mazin*' sickly." And strange enough, the good people—bless them!—took to get-

ting sick and taking physic. I gave one spleeny old patient a dough pill which wrought such wonders that I became famous for curing "old complaints." The tide, in my case, came and bore me on to competency; and from riding nights without supper, patients, or fees, I rode to some purpose, and left to others the task of banging the door of nights.

But I have no time now to deal with these old memories. Even as I write, there is a young and tender-looking knight of the pestle hurrying past my window, dressed in black to the tips of his fingers. Twice or three times a day he performs the task of calling upon his patients, while, to my certain knowledge, his "slate" has hung untouched at his door, and his only surgical operations have been with his molars, in his back room, on crackers and cheese!

A tavern was finally opened in the village, and in the building where my office was situated. It was said that the business interests of the place demanded such a house. But what a change was wrought in that peaceful and happy community! I am old now, but, as life-like as then, the shadows of woe come thronging back to haunt me in their fearful distinctness. Bloody forms rise up before me, and wives and mothers, like pictures of desolation and woe; children, pale, shivering, and ragged, rise up and glide past; while there yet lingers on the ear the moans, and shrieks, and fearful cursings which I then listened to.

In a long period of practice, I had become acquainted with all the people in that little community, and remember them all now. There was one, a fair-haired, beautiful, and brave boy of ten summers, whom I learned to love as I would have loved my own brother. He was a noble boy—his full, deep eye, broad, white brow, and classic features giving eloquent promise of future usefulness and fame. He was an only child, and no household idol was ever more deeply cherished.

The father became a tippler, and, in a short time from the opening of the tavern, a sot! The still waters of the great cataract ran so swiftly and noiselessly on, that he could not retreat. Too late he saw his danger as he swept on. He made a few feeble efforts, and then madly yielded himself to the doom that awaited him. The cheek of the lovely wife paled day by day as desolation came swiftly in, and the bright hopes of her earlier years faded out. The light of domestic happiness burned dimly upon the hearth, and the altar lay scattered in ruins. The weeds grew thick and rank about the cottage, even to the threshold, and the winter's wind wailed through the broken windows. How swiftly had the footsteps of the curse passed over the cottage home! I could hardly comprehend it all then, as it met my view in passing to and fro.

One night I was aroused by a quick, loud rap at my

door. On opening it, my boy-friend stood shivering in the cutting sleet, and in hurried words urged me to call at their house, for his father was in a fit. A five minutes' walk found me at the dwelling. I found the wife sad and tearful, and watching over the husband as he lay on the bed. His friends had brought him home from the tavern, where a petty law-suit had been in progress. I felt the man's pulse, and leaned over to look into the face, when the foul, revolting stench of drunkenness came up from the stupid mass. But he never awoke from his stupor. The destruction had been complete. The froth oozed up out of the mouth, and the eyes turned back in the head, and the drunkard was dead.

Years passed by, and that beautiful boy was a young man of twenty-two summers. But those years told a bitter history for him. The cheek was swollen and grossly red, and the eyes inflamed and standing out of their sockets. He was a foul-mouthed drunkard at twenty-two! The frame had lost its symmetry, and the face its beauty; and the jest, and oath, and ribald song were the highest accomplishments. The mother, prematurely old and broken-hearted, was fast going down in sorrow to the grave.

Christmas came with its festive pleasures, and a dance was announced at the tavern. The night before, I was called to see the woman of whom I have been writing. I found the cold pallor of death gath-

ering on her lips and around her eyes—she was dying. While attempting to make her as comfortable as circumstances would admit, the son came in, drunk and surly. His mother called to him in a feeble voice, but he would not go to her bed. She locked her hands together and pleaded, in whispers, that he would never again visit the tavern, or drink any more liquor. With an oath he turned and raised his hand to strike, but I stood sternly before him. With a muttered curse he turned away, and was soon snoring in his besotted slumbers.

The woman lived until Christmas eve. As the storm howled and the snow drifted against the windows, with a whispered prayer for her boy, the spirit of the injured woman passed away, and she was at rest. The fire had entirely gone out on the hearth, and the lone candle flickered dimly as the sharp gusts of wind drifted through the broken panes. I left the dead with the dead, and went out to find the living.

The dance had commenced at the tavern. As I neared the scene, the light streamed brightly out from the windows, and the strains of music came up fitfully on the winds.

On entering the bar-room I found it full, a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke, and a confused hum going up from tongues limbered with rum. The bold curse and the idiotic laugh mingled with the regular beating of feet upon the floor above. Feelings of the

deepest disgust crept over me like a chill as I threaded my way through the crowd to the hall leading to the ball-room. As I passed up and opened the door, a flood of light and music burst upon me with sickening effect. The scene I had left was still vivid before me, and the contrast was so startling that I hesitated for a moment before I passed in. The "Doctor" was cordially welcomed, but I turned sadly and coldly from their greetings, and sought out the widow's son. The figure had just closed, and he was leading his partner to the head of the floor for the next figure. His eye was red and fiery, from his early potations, and his manner brutally coarse and reckless. I begged his attention for a moment, but he repulsed me with a bitter curse, and the music struck up. I watched the opportunity, and when his part of the figure was finished for the time, I laid my hand upon his arm and told him his mother—

"Mother be ——!" he broke in, and attempted to shake me off.

"*She is now dead!*" I slowly and sternly answered.

"Living or dead, by ——, I'll dance this figure, if I dance it in h—l!" he thundered, his face livid with drunken rage.

Shocked and outraged, I stood as if not knowing what to say or do next. A titter ran around the room among the males, and the dance went on. The young man danced with the most frenzied energy—

more like a madman, I thought, as the large drops rolled from his face, and he leaped and beat the air. As he whirled near me, his eye was wild and fiend-like, and the foam was gathering in the corners of his mouth. More and more madly he danced, beating the air with his arms, and swinging his partner until her life was endangered. The company supposed him drunken, and so cheered him on. I watched him with painful interest, for wilder still he leaped, and yelling so fiercely and shrill that many a fair cheek grew pale. As he again came to the head of the figure, his whole aspect was fearful to behold; yell upon yell bursting with terrific force from him, and the froth flying in flecks about him. A deeper, more unearthly, wailing shriek nearly froze the blood in my veins, and then with the quickness of lightning he snatched a hatchet from the chimney-corner, and with the other hand caught his partner by the throat and instantly buried the weapon in her head to the very handle! A shriek of horror ran around the room, some feeling for the door, and others fainting. I jumped and caught him; when, with a demoniac Ha! ha! he straightened back in my arms as stiff as if frozen, and was dead! The lamp-light glared on his horrible countenance and in the leaden eyes, as they slowly turned back, and a shiver was all that disturbed the stillness. The froth lay out on his lips as his jaw fell, and his hand was clenched like an iron

vice upon his victim, the hatchet standing up in her cloven skull, and her protruding eyeballs and tongue, and the smoking blood, completing a scene the like of which I trust never to look upon again. We cut his hand loose from the throat of his partner, and bore them both from the room.

He had danced one more figure.

The fresh mounds in the village yard told the closing act of the drama, and the mother, son, and victim were gone from earth. How many of rum's tragedies are still being put on record by the angel-scribe! Few of them can be more horrible than the one I have just penned down as I find it treasured in the memories of the past.

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

We dislike to look upon others' grief; to see the bitter tempests of sorrow sweeping over the shrinking heart until its bitter fountains are broken up, and flow out as if they never would cease. We dislike to see the soul struggling like some frail vessel in the storm, broken, wrecked, and sinking. Its moan is sad. Its tears gush up and steal noiselessly down the furrowed cheek, like sorrowing angels driven from a home whose sunshine has fled. The heart melts at another's woe, whether that of the strong man, or the frailer partner who bows like a tender reed beside the oak which wrestles with the blast. We never yet looked with a tearless eye upon a funeral-gathering, or saw the dead lowered into their narrow home with other than a heavy heart. The eye always involuntarily turns upon the weeping circle from which a link has been wrenched for ever. It is the end of this world. In a little time the same silent throng will

move with us all, reader, to the land of coffin and shroud, and weep their farewell.

One still Sabbath afternoon in October, about four years since, we attended church at a school-house in one of the country villages of this county. Learning that a funeral was to be held after the conclusion of the service, we passed out and awaited the hour. A Sabbath stillness seemed to rest upon every thing. The people were gathering in groups, and conversed in whispers. A piece of woodland skirted the stream which flowed noiselessly by, and in its pools, beneath the dense shadows of the hemlock, the herds were quietly gathered from the scorching heat. The sun beat warmly down through the rich autumnal haze, whose mellow robe was already stirred by the seared and rustling leaves. By listening, we learned that a child had passed from earth—the only child of a poor widow. Whether there was any thing more than the common sympathies of our nature that moved us, we know not; but the words fell sadly upon our heart, and our thoughts were busy as they went back to the hearth where all was desolation. The only child of a widow! How lonely! The last blossom of many which had burst in beauty around her was torn away and crushed.

The procession came slowly and silently up, and the villagers lifted the little coffin carefully from the wagon, as if fearful of awaking the innocent tenant

from its slumbers. The widow, with bowed form and broken heart, followed it into the house. A slight breath of wind lifted the veil from her face—a faded picture of woe. Every line was a bitter history of sorrow, and deeply were they marked in a face which was yet beautiful. The brow was as pure as polished marble, and every movement of her person bespoke intelligence and grace. She was poorly clad, but had seen better days, and *moved a star* among the elegant and refined.

An old white-haired patriarch preached the sermon, and with a heavy heart. With simple and touching eloquence he spoke from the Saviour's language: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The discourse was feeling and appropriate.

Many a fair cheek in the choir glistened with an angel-gem as they sung the closing hymn.

The services were closed, and the coffin carried out and placed beneath the shade of a maple, which stood like a dome of crimson and gold in the rich sunlight. The lid was lifted carefully, that those who wished might look upon the infant dweller. A lovelier sight we never beheld. How beautiful it lay in its final slumber! Death had left no trace upon its fragile form. Its cheeks might have been paler, but the flaxen locks that lay carelessly upon its sunny brow gleamed brightly as ever in the sunbeams which glided

through the still branches, and bathed them in gold as the light breeze stirred them gently. The lips were slightly closed, and over all was a smile so heavenly, so sweet, so pure, that it seemed an angel at rest. Its spirit must have lingered sadly around so lovely a home ere it departed, looking back with regret upon the sinless tenement it had yielded to the embrace of death. We wondered not at the widow's grief. The universe of God would not have purchased from us so rich a gem; and yet, while our own heart was stirred to its depths for the widow's loss, a gush of gladness welled up with its bitterness because the child was dead! It had gone from a world of tears. As pure as its own angel retinue that bore it away was its uncontaminated spirit. It was beyond the reach of the world's strifes, transplanted to bloom for ever in a better land.

The undertaker stepped forward to close the coffin. The widow laid her hand upon his arm, while her frame was convulsed. She dropped it upon the lid, gazed a moment upon the dead, and then leaned eagerly over and pressed her lips upon the brow of the sleeper in a long, last kiss. There was no answering thrill, no tiny arms thrown up; but with the lips warm with a mother's kiss, and its locks wet with a mother's tears, and the bright sunbeams streaming in, the coffin lid was closed and borne away to the realm of the dead.

Some few weeks after, as we stood upon the steps of the village tavern, the widow passed by the burial-ground. A number of people were lounging upon the benches before the door, the *landlord* among the rest.

After she was out of hearing, the landlord broke out in an unfeeling tone: "The widow acts like a —— fool. Just as if hers was the only child that ever died! I do not pity her at all, for she must trot to its grave every night. Its father was no body but drunken ——."

The warm blood rushed through our veins like liquid fire, and our cheek burned with indignation. For a moment our heart throbbed with bitterness and hate. A sunny-haired child of his own sat upon his knee, but we charged him as a savage and a murderer.

We will not dwell upon the history of the family circle of which the widow was the "last link." Enough to say that a generous and accomplished young man, with as lovely a wife as mortal was ever blessed with, and four beautiful children, once lived in the neighborhood. He commenced, at this man's tavern, his career as a temperate drinker. We will not detail the intervening history of his crime and death. His property was squandered, and his widow and children were left to wrestle with poverty and despair. Three of the children soon followed the

father. The clothes were taken from the wretched hovel to pay a rumseller for what had murdered a good citizen, husband, and father, and ruined his family; and now, like a savage, he could sneer at the grief of the broken-hearted creature as she went, with sorrowing step, to the grave of her last and only child!

We passed the same village grave-yard again. A fresh mound appeared by the side of the little one by which we had stood in October. The tale was all told. The treasures of a blighted home were all gathered beneath the turf. A whole family were there, and wealth, and happiness, and fame—a sacrifice to rum—the early victims of legal murder, committed by the hand of the licensed man of death. They were all beyond his reach. The thought made our heart lighter as we passed away.

The rumseller alluded to has since removed. But death has been at *his* door, and he sees no prop in his old age. Retribution has followed him. The child which we saw upon his knee—*his* last—has been taken from him. A poor, wretched, unpitied vagabond, he awaits, in *his* hovel, the same messenger whose footsteps he has guided and hastened to so many homes.

AN HOUR AMONG THE WOLVES.

THERE is no sound, perhaps, that falls more dismal upon the ear of the early settler than the howl of the famished wolf; especially if it breaks upon the clear air of midnight, freezing the life-blood of the lone traveller, or blanching the cheek of the pioneer's wife as she hears its tones mingling with the wintry blast, and gathers her hushed little ones upon the hearth.

The wolf, like some of his biped brethren, is a coward, and commits his depredations under cover of darkness. They are ferocious and blood-thirsty, seldom attacking man unless in packs, or mad with hunger. Then woe to the luckless settler who is found away from his cabin in the forest at nightfall!

Our white-haired readers will understand the phrase, "pack of wolves," the animals generally moving in droves; and as soon as the daylight is gone, they come forth from their hiding-places and make "night hideous" with their unearthly howlings, moving across

the country in dark masses, often up to the very doors of the settlements. The fold that was not well secured was sure to lose its flock, for the wolf is fond of mutton, and lives fast while he has it.

In the region where I lived, wolves were very plenty, and their nightly concerts, or evening calls, were any thing but agreeable. We had to go some four miles to mill through the woods, the path marked by "blazed trees," and often, as the dim woods cast their shadows across our little "patch of clearing," have we gazed from the rude window of our hut with the most intense anxiety into the darkness beyond for the long-expected return of a father or brother, while the mother, silent and watchful, ceased to rock the youngest as she listened for the welcome footstep. Long hours were such. A long, dismal howl would often freeze our young blood, and send a passing paleness across the features of our mother. And when the clattering hoof or rifle-shot announced a safe return, there was joy and thankfulness in the humble cabin.

After much "teasing," we once prevailed upon our uncle to take us to mill with him. 'T was a happy day when we set out behind him upon the trusty old horse, the birds singing merrily, and we chatting incessantly, as we wound slowly through the woods, sometimes picking our way around the "mud-holes," or stooping low to escape the overhanging branch.

We arrived at the mill, a quaint old building with

slab roof and little windows, sunk deep in the hill-side and over the brook across which was the "dam," the water falling from a "spout" upon the long-armed "overshot" wheel which carried the mill. It was all a grand sight for us. We listened with wonder to the clatter of its machinery, and watched the corn as it disappeared from the "hopper," or the dark old wheel as it thundered and flung round its mossy arms in the sunlight, and hurled proudly from its "buckets" whole showers of many-hued streams and beaded gems.

As many were in before us, it was a long time before our turn came. In the meantime my uncle, always rigged with hook and line, seated himself upon the old log-bridge, and by the time the grist was ground, he had caught a long string of trout, for they were plenty in those days; and just as the sun was lost over the hill, we started for home. As we struck into the forest it rapidly became dark, and ere we were half way home our fish had betrayed us, for the wolf is sharp-scented. Howl followed howl in every direction, and every hair of my head was "up on end." My uncle drew his reins tighter, and the old horse with an occasional snort expressed his dislike of the prospect. We were to have an escort whose room would be better than its company. But there was no "backing out." War was "inevitable." They soon were upon us—some half a score of fierce, hun-

gry, and resolute wolves. We could scarcely see their bodies; but the howling, and snarling, and gnashing was an introduction well understood. No demonstration could keep them back. Some followed close behind, while two separate bodies moved along abreast of the horse at a few feet distance, their heads steadily turned toward us, and their eyes glaring upon us like balls of fire. Men who have never been placed in a similar position cannot appreciate its difficulty, not to say danger. We moved carefully along, but, with all our show of fight, they came nearer. One, bolder than the rest, made a leap and a snap at the fish, and the largest trout in the lot, which I had honored with the first place on the string, was not "a gone sucker," but a gone trout. This was a loud hint. We were likely to lose our fish, if not our bacon; for our visitors were ten to our one, my uncle being the only hope. He stopped repeatedly, got off, and with stones and clubs attempted to drive them back, but the fish, over which they had all fought, only made them the fiercer. We would have given them the fish, but it would only have made the matter worse. We were yet a mile from the clearing, and oh, how long it seemed! We heard the old house-dog at the cabin, and it was a glad sound to me. Matters were coming to a crisis, and the pack were impatient of their prey. One had already fastened upon the horse's flank, and was hardly driven from his hold.

It seemed as if our hour had come; and strange, I thought more of my string of trout than of my own life! But they were snatched from my hand. My uncle coolly awaited the attack, a broken limb his only weapon of defense. The old horse gathered close to his master, with every limb quivering with fear. But there was a sound of hope. The cry of help had been heard at the cabin, and the answering *halloo* came clear and distinct upon the ear. We knew that aid would soon be at hand; but every moment seemed an age; and had the wolves commenced, the struggle would have been soon ended. They listened for a moment, and then, as if aware the prey was about to escape them, rushed madly upon us. The horse, with a neigh of terror and anguish, dashed from our side with half a dozen of the hungry wretches fastened to his flesh. My uncle ground his teeth in rage, but assist the old beast he could not. The struggle was short, but fierce. A heavy fall told the result, and then such snapping and snarling and gnashing of teeth, I never heard before nor since. 'T was horrible. A fresh pack came in at the feast, and then it was more horrible than ever. With my uncle's hand firmly grasped around my collar, we started cautiously for home. Part of the enemy were soon at our side.

"We must die!" said my uncle, and I felt a tear fall upon my cheek; but his hand was steady as he held

me to his side. The hungry beasts paused a moment. Young as I was, I was aware that the first attack would end the matter with us.

"God hurry them!" exclaimed my uncle, as the light of torches gleamed in upon the darkness. Something came bounding and crashing through the leaves and brush, and in a moment the old watch-dog was by my side! No friend was ever so welcome. I wept as he licked my blanched cheek, and there was a touching tone in the voice of his master, ("Lion" was my uncle's dog,) as he called him by name. He had saved our lives, for he kept the wolves at bay until my father and three brothers came up with their axes and rifles. Between them we again started for home, myself with a light heart, I assure the reader. The wolves followed at a distance, but, on emerging into the clearing, returned to fight over the remains of the faithful horse. At a late hour of the night we gained our home, and there was rejoicing in that humble cot that night.

MARY LINN;

OR,

THE HOME IN THE VALLEY.

I TURN back page after page of memory, and find a record of sorrow scarce broken by a sunny spot. Here is one of the first pages of life as it is found in youth, without stain or blot. Prominently written here are things about the "old church."

When a small boy, I remember going to that old building, and its form is as plainly impressed upon my memory as though I had looked at it yesterday. 'Twas a beautiful valley, that home of mine. The stream that came down from the mountains threaded its crooked way across the flat between banks, green to the water's edge. The "Corners" was a quiet little hamlet of a few houses, surrounded by tall old elms; while up to my father's house the road upon each side was lined with tall poplars in stately rows. The house—my birth-place and early home—was a neat farm-house, nestling in the side hill, overlooking the whole valley. Beyond and across the stream stood

the old church, its quaint, weather-beaten steeple relieved by the green woodlands upon the opposite hills. The bell was broken, but the steps were well worn, and the deep tones of the organ linger yet in my memory. And how brightly the landscape! It seems that all is there yet as I saw it in childhood—the quiet hamlet, the winding stream, the old farm-house of my birth, the Sabbath sunshine, and the same children that then dwelt there.

My father came home one Saturday night, and said that Mr. Jones was going to keep a tavern at the Corners. I thought that must be something nice, and clapped my hands as I begged of him to tell me all about it. But my mother looked sorrowful and said not a word, which was a great mystery to me. Father went often to the tavern, and returned home late. I knew there was something wrong, and a shadow fell upon my spirit. He became cross to us all; and one night, when I begged of him not to go away to Mr. Jones's, he struck me passionately, and threatened to flog me if I did so. I saw a tear in my mother's eye, but I thought only of my own troubles. I stole away and sobbed myself to sleep, after a well-known hand was laid upon my pillow and a kiss imprinted upon my cheek.

I need not detail. I have since learned the nature of the ruin that overtook my father and the prospects of the family. All were wrecked. I learned to hate

him, for he was harsh and cruel to my mother. Debts soon came upon us, and he became a drunkard, spending his time at the tavern.

Late at night he was often brought home drunk. I used to get out of bed and go to my mother's, where I would find her in prayer. I could feel her tears as she threw her withered arm about my neck, and asked God to bless her child.

My mother pined away one autumn. I wondered why her cheek was so hollow and so pale. Her once plump fingers became long and bony as she thrust them through my flaxen hair. Her eye was bright, but I did not like to look into it, it was so sad and so often swimming in tears.

One bright afternoon people came to the house, and my heart sank as I watched their careful steps. Death was coming. They placed my mother where she could look out over the valley, and the mellow sunlight played upon her cheek, so white and fearful. They sent me after the village doctor, and when I returned they told me that my mother had gone—gone to heaven. Where was heaven, I asked, and when will she come back? Heaven was a happy place, they told me, but mother would never come back. An unutterable loneliness came over me, but there was something that made me happy, for mother had gone to a good place, where father could not make her cry. At night I stole to where my mother

lay, but not until then did I know of grief—she would not speak to me. She would not put her arms around my neck as she used to do, but there was a sweet smile upon her face, and I knew she was happy.

'Twas hard to see my mother put in the ground, but I thought she would spring up like the flowers in the garden; and not until the cold blast and the hurrying snow pinched my naked feet, did I fail to visit the spot where they had buried her.

My father's property all passed away, and we moved into a miserable dwelling over the hill. That was a dreary winter; but as soon as the warm sunshine came in the spring, I found my way to the churchyard, and I wept tears of joy as I saw green blades of glass and pale flowers springing up on my mother's grave. Father lost his life in a drunken broil, and was buried; but I did not feel as I did when mother died.

I remember one day, in early summer, of stealing down the hill and across the lots to the spot so sacred. While there, the low tones of the organ floated out on the air, and I thought of the seat where I used to sit before I was ragged; and oh, how I longed to go there again! I could not resist the impulse, ragged and barefooted as I was, and soon found myself at the church door. I forgot my appearance as I met the kindly gaze of the people. A lady with a sweet face,

and dressed in silk, came and took me by the hand and seated me by her side. I felt mortified at first, but every countenance assured me. The man in the desk—I loved him for what he said about my mother—looked down upon me and said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I soon became wearied, and fell asleep. When I awoke, I found my head resting upon the lap of a girl about my age, nicely dressed, and with one of the loveliest faces I ever saw. She looked sadly upon me, and spoke kindly to me as I shrank back in confusion. I had not seen her before since mother died, and I thought she had forgotten her ragged and unfortunate playmate. How I loved her for her kindness! and the memory of it has caused me to forget many a rude assault from a pitiless world.

Mary Linn's home was soon desolated by the same cause that destroyed mine. The village tavern of Mr. Jones had made sad work in our happy valley. Mary Linn's father became a sot, and his property all went away. I knew how to pity them; and many a day, hand in hand, did we climb together the hills and gaze down upon our distant homes, looking upon Mr. Jones as the worst enemy we had upon earth.

One Fourth of July, Mary Linn's father was killed while drunk, and his mangled body was brought home

from the tavern on a plank. I pitied her as she sobbed over him, and not until nightfall did I turn to my miserable home over the hill.

After the death of Mr. Linn, the family was broken up, and Mary went to live with a wealthy uncle in the neighborhood. Here I dared not go, for I was ragged and barefooted, but I saw her as she went to and returned from the school. She was not proud, but treated me as kindly as she did at the church.

Late in the fall I heard that Mary was sick. My heart longed to see her, but I dared not go to the house. I lingered in sight of it, but could learn nothing. The neighbors seemed hurrying there, and one morning I saw a little coffin carried from the hearse into the house. It seemed that it would rend my heart to the core as they lifted it out, and I hurried away to the woods and wept until the dark shadows grew cold around me. It seemed that I had no friend in the world; and I wished a thousand times that I were in the coffin with Mary, so that with her I could lie down and sleep in the ground, where I should not be hungry, and where folks would not laugh at my ragged clothes and naked feet, and where, as I thought, I should spring up as the flowers did, beautifully dressed, and be with my mother and Mary in heaven.

I watched the funeral from the hill, the gathering at the house, the solemn march to the old church. I

would have given worlds to have been there; but I looked down to my miserable apparel, and I dared not go. I could hear the prayer; and when the organ began to roll out its solemn anthem, it died away in the depths of my bursting heart like the dirge of every hope. I saw them come out of church and gather thickly around something. I knew it was Mary's corpse, for they did just so around mother's. And I could not look at my little friend, but I involuntarily looked upward, and thought that she would look down from there and not forget me. I stole down to the hedge near the grave-yard, and watched them as they placed Mary in her grave. Every spadeful of earth seemed to fall into my heart; and as soon as the procession departed, I leaped over, and walked among the rustling leaves to the spot. It was near where my mother slept, and if I could have been placed between them both, I should have been happy.

The next morning I passed out of the village. As I turned to look at it for the last time, my tearful eye fell upon the sign of Mr. Jones, creaking in the chilly wind. I ground my teeth involuntarily, and feelings of bitterness came uppermost; and I wondered if a good God, that loved my mother and Mary, would not punish him.

* * * * * *

Years of strange vicissitudes have passed, and the ragged boy has passed into declining manhood. I am

he. But I have never forgotten Mary, or my mother, or the valley where they sleep. I returned a few years since, like a wanderer. None knew me as I wandered about. The old church was still standing, but unused. The grass had grown rank around the steps and under the door-sill. I raised the shattered window and crept in, and communed in silence with the memories that crowded thickly upon me. I passed into the grave-yard. The grass was rank upon the old graves; but that, and even the mould upon the weather-beaten stones above Mary Linn and my mother, was sacred to me, while the old flowers, planted by my own hand, spoke to me of hope and a blessed resurrection. It was a strange thought, but it would come up: would Mary, so young and lovely, remember the spirit of the gray-headed man, bruised and hardened in the troubles of life? The thought saddened me. But immortality is eternal youth.

While in the old yard, I noticed two fresh-dug graves, and the next morning there was an unusual bustle in the old village. As I had heard of no public doings, nor talked with any one, I was ignorant of the cause. But I now learned it. There was to be a public execution; two men had murdered, and were to be hung on the little flat back of the old church.

The hour came, with several thousand people to witness the scene. I moved with the current, and soon found myself in front of the scaffold, where

stood the murderers in their shrouds, with the ropes around their necks. One was an old man, his locks white and scattering; the other a man in the prime of life, the old man's son. I will not dwell upon the scene. The two were taken to the old church-yard and hastily placed in the new graves, and then I learned their names. Jones, the old landlord, and his son had murdered a traveller, and now lay in ignominious graves, with whole families which their tavern had destroyed beside and around them. Their horrible business was ended. Punishment had overtaken them. A God of retributive justice had watched their steps, and their desolations were ended. WHO WOULD WISH TO AWAKE FROM A RUMSELLER'S GRAVE?

I never pass a rumshop but what I think of the old church, and the graves, in the yard close by, of my mother and of Mary Linn. How long shall the same causes that destroyed them continue to send mothers and innocent children to their graves?



"IF MY MOTHER HAD LIVED."

"IF MY MOTHER HAD LIVED, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN HERE."

A THIN sleet was coating the side-walks, and cutting keenly into the face, as late at night we left our office and turned homeward. The sky was dark with cold-looking clouds, and the gas-lamps flared dimly out upon the solitude of the deserted streets. Every thing was desolate and cold. The wind moaned dismally as it swept in fitful gusts around the corners, and died away like the spectre-whisperings of the lost.

Turning a corner, we stumbled against some obstruction upon the walk, and fell forward at full length. As our right hand struck out to save the severity of the fall, it fell upon a human face. A smothered curse greeted the act, and we found ourself in the company of a miserable object, too drunk to rise from where he had fallen. His hands were numb and nearly frozen, while his bloated face was burning with the accursed fever-flood which he had swallowed.

With much effort we raised the poor fellow upon his feet, drunk as he was. As the lamp-light fell upon our faces, he knew us. "O Brown," said he, in unsteady yet touching tones, "if my mother had lived, I should never have been here. God! father, mother, sister—all dead! wife and children at the poor-house, and I drunk in the gutter! It wa'n't so once, believe me, Sir." No, it was not so once. We could believe the wretched slave, for we knew he uttered but the truth. Our own eyes were flooded as were the drunkard's—the hardened wept as a broken-hearted child would weep.

His few words revealed a bitter history. His mother and sister dead, his own family at the almshouse, and he deserted in the heart of the city. Every word he said was the language of desolation. He had grasped at the bubbles upon the breakers' brim, and learned to love their shadows. The deceitful tide of habit had borne him on, until every beacon-light of hope and home had faded out in the distance, and he found himself without a friend on earth, a wreck on the ocean waste.

The words of the drunken man made a deep impression upon our mind. They revealed the strength and lasting influence of a mother's teachings and a mother's memory. Alone, houseless, homeless, and hopeless, the wayward wanderer of the winter's night remembered the fireside of his boyhood, and the

guardian form which presided there. The flames of the demon-draught, through long years of degradation, had not burned that sacred vision from his heart. Like a faint, lingering light of bliss for ever lost, it clung to the broken altars of his manhood. That holy love-light which beamed over his cradle did not die out when all else that was good and pure was forgotten. It lingered over the wreck of all, like a bright, blessed dream of the past. The heart-shrine was cast down and broken; yet, like the ivy upon the crumbled ruin, the remembrance of a better dream was cherished to the last.

The mother little dreams of the lasting impress she casts upon a creature of immortality. She may pass away and leave her children behind her. That circle may be scattered up and down the earth, but the memory of a mother goes with them. The death-cup and the maniac revel may for a moment obscure a mother's memory, but the holy vision will live, and in the still hours return like the spirit of a better angel.

We once addressed a few words to the convicts of the —— Prison, in their chapel. We spoke of the redeeming influence of home and friends; where wives, sisters, and mothers were quick to cheer and comfort in trouble, and to administer in sickness. We spoke of those who were early thrown out upon the world without the blessed guide of a mother's

counsel. How many of them, clothed in the garb of infamy, and shut out from society for their crimes, who, had a mother lived to counsel and guard their unwary steppings, might have been virtuous, useful, and honored! We saw many a tear upon the convict cheek. How many are wretched, for the want of early friends, and a good education at home! How many wander from a mother's grave to a life of vice and crime! How many are now degraded who, but for the greatest of earthly losses, would have been numbered among the good and the true! How many now treading in the pride of honorable manhood, who, if subjected to the same early loss, would have trod the pathway of dishonor! How many a fair one, now beautiful and pure, but for the existence of a mother and a home, would have gone down to the abodes of infamy! Think of these things, and tread lightly upon the ashes of the erring, for they were your kinsmen and kinswomen, and, with equal advantages, might have trod as high a pathway as yourselves.

"All that's good in me I owe to my mother," said the "Old Man Eloquent," a tear gathering in his eye, as he stood where he afterwards died—at his post. How eloquent the tribute to the influence of the mother from one of the greatest of earth! It stands proudly in the history of John Q. Adams. Napoleon, while fêted by the nobility of conquered Austria, and surrounded by the courtesans of a corrupt court,

turned a deaf ear to their seductive plots; for he remembered his mother, her virtues, and her holy teachings. "How proud should a mother be of such a son!" once said a friend to one of the most gifted of American orators, at the conclusion of one of those electric harangues which have never been surpassed for fiery and impetuous eloquence. The eagle eye of the excited orator melted into tenderness as he replied, "Rather say, Sir, how proud a son ought to be of such a mother!" The eloquent and soaring Prentiss is in his grave, but his tribute to the memory of his mother gleams like a jewel of deathless beauty in the coronet of his fame.

No, the world moves on, unthinking of the silent, yet potent agency around the hearth. It hardly stops to ask the criminal if he had an early home. "Let me make the ballads of a nation," said a writer, "and I care not who makes the laws." All very true; yet we would go down to a deeper source of the greatness of a people, and say, Let us select the mothers of a nation, and its ballads and laws shall both be right—the ballads pure in sentiment, and the laws obeyed.

The responsibility of a mother is fearful.

HEARTH-STONE REVERIES.

MABEL;

A REVERIE OF EARLY DAYS.

THOUGH chained to the oar of life editorial, yet even there the mind forgets its weariness, breaks away, and revels in brief but happy dreams.

From our window we look out over the fields and hills, and upward to the blue sky which stretches away like an ocean at rest, its cloud-waves beating silently upon the shores of eternity. In all that wide expanse there is but one light cloud, of delicate tracery and dazzling whiteness. It floats like a creation of gossamer wing—a fleecy craft, beautiful enough to bear good angels through the bright world of space.

Slowly the cloud drifts on. It has passed the window, and its snowy streamer is gone from the view. And so drift away our dreams of happiness from the window of life.

So come floating back the shadowy forms of memory over the misty sea of the past. Some are like angels, walking upon the waters; others like storm-

spectres, sweeping with angry flight back to a heart which would forget them.

Away on the sloping hill-side, near the little clump of maples, stands the schoolhouse. The descending sun sends back a flood of golden light, and the windows glow like burnished flames. All is still upon the landscape. As we have watched that weather-beaten structure, fountains have been unsealed in the inmost heart, and we have thought and wept. An ecstasy of sadness, to use the term, bears us away; and though a tear has fallen upon our nib, we would not turn away from the thoughts which, like the bright cloud just gone, drift across the heart where they have been so long and sacredly kept.

There is a vision passing before us, but of more sunshine than shadow. It is a bright dream of happiness—of the bright spring of childhood, with its music of birds and streams, its gorgeous wreath of flowers, its green woodlands and meadows, its sky whose clouds were beautiful, and its streams which were always bright as they danced and sung in the sunlight.

That old schoolhouse calls up a thousand memories so blissful, that we clutch them with a miser's grasp. We must dream for an hour.

We see that old schoolhouse upon the steep hill-side. The wall upon the lower side is old and covered with moss, with tufts of grass growing in the crevices,

and a thistle, with its pale red blossom, standing reaching out. The sun has not yet reached that side, and the dew yet lingers there; and a bee, who was caught out, has taken shelter under its prickly covert. The house is old and weather-beaten, and its chimney, too, crumbling away. The jack-knife has been busy upon the clap-boards, where rude skill has traced images and names, many of the letters turned the wrong way. The old door-sill is broken and deeply worn, and from beneath, the grass grows rankly green, and upon either side of the hard path.

There is the old rock by the tuft of alders, sloping from its perpendicular front back to the ground, and worn smooth by bare feet. How warm the sun made it, and what glorious tumbles we had from the top!

— The rock is there yet, but many of the bare feet have trodden through the journey of life.

There is the old thorn tree, its scraggy trunk and lance-like weapons; but oh, what a gorgeous wealth of white blossoms when the bees hummed their sweet melody! On the knoll beneath was the mimic carriage-way, with its bridge of bark and embankments of fresh earth. No architect of ancient grandeur was ever prouder of his achievements.

Beneath was the old mill, and the deep dark flume, and the pond covered with floating timbers. The mysterious old wheel was covered with moss, and as its dripping arms went round, a wealth of bright gems

flashed in the sunbeams. We watched with awe from the hole through the floor, and hurried away as the school-call was rapped upon the window. Below was the still water and the green-covered stones on the bottom, and the "horned dace" that lay lazily in the sun, and seemed so wondrous large. We would give a world to sport again in the cool stream with the light of childhood in the heart, and the alder and hazel hanging over from the bank.

How stilly the sun creeps into the open door of that old school-house, and away across the warped boards, worn smooth by playful feet and swept nicely! How warm and rich that same sunlight looks as it comes in at the window upon the well-worn seat, and then leaps off to the opposite side upon the floor! How sweetly it laughs as it steals over that sleeping boy's face, and upon his golden hair! The little sleeper is just at school, and the mistress has kindly laid him down, his arm hanging down towards the floor, and his chubby feet tucked up on the bench. The sun is moving away. So will move away the child-dreams of his school-days.

All is hushed and still, save a low murmur of little voices, and the hum of the fly as he wings about in the sunbeams, crawls on the warm window-pane, or stands and trims his shining wings in the wide strip of sunshine. There is a dreamy stillness. The sun beats down hotly without, though the mowers are

busy, and the sharp scraping of their "rifles," as they sharpen their scythes, is borne occasionally across the field. There is a cloud passing over, for a shadow, as if borne by the breeze, sweeps like a cool wave across the meadow. Upon that breeze comes the sweet fragrance of new-mown hay, entering in at the windows like a spirit of health.

How cool appears the wide old fireplace, filled with boughs, and the hearth neatly swept! We see another scene as winter reigns, when the green wood is piled high, and the fire has driven the sap in simmering bubbles out on the end of the sticks; and around, before the school begins, is gathered a merry group of red-faced children, the boys with their pantaloons tied round their ankles, and their mittens made safe by a string. The children talk in whispers, for the "master" has entered, and is setting copies. But the summer vision is brightest, and its memories the sweetest. There is the schoolmistress. How well we loved her! for she spoke kind words to us, and took our hand as she went to our home. She moves quietly about the room with ferule in hand, and prompting with a musical voice as the children recite. She looks sharply as she hears too loud a whispering behind two books suspiciously near to each other; but the trespassers discover her over the top of their books, and look as innocent as though caught in no trespass. "Boys may go out!" The

pent-up exuberance of youthful elasticity bursts out like a flood, and light feet bound wildly from the door-sill out upon the sod, and the wearied mind returns with a keener relish to the "lesson," which is yet but half committed.

There is the lame boy with his crutch, sitting in the door with his sad and beautiful face. His cheeks are pale, but his eye, of deepest blue, has something resigned and holy about it that wins the heart, and his sweet and gentle manners endear him to all. The best apple is his; he has a favored seat at all our plays; and when we lift him over the low fence near by, where he can mingle with us under the wide-crowned thorn apple tree, his look is so grateful that it lingers like a sacred thing in the memory. The pilgrimage of the lame boy is ended. He left his crutch at the grave, and in it that shattered form. We all wept when the lame boy died. The school-mistress, too, long since went to her rest. And so have the most of those who gathered there.

In the corner of the old, crooked fence, and under the thorn, was the playhouse, built of fragments of boards, and walled in with cobble-stones. The broken china was nicely arranged, the turf floor cleanly swept, and the entrance carefully guarded. Still back was the study-room, covered with boughs, and looking out on the pond below. Lessons were not always well learned within that little retreat. And does she

with the mischievous black eyes yet dwell with the living? How ungallantly we punished her plump arm with a pin, for putting dock-burrs in our hair! And how sorry for it, too, when the reproachful tear glittered on her dark lids!

But there were blue eyes there, as sweetly calm as the slumbering depths of a midsummer sky, looking out so touchingly beneath that pale brow. The hair was long, rolling down on the pure white neck in waves of gold, or glancing in the sun as the heavy braids were tossed from her cheek with a little hand.

Mabel was beautiful. She was motherless, and there had settled upon her features a most gentle and touching sadness. How we gazed into those dreamy eyes, until it seemed as though we had gone down into their pure depths where tears were floating.

Mabel was beautiful, and we loved her. How carefully we lifted her over the mossy stones in the stream, or the fence, or down from the wide rock by the spring! And then the yellowest daisy and the freshest wild rose were hunted out from the meadow and the hedge, and the pond-lily was wrenched from its moorings far out in the water. The smoothest and prettiest pebbles were selected from the brooklet's bed for the little house we had built for Mabel, and the softest, greenest moss was carefully pulled to place upon the floor. The red maple was climbed to the very top for boughs to shut out the sun; those blue eyes ever

turned anxiously up that we should not fall. And at morning, we watched eagerly for her coming down the winding path around the hill; and as we saw the roof and crumbling chimney-top of her father's house, our heart beat with a strange feeling of happiness, for the smoke as it curled upward from the tree-tops assumed the form of Mabel. The flame-like foliage of the maples looked like the frock she wore. We saw Mabel written on the old weather-beaten gable, and the robin in the beech overhead sang of Mabel. The golden dandelion and shining daisy smiled as she smiled, and the blue sky down in the still water was as dreamy and still as her eyes were calm. As we hurried home through the dusky woods, we heard her footfall behind. The stars had eyes like hers; and when we went up into the old garret, we loved the moonlight, and saw her in our dreams.

Beautiful Mabel! and happy dreams in the old garret!

One morning we missed Mabel at the school, and all seemed sad. The sunshine smiled in vain, and the merry twitter of the swallows in the chimney was unheeded. There was a lonely stillness in and around the playhouse. Every spot where we had been often together was visited with a lingering step; but the school was dismissed at night, and we went silently home, stopping by the way to gaze upon Mabel's

house until the damp dews fell around upon the grass.

The next morning we were aroused by startling news. Mabel was lost!

Mabel lost! How those two words sank into the heart! All the beauty of the morning was unheeded, and we passed by the breakfast-table without touching our food.

Mabel lost!

How it rang through the neighborhood! for all loved Mabel. Her father was a drinking man, and the day before had returned to his home intoxicated. In a fit of anger he had driven her out in the evening, and fastened the door against her. The most diligent search had proved fruitless.

Between her father's dwelling and the schoolhouse was a gulf where the stream gathered in a deep pool, deftly hidden beneath overhanging rocks and a dense fringe of hemlock and wild brush. A wide and shelving rock hung far out over the still waters below, and from its edge a spring from the bank poured its little cascade in a thread of silver foam. The honeysuckle hung over the tiny stream, and the wild grape had climbed up and woven its thick, broad leaves and clinging tendrils in a thick canopy of green in the branches of the birch overhead. It was a wild and quiet spot. The waters murmured sweetly, and the sunbeams struggled through like eyes of gold

upon the green velvety moss which covered the rock. In company with Mabel we had hunted out the nook in the gulf, and during the long noon-spells had there lain upon the old rock and watched the shadowy form of the trout in the pool, or the humming-bird as he darted from flower to flower, or rested unscared for a moment upon a twig, his beautiful plumage and little black eye glistening as the sun shone upon him through some opening in the leaves.

We thought of the old rock, and found ourself running across the field and down through woods. We had often been there with Mabel, and hoped that we should find her there again.

With a beating heart we burst in through the network of vines, and involuntarily called out her name. We heard but the flutter of a wing as a red-bird went out through the leaves, and the murmur of the waterfall and the stream. All else was silent and lonely.

See! our heart beat quicker still, for a broad shelf of the old rock had fallen away. And there was Mabel's bonnet close by the seam!

We shouted again, and our wild words rang with startling distinctness through the silence around, but no answer came. Trembling in every joint, we slowly crept to the edge of the rock and looked down with a horrible dread.

The sun fell in a broad fleck upon the pool, and there, looking upward as if smiling to the sky, was

Mabel, stretched out upon the bottom! We know not how we reached the bed of the stream, but we were found sitting by the side of the dead, the dripping head laid carefully in our arms, and brushing the glittering sands from the golden braids where they had been left by the waters. The eye was still deeply blue, but there was a dread paleness on the cheek and lips. The fingers were stiff; a wild rose crushed in the palm. We kissed the bloodless hand again and again, and wept scalding tears on the cold, damp brow, and with blinded eyes caressed the wet hair. It seemed that Mabel would awake and love us again.

But Mabel was at rest!

On a bright, sunny afternoon they carried Mabel to the green old yard across the stream, and lowered her gently into her grave. We dared not speak, but our own heart went down with the coffin, and as the earth fell on it, a shudder of pain crept over us; but we loved the old sexton, because he dropped the earth so softly down, and placed the sods so carefully with his hands. And then we saw a tear in the old man's eye, and it fell on his hard hand.

Blessed old man, he too loved Mabel!

The people passed away, but we lingered. For many a day there was no spot so sacred to us as that little mound.

We went to school again, but the sunshine had lost its beauty, and there was a touch of sadness in its

smile. The playhouse fell into decay; and in autumn the leaves fell thickly in the untrodden path to the old rock, and the clusters of wild grapes were untouched, for Mabel was with us no more.

But the sun has gone down while the waif of memory has been drifting back, and the cloud is no longer in sight from our window.

So set the sun of our earliest child-love—so passed Mabel away.

A BLIND GIRL FEELING FOR A SUNBEAM.

THE sun has just burst out through the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Thank a kind God for sunshine! Ages on ages it has illumined and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty.

Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as we were travelling in the cars. Opposite us were seated

a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife and two children—a boy and a girl—twins, and totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A southern sun had tinged each cheek a rich olive complexion, relieved by a healthful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was lightly built, finely chiselled features, and hair of a dark brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, as fragile as the leaf, and of the most spiritualized beauty. Her habit was dark. Her hair was black as night, its heavy, glossy tresses confined by a golden band which glittered brightly upon the dark background. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years.

The train stopped for a moment upon the route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaning out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh and leaned back in the seat, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! *I* cannot see any thing." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful but unfortunate creature. "Neither can I see, Bell; but I know every thing is beautiful," said her brother, as the light winds lifted the thin locks upon his cheek. "You're beautiful, are you not, Bell?"

Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white

clouds in the west like a flash, and fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tear in her eye. Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden fingers that were playing through her thick braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy, and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine. "Mother, I cannot feel it; has it fled out of the window?" "What, Bell?" said her brother. "The sunshine, Marion. It touched my cheek, but I cannot touch that." The mother's eyes swam in tears, as did those of nearly all in the car. A blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it. It gleamed upon a world, but all was night to her. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it burst not upon her vision, nor faded at decline of day. It glowed in the sky; upon forest, and field, and flower, and lake, and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl.

By a singular coincidence, the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon the cheek as the cars sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields, and meadows, and still waters, and coquetted with the locks of the blind boy; but its footsteps were unseen by him.

We involuntarily thanked God that we could look

upon the beautiful world he has made, and dropped a tear for the hapless children who must grope their way to the grave through a long night. But the light of bliss will burst upon them!

— Long shall we remember the two blind children.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

EVERY thing was hushed and still throughout the dwelling. There were feet moving upon the carpet, but every step was as slight as the rustling leaf. The very sunshine seemed to beam in softer than usual, and the flies to hum their tiny song more gently in its yellow beams.

All was stillness in the fields. The mellow haze of early autumn had gathered over the sky, and rested like a curtain of gauze upon the hills.

Within that house lay the idol of the hearthside, wrestling with disease. The room was darkened, that the sunbeams might not smile too rudely where the little sufferer lay upon his feverish couch, and there were hushed breathings as the anxious and stricken watchers gathered around the bedside. All

that human skill could do, all that the fathomless affection of parents and kindred could suggest, had been done to stay the rude footsteps of the destroyer. With hot tears upon her cheek, the mother leaned upon the bed, with the tiny and feverish hand clasped tenderly yet convulsively within her own, as if to hold the burden to earth. The father sat near by—a strong man bowed, the lip between his teeth, and his chest heaving in manhood's agony. The grandparents, their locks silvered with snow, and their old hearts bound up in the gushing child-hopes of the boy, lingered by with unsteady steps. The physician, accustomed as he was to scenes of sorrow, stood with his elbow upon the footpost of the bed, looking sadly upon the short swellings of the little bosom beneath the white counterpane.

Three summers had not passed over the child. But a week ago, and the silvery laughter of the boy echoed through the house, and was answered back with a blessing from every heart. He was beautiful! The domestic parterre never yielded a bud of lovelier promise—he was the light of the hearthside. His features were even now of classic beauty. The brow, rich in the garnered treasures of a mother's kisses, was of snowy whiteness, the hair golden and glossy, and the full blue eye as mild as the depths of a summer sky.

But how changed! The chubby cheek had grown thin, and touchingly pale. The eye had lost its laughter, and looked languidly upon the group around. As the father, returning from weeks of absence, hung over the cradle, the boy awoke, and for a moment a faint smile of recognition passed like a sunbeam over the warm features. The little white teeth appeared through the partially closed lips, and the rich golden hair lay back from the pure brow. What is there so touching on earth as to watch the relentless footsteps of Death as the most loved and lovely of earth fade out in his grasp?

The child had been slumbering a moment, and the little bosom rose and fell in short and fitful breathings. The sun was going down in the west as the fourth day was drawing to a close. The flower was nearly faded—the child was passing away. The parents saw it, and yet wound all too closely around their inmost hearts were the hopes which clung wildly to the wasting treasure.

The child opened his eyes and looked around upon the group. At the moment a broad beam of sunlight came in at the window like a ray from bliss, trembled for a moment upon the beautiful hair, and then burst like a flood upon the pale features of the child. He involuntarily turned his face to the sun, and a smile, unspeakably sweeter than that sunlight, came over the wasted and bloodless lips. It seemed that upon

that golden pathway the little one was smiling back upon kindred angels in heaven!

"Mother," whispered the boy, "do they always have sunshine in heaven; and shall I see flowers, and hear the birds sing in the morning; and will all the angels be good, and love me?"

Not one could speak. The mother raised him up on the pillow so that he could see the sun as it crept so still and sweetly across the bed, while the tears burned their way down her cheeks, and fell like raindrops upon the glistening locks of the child.

"I'm going to sleep, mother; wake me in the morning. Papa—Grandpa—Ma—good-night!"

The last words were but whispers dying out, but they fell with crushing weight into the swelling hearts of the weeping group. The sunbeams still lingered upon the child's face, and, too, the same sweet and heavenly smile. The light of that sunny child-spirit was resting upon a beautiful casket it had left for ever.

"Good-night!" The night of death had gathered around the boy. The sinless pilgrim of three summers had turned aside from life's wanderings, and passed directly to heaven. A Redeemer that loved children, and his bright angels, made joyous the little footsteps across the dark valley.

Let us draw the curtain before the wild and crushing sorrow in that desolate house. There are gentle

footfalls in the depths of the night in the chamber where the beautiful dead is wrapped in its shroud, convulsive sobbing, and many a flood of scalding tears, and many a close, warm kiss clinging to the child's lips, which warble no more the melodies of childhood, nor grow light beneath the love-light of the mother's eye.

The child comes not back again, but the stricken ones can go to him. And yet, oh! how often in the stillness of the night there are spirit-whisperings of the silvery tones which are hushed on earth, a treading of little feet upon the yielding carpet, and the dreaming father starts as he feels again the thrilling touch of a little palm upon his feverish cheek! It is but a dream! The stars look out sadly from the sky, and the light snow is weaving its spotless winter-shroud over the little mound among the sleepers.

LOST.

"YESTERDAY, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, *two golden hours*, each set with *sixty diamond minutes*. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever."

Yes, gone for ever! No voice can bring them back. "*Two* golden hours!" Ah, *ages* of such jewels have been lost. Swiftly they sped and are speeding away. Every day whole troops of "golden hours" go flitting by in mirth or in grief. Some are radiant with brightness and glittering in beauty, bearing away to the past a rich freight of pleasant memories and happy thoughts. Such are welcome, as some familiar tone awakes them in the heart, and they come crowding back with their hoarded, half-forgotten treasures. Others have gone wrapped in gloom, their "diamond minutes" wet with tears, and burdened with *bitter* memories, which leave a sting behind; hours of more worth than worlds, yet ones which we would wish were forgotten. Yet, perhaps, their bitterness was chargeable to ourselves.

Every toll of the bell is a knell of a portion of time. Every throb of the heart tells us that the ocean of life will soon be passed, and its beatings hushed in

eternity. Every time we look upon the slow, lingering sunlight in the west, it tells us that a day is gone. With some, the hours drag wearily; with others, they are of more worth than a universe. To the soldier, as he pursues his solitary tread, they are long. The mariner, as he paces the deck, dreams of his home, of those nestled beneath his roof, and looks impatiently for the time when he shall greet them there. Or when the seething waters hiss around his bark, and struggle madly with the storm in the inky darkness, how slow the hours! how welcome the light of day! The prisoner in his cell, shut out from the world, from the warm sunlight and its free air, from the intercourse of friends and familiar faces, how sad the hours! Yet a right improvement of the many golden ones lost might have placed him above a dungeon. The murderer upon the fatal drop, as his eyes are shut for the last time upon the world—how priceless, then, two hours—"*two* golden hours"—to him, thousands of which he has squandered in his youth. How sacred their fading light! The dying sinner, as the noiseless messenger from another world steals to his couch, and wraps him in his spirit-arms to bear him away—how many worlds, then, for an hour! Death is with thee, and thou art not ready! The expiring lamp flashes up in the eye, and the sinking voice asks an hour. "Golden hours!" Let us improve them aright, and we shall joy to meet them again.

ROBERT LINCOLN.

ORIO-LA-CULIO—linken-too-dle!—Orio-la-culio-see! bobolinkem's in the meadow—meadow—meadow—see him here—here—here—bran new trowsers—satin vest—shiny stockings—snowy crest—love the lasses just the best—he! he! Oriola—do, by jings! by jings—*skeet!*

"Lor sakes!" Whence all that gibberish? And that, too, right over head. Sure enough! If there ain't our old friend, ROBERT LINCOLN! We might have known the voice, for none else could pour out so wild and full a gush of melody.

Well, Rob, we love thee. We loved thee in our childhood, and years have but made us love thee more. Our heart will hold thee while it beats, for brightly there, with all the sunny memories of the spring-time of life, are the recollections of thyself and thy song. There are old associations which are stirred, as if awakened by thy notes; and the fast-receding realm of childhood, beautiful in the haze of gathering years, drifts like the golden clouds of a summer sky before our vision. There is the old

meadow below the orchard, gemmed with the daisy of purest gold; the deep spring fringed with the nodding grass, and stealing away unseen to the woods; the old butternuts, and the wide-spreading and graceful elms, with their tasseled branches hanging in the winds; the rocks by the brooklet, old and moss-covered to the water's edge. And as we look, we see the flooding glory of the morning rolling on its baptism of sunshine, and hear the minstrelsy of the birds, the wild, free, and inimitable gush of the bobolinks, shrill and clear above all as they float over the meadow, their very pinions fluttering with the fulness of their melody.

"Orio-la-culio—by jings."

Reader, just look at the fellow! Faith! did you ever look upon a daintier little chap? A little foppish in his air, but so warm and hearty that all love him. That white roundabout and glossy vest, how neatly they fit him! Bob loves to appear fashionable. See his drab cap so jauntily placed upon his head, and his pants, tight to the skin. See him, with wings just raised, start along on the old fence. His eye glistens with mischief and good-humor, and up he springs as he catches sight of some lady Link hidden in the grass. He floats over the coy miss, and then, poised in air with wings tremulous, he sustains himself while he pours out a gush of song which warms the soul to hear, and then drops out of sight.

Sometimes he hides himself in the topmost tuft of some tree in the meadow, and then gives his "bird-song," with variations; and Jenny Lind, Kate Hayes, and the Black Swan, all together, cannot let off such trills and shakes. We can only now and then understand the words of his songs, for they are piled together in such dare-devil, half-mad, yet beautiful confusion, that it would puzzle any but a bobolink to understand them.

"*Ching!* Olio, la culio—I'm here again—Oh see me—in the meadow—Heigh-ho! how happy I am, by jings—by jings—by jings—temperance ball a-rolling on—old Alchy—Alchy's seen his day—old skee-zucks—skeezucks—skeezucks."

Still hovering over the spring, he appears to wet his whistle, and continues:

"Olio-la-linkum toodle — politicians shame the Devil—corner-stones and compromises — Pierce he fainted—Chippewa and soup—Scott, by jings—loaves and fishes—We're coming—Law of Maine—Maine—Maine—Oh, let us be joyful—good time coming—Cayuga Chief — spirit-knockings — Mrs. *Sweat — sweat — sweat—sweat*—Olio—*skeet*, by *jings!*"

What a rattle-pate! but his heart is full and right. He pops down into the tall grass and says soft things to Mrs. Lincoln. May Rob live a thousand years to sing in the meadow!

A WARBLER'S STORY.

In a neat little nest, deeply hidden among the boughs of a beautiful elm which overhung one of the loveliest streamlets in a neighboring field, we first saw the light of day. Under the fostering care of the kindest of parents, we daily gained in strength and beauty. We were a happy brood; and when the sun went down in the west, and its beams of mellow crimson lingered among the openings of our leafy home, how joyous it was to receive from our watchful guardians our evening meal, hear their song of praise to departing day, and with our little bills under our wings, resign ourselves to the kind watchings of the God that made us!

Time flew on, and we longed to see the world for ourselves. Oh, how well I remember that morning when, perched upon the wall of our little home, we looked out upon the world! The sun was up, bright and unclouded, and a light, curling mist was floating lazily down the stream which murmured below. Glittering dew-drops, flashing like spangled brilliants, rested upon the leaves around us—upon

every thing. Green meadows and woodlands stretched away on every side, dotted with cottages and farm-houses, with here and there a burnished dome and lofty spire. The world was full of melody. Every tree had its songster—every bird was a minstrel—and one deep, extended strain of soul-subduing harmony went up from a thousand guileless hearts to the Giver of all good.

We soon tried the strength of our pinions. I well remember the wild joy of our parents when we first fluttered to the ground. They continued to watch over us.

We soon learned the fleeting nature of earthly happiness, the ephemeral character of its hopes. Three of our little band were destroyed by the sportsmen in less than a week; destroyed, too, without the least provocation on our part. That was a bitter day, and bitter tears we shed. But God sees the sparrow that falleth. We could not but wonder, however, at the unthinking cruelty of man. We had ever loved him. We had greeted him in the field with an artless song. Beneath his very window how often we have sung to him that "morn cometh," and cheered him to his daily task! A change began to steal upon all around. Autumn came, laden with its promises and yellow gifts, yet accompanied with blight. The husbandman gathered in his crops. The garniture of the woodlands assumed a thousand hues, slowly fading, yet

beautiful. Purple, brown, yellow, and crimson leaves danced on every breeze, rustled in every path, and floated upon the bosom of every stream.

Colder and colder it grew. The sun seemed to recede from us, and often the ground was covered with snow. A monitor within warned us to depart. We must leave. Bitter thought! One keen, cloudless morning, we took a long, lingering look at every loved spot—visited the old elm by the brook-side, now leafless and dreary—warbled a broken farewell to all, and with heavy hearts unfurled our wings and stretched away toward the "sunny south." We were now exiles from our home, but 'twas our country still. We rested in the vale of Wyoming, admired its loneliness, and wondered that so bright a spot should ever have been deluged in blood. We stopped at Mount Vernon. Hallowed spot! Here sleeps the Father of his country! No sculptured marble tells where he sleeps; he needs none. His country will never forget him!

We alighted a moment at Camden, and sought out the resting-place of the lamented De Kalb. How bravely he fought for his adopted country! We sang a sweet lay over the grave of the sleeping hero, and pursued our way to Savannah. Here fell the flower of chivalry, Pulaski—the man of lion heart and iron frame—an exile from his own land—in another's battles, "the bravest of the brave." Alas

for his native land! her star has set, and Poland is no more!

A lovely land is the south, with its warm sun, its tall palms, its orange-groves and cane-fields; but it was not home. Away! o'er the Gulf we sped to the city of the Montezumas. Here was a lovely land, but rent by factions. We revelled in its tropical beauties, but early associations yet clustered around our hearts, and something whispered to us that winter was fleeing away from our youthful home. We resolved to return. With glad hearts we plumed our pinions for the joyous flight. Away! away! Oh, how free, how swift we cut the air! We found the armies of two sister republics engaged in a strife of blood. Oh, when shall war cease its work! We found the grave of the godlike woman who lost her life while braving the iron sleet of death to carry water to the parched lips of the wounded and dying—to countrymen, and to her country's foes! That was one of the brightest deeds on record. Joan d'Arc, a Cæsar, or Napoleon, are forgotten. Angels smiled while she lived—wept when she fell!

We came in sight of a lovely plain. 'T was wrapped in smoke. The thunder of cannon, the roar of musketry, and the fierce onset, told a sad tale. Heaps of dead were upon the ground. The turf was red and reeking warm with human gore. A Clay, a Davis, a Hardin, and hundreds of other gallant spirits were

here, cold in death. The sun went down, the soldier ceased his work, and we stole o'er the field in still twilight, perched upon the flag-staff, and sung—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!"

We rested at Palo Alto and La Palma. The sod so lately torn by the hoof of trampling squadrons is again green. We bade farewell to the country of the Rio Grande, where sleep more than three thousand of American chivalry. We stopped not at the "lone star"—a stigma is upon it—'tis a land of slaves!

Away! away! we were going home! One hot, sultry day, we perched upon a tree in the "Old Dominion." In the distance was floating the "starry banner" of the American republic. At our feet were toiling a weary band of Africans. We warbled forth our sweetest song. They rested sadly upon their hoes, and wept as they listened.

One bright spring morning, in March, we arrived at our early home. How glad was the meeting! Heaps of snow are yet seen, but they will soon be gone. Cold winds come piping o'er the plain, but they will soon be warm and welcome breezes. The meadows will be green again. The trees will soon come forth in their spring dress, as lovely as ever. Flowers will again spring forth in beauty and bloom from their wintry sleep. The earth will again be

robed in beauty, and teem with animated life. Our friends of the feathered race will return to their old haunts, and again raise their songs. Our old elm by the brookside will again be green, when, at morning's dawn and eve's decline, we shall raise our sinless hearts in gratitude to a God ever good, ever beneficent and kind.

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVES.

"Men of Temperance! from the graves
Where our brothers sleep,
Comes a voice, like coming waves,
Stern and deep—
From the hill-side and the valley,
And the mountain glen.
Hearken! for it bids you rally
In the might of men."

A VISION is passing before us. A spectral host is tramping by. We listen with a heavy heart to that spirit tread. They gather in darkening masses as we look, until the plains of human life are crowded with their numbers.

The sheeted dead are stirring from their long slum-

bers, and, with measured tread, are slowly gliding onward in the gloom of the vision. The unknelled and uncoffined host of ocean is here, and the long sea-weed is mingled with the undecaying locks. From the crowded cities of the dead, where commerce and trade have gathered living millions; from the quiet resting-place behind the village church, where the long grass bows rankly over the sleepers; from the mountain and the quiet hill-side, where nature weeps her tears of dew over the lost; from the hidden valley and the spreading plain; from every green spot of God's earth where man has lived, and sinned, and died, they come.

We first look upon a scene of light where sunny-browed and full-hearted youth crowd over the threshold of life. The pathway is flooded with the sunrays of hope. The fields are all beautiful and bright. The sweet poetry of heaven buds and blooms on either hand. Thus we look back, until the spectral host disappears in the better land of earliest youth.

Again we look, and behold the treacherous sea. It is studded with sails, and thousands are boldly launching there, with the sky of the future as cloudless as earth's bliss can be. As unruffled as the blue depths of a summer's sky, the waters bear them on with unseen but fearful speed. The sun smiles over-head, and gaily the bright streamers and pennons float from every mast. The shores are decked with beauty, and

hearts are beating with high hopes, and wildly buoyant with unfettered joy.

Clouds have gathered blackly in that sky, until every tower and battlement of the piling mass is inky with the footsteps of the storm. The red language of the lightning is rapidly tracing its fiery sentences athwart the sky, and bolts burst thickly in the battle strife.

See now! That sunny sea is lashed into anger. It heaves in its madness, and the white foam of its wrath leaps on the dashing crests like the ghastly faces of the dead in that fearful darkness. No sunshine there, no beacon now! The seething troughs, which yawn like the mouth of doom, are thickly covered with wrecks. Wails, and shrieks, and invocations, and cursings, die out on the blast. Gibbering fiends sit upon the creaking prows, and shout in infernal glee as they point to the false beacons which shoot up with a deathly glare where there is no haven and no shore! Anon the death-boom of the breakers mingles with the wild confusion, and drowns the cries of the lost. And as years go by, still that treacherous ocean swallows thousands of its foolish and betrayed; its bosom remorseless and never filled, and its shore burdened with its wrecked and reeking tribute of rotting dead.

We see these spectres as they pass before us, ever the same unending tide of human waste, leaping, in

the agonies of their drunken madness, into the darkest abyss where man can find a doom.

We see another vision, another spectral host. The young, the pure, and the happy have alike been prematurely swallowed in the graves. Hearts have been most keenly pierced, and crushed to the silence of death. The confiding and the defenseless, the orphan child and the widowed mother—these all come up in judgment.

And so a voice comes from the grave of every victim of the home curse. Gather them all in shadowy form, and the mind shrinks, and a chill creeps into the heart at the contemplation. How many graves thus speak! How many injured and lost ones look in sadness upon a world still groaning under the burden of suffering, want, crime and blood! God, what a gathering host! The hunger-pinched child and the heart-broken mother; the fool, the maniac, the gambler, suicide and murderer. All speak from the realm of the dead to the living. That voice is deep and fearful against the rum-curse, and, by all that is rending in human suffering or black in human crime, appeals with all the solemnity of that language which is written upon earth, on the dark walls of the alms or prison-house, or upon the burial-spots with their cold marble and heaped-up graves, to the living upon earth; the philanthropist and Christian; the freeman

patriot; to matron, sire, and son; to every heart which throbs with love for humanity, country, and heaven, which loves earth and hopes for bliss, to battle with a Christian zeal and a Christian faith against the common enemy of our country, hearths, and homes.

"God is with us—who shall falter?
Justice—who withstand?
Onward, then, for hearth and altar,
Right and native land!"

LETTERS.

"A letter timely writ is a rivet in the chain of affection."—TUPPER.

How much those sealed missives have to do with the affairs of life! Yet they are not always "rivets." Sometimes they are poisonous words that corrode and sever the brightest links. Venom burns deep and festers long, when distilled with ink and dropped from the nib. Harsh, burning words are forgotten when falling from the tongue; but, when traced upon the page, they meet the eye but to burn again. So with letters of friendship. The ones that traced them may

be forgotten, or away; yet, as they are read, the tones of well-remembered voices strike upon memory, and the very features of well-loved and familiar faces smile out again in every word. They reöpen the store-house of memory, and we are again in the midst of the friendly circle.

Letters have had much to do with the happiness and grief of the world. Silently they speed on their way, bearing joy to some, sorrow to others. They have been freighted with every feeling of the human heart. They carry the cold and studied message of the false and the formal, as well as that of the truthful and the honest—of business, friendship, love, and hate—of gratitude and truth, as well as hypocrisy and deceit—of right and of wrong—of the wary diplomatist and the warm-hearted peasant. How much the human heart has longed for a letter—how often trembled between hope and dread! The friendly missives fly between the exile from his native land and those he loves; from the distant wanderer to the friends at home, and from them to the wanderer; from fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and lovers and friends, scattered abroad from the hearth throughout the world. Blessed be letters! say we—daguerreotypes of the heart, borne with speed, and carrying to those away our love and good wishes.

The letters of a friend—we can always tell them. They are frank and unstudied; a grateful and gene-

rous warmth glowing throughout with a friendship which springs from the heart, unconstrained and unfettered. Of the business man—precise, and at a break-neck gallop, savoring of the shop; the words looking like quarter and half pound papers of coffee, tea, and spice, and the sentences measured as men measure calico, hardly stretched, and yet too short. Brief, formal, and guarded, you not knowing any more of the author's heart by his words than you do of his thoughts by his face—both as unmeaning as the patriotic professions of a politician. The lawyer—alas for clients, that they should pay for what they cannot read! The chirography of a lawyer is stiff and sharp, like his scent of a fee, and as hard as his face—as impossible to read as his conscience is to be reached. The reading of one will fog a man as badly as to listen to one of his pleas. The dunning letter—very polite—very; and always written in haste and in trouble, for want of money; winding up with "very respectfully," which means, Fork over, you rascal, or you will have a constable at your heels. The doctor's—ugh! a dread missive is this. It smells of the mortar and pestle, and gives one the chills scarcely less dreadful than one of their *bills* or *pills*. Of the two, give us the pills. If they kill, a fellow finds himself an anatomy; if cure, a pauper.

Ha! here comes the neatest of them all—gilt-edged, rose-scented, carefully sealed—the lines as

delicately traced as the tiny fingers of the fair penner; half revealing the warmth of a love she cannot or would not conceal—a more grateful incense than the fragrance without to the heart of the happy recipient. The pent-up feelings of the trusting and truthful heart are all ready to overflow, yet timidly trembling like drops upon the rose-leaf, ere they fall, faintly reflecting the depths of a woman's soul. Rosy-cheeked misses and more advanced spinsters trip in to find the seal of "faithful and true;" a gilt-edged document enclosed, and tender words in familiar characters. Old parents (God bless all their days!) tremulously inquire for the letter from the loved ones who have gone out from the home circle to battle alone. The old mother—how her hand trembles as she puts away the letter in her bosom as a priceless treasure, and hurries away to feast with her dim eyes upon the record! The young man finds one from his home, and is a better man while he reads of the sister, little Charlie, and dreams upon the door-sill of the "old folks at home." A score of people have elbowed him in passing, but his mind is away. Would that it ever would linger upon dreams so sacred in their influence! Here is a white-haired man. He has drawn the glasses from the well-worn case, and, seated on a bench, reads slowly the letter in his hand. A tear falls upon the page like the rain-drop on the autumn-leaf, and he goes sadly away. Away from the sight of his old

eyes, one of the hearth-circle has gone to rest, to attend the family reünions no more on earth. Here is a coy little Miss. She is disappointed as she looks on the list, and turns away with a toss of her head. "I'll show him," reads that tell-tale glance; and we'll bet a fig she will look as sour as two crab-apples when the unsuspecting delinquent calls to see her. Beware, Miss, how you foster such feelings. Some poor laboring man will get a dunning letter, and scowl at postage paid out. The exile will hear from his or her fatherland, and the worn messenger will be treasured as a friend from a dear spot which will remain like a holy Mecca in life's memories. Ah, well, what a history the post-office might reveal—much of it too sacred, in the pure drapery of the heart's open trust, for the outer world!

TREES.

HAD we time, it would be a pleasure to turn aside from the stern battles of life, and chat out a chapter upon trees. We love them; have a veneration for every branch and twig; for the gnarled and knotty trunk, as well as the tapering shaft which, like a mast swaying under a cloud of green canvas, springs straight and tall up towards the sky. The leaves are as green upon the one as upon the other, and we watch with silent joy the unrolling of the spring robe of rustling leaves. It is a whim, you will say; but trees seem to us like things of life, like old friends of ours; and we feel guilty as we sink the axe into their rough sides, a shiver as of pain trembling to the topmost bough. Silent and sad they seem to look down, as blow after blow opens the gaping wound to their hearts; and then their "earth-bound ties" are sundered, as with a rushing moan they sink to the earth. Some stand in the forest, green and luxuriant in their strength; while others, decayed or wrenched out by the tempest, lie mouldering as men moulder.

Yes, we have an affection for trees; we wish every

man had as much. Their shade is sacred. The leaves come with the summer-time. Though they fade in autumn, their golden and crimson sheen drapes the woodlands. Morris's song, "Woodman, spare that tree," was heart-language:

> "My heartstrings round thee cling,
> Close as thy bark, old friend!"

Among all other objects of early scenes deeply impressed upon memory, are the trees so familiar around the old homestead. Like old friends, we should joy to see them again; to hug their rough bark and climb into their branches, as in boyhood. But as the mind reverts to days when memory garnered her brightest treasures, the vista widens, and we are lost in the bright dream-land of youth.

We commenced to write about trees—the planting of trees. We wanted to urge upon our readers who own a foot of God's earth to plant trees in the fields, along the streams, and by the way-side. How little the generality of people think upon the subject! How easy to adorn and beautify our lands and homes, and yet how little of it done! Our soil is swept of its trees until there is hardly a shadow to shield man or beast from the sun's rays. The beauty of the landscape, if nothing else, would induce us to plant trees. How grateful to the eye of the traveller a long perspective of road fringed with stately trees! and yet all

our highways might be thus ornamented. Let each farmer plant upon his own soil sugar-maple, for instance, one of the most beautiful trees of the American forest, and ere long, green arches would shelter the traveller from the rays of the sun; a continuous panorama of richest-hued foliage greet the eye in autumn, and leaves rustle thickly under foot.

Yes, plant trees. Do it this spring. Rally out the boys, and line your fields with shade trees. You will be a better man. If no other act of your life is meritorious, this will be. You will not have lived entirely in vain. When you are dead and forgotten, the trees you have planted will flourish and live on.

"A BROKEN HOME!"

A SHORT time since, we left the cherished idol of our hearth-circle in the full promise of health and life, and returned but to see him die! Our home is desolate, for its purest light has faded out. WILLIE is dead!

O God, how we loved the boy! He was a child of more than rare promise—a brave, beautiful, noble-

hearted being, and all manhood in every pulse. His mind was almost masculine, and he wrestled with death with the calm patience and judgment of maturer years.

Would that in the spring-time he had gone to his long night-rest of death, when the flower, and leaf, and tiny blade were bursting out from their earth-sleep to clothe the fields in beauty. But it matters not. He wandered not alone through the dark valley, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The warm sunbeam and raindrop of spring-time will deck the resting-place of the little sleeper with smiles. Little will he heed, however, either sunbeam or cloud on earth, for there is no winter shadow in the eternal summer-sky of bliss.

Blessed hope, that death is not an "eternal sleep!" The beautiful tenement of a soul of two summers will mingle with its pillow of earth; but in the silence of the night-time we shall listen to the tripping of little feet, and the low whispering of a silvery voice; to the sweet rustling of two little angel-wings, and feel the pure touch of a tiny palm upon the feverish cheek. One of the strongest links of earth has been broken but to bind us the closer to heaven. God's will be done!

The little playthings are all put away. A deep tide of bright hopes has been rolled back in a bitter flood upon the heart. Crushed and broken, we bow to the

storm that has swept our earth, and thank God that there is a better world than this for the child.

—WILLIE! our own loved, beautiful, gentle boy, good-night!

"WILLIE."

WHY is it that our children are always educated to look upon the place where we bury our dead as a spot where ghosts and goblins hold their nightly revels? Who does not remember such impressions in some minds so deeply imbedded that years cannot efface them? Who does not remember the hour of fear, as on stealthy foot he sped by the old graveyard, where the old stones stood in the still moonlight, assuming a thousand fearful forms?

How differently we look upon these spots now! The green sod is but a gateway to a world where care, and trouble, and death are not. After life's "fitful fever," the unbroken slumbers of the "narrow house" seem welcome; for Faith whispers that the morn cometh to the sleeper, and the released spirit enters upon a brighter world than ours.

One of the sweetest and loveliest of autumn's Sabbaths is smiling around us. The sun sinks in the unclouded western sky, rich and golden in its beauty, and resting upon the earth like a flood of bliss. All is quiet, save the tolling from the old First Church, announcing to the sleepers that another is journeying to the bourne of all earth's travellers. The very air is touched with a holy stillness, and we involuntarily start as the foot is buried in the leaves which have gathered in the paths. But the rest of the dead is unbroken—no footfall disturbs their slumbers. The white marble gleams, and the maple, with its golden foliage, in the sun's beams. Here and there, from a shroud of faded leaves, the evergreen casts its shadow over the mounds, and the snow-drop lingers in its beauty.

Some were dwellers long since in this old yard. Their tombstones are covered with moss, and their names well-nigh beaten out by the storms, or effaced by the changes of time. "1796!" More than half a century ago, a sorrowing group wept around the mound which is now hidden by the briars and rank grass. How many have passed in and sought rest since that day! And still the spade is busy, and the living are passing away.

"The briefer life,
The longer immortality."

How much more cheering such words than the "Death is an eternal sleep" of the French Jacobins!

Here is a splendid shaft, broken midway, speaking of a fall in life's morn. The marble speaks most eloquently of the fearful power of a curse which has its trophies perpetual in every burying-ground in Christendom.

Here is a sad sight. A fresh mound has been raised in "Potters' Field," without stone or record. A wanderer from the Emerald Isle has lost the partner of his pilgrimage, and is bowed upon the grave where she has been placed. The boy looks on in childish wonder; he cannot comprehend the scene, as his father attempts to convey to his mind his loss. His silvery voice is hushed for a moment, but again flows out and mingles with the piteous wail of his stricken father.

Here within this vault is a sleeper whose locks were browned with the suns of two summers. There is yet no record in marble of "Willie;" but, merciful God! how deeply graven in a sorrowing heart is the image of the beautiful child! It seems but a day since he passed from earth, and yet these tears fall as hotly upon the leaves that have gathered around his resting-place as they did in the stillness of that first long and dreary night when the shroud was weaving for the lost one. It seems that he would answer as he once did, were we to speak that hallowed name. Yet we know that naught but the dust of that beautiful casket remains here. Blissful thought! The Redeemer loveth little children.

IONE MONTGOMERY.

THE BELL TOLLS! Again the sad minstrelsy of death strikes out its iron dirge in measured notes. Again! The same tale is told. The remorseless enemy of man is again in our midst. The sky is o'ercast and cloudy, and the drifting snow eddies in the whistling blast. A lone day for a funeral; cold without, and mother earth fast folding her faded bosom in her chilly white shroud. Earth is passing away. Another one has *passed* beyond the realm of snows and wintry blasts, into a spring of eternal bliss and unfading bloom. Passed away in winter! Fit time for the old to die, falling like autumn leaves to the earth in the winter of life, but cold—cold for the warm-hearted young to pass away.

"Room, gentle flowers; my child would pass to heaven!"

said Willis as he laid his child beneath the green summer's sod. 'Twas a sweet thought, for a child to pass through a pathway of flowers into heaven—a brighter bud than all, to expand where graves and winters are not. But it is winter now, and a child is

passing to its little home in the cold earth. The snow is fast falling, and the turf above its rest will soon be as white as its own lips and cheek, or the shroud around it. But the seasons will move on. The spring-time will come again, and the sweet flowers will burst from their wintry sleep upon the little girl's grave; while, in the summer of immortality, IONE MONTGOMERY shall bloom in unfading innocence and beauty.

SPEAK LIGHTLY OF THE DEAD.

SPEAK lightly of the dead. They were all our kinsmen. They had their faults; we are not faultless. How many a warm heart is still under the sod, its beatings hushed! How many a manly and lovely form has mingled with its mother earth! How many remembered—the grave has no titles among its sleeping millions. Silently they all repose together—the high, the low, the rich and the poor. Death has no palace but the coffin, no purple but the shroud. All wear it, and slumber on. Age is there; youth is there. So is infancy, with its guileless sleep. Guilt

sees in it but the opening to a dark and dreaded future; religion, but the pathway to a better land—its shadows mingled with the light of hope, which ever gleams athwart the gloom. Through it the tide of life is ever flowing to eternity, bearing youth, innocence, wealth and fame alike from the earth. How the fleet of souls is anchored we know not, nor would we; the Lord "doeth all things well." Speak lightly of the dead; theirs is a long sleep.

SPRING.

We long since laid aside a nib with which to trace a welcome to spring, in the way of a familiar chat with the reader. But a lowering sky and chilly blast have kept us shivering within the welcome latitude of fires, and we feared to drop the nib into the ink-stand, where we expected to fish up icicles and hail-stones instead of rain-drops and laughing sunshine. As we are to leave town, the subject cannot be put off any longer on "account of the weather;" and if, at the publishing of this, the spring has not ceased

to wear a frown, the reader must defer the reading until the first warm day.

We did not intend to say any thing new upon the return of spring when we commenced this article—did not commence it for that purpose. Neither do we intend to indulge in any sombre reflections upon the flight of the seasons and the rapid coming of winter again, sighing over the fleet footprints of time, instead of opening the heart to the sunshine, and the eye to another oäsis of green fields and lovely flowers in the pilgrimage of life; looking up from the faded pall which rustles upon the grave of one summer time, to the sky which again and again shall be set with the coronet of a returning sun upon an earth bursting out with new life and beauty. We only wished to say how grateful we ever are for the first breath of spring; how the heart bounds anew under its renovating influences, and rejoices as it marks the retreating footsteps of the realm of buried flowers and naked branches.

We notice that spring is more and more welcome as years crowd on. We find ourself asking if its beauties were ever before so varied and attractive, or its influences so elevating and holy. It seems to us not. As the sun of life lingers at high noon, we treasure more sacredly the spring-times in store for us, for now we turn back to watch a long retinue of such, marching back through the haze of memory. Like

blessings, they seem all the brighter after they have passed away. We grow miserly of the years, they flit so rapidly. Like the Sybilline leaves, their value increases as their numbers grow less.

We look wishfully towards the gold-colored sky of the west at the close of day. It seems like the warm blush of summer-time, and we forget the bleak aspect of earth around us. It speaks the silent and beautiful language of spring. The sky is always blue and the sunlight always bright, though clouds may sometimes intervene. So, in the winter of life, the light of spring bathes the evening sky of years with the earnest of eternal summer.

We like the cold, wintry sky, the roar of the blast, and the thunder-music of the storm; but yet the rainbow of the calm, and the sheen of earth as she smiles through the tears that have gathered on her green tresses, are grateful. There is a holy, unspeakable ecstasy in the heart at the approach of spring. Were it always spring, we should forget that the earth is so beautiful. But the warm breezes, the bright flowers and green fields that follow the retreating footsteps of winter, are all the brighter and more welcome for their sojourn at the south. So we love to watch the sunlight as it fades out in the west, even in winter-time. The heart reads its language, and leaps to the thoughts of fields once more clothed with

the poetry of earth, and chiming to the melody of glinting streams.

A heartful welcome, then, to spring. The very veins throb with new life, and the heart buds with new hopes as the buds and the flowers burst. All nature bounds with new life. The sun sweeps up in the morning in unclouded splendor, and at night leaves a wake of shimmering beauty on the cloud-waves—a pathway of crimson and gold where angels might love to tread. The woodlands are again being draped in green. The birds have come again to fill the forest arches of nature's temples with anthems of melody and praise. The fields will smile again, while here and there the "poetry of earth" shall bloom again in its beauty. The streams leap to their own singing, and bask in the sunflash. Every where is new life and new loveliness, as fresh and pure as when creation itself smiled on the morning of its completion.

As we said, we have no tears upon our cheek for the springs for ever past. We know they are gone. We turn with a smile for springs to come, knowing that, at the most, the seasons can "walk their annual round" but a few years ere the sun will fade out upon our grave. We know that the flowers burst from their wintry sleep; a holier faith teaches us that the germ of immortality will not sleep in the grave. A

mere waif in the great whole, we float down the tide of life. The swell of that shoreless ocean already turns the thoughts thitherward. A blessing, then, upon the spring suns that shine upon us in passing!

SUMMER.

THE seasons are "walking their annual round;" summer is passing away.

We know not how it is with others, but to us the spring, the summer, and the autumn seem more beautiful as years go by. The spring is more bright as its blades and flowers burst from their wintry sleep; the garniture of summer is of a deeper green; and the gorgeous and variegated hues and the mellow haze of autumn more and more lovely. Every flower, and blade, and green tree, and singing stream speaks to us of heaven, and we are better as we steal away and listen to the glorious anthem which goes up to the Great Builder of the beautiful world we live in.

We never liked the city. Its towering blocks are like prison-walls. We meet too many people, and

see too many faces. We love the country, for there is room there, and God's free air comes fresh from the woodlands and fields. In the field and the forest you can be alone, the blue sky overhead, and the hills and valleys around you. There is beauty and melody every where, and beneath the overhanging branch we get nearer God, and feel more adoration in the heart, than at the shrine where fashionable worshippers crowd and jostle in luxurious garb. The lungs expand in the country, the heart throbs with a deeper impulse, and the smoke of our own chimney-top curls upward alone from the hearthside we love.

But we said the summer was passing away. Yet how beautiful! The harvests are being gathered. In some the sheaves of grain are yet standing, while other fields of later growth are rolling like golden waves to the whispering winds. The barn doors are standing open, and the fragrance of the new hay comes delightfully to the senses as we pass. That fragrance opens the storehouse of memory; it smells as it did in childhood, when the showers came upon the old barn roof as we lay upon the mow and listened to and watched the swallows as they twittered in their mud-nests upon the rafters above the "big beam." The barn floors are covered with seeds, and the fowls hunt for the grasshoppers which have been gathered in with the hay. Some meadows are yet uncut, and the noise of the mower, as he whets his

scythe, comes across the fields as we listened to it in other days.

But we must not here attempt to look up all the treasures which memory hath garnered.

AUTUMN.

THE autumn days have come again. Its gentler sister of beautiful flowers and burdened fields has passed away. The glossy green of the meadows no longer sways in the winds; the seas of harvest gold do not lift their yellow waves to the kiss of the breeze. The blight and decay of the passing season is mingled with the teeming promise of bounteous, loveliest autumn. Beauty is blended with desolation—sadness with delight. There is a hectic flush upon the landscape, the language of decay written upon forest and field.

All nature seems in a dreamy, half slumbering state. Earth, air, stream, field, and sky appear like a dream. A dreamy haze, mellow in the dull and chastened sunlight of autumn, hangs like a delicate

golden gauze on the hills, and floats down the valleys. The sun has lost its fierce glare, and struggles languidly through a cloud of smoky vapor, and goes down in a sea of most gorgeous crimson. The very streams have a dreamy murmur as they flow; their music is like the liquid melody of our dreams. The winds are silent. The moonlight comes down in a milder flood, and baptizes the night-curtained earth in the light of the land of dreams.

A soothing, saddening silence creeps over the earth and pervades the senses as we wander over the stubbled fields. The swallows are not wheeling through the air, or dipping their arrow-like pinions in the still waters. A hushed, tremulous anthem lingers in the forest, lately so vocal with harmony, as the summer minstrels await their southern flight. There is a dreaminess in the sound of the insects. The autumn cricket sings until his simple and monotonous notes have a plaintive beauty about them as we sit in the sunshine and listen.

How much of beauty there is in autumn! and yet we contemplate it with sadness. The boughs rustle mournfully. Consumption is stealing over the earth as it does over the beauty of man. The leaves already rustle in the paths about our homes, and from the forest begin to whirl and dance in the winds. The forest sea of deep green is fast cresting with the gold, and crimson, and russet tinge which follows in the

wake of the frost-king. And that sea of green will grow all the more lovely as the season glides onward. We know that such beauties are fleeting. The "sere and yellow leaf" is but a step from the waste of winter; but what a beautiful pathway to that realm of bare fields and leafless branches!

The flowers are all going—the wild flowers of nature. Their leaves are scattered upon their own earthly tomb like the hopes and affections of man. The poetry which has been trilled in sweetest harmony by the voices of the birds, and winds, and streams, has left no record but in the memory, where the fragrance lingers with undying freshness. We cherish that fragrance, and know that the flowers will bloom again. They will burst from their wintry tomb! We know they will. The language of beauty will linger in the hidden germ, to bear record of God's goodness again, as another summer's sun shall awake their leaves and petals to another life of fleeting beauty.

Beautiful, dreamy, saddening autumn! speeding away on a fading wing; dying out as the winds die out—as the murmur of the streams—the singing of the birds—the fading of the flowers—the light of its skies. All fading! So fades the vigor of manhood into the wasting infirmity of the winter-time. Like its leaves, so fall the hopes of that manhood to the ground.

We are not writing an essay; yet out of our heart's fulness we must note a passing farewell to that season of the year whose influences steal so gratefully and calmly over us. With a tear in our nib we speak of the season so fleetly passing by. More and more and more lovely, the autumn appears as years gather upon us; and at each farewell we turn with a sadder smile to linger and love. We look out with a feeling of regret. How beautiful, and yet fading! Like the hectic flush upon the cheek of the consumptive, the crimson and scarlet hues linger upon the forest, but its very loveliness is the language of decay. So fade and fall the aspirations of earth. But over the resting-place of the virtuous and honored dead there is a flood-light of crimson and gold brightly lingering even till the footsteps of the winter of death wither all that is earthly.

Here we are in the old woods, alone and happy. As young and guileless as in years gone by, the heart beats in this great temple of nature. We will have one more communion with the winds, the streams, and rustling leaves, before winter begins weaving its shroud over all; one more pilgrimage to the leaf-crowned altars!

We turn gladly from the jarring tramp of the city. Ah! how calm, how gratefully sweet are all the influences here. Away with drawing-room etiquette! we will stretch out at full length upon the rustling leaves

and velvet green of the sward. We look upward through the openings in the trees where the sky lifts its blue dome, its clouds of fleecy white drifting by as we gaze.

And so drift away the dreams of life!

The brooklet trills its low melody, and here, where the rich sunlight flecks the ground, a swarm of insects on gossamer wing dance and mingle their softer hum. The yellow-bird, with a note half gay, half sad, comes rising and falling to the forest's edge, and picks his dainty meal from the thistle beside the fence. Here comes a downy sail, now lifted up and then falling to the earth. So with the good deeds of men. They are swept onward, and on some spot linger as the seed, to germinate and bear fruit.

A whole cloud of black-birds have perched upon the old, dry hemlock. What chatterboxes they are! all talking at the same time, and in a language at the same moment strangely musical and confused. They need no "outside sentinel," for the subject of their discussion is not precisely understood by us. Their voices are clear, however, showing that they never wet their whistles with any thing but good liquor. What a contrast with their noise, the dream-like song of the cricket under this old log!

What a carpet of leaves around us! A modern designer would be at fault here. What a wealth of varied and gorgeous coloring, every dye mingling, and

blending, and fading out, until the eye is weary for the moment, and closes upon the scene! Gold, and crimson, and scarlet, and the deeper-hued russet and brown, are all woven in beautiful harmony. Upon the maple there is yet a cloud of golden canvas, and of russet upon the oak. Through a vista, and far off on the distant hills, the autumnal haze hangs like a curtain of blue gauze; over all the mellow sunshine resting in its unclouded splendor. All is calm, lovely, dreamy. How much of happiness a footfall would now disturb! Away over the hill there is a cloud of dust going up, and the hum of the thresher comes faintly to the ear. Yet it mingles not discordantly with that great anthem which, in its low, deep eloquence, this day goes up.

But this broad island of sunlight has silently removed up the hill, and left us in the shadows. We did not hear the footsteps on the leaves! The footsteps of time are as voiceless.

But a few days, and the breath of winter will scatter the last autumn leaf, and over all the snowy shroud will be woven. Yet, blissful hope! from the wintry tomb of the seasons new flowers, and blades, and whispering leaves will spring up, and the warm sunshine and rain-drops linger there. And so, after the winter of life, new hopes will burst forth to bloom perennial in the sunshine of eternal summer.

Adieu! There is joy mingled with our sadness, for autumn will come again.

WINTER.

WINTER is passing away, and the treacherous mantle of spring will soon undermine its rigid sway.

As the bright dreams of youth drift along, how changed are all things! The winters are not as they once were. They speed by like a winter-cloud, still faster as years sweep along.

What joys we used to have in winter-time! How many pleasant and sacred associations are linked with the annual coming of this season of the year!

There was the old schoolhouse on the hill-side, and the pond below. We are told that the old weather-beaten structure has passed away. We love to cherish the memory of its moss-grown roof and well-worn door-sill. It was our only Alma Mater.

What sports at "noon-spells," gliding down that steep hill with our hand-sleds, or battling behind our mimic battlements of dampened snow! And then on the pond with skates! or in the bright moonlight evenings, when girls and boys were packed upon a chain of sleds, and shot away with laugh and shout. Ah, jolly tumbles there were in the crispy snow. And

how carefully we watched over and seated some little miss upon the best sled, and felt proud of being a protector! Childish love! as pure as the dreams of childhood, budding unconsciously in mid-winter, to bloom only in the past.

But we cannot here write of winter all that floods up in the heart.

Youth stood on the threshold of manhood, and yet winter was a season of joy. Singing-schools, spelling-schools, evening parties, &c., made many a sunny spot in the pathway of young life. The heart holds no brighter dreams than those woven in winter-times long since gone by.

A sleigh-ride in winter! Such an event was a whole history of enjoyment. The snow came down silently as excited young gents commenced preparations. A sleigh was rigged with seats all round, buffaloes and bells engaged, and horses harnessed. The team was soon on the move, and then the gathering up of the girls. It was a pleasure to help the creatures—mere bundles of cloaks, tippets, and muffs—into the sleigh.

All are in, and a merrier load were never launched on a winter's night. Tongues wagged and throats gushed with clear, silvery laughter, bells jingled, and the happy-hearted load sped away over the well-beaten path.

A light ahead, glimmering through the thickening

snow. With a sweep, the load stands at the door, and the horses champ their bits impatiently. There are heads at the windows peering out, and some already in the door. There is no cessation of talk; one after another recklessly leap upon brawny arms, and alight upon the ground. Midst the buzzing of merry greetings the girls are hurried into the house, and their shawls and bonnets are taken care of. Curls have been twisted awry, and each of the dear creatures must have a glance at the glass to make all straight.

The parlor door is thrown open, and the sight sends a most pleasant glow to the very heart. There is a bright, cheerful blaze, and every thing is so comfortable!

And now for a happy time! After quick, searching glances to see that some "particular star" is not missing, the tide of talk bursts out. Tongues all run together, until there is a regular bedlam of sounds and laughter. Groups gather in different parts of the room; and even in the midst of that hurly-burly, many a sly glance and whispered word go out on their errand, and cause young hearts to beat strangely.

Refreshments are handed round, and the fire replenished. The fun goes on unabated and unclouded, till the small hours of night give warning. Some mischievous girl has turned back the old clock in the hall, but winter parties must break up.

Little groups here and there continue their amuse-

ments, until there is a shout and a sound of bells at the door. Then what a hurrying! Things are put on with nimble fingers, while now and then some more venturesome fellow volunteers to tie on a certain little bonnet, not forgetting to see and test the face that's under it as the light is momentarily borne into the hall for some stray glove or "comforter."

Good-bye! Hearty, soul-felt, joyous good-bye! There is a touch of feeling in the sobered tones, for such are happy meetings. A thousand good wishes are left with the people of the house.

Ah! one of your load has been playing the truant in the hall, and now comes blusteringly forward, followed by one of the girls of the house, with a tell-tale flush on her warm cheek! We'll bet—but no, we won't tell. But we know what has been going on, nevertheless. We side up closer to one in the sleigh, and say nothing. We would have done just so, too.

Whoop! Away we dash at a sweeping pace, the bells jingling and the iron grumbling on the cold track. The load is somewhat sobered, but yet a low hum of hushed voices is heard. How strangely the load has gathered into pairs! and as a matter of safety, there is an arm around every half. Ah! how many hopes were lit up in the heart, how many blessed dreams, as careless hands met in those muffs!

A girl is left, and another, and another. The rest have relapsed into silence, after bidding the low

"good-bye!" We will not tell how many hands were pressed as the girls were guided to their doors—or lips, if out of sight of the load in the sleigh.

The last one is out. "Drive ahead, I'll be along in a moment," says the chap who stands with her on the door-step. How he lied! He did not *intend* to be along, for a light struggled through the treacherous rush curtains until the blush of daylight—so a little sister said the next morning at school! And the next day there were two subdued, yet happy countenances on the back seat.

— A grave question had been put and answered behind those rush curtains. So we guessed!

Such evenings are gone! But we love winter for their sake. He wore a thousand smiles in those days, and we greet him with smiles now.

APPLE-CUTS.

MEMORY, moonlight, and women! Blessings which beam around the pathway of man. The one brings back the record of other days, beautiful, bright, unclouded. The next is inseparably connected with long sittings and bright eyes under the porch in summer-time. And yet, again, the last is a more tangible embodiment of both moonlight and memory, bringing to mind the old times of late nights in the parlor, apple-cuts, sleigh-rides, and "mittings."

Ah! there was nothing like moonlight at the threshold of manhood. Sunshine was a dull affair, compared with moonshine; for we often watched, as we well remember, with feverish anxiety the waning glory of the former, on the eve of some old-fashioned merry-making, or when some engage—ahem! The daylight would betray; but the mild beams of the sister of the night guarded the swift but wary footsteps across the fields. The heart bounded in every step, for both were as light as the dreams of that dreamy period. Alack-a-day! how many castles were built and tenanted with some fair deity in calico,

which tumbled into ruins while, perhaps, the dear creature smiled vulgarly upon some more favored worshipper, and became the inmate of some less airy, but more substantial dwelling!

But we were speaking of moonlight. A few weeks since there were some of the most beautiful nights that were ever silvered—as bright as of yore, if not so much enjoyed. They reminded us of—well, of many things—apple-cuts, for instance.

Reader, did you ever attend an apple-cut?—one of the regular old-fashioned mass-convention apple-cuts? If you have ever lived in a new country, you are posted up on these matters. How much of fun and frolic! how many of right happy hours! There is something worth remembering about the times we speak of. They speak of youthful days and pleasures, when lads and lasses ran wild with unfettered sport. "Snap 'em and catch 'em" was not minced in those days, nor laughter and kissing done by rule. And then what lots of 'em! Every house and cabin gave up its young, until the rude tenements were stuffed to the very pumpkin-poles. On horseback and on foot they came; by singles and by dozens. Old bachelors and old maids, stalwart young men and bounteous gentle ones, with forms of real flesh and blood, of no childish dimensions. Nor these alone. Even a younger strata of little folks flooded in until every corner and "cubby-hole" was filled to its utmost.

And then the wagging of tongues and the cross-firing of tender glances commenced.

But we have no time to write a history of details now. The last tubful was pared; pans, knives, and peelings quickly gathered up; all seated that could be, after a wash in the yard; and the pie was handed around. And then came a—calm. All shrank from starting a play. At last some wide-awake girl makes a bold attack upon a fellow, and the next moment a couple are circling around them as they stand up in the middle of the floor. The ring fills up. From stairway, bed-side, and chimney-corner they are snapped out, and round and round they go, over chairs, across the hearth, pulling calico awry, and tearing coats from the boys, down on the floor and again on the canter, until the whole scene was one of glorious, joyous hubbub. How some of those girls would run! It was a neck's risk to catch 'em; but when they did turn at bay, the way they surrendered!—it makes our mouth water to think of it—it does. Then the ring was made, and strange matches were then made. The "needle's eye," "sister Phebe," "old winter," "scorn," "hunt the thimble," "blind man's buff," and a thousand and one good old pastimes were entered into with an energy and buoyancy of feeling which wore the night swiftly on. Even the old lady of the house was pressed into the sport, and her matronly cheek gallantly remembered by her

young guests. Little fellows reached eagerly up after the hard-won reward of a close chase after some tall but light-footed girl, and long-legged gents stooped like hawks swooping down upon plump and panting specimens of sweetness *not* "long drawn out." But even apple-cuts must come to an end. "Things" are hustled on, while bashful gallants stand in ludicrous embarrassment, with their hats twirling in their hands. Trying times! Some are lucky and some unlucky. There is a peeping under bonnets, and an awkward crooking of elbows, where tongues cannot falter a word. Hearts are broken but to heal and be broken again. Others beat with a strange and mysterious ecstacy at the sight of a familiar shawl or hood; while yet others, older and more hardened in the process of dreaming, breaking, and healing, go cosily home in the moonlight, and by some open window in the homestead append a second scene to the night's entertainment, and talk, and listen—and—and continue to talk and listen with heads *so* near together, until a shrill voice from the barn puts an end to dreams that are not all dreams. Younger fry mount the bar-posts, and make themselves merry over the conduct of the older and more advanced.

Commend us to an old-fashioned mass-convention apple-cut for uproarious fun, and healthy, unstinted kissing, in the "good old days of yore."

HONOR THE AGED.

TREAT the old people with kindness and respect. Hardly a day passes that we do not notice much which is deeply painful. A true-hearted man and gentleman will honor old age and its gray hairs. The ill-bred treat the old rudely, and laugh at their tottering steps, or old-fashioned manner or speech. The Arabs honor the aged. It is a beautiful feature in human character, a veneration for the aged. We love the man or woman who looks reverently upon those whose steps are fast going down to the grave.

Young people too often shun the aged, as though their infirmities were contagious. Old hearts are grieved at such treatment. They cling fondly to the young, and feel quickly the kindly tone and helping hand. His mind has garnered a wealth of observation and experience, and he is ever happy to converse. His heart beats quickly to the voice of youth, and the dim old eyes kindle with light as he talks of the past.

We love the old man or woman. They are but a little way advanced on the pathway of life. A few brief years at most, and we, if life is spared, shall

stand in the dim twilight of two worlds. Do the young ever think of this? Do they ever dream that years will still steal upon them, until their black locks are gray and their strong limbs shrunken and tremulous? Does the spring-time of years last to the journey's end—no autumn or cheerless winter? No, no, young man or maiden. You, too, are growing old. You would not like to be shunned because time had carried you into the "sere and yellow leaf" of earthly existence. Shun not others, then, for it is painful to witness such neglect of that veneration and respect which is due to those who, like ripened shocks, are awaiting the harvest of death.

"Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,—
Let such in peace depart."

Speaking of old age—while in the cars, we noticed an incident which filled our heart with pleasant thoughts. An aged couple were seated together, their heads both gray, and their eyes dim and sunken. Both, through fatigue, had fallen asleep, the wife leaning upon the still broad-shouldered husband. It was a beautiful sight. Thus through half a century they had journeyed together—the rugged oak and the clinging vine. There were hallowing thoughts as we watched them. It would have excited no attention to

have witnessed the young wife thus leaning upon the choice of her young dreams, and a future all bright with hope. But after all the ardor of youthful love and affection had passed through the ordeal of life's realities, then to see the old wife still leaning upon the arm with so much childish confidence and trust, was a scene of most touching and hallowing beauty.

T. W. B.

THE NEW WORLD.

WHAT great idea has ever had birth in America? asks Carlyle; what great man has she ever produced? If the conceited Englishman had reflected a moment, answers to these questions would have suggested themselves both from the past and the present. Give England her due. We point with pride to her greatness. Her power is gigantic. Her bayonets glance in the sun like a girdling hedge of steel as the earth rolls around; her marine darkens every ocean, and her flag, at the mast and on the rampart, rolls out on every breeze the wide world through. Ah! England is great, but ages have glided on while the now hoary

fabric of her dominion has been rising from the sea-girt isle to fill the world with Saxon fame. While Greece flourished and fell, while Rome was urging her eagles on to conquest, the waves of the western ocean dashed in solitude against the shores of a savage island in the midst of the waters. The classic fields of the one are covered with ruins, and the power of the other has crumbled to decay; but England has arisen until her pulse gives tone to the political and commercial movements of the globe. We do not blame the Englishman for being proud of his country, of her commerce, her army and navy, her groaning machinery, the fame of her statesmen, scholars, and poets, her moss-covered castles which have stood for ages, her parks, green hedges, and fertile fields. Yes, give old England her due.

Now turn westward, where a new world has arisen. Less than four hundred years ago it was one vast empire, slumbering in the chaos of barbarism. Two hundred and thirty years ago, the Mayflower furled her sails and the Pilgrims knelt upon Plymouth Rock, a trackless ocean between them and civilization, and a wilderness before them. Seventy-four years ago, the representatives of the old Thirteen Colonies, in Congress assembled, flung back defiance to the British empire, and proclaimed themselves free and independent. Here was one of the grandest ideas that has ever had a record in the world's history, one

which has immortalized the American name through all time. How brief a period in history! Less than a century since, our nation travailed in blood for the existence of that government which is second only to Great Britain herself in power and dominion. The energy of our people has overleaped all barriers. More than twenty millions of people repose under one government, and yet

"Empires unknown in bright solitudes lie."

State after State has sprung forth, Pallas-like, from the wilderness. Cities send back their busy hum. Her broad, deep streams, sweeping from the snows of the north to the tropics, are burdened with commerce. Her inland lakes are the highways of fleets. Her limits are bound with a net-work of iron. Her canals yield up the waters of the West to those of the East. Her mines are revealing her wealth. Her schoolhouses are nestling upon every hill-side. Her commerce is found in every port in Christendom. Her arms are every where triumphant, and her banner of stars is known and loved wherever it floats. No, no; there is no land like our land, no government like our government, no people like our people, no prairies like our prairies, no lakes like our lakes, no rivers like our rivers, and no mountains like our mountains, nodding to each other in grandeur from ocean to ocean, and towering upward until lost in blue. —Buncum, or Buncombe!

Look at America! The heart beats with pride, and yet her birth-day dates back but seventy-four years! Among her battle-fields are Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown, of one war; Lundy's Lane and New-Orleans of another; and Palo Alta, La Palma, Buena Vista, and Cerro Gordo, of a third. Both on land and sea, her heroism is the most brilliant on record. Her Adamses and Henrys have thrilled the world with their eloquence. Her statesmen have given to man the most perfect system of human government the world has ever seen. In science, mechanics, and arts, she points to stars of the first magnitude.

But we are digressing in following the train of thought suggested by Carlyle. We can say of our country as Webster said of Massachusetts: "Here she stands! She needs no eulogium. Fame is familiar with her history, with her statesman and heroes, her vast resources and her glorious destiny, as marked in the threshold of her career."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

WE mortals are continually undergoing change; we shift along from infancy to old age—from the cradle to the grave. The bud becomes a flower; the flower blooms for a season in loveliness and beauty; at last it fades and soon dies away. So with the human race. The infant becomes a youth; the youth enters the age of manhood, has high aspirations, and, amid the vanity of earthly things, seeks fame and glory, and the applause of his fellow-man. Time, which makes all things change in its unceasing course, multiplies the cares of years upon his brow. Change is busy still. Old age creeps slowly upon him, and he becomes feeble and imbecile. He is travelling fast towards the grave. Behold the victim of change! That rosy-cheeked infant, who years ago played in its sweet innocency upon its mother's knee, is now an aged man, with furrowed brow, gray hair, pale cheeks, and feeble limbs, moving slowly along in second childishness. At last death relieves him of

all his earthly cares and troubles, and he goes to his long, last home beyond the grave. Such is the vicissitude of man. To-day he is happy, the distant future seems gleaming with brightness to him, his heart is light and cheerful, and his brow unclouded. To-morrow disappointment and grief meet him in their gloomiest form, the future is dark and uninviting, the bright beams of hope have vanished, his heart is heavy and sorrowful, and his brow is clouded with care and fevered with anguish.

Look at that fair girl. She is young, and as warm-hearted as lovely. She never yet has tasted of the bitter cup of sorrow, nor her eyes wept the tears of anguish. That young heart is always glad and full of joy, for grief is a stranger there; and a sweet smile lingers constantly upon her fair, rosy cheek, for she has no cares to trouble her. Mark well the change as years multiply upon her brow. Watch those cheeks as their fresh hue fades slowly away. The golden sunbeams vanish from the western sky at evening; that clear sky has been clouded, and the storm has darkened its loveliness. The hand of change has been there. She is a wife; and as time advances, cares increase and troubles multiply. She is a mother; and age is furrowing that snowy face, stealing the sweetness from that lip, quenching the fire of that dark and once charmful eye, whitening that hair which hung in lovely ringlets upon that neck of marble

whiteness, and care is marked upon her brow. The sweetness of that flower has faded, and at last it withers and is nipped from its stem. But mankind are not alone the victims of change. All nature bows in humble submission to it.

"Change is written on the tide,
On the forest's leafy pride;
On the streamlet glancing bright;
On the jewelled crown of night;—
All, where'er the eye can rest,
Show it legibly impressed."

Reader, we too are changing—daily changing. We must silently submit to it; ever remembering that, when death ends our earthly existence, we shall enjoy the peace and happiness of a world that knows no change.

KINDNESS.

THERE are ten thousand little acts of kindness which fall silently but pleasantly in the pathway of life. They may come like the rain-drop, and yet the sunshine of heaven beam as brightly as upon the bosom of the lake or river. Kind acts are cheap. At how little cost they can be scattered! A smile, or a word, or a friendly deed, sheds happiness upon those who confer, and those who receive. There are untold sources of pleasure, of happiness, sealed to a great mass of people. A smile of thankfulness upon some sad face—a throb of gratitude in some sorrowing heart—a tremulous "God bless you!" from some unfortunate one; how rich the reward! A rich but discontented man was once about to throw himself into the river, when a haggard and hunger-pinched creature asked him for alms. "How much will make you happy?" asked he. "A shilling!" eagerly answered the pauper. The man drew his purse from his pocket and gave her all, and went home with strange emotions in his heart. A fountain had been opened in his bosom, of which he knew not. He had

found a source of happiness. "Here is a poor creature," said he, "who is made happy with a shilling, and I, with thousands at command, was about to destroy myself. I will commence life anew, for there is much to live for." It may not be comprehended by those whose souls are walled in with ice, but we have been the happiest when contributing a mite—ours is but a mite—to the hungry and needy. We have turned away hurriedly from their tremulous words and starting tears with a heart full of ecstacy, and stepped with a lighter foot, and looked more hopefully up to the blue sky over us. How beautifully this little diamond glitters in this place:

KINDNESS.

"A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern:
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;

"He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.

"He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life besides."

TRUE FRIENDS.

THE world without has its storms, but the "sun is still shining." Life has its storms. Thickly its shadows overcast the brief pilgrimage of man. But there are patches of sunny sky; bright, beautiful resting-places by the wayside, upon which we look even as they go back in the haze of time's distance.

There is no sweeter element in the cup of life than the joys of true friendship. Some of the purest happiness springs from the holy union of friendly hearts. We do not speak of "summer-weather friends," whose attachments are like the frail beauty of the summer-time, but of those who are ever true in the winter of adversity and affliction; weeping with those that weep, and mourning with those that mourn; and whose friendships smile through the winter's blast, and bloom all the brighter when all has faded. There are such friends in the world. Their kind letters for a time past have fallen gratefully upon the sorrowing hearts of our home. We cannot publish all of those which were written with that view, but they are none the less prized.

TEARS.

TEARS are often looked upon as evidences of weakness. Guard us from the being that never weeps! Not for the world would we be deprived of the power of shedding tears. We love to weep in a world where there is so much to weep over. The tear bespeaks a heart that feels; it is the rain-drop upon the kindly sympathies which bloom rich and fragrant in the human breast. Not a day goes by but we read or reflect upon something that opens the "fountain of feeling." We love to trace the eventful course of the American Revolution, and weep with grief over its reverses—with joy over its triumphs. How often we have wept—freely wept—at the scene of George Washington's parting from his army!

No, no; a blessing on tears. The bravest have shed them—the iron-nerved soldier as well as the fragile woman. The poet says of the field of battle—

> "Be sure the hand most daring there
> Has wiped away a tear."

They are voiceless, but eloquent spirits, which gleam alike upon the bronzed or the velvet cheek.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

"WHEN I get to be a woman, I'll go out and wash for the ladies, mother; and when I come home, I'll put ivery cint of it upon the table for ye, I will, mother."

Thus, sadly and earnestly, spoke a little Irish girl of six years of age, one of a family of four children, as the widowed mother dragged her weary limbs to her scantily furnished room after the drudgery of the day.

The world is full of poor. In the battle of life they are hardly thought of. What business has a man or woman to be poor?

Last season, while at work, a poor but hard-working Irishman fell dead, leaving a wife and four children who had been dependent upon his toil for their bread. Here was trouble. The landlord was afraid he should lose a few dollars and cents. He was certain that a poor woman, with a family of children, could not pay him for rent. And so he rented the dwelling to another, without a word said to the widow. When he warned her out, she said she could work and pay the rent. But if she should be sick

he would lose it! and so he ordered her out, for his word had passed that another should take her place. After nightfall she was compelled to turn out and seek another roof to cover her and her children. Here again the landlord was afraid of losing his rent. But a friend became responsible, and the widow and her little ones again had a place to rest their heads. But the rent is exacted in advance. The woman goes out a-washing, day after day and week after week. Six days' hard toil goes to pay the rent of four weeks. Many a day has she thus gone to her work, leaving a sick child to children's care, expecting to find it dead at night. Here is heroism. Here is a stern wrestling with poverty, which brings out the sublime qualities of the woman and mother. The little girl whom we alluded to in the commencement was a beautiful creature, a bright gem in the circle that hovered around the scanty board and welcomed the mother from her toils.

The little girl was taken sick and died. We saw the procession winding over the hill, and knew, by the bell, that another was "passing away." The widow has one the less mouth to toil for, but one the less gladsome smile to greet her. The chords of affection and love are as strongly woven into the hearts of the poor as of the rich and well-to-do. Well, the poor will have no rent to pay, or bread to toil for, in heaven.

BIRDS.

THE flowers are called the poetry of the earth, but the birds give utterance to its music. There is no improvement in nature's orchestra, thank God. The same style has come down from creation's morn, as inimitable now as then, and as welcome to the lover of sweet sounds. The same great anthem, with all its parts unchanged and unbroken, swells up in summer-time from the temples where untaught throats pour out melody that steals into the heart like the gush of glancing streams. That wild-wood harmony is as pure now as then, swelling and bursting at morn, and dying out in sweet echoes at eve. Art has no vesper-hymn like that which steals out at eve, and floats upward like an incense of praise. Jenny Lind can warble well for a woman, but one "bird-song" from the robin in the morning, at daybreak, is as much beyond the power of the Swedish Nightingale as the mind can conceive. Yet thousands, who run crazed after Jenny Lind, will not get out of their beds to hear a better bird-song than hers.

Speaking of birds, the custom of shooting them is heathenish and cold-blooded. They are blessings to the man that tills the soil, and yet the loaded musket is their only reward. We once killed birds in our wantonness—God forgive us!—merely to test skill with the rifle. But we received a bitter lesson. While once passing to the woods we carelessly fired at a bird, caring only to discharge the gun so as to make the next fire sure. We wounded a bird which sat upon the fence. We felt guilt-stricken at once, and attempted to catch it. Failing in that, we thought it would be humanity to shoot it. Before we could load our rifle, it had fluttered across a field, where we followed it, and found the panting sufferer at its nest, and its blood dripping upon its young! We never think of that act of ours without a pang—a keen, startling remorse. We cannot forget it. Our cruelty flashed upon us in all its nakedness, and we cringed under our reflections like a guilty butcher, as we were. We never see boys go out with their muskets, or hear the report of a gun, but we remember how unthinkingly we once destroyed the beautiful and artless songstress of God's creation.

Thurlow W. Brown.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE.

We love to sit for hours, and watch the moving panorama of humanity as it moves along the street. It is like reclining upon the shore and watching the tide of life as it flows on, and marking the characters of the fish in the stream. A scaly set, as a general thing. The great ones live by eating the little ones; all knowing as owls, and yet all biting at the naked hook!

Mostly minnows, however, that swarm by, riling the water terribly, but themselves of little consequence in the great ocean of human life. Here is a chance for a study, as we look into the street. It is not a bad place to read character. The tide of busy feet is ever flowing. Almost every conceivable specimen of humanity is here seen. Human nature is here written out in every phase upon the figures that move before the eye as the living diorama unwinds around the corner. Every extreme is mingled and blended, and we peer under bonnets and hat-brims for new speci-

mens of the human face divine. You may judge men here at a glance. The physiognomy reveals much—the toss of the head, the manner of walking, or the poise of the hat. Now we can take a cursory glance at the book of human nature, as its thickly written leaves turn over one by one.

Some are fair to look upon, and are cleanly written over with a bright record, in a neat hand; while some are most miserably blotted and blurred, some thumbed and soiled, and some almost entirely blank.

And then the quality of the paper, and the letter-press. Some coarse, made from poor material, and poorly finished. Others, of the heavy and solid, and capable of receiving and retaining indelible impressions. Some are gilt-edged and neatly glossed, like the exterior of some people; while within a damning record is written upon every page! Here's your tissue-paper, or silk with a satin border, the dandy-page of both sexes, nice to the touch, rustling like a gossamer, but of no use save to set off the more solid and useful. Here's a page of blotting-paper, a true emblem of your tattling, gossiping, meddling busy-body, who sucks out and retains the spots from every man's character, every one glaring through from side to side, indefinitely spread, and looking a thousand times worse than the original. Here's your enamelled page, beautiful to look at; but touch it carefully—there is *rouge* there! The surface is easily soiled and

broken. It has a splendid appearance. The coquette is an enamelled leaf, fit only for cards to hand around at balls and parties, or for merchants and dressmakers to herald their fancy wares. Here's a leaf of coarse wrapping-paper, not so beautiful to look at, but among the most useful, for it wraps up and keeps the substantials of life; turns its rough surface to the wear, to preserve that which we most love and prize. A true type of your hard-fisted, sun-burned laboring man and mechanic—a page worth as much as any in the book. Yet dainty dames, whose honest mothers have done housework all their days, and whose fathers worked out for a living until industry, luck, or rascality brought them wealth, turn over such leaves with curling noses and shrinking fingers.

SHADOWS.

THE soul is swept by the shadows of memory, as the sky is by summer-clouds. Sometimes, uninvoked, they sweep by even in the crowded street, and we pass the throng unheeding, while slumbering memories, so mysteriously waked into life, draw us again back to a realm gone by—a realm of other days, a land still thickly peopled with forms of beauty and light as they glowed in the sunshine of youth.

There is many a chord which vibrates to the heart's inmost core with long-forgotten music. Those chords are often touched when most unexpected. Again, a tone of the voice, a word, some familiar air will bring a bright world back to us at a flash, like a passing dream of happiness. What a throng of familiar scenes and faces! trooping by as vividly as at their early birth. Well, the heart is better as that purer tide of memories flows back with its sunny freight, its clear and sparkling waters mingling with the turbid streams of sterner life.

Speaking of shadows: They flit away as strangely as they come. The storm howls without, and beats dismally upon our office windows. The sky is thick and gloomy as we look beyond the spire of the church. Shadows are creeping over us. Hist! Some one beneath has touched a guitar, and what a blessed magic there is in that touch! 'Tis but a tone, a single tone; and yet how holy in its influence! Its vibrations have stirred a fountain in the weary heart, and a flood of calming, pervading happiness wells up and bears away all sadness. The toil-worn spirit of a moment since now soars and leaps in ecstasy, in an indefinable, hopeful happiness, as a single tone trembles and dies away. Thank God for the harmony which is like oil upon the waters!

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.

We hear that the human heart is a harp of a thousand strings; but do not always reflect upon what is thus heard—that the faintest touch, the lowest and gentlest whisper of the more sacred and distant of life's memories, will bring out a vibration of harmony which fills the spirit with a flood of bliss. We walk through the crowded street and jostle each other, while the mysteries of the inner life are waving and changing like the white clouds of a summer sky.

And that inward melody—the music of that world unseen—is ever breathing its calming influences upon the spirit which, without, may wrestle so coldly with the opposing currents of life.

The least sound, or word, or look, will often awaken the slumbering music of the heart. Often, too, it comes as if unbidden by a single breath, and, like a gleam of sunshine through the storm, gilds the cloud-sky of the darkest hour. We have sometimes heard the music of the church-bell as its waves came across

the fields, and forgotten for the time the world without, the hushed spirit yielding and floating away with its retreating echoes. And so with music. One of the "good old songs of yore," as breathed from the soul of the Hutchinsons, is to us worth more than wealth or fame. They carry us back. Like a tired wanderer, the spirit revels in the treasured bliss of days which can come no more, and is young again in the dream-land of happiness and youth. There is a bird, one of the earliest of spring, that never fails to thus wing us to the past as its simple wood-note gushes out in song. It sounds as it did in the spring mornings at the old homestead, and we see them again hopping upon the hedge where the briers grew so thickly between the meadow and orchard. Each stone, and knoll, and tree, how vividly left on the memory! We listen to the bird, and dream that all around that holy spot is as it then was.

WATCHING SPIRITS.

THIS is a day when spirits are freely talked about, whether good or bad. That class of beings is now said to have a medium through which to "knock" their thoughts and wishes to mortals of flesh and blood. We never yet have seen any thing to convince us that such demonstrations were made by the spirits of another world; but long since we have dreamed that there were spirits around us. We listen to the sweep of their pinions in the silence of the night. Even from out that silence voices speak to us. We hear them in the rustling leaf, the murmur of the waters, and the whispering of the winds. We see their footsteps upon the bosom of the stream which leaps and laughs in the moonlight. We see their bright eyes as the "drops of the night" glitter on the blade. The old forest aisles are peopled with them, and we hearken to their footsteps as we rudely tread their silent depths. How often and how long we have looked up into the blue deep above, and traced the hosts of beautiful gems that are beaming out like flame-foam upon the voiceless waves which sweep solemnly on in that shoreless world! We then feel

how insignificant is man with his ambition and hopes, and how small a spot in the great universe is the planet upon which we toil, and strive, and die. How sweetly and kindly the stars shine down upon us at night! And are they not worlds? So beautiful, and yet no footfall there to awaken the solitudes of their vastness! How the mind will leap and plunge into that vast expanse; but how brief a flight! The stars mock its efforts, and beyond the same universe of mystery, deep, undefined, and unfathomable, hold its secrets and its retinue of worlds. We know there is vastness and sublimity there. But are there no dwellers, no creatures of love and hope, none who can smile in their joy, or weep in their grief? Are they like us, frail, discontented, and contentious; living a brief day, but to die? Or are they spirits of more blissful realms, pure, happy, and immortal? And do they visit us? We love to think so. We love to think that the spirits of those whom we have loved in life, and wept over in death, still linger around our wayward footsteps to watch over and guard us. We love to believe that we can feel them around us, for it makes us better. The thought awes the fiercer spirit of life, and strengthens the holier spirit of purity and goodness. It seems that after the close of "life's fitful fever," and our body mingling with its mother dust, our spirit would love to linger in the presence of those most closely bound to us on earth. But can it?

MECCA OF THE MEMORY.

We have been thinking of "days gone by"—of the spring-time of life, and of the home of our youth. Bless the Divine Author for mind—for memory, which catches and treasures the sacred words of love, friendship, and truth, the features of the long absent, and the never-fading daguerreotypes of scenes where thoughts love to linger, even when the dimmed eye of crowding years sweeps feebly back over a long pilgrimage to the spot flooded with the sunshine of unclouded youth. Bless that memory which is not loaded with griefs, or which does not weave a lash of scorpions to chastise for transgressions, but which, at the magic call of thought—of a word or familiar sound—opens its storehouse, where all the bright dreams of the past are gathered up and embalmed as they were woven by the fingers of Hope! We long to return to the home of our birth, and yet dare not. It is all impressed upon the mind as when we left. Time and change work sad havoc upon such treasures.

A visit to the spot would dispel the visions of years, and reveal the truth that the Mecca of the memory had been profaned by the transforming power of time, so that it would hardly be known. But some rocks, and hill-sides, and familiar streams, must be there yet.

NEW-MOWN HAY.

THAT is a blessed fragrance, the odor of new-mown hay! It savors of the broad meadow in the free country, where sunshine and air do not come second-handed. What a magic there is in some of the most trifling and unimportant matters around us! Our dwelling is imprisoned upon a small portion of God's earth, but the green grass, thank Heaven, will grow even there. The dews come at night and hang their diamonds upon the blades, where they glitter in the sunbeams. The rains come, and a brighter green smiles upon the turf. God be praised that the sunshine, and air, and rain cannot be brought into market and deeded away by the acre! Well, we thrust a scythe into that little spot of grass, and as we re-

turned at noon, a breath came up with the grateful fragrance of new-made hay, as pure and sweet as of yore. And upon that breath rushed a whole tide of old memories; and the haying-times of "long ago," in the meadows of the old homestead, come back as vividly as when seen in that youth's summer sun. The old spring, the daisies and the dandelions, the tumblings upon the new hay in the field or on the steaming mow, the old butternut tree shade and the welcome lunch beneath it, the stirring time around the humble-bees' nest — ay, all these merry times have a peculiar and dreamy brightness as we look back. And then what a luxury to lie upon the hay-mow when it came a rainy day, and listen to the pattering showers, or look out at the barn-door as they came down, or watch the swallows overhead as they chatted to each other in their mud castles! It all comes back at a breath under the magic influence of association, and we stand at the gate and inhale the sweet perfume while dreaming of haying-days long since gone by, but not forgotten. Ah! as to the pleasure of the thing, we would now gladly exchange this quill for the scythe and a stout handle-fork. There would be no one to find fault with us then. The man that employed us would pay us our day's wages; but we must be content to smell of fodder, toil for every body, and live upon the interest of what we owe.

MOTHER.

WHILE conversing with a friend, not long since, upon the hollow-heartedness of some men's professions, and the scarcity of real friendship, he remarked that when "all others deserted a man, his mother was *a friend.*" She clung to him under all circumstances. How true! How deep, changeless, and abiding is a mother's love! It withstands every storm, it is green when all others are blighted.

The troubles of a world may come in a thousand forms, and its storms beat on every side; but, firm as some ocean rock, it rears itself in the tempest, and hurls back its angry lashings. It never grows dim, but burns brightly to the last. She has a smile for our joys, a tear for our sorrows. How little do many of us appreciate the priceless worth of such a friend! She has bent over us through sleepless nights, watched wearily, but trustingly, for long years, and shielded us in helpless infancy. There is no love like hers, and we never forget it. Her lessons are never forgotten. A man may become fallen, and degraded, and an outcast; he may wander from the path of rectitude and honor, and become steeped in infamy and shame,

but her early teachings may find him in many a sad hour, whether he be in a palace or a felon's cell. She is like a vine which clings to the oak after it is shivered by lightning. The world may revile, but a mother loves on. She is the truest earthly friend. Let those who have mothers appreciate the blessing; God pity those who have not! Thurlow W. Brown.

EXCELSIOR.

"EXCELSIOR!" exclaimed the young man as he leaped upward until his form faded out in the clouds, and his voice died away in a whisper.

Excelsior should be the motto and watch-word of every young man.

We often watch the youthful tide of life that swells around us, with emotions of sadness. The youth of our country do not appreciate the advantages of the day in which they live. They are listless and inactive, revelling thoughtlessly upon the blessings which are heaped about them. There never was a day like ours. Science and art have combined to fill the world with startling developments. The tide of human progress is deep and broad. We do not improve it.

We look back with a tear. Our young friends are treading around the very altars of temples of whose treasures we never dreamed. We but saw their shadowy outlines in the distance, too high for us to reach. We look back to *our Alma Mater*—a sacred spot—but yet how humble, compared with those which are now open to all! We remember its weather-beaten sides and moss-covered roof—its broad fireplace and its rough hearth; but its—its apparatus! The birch and the ferule comprised the most striking, and all had the benefit of the experiments.

But the mind was left to grope in chaos, as it were, until its own power should enable it to burst into light. How simple the machinery of common-school teaching in those days, and yet how little understood by those taught! The scholar's mind grasps more now in one year than then in five. Our youth should realize and appreciate all that is in their power to appreciate and enjoy. Live to improve—to excel. Set a high estimate upon the privileges which it is our boast to enjoy. The school-room, the laboratory, and the press combine to place the treasures of science and art at our disposal. We are sluggish, if we do not improve. We are unworthy of our country and its institutions. We are not living as we might live; as we ought to live. On either side of our pathway are strewn gems which were sealed in darkness to those who have blundered before us by the aid of the dim lights of the past.

MOMENTS OF SADNESS.

WHERE do those moments of sadness come from? And unbidden, too. With no human face around to wear a frown; in the closed sanctum, with the world throbbing unnoticed without; in the street, lost in thought; by the fireside, looking dreamily into the phantom blaze that flickers and wanes; in the stillness of the night, such moments will come. There seems no cause for their coming. They come unbidden. Silently and unheralded, their shadow falls upon the spirit like clouds drifting athwart the pure sunshine of a summer sky. Again; a sound, the slightest incident, some tone, some sight presented, will bring back a flood of memories; and the heart grows sad while lost in the past, where a thousand bright hopes of youth are in ruins.

The heart is like the sky. How easily clouded! and yet how pure its blue depths at times! There is always sunshine slumbering there, and it ever beams out brightest after the storm. It is more beautiful for the gloom of the cloud-shadow. How bright and joyous is the breaking away! Hope again hangs her bow in the clouds, and smiles through the tear-drops of the storm.

SUNSHINE.

SOME body has written a book upon the uses of sunshine. Bless the author of such a book! and ten thousand blessings on sunshine, for sunshine itself is one of the dearest blessings of earth. Clouds are drifting over the sky as we look out of our window, but we know that there is an ocean of sunshine slumbering in the depths of the sky. And then we look back over the pathway of years, and see in the distance a land all sunshine—the land of childhood. Its golden light lingers there yet. It beams upon us in the midday of our years, and so it will linger and fade beautifully out in the evening of life. The sunshine of other days is treasured in the heart, where it will ever glow pure and warmly upon the altar of better memories!

Yes, Heaven be praised for sunshine. It warms the heart. It smiles after the storm has passed away, beams in the rainbow, and glints every trembling drop which has been caught upon the leaf or blade. It kisses the lake and stream, warms earth into summer beauty, and bathes each hill, and mountain, and forest-top in a flood of gold at even. It casts its

treasures bounteously upon the poor, and falls as pure across the threshold of the beggar's hut as that of the palace. It cannot be coined into money. It cannot be bought and sold; but ever free smile the blessings of an ever-kind Heaven upon all. It lingers sweetly upon the graves of those we love; it struggles into our darksome sphere from a land where it fades not.

THE LUDICROUS.

EVEN in the most touching grief there will sometimes be a trait of the ludicrous, which will provoke to laughter in spite of us. Some little incident, sudden and unexpected, will sometimes unhinge the saddest mood, and utterly spoil the solemnity of the occasion.

We remember a case in point. One still, sunny Sabbath afternoon, in summer-time, we sat listening to the pastor in a country church. We felt peculiarly impressed with the hushed stillness of the scene. There was not a sound save the voice from the desk, and the low humming of the flies upon the windows. The

clergyman was speaking of the ravages death had made in their church circle—of the young forms which had gone to their quiet rest beneath the green of the village burial-ground. A chord was touched which vibrated to many a heart in the congregation, and all were more or less sympathetically affected. We heard an abrupt sob, and turned our eye to the gallery, where a friend was deeply affected. As we did so, he thrust his hand into his coat pocket for his handkerchief, and pulled out instead a small *baby's shirt*, and buried his face therein, the little arms sticking out each way. He had made a mistake at his Sunday toilette, and caused us a side-ache.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

WHAT a difference there is in prayers! Some are like the wind; they pass unheeded. Others breathe warmly from the soul, which wrestles with God, and steals into hearts with that silent, hallowing, mysterious power, and bears them upward involuntarily upon a tide of bliss into the very presence of a prayer-hearing Father. How many poor prayers there are! We do not speak of good ones in point of rhetorical finish, but as glowing with that living faith and hope which soar up from earth in a full tide to heaven. We hear a great many prayers which produce a repulsive kind of feeling, indescribable, and yet as palpable to the sense as the chill breath of winter. A strange and unpleasant knowledge of an utter want of sincerity and feeling will force itself upon the mind, and there is a sense of relief when such petitions are finished. In the humble school-house-meeting we have heard them dressed in the garb of plebeian, rugged English, but of such terse heart-earnestness, such deep and abiding reliance upon

the Being invoked, such living, breathing energy of soul, that our own hearts have caught the flame, and kindled with love and hope. Again, we have heard others—how many of them, too!—made in high places and by eminent men so called, which were so ornamented, and exquisitely finished, that the soul was left out, and the mathematical sentences fell upon the untouched audience like the monotonous sound of falling water. Some will pray for every thing in creation but the hearts beating immediately around them. Some will thunder against wickedness in other lands, and strike hands with it at home. As a general thing, our prayers are pompous and high-sounding. They are like a landscape painting of the blue heavens and the variegated earth—cold, hushed, spiritless. How different that sky as swept by the storm, and then smiling out with the bow of hope, and tinged with the hues of bliss—that earth touched by the winds, and sending up an anthem of murmuring streams and warbling songs! We once listened to a prayer by a very polished Christian minister, glittering with all the gorgeous blazonry of the language. But it fell coldly upon cold hearts. The sound died away, and not a sweet echo lingered in the souls of the people. The Rev. J. S. Swan—than whom we never heard a stronger man in prayer—watched the praying orator with a kindling eye. The moment he ceased, Swan commenced, and as an awakened

soul rolled out in its melodious fulness, eyes unused to weeping were wet with tears, and both saint and sinner seemed listening for the low rush of angel wings as the echoes vibrated in their hearts.

Speaking of high-sounding prayers, we once heard a friend, who was more anxious for display than for good, commence thus: "Thou supremely great, *re-searchable*, eternal, and *unwise* God." Less effort after high-sounding words would have saved both credit and decency.

How different the beautiful and unpretending petition of Him of many sorrows! It is sublime in its simplicity, and glows with the warmth of love. Among more labored petitions, it stands as the mountain clothed in natural beauty, and lifting its summit into the sunlight of heaven, above the architectural ruins of the proudest achievements of human art. It is the breathing of Divinity.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

"Give us this day our daily bread.

"And forgive our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen."

SABBATH.

A SABBATH stillness—how grateful to the eye, the ear, and the soul! Earth's feverish throb is hushed into quietness. Nature seems to rest, and her fields and woodlands assume a brighter green. The sun shines with a milder light, and the very breeze whispers more softly as it moves by. The clear-toned bells break out upon the still atmosphere, and the waves of sound chase each other away in undulating melody. The hum of busy life has ceased for a moment, and wearied men turn to their homes for rest. Welcome the Sabbath! It comes like a calm haven after a week's stormy passage on the ocean of life, and with the sails of care all furled, the tossed spirit is moored at the hearth. Even the ox in the pasture, and the sheep upon the hill-side, seem to rejoice. The streams flow more stilly, and the lakes are like mirrors. As much as the Sabbath is trampled upon and disregarded, it is a blessed day for the world.

Thurlow W. Brown.

GRASPING AT SHADOWS.

How large a share of mankind grasp at shadows! Each one—a mere speck upon the globe—hurrying through an existence little larger than that of the insect whose gossamer wings glance in the sunbeam, and yet ardent with hope, and chasing the shadows of life until the daylight of years fades out in darkness. Form after form of happiness is woven in the realm of Hope, to vanish as the toiler climbs upward and attempts to clutch them.

An evening or two since, a sunny-hearted babe, with a "bonnie blue e'e," was shouting and crowing at the work-table. The blaze of a candle was extinguished, leaving a swaying wreath of smoke to curl upward in a thousand fantastic forms toward the ceiling. Its changing beauty caught the little fellow's eye, and he eagerly continued to grasp at the blue folds as they unrolled and vanished above him, looking in his tiny palm in vain for the prize! The wreaths all faded away, and we watched the beautiful picture of the little face wrapped in silent astonishment, the hand half clasped, and the eye intently

turned upward in pursuit of the prize which had escaped him.

How like human life! Those of maturer years grasp after phantoms equally as fleeting, losing one but to reach after another. Our hopes are like the smoke-wreaths, as deceptive as those which caught the eye of the child, and yet ever luring us to a chase in cloud-land. May the child, in after years, suffer as little from the illusory pursuits of life as from the blue vapor that eluded his childish grasp!

THE ORPHAN.

How much sorrow there is in the world, unseen, unthought of and uncared for! It cannot be realized. We sometimes almost murmur, but the eye falls upon some faded and grief-worn countenance, and we involuntarily thank God for the blessings around us. We listen to some tale which harrows the soul, and grow sadder as the mind reflects how many such tales are untold. We learn of some incident which moves the heart's fountains to their depths for a brother's or a sister's woe. Thank God for tears! For the world,

we would not be deprived of the melancholy pleasure of weeping with those who weep.

Passing to our lodging one stormy winter night, two winters ago, we were accosted by a boy of about fourteen years of age. Never before nor since have we listened to such a voice of anguish and subdued despair. Every tone vibrated with sorrow. We could barely see him in the darkness, but he was thinly clad. What a petition to make in the streets of a city filled with plenty! He was staggering with hunger, and begged for bread! Without father or mother, homeless, and houseless, and hungry, among strangers! There is nothing more touching than the cry for bread. Our tears ran fast; we did not try to hinder them; and the heart grew warmer with the nobler influences of our common nature as they fell. We gave him the last farthing of money we had in the world, and only regretted that the pittance was so small. We have met with buffetings, but never were alone in the world, shelterless, friendless, and hungry. We never think of the boy but with sadness. A stern fate may have driven him into wrong, and cast the uneducated orphan out upon society, an early wreck. Home and friends save thousands from a hard and a degrading destiny.

THE LIVING AGE.

WHAT a day to live!

The world is full of light—full of ACTION. And yet there are thousands who loiter in the great race of life. They pass along, and leave no record of DEEDS to live after them. No laudable ambition seems to stir their sluggish blood; no soaring aspiration seems to throb in their hearts. They bask in the sunshine, and shun the conflicts where mind grapples with mind, living a brief day, and setting in unbroken night.

Our young men do not appreciate the privileges of this day. They do not make a good use of the advantages which surround them. There are very many of them who are nobly struggling to do so, but hosts of others who seem to have no ambition. No impulse stirs them. The world, in its progress, brings its treasures to their very doors, but they have not sufficient energy of character to reach and grasp them.

We see much to regret in society. The young

hearts, where lie the hopes of our country, are too generally ingloriously idle, or frittering away their influence and usefulness. Let a person pass through the country, and mingle with the gatherings of our young men, and they will look with sorrow upon the frivolous character presented. Why so much ill-breeding? Why so much vulgarity and profanity? Why so broad and repulsive a disregard of all the little courtesies of life? Why is their conversation so grossly coarse?

We miss that warm, heart-born politeness that should characterize the conduct of a true gentleman. We even see those claiming gentility and respectability treating strangers—nay, women—with marked discourtesy and insult. And where is the fault?

There are some "good old ways" which ought not to be departed from; counsels which should not be forgotten. We deprecate that arrogant, selfish, and repulsive manner which too generally marks the character and conduct of our young people. There is no truer mark of a gentleman than a courtesy in the treatment of others. Stale slang is no accomplishment—it is a stain. The ill-bred retort degenerates into deliberate insult. That young man who thinks he is not a "*blood* young man" until he can show how little he cares for the unpretending but truly shining qualities of modesty and home simplicity, commits a sad mistake. A man may swagger

and sneer at all these sacred influences; even at his own mother, and talk boldly about the "foolish old woman;" but we would shun him as we would a ruffian.

We say again, that, with all the advantages of the day we live in, the masses of our young men are too much like drones and boors. It ought not so to be.

THE END.