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EDUCATION.

At the request of an esteemed reader of The Visitor, we willingly give prominence to the following able and well-written article on Education, by Mrs. L. Virginia French, which originally appeared in the columns of The Nashville Patriot:

"God has given you one face, and you make yourself another," says Benedict. How true of the children we educate! Nature gives them one mind, but how do we pervert and deface it! God has given them souls, but how few of us, by our practice, acknowledge their existence! We plant the little seed, and leave it to the air, the soil, the dew-drop, and the sunbeam; but are we as just to the young expanding soul? This is not as it should be. Let us show more confidence in God's arrangements, more veneration for his work.

We have a right to inquire into the basis and structure of our system of education; nay, it is our known duty to do so. Each one has the right to study for himself; and having done so, it becomes his duty to ask himself, What can *I* do, individually, to render our system more worthy, more liberal, more reliable? Wherein are we liable to become perverted by the system which now prevails among us?—wherein are we to be benefited by amendments?—and how are such amendments to be made?

There is one direct question, which each one would do well to think upon and answer for himself: Our present system of Female Education, is it right or wrong? Is it not, in its very nature, opposed to freedom and to progress? By it we sacrifice the soul to a show of mind. We sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. We do not cultivate the heart, the soul, the affections; and without these no woman can be truly educated. It is mere cant to reverence abstractions. Life—life and heart must be infused into the inertia of abstract ideas before they will take hold upon her nature and be appropriated by her faculties. In our modern "model schools" there is little learned of the true philosophy of life. The great lessons of self reliance, self-dependence, and self-examination, have but little share in the orthodox "collegiate course." True it is, that notwithstanding, nay, in despite of the cramping, narrowing, unnatural system of education practiced upon them, we have some true women among us. But they are exceptions: theirs are the natures that *will* grow—that *will* assimilate the free air of earth and the free sunshine of heaven. When they throw off the shackles that a mere conventional system has riveted upon their early years, they educate themselves, taking God and nature for their instructors. Their wisdom is born of experience, their lore learned in conversation, their knowledge caught in contemplating nature and studying humanity; and this to them is worth all the dead lumps of erudition in the universe. She is "taught of God," and he ever commends his teachings to the heart. It is not a cultivation of the intellect alone which develops the true woman. She may have intellect, erudition, elegance, accomplish-

ments, and yet fall far short of the standard of a "perfect woman, nobly planned." Let not your lip curl when I freely assert that I often honor more the ignorant slave-girl who washes the steps of your hotel than the aristocratic belle who sweeps by, horrified lest her costly robes should come in contact with her sable servitor. The former is oftener the truer woman. Her richer heart, her warmer nature, make it so; for reverence, and tenderness, and generosity, not self-possession, and intelligence, and selfishness, make the true ideal woman.

Of all the causes which have been instrumental in producing that pseudo system of female education which now obtains among us, the principal, perhaps, is our so-called "spirit of progression." Here I would confess, in a modest whisper, that I at times have my doubts whether we are the great people we take ourselves to be. I ask myself, Is our activity real progress? is our excitement true enthusiasm? As a people, we need calmness—serenity. I mean not that calmness which is a stagnation of the faculties, nor that serenity which is born of apathy and indifference, but the "quiet of a thinking mind, self-occupied." I mean a stillness like that of the forest in spring-time, when every tree, and shrub, and tiny root is elaborating from its sap-vessels the rich foliage and redundant bloom which is soon to burst upon our enraptured vision—a silence like that of the night snow-storm, when all the winds are hushed, and the great flakes come slowly wafting down to earth, fraught with fertility and kindly blessings. Power, and truth, and wisdom, spring not up like the gourd, but ever, as the giant oak, are slowly and silently matured; and the best and strongest natures, the loveliest hearts and minds amongst us, are folded up, shielded from the crush, and glare, and bustle of the world, unfolding their rich treasures of beauty and fragrance, like the night-blooming Ceres, beneath the quiet stars and serene shadows of *home*. But with us Hurry holds her carnival all the year round, while Serenity keeps perpetual Lent. This spirit is so contagious that parents are affected by it even as regards the education of their children, and they are ever ready to commit them to the teacher who will hurry them "through" and "finish them off" upon the telegraphic principle. Papa looks nervously forward to the happy time when the hundreds which now slip annually from his pocket-book "for the girls" shall be employed in procuring "more negroes to make more cotton;" and mamma, by the time their education is fairly commenced, begins to count the months and sessions until they shall be ready to be—married.

The young ladies themselves imbibe the same spirit. If they are not allowed to "play pieces" instead of practicing scales, and "paint pictures" before they are able to draw a respectable perpendicular, they consider that they are "doing nothing:" their instructors are characterized as inefficient, of course, and straightway they are whisked off to some other "model institution." One which could "put them through" in "less than no time" would certainly be the one most liberally patronized. Instructors are well aware that in their business, as well as all others, patronage is the great desideratum, and to gain this, they (with a few honorable exceptions) will pander to the ignorance and prejudices of their patrons.

Female education will never become what it should be until the absurd idea that the chief mission of woman is to marry is exploded. True, the crowning glory of a woman is to be (worthily) a wife and mother; but how many thousands are there whose highest ambition is satisfied merely to be married! The realization of the true wife, the noble mother, is as foreign to their demi-semi intellects as is the knowledge of Sanscrit. This marrying idea is the reason why we have so many brilliant girls, and so many mediocre women. While at school, that which is impressed most deeply upon the mind of the young pupil is appearance. She is taught that to *seem* learned, and witty, and well-informed, is just as good as *to be* so. Every faculty is whipped into service to gain the desired effect. Then there are the periodical examinations and exhibitions, for which she has undergone weeks of extra drilling, as though she could not possibly be sufficiently impressed with the fashionable duty of display. She is "brought out." Then commences the hurried march in society; for it

is only in society that she can expect to marry, and marry she must, of course. She exhibits all her graces and perfections to the world: so much indeed is she occupied with this, that she has but little time to spare for the home circle. She is at length married; and the brilliant, dashing, fascinating belle sinks into the mediocre wife and mother. Why could she not have been taught that her gifts and graces ought to shine most beautifully in the charmed circle of home? Why could she not learn to nestle there, as the "bee in the flower's deep heart," endearing herself to its inmates, drawing forth the honeyed sweetness of their love, and preparing herself to become a wife indeed, should destiny call her to fulfil such sacred trust? This would leave her free to please and to be pleased—to realize the sanctity of home relations. She would then cease to regard her mother as a necessity, who is to take all the work off her delicate shoulders; her father, as a money-chest, from whence she is to draw her supplies; her brother, a convenience, to carry her to this concert or that soirée; her sister, as an annoyance, if not a rival. O! how few there are among us who have been taught to disregard the delusive lights that gleam out over the great ocean of life, who walk in safety along its home-shores, and look out upon the tumult of its many waters, with spirits whose calmness is in beautiful contrast with its wild commotion! And few, too, are they who are taught to go forth as "a strong man armed" to meet the battle of life—armed with originality of mind, independence of thought, freedom of soul, and with a generous and catholic spirit!

Some one has remarked of the pupils of Michael Angelo, that they were "nursed in the lap of grandeur." But how little of grandeur, true moral grandeur, enters into the educational "nursing" of the young female mind in this boasted age! They are cramped into text-books, narrowed down to mannerisms. And yet no country on the face of the great globe is so rich as ours in those grand elements which ought to mother great characters. The lofty mountain towering heavenward, the noble river full of majesty and power, the rich, secluded valley teeming with fertility, how they ought to speak to our youth of those great souls which tower above the clouds of earth, which sweep onward, bearing their treasures down the tide of Time, or which, even from the secluded nooks of domestic life, send forth their rich thoughts to bless and fertilize the world.

But here our utilitarianism comes in contact with the natural mode of educating the soul. We do not recognize the use of the grandeur and beauty which lie spread out everywhere around us. The Frenchman seeks pastime as the end of his existence, the English comfort, the Chinaman is the slave of old custom, and the Turk the serf of fate; but the American, freeborn American, is the very galley-slave of utility, or mammon; for, when we say utility, we mean its *ad valorem* in dollars and cents. All our leading ideas bear upon their escutcheon this character ($.) It is our "coat-of-arms," and he who can add to it the greatest numerals is the greatest man. We ignore that most significant text, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." We strive for the bread, the bare utilities, and forget those fresh springs of the beautiful, those "fountains of living waters," which are the very life of the soul. Doing this, we repress that poetical principle which forms so large a portion of the soul of true woman in every clime. We seem to strive to eradicate it as pernicious, rather than train and cultivate it to a beautiful maturity. We forget that it is a principle, and therefore difficult to eradicate from the youthful mind—so much so, indeed, that if restrained it will grow still in secret like the neglected vine: it ought, therefore, to be raised upon the framework of reason, and be brought to bloom in legitimate beauty by the sunshine of sympathy. We forget that this inherent poetic principle is the freshening breeze which, breathing over the mystic harp of life, calls forth now and then a strain of melody, when toil, and grief, and care have jarred upon the chords so long that they are like "sweet bells jangled out of tune." It is like the stained glass in the cathedral oriel, whose rich hues, falling over the dark and dusty pavement below, illumine it for a moment with the heavenly glow of sunset clouds: it is the sunbeam which calls out from among the weeds along life's tho-

roughfare the sweet young violets, whose perfume cheers the wayfarer as he plods wearily onward: it is the gorgeous rainbow which lies hidden in the broad, white, glaring light of every day, and the soul must be the prism to refract and bring to view its glories. Its subtle essence is absorbed into the life of the spirit, and its tendency, like that of the rarer atmosphere of some brighter world, is to refine and elevate. It will not be eradicated so long as the soul has its gleams of glory, its light of love, or its hope of heaven. There will be poetry around and within us, so long as the stars shine and the night broods over us; so long as the cloud sails above us, and the stream murmurs at our feet; so long as the clear eye of woman beams into the soul, and the glad laugh of little children finds an echo in the heart. It has a noble purpose—it has even, to use our modern phraseology, a use. It must mingle with our whole experience; to shed a light upon our labors, to soften the stern features of our necessities, and to give to suffering and endurance their only solace—a hope. So long as we have among us the blush of youth, the glory of manhood, and the venerable head of old age, it will teach us to love the first, admire the second, and reverence the last. We may strive to darken its holy light, but it will hover still over our hearts, as the old painters depict the halo over the brow of the martyr and the wandering Jesus.

Perhaps, then, the greatest defect in our educational system is that we do not cultivate the heart. We should not chill earnest sentiment with knowledge, so-called, or crush true enthusiasm with what we may choose to denominate enlightenment. The mind may be enriched with acquisitions, but of what use are they if the fire of the heart's crucible, which should fuse and transmute them into gold, be suffered to smoulder or die? Their light may have the power of illumination; it surely will not have that of inspiration. It will be a moonlight which, though it may gild the cold walls of the ruin, cannot call the ivy and the wallflower into bloom to beautify and hallow their decay. The heart—the heart must rule, if we are to have a nation of women, not dolls and statues. Love is born of the heart, and all great lives, great souls, great actions, are the "children of love." The purest angel in Dante's Paradise was the object of his first and only love: the sweet faces of Titian's Bella and Raphael's Fornarina glow in their greatest efforts; and Highland Mary, the peasant's love, now immortal in stone, stands among the royalties of Buckingham Palace. The freedom of our country was gained by the love of such as Washington; and the redemption of the world was for love alone. In the New Testament our intellects are seldom addressed: the Great Teacher appealed directly to the heart. Beauty should unlock the treasures of wisdom, and sympathy will teach us how to appropriate them. The affections, the sentiments, the sensibilities, are more truly the woman than are her accomplishments and acquirements. A beautiful painting, an elegant statue, a noble poem, appeals to the inner and better life within us, moving us to great thoughts, to noble actions and desires; and so it should be with woman, for she, when rightly understood, is better than all three. There should be about her that atmosphere which is exhaled from the works of genius—an atmosphere which quickens the sensibilities, braces the mental energies, and gives vitality to the whole moral being.

We do not cultivate the heart; and I have thought that this was probably the principal reason why we have so few good conversationalists among our "young ladies." "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Conversation is well defined to be a "disinterested communion of thought, an interchange of ideas." It is in itself only a play of the mental powers, but where one plays with the grace, and vigor, and depth acquired by mental labor. Apropos to my thought, I will quote a rather caustic remark which I came across a few days ago in an old newspaper: "Lively conversation upon instructive and elevating topics is but little practiced now in society. This is thought to arise from some defect in our system of education, women being taught so as only to know the inherent virtues of a fine bonnet or shawl, and men just enough to enable them to cheat one another every day in the week, and gloss it over with a long face on Sunday!"

Curran, speaking of Madame de Staël, who was by no means handsome, but a splendid conversationalist, said that she "had the power of talking herself into beauty." Do we find many such among us? We have numbers of talkers—some brilliant ones too—but they are not good conversationalists. To be assured that, as a class, our young ladies are deficient either in conversational gifts or culture, we have but to look around us at the evening assembly. We see there no Robespierre who stands all night behind the chair of a Madame Roland, drinking in her eloquence with every deep inspiration, and the next day in the Chamber giving voice to her ideas as though they were his own. No: here dancing, music, cards, the sumptuous entertainment, all are patronized in preference to conversation; and though everybody is doing their prettiest to seem enraptured, transported, enthused, their forced merriment and ill-concealed ennui, their lapses into apathy, and the general restlessness of manner, all attest their weariness and the insipidity of the occasion. How different the conversazione of the Italian, the "breakfast" of the English, the social soirée of the French. We soon forget all the grand "parties" we have ever attended, and yet some casual conversation on the promenade deck of a steamer, some story told by a pleasant stranger in a stagecoach or railcar, we remember for years, ever thinking kindly of the narrator.

But let us not be too severe upon our young ladies: the fact is, that society, as now existing, calls for little more than they are educated to give. It requires only commonplaces, and that they are qualified to bestow. In its tactics there is a certain diplomacy which prevents any thing like a sincere utterance of one's sentiments and opinions, even should one happen to possess them. To be "agreeable" is the only idea of fashion; and we must have faith in our auditor, as well as confidence and sincerity in ourselves, before we can dare attempt a free utterance. How it would astonish the world of fashion in which you move, if you were ever to forget yourself so far as to say any thing very earnest, very sincere, or very eloquent! You would soon be only tolerated, and characterized with an expressive shrug of the shoulders as an "original." No, vanity is the only feeling you can address with safety; and for this reason, the skilful tactician will win the world's smile where the gifted soul too proud to "stoop to conquer" must inevitably fail.

Let it not be thought, while I thus attempt to point out to thinking woman the errors in her system of education, that I say the fault is all her own, or that I point to the prevailing systems of male education, and call them sound in contradistinction with hers. No, no—a thousand times no! Man has been as much, if not more, to blame in bringing about the existing state of affairs; and if I, a woman, find fault with my sister-woman, and point out her errors, it is neither his province nor his right to follow my example. If he should desire to "find faults," let him, to use a homely phrase, "look at home:" he will find an abundance, and with but little research. Let him not be so over-anxious to extract the mote from his sister's eye until he has taken the beam from his own. In the words of an eminent writer: "Above all, let not men practice on woman the perpetual and shameful falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her every opinion, as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition; nor yet manufacture opinion for her, and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her dependence, nor play off mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them remember that for the ghastly spectacle of her blasted chastity they are answerable. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and, by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart."

THERE is no bitterness like self-reproach.

TALLEYRAND—PARIS IN 1772—VOLTAIRE.

It was towards the close of the reign of Louis XV., when the gay, witty, handsome, and profligate Abbé was introduced into the higher society of Paris. He had the example of prominent ecclesiastics to sanction his devotion to the pleasures of the gay and fashionable world. Corruption to an extreme degree and in the worst forms then characterized the courtly society of the most polished nation of Europe. During the reign of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the process of deterioration had been going on; until the form and pretence of virtue were not maintained among the aristocratic men and women who surrounded the throne, and fostered the vices of the royal profligate, in order that they might the more freely indulge their own.

A young man with the personal charms and brilliant talents of Talleyrand was a welcome acquisition to such society.

A characteristic picture of the times is given by Lafayette. Speaking of his earlier life, he says:

"When I was first presented to his Majesty Louis XV., I well remember finding the eldest son of the Church, the King of France and Navarre, seated at a table between a bishop and a courtesan. At the same table was seated an aged philosopher, whose writings had conferred lustre on the age in which he flourished; one whose whole life had been spent in sapping the foundations of Christianity and undermining monarchy. Yet was this philosopher at that moment the object of honor from monarchs and homage from countries. A young abbé entered with me, not to be presented to royalty, but to ask the benediction of this enemy of the altar. The name of the aged philosopher was Voltaire, and that of the young abbé was Charles Maurice Talleyrand!"

The following account of Talleyrand's entrance into society is given in the work of M. Colmache. It serves to illustrate some of the salient points in the Parisian society of that day, as well as to evince the immediate and flattering success of the young abbé.

"Talleyrand had the good fortune to enter the world of fashion under the very best auspices. It was at the house of the Marquis de Brignolé, one Saturday evening in the year 1772, that he made his *début* on leaving the seminary. It was a memorable event in his life, of quite as great importance as any of those which have succeeded it, and he felt far more emotion on this occasion than he did when, some thirty years later, he stepped forward to receive the key of grand chamberlain, or the portfolio of foreign affairs. He was a remarkably handsome youth, and his fresh complexion and long golden hair must have appeared to great advantage among the crowd of withered *savans* in powdered wigs, with which the *salon* was already filled. To hear him relate the adventures of this his first *soirée*, is like reading a page torn from some old memoir, and can seldom fail to inspire a feeling of interest almost akin to awe in the mind of the listener. He tells a story, too, with peculiar gusto, and seems to grow young again in the memory of the circumstances which marked his first appearance in society.

"Madame de Brignolé was one of the most witty, clever women at that time in Paris, and held a peculiar position in society, from having had the address to shake off the trammels of caste and clique, and to avow herself the admirer of all that was admirable, whether it proceeded from this set or from that, from the daring skeptic or shrinking believer. All agreed to consider her *salon* as neutral ground, and to accept at her hands the flag of truce, which she held out to each with so much grace and affability. It happened that the reception wherein the young Abbé de Périgord made his first appearance was a peculiarly brilliant one, owing to the return of Baron Holbach, after a long absence from Paris. It was on this occasion that he made the acquaintance of the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the leaders of fashion of the day. Their friendship commenced with a quarrel, and lasted through every change of circumstances until the death of Boufflers, which happened during the Restoration, in 1815.

"It would delight you to hear the Prince relate this story. He laughs even now at the boyish waggery, although expressing great contrition for the horrible pun which passion and circumstance wrung from him in the

heat of the moment. It was his first, and he says it was his last also, although its great success might certainly have warranted many a repetition of the attempt. The young Abbé had ensconced himself in a vacant seat, quite aloof from the rest of the company, being bent on observing all that passed, and caring not for a share in the conversation. He had not long been seated in this place, when he was accosted by Philidor, the renowned chess-player, who, like himself, was a man of few words, and of most modest and retiring habits. He was an old frequenter of the house, and therefore a valuable neighbor for our young novice, and they soon fell into close and friendly conversation. D'Alembert was there, and Diderot, and many other of the bright particular stars of the day, and Philidor, with good-natured attention, pointed them out to the Abbé, much diverted with the great interest the latter seemed to take in each illustrious individual, who swept past him on his way to lay his homage at the feet of the lady of the house. They had been some time conversing thus, when their retirement was invaded by two young officers, the one an hussar, the other belonging to the regiment of Royal Cravatte, poor Marie Antoinette's favorite regiment, and the most insolent and saucy one in the whole service. They were evidently very deep in the enjoyment of some good story, for they were speaking low and laughing heartily.

"'Let us get a seat down yonder against the wall,' said the one to the other, 'and I will tell you the rest of the joke. I should not like it to be overheard.'

"'But I see no room,' replied his companion: 'there is Philidor down there, talking to some unfledged blackbird from the seminary.'

"'No matter, we must have the place. Philidor will soon yield, and the Abbé cannot hold out against us.'

"They advanced straight to where Philidor and his companion were seated, and, with an insolence which can hardly be understood in our day, but which, it appears, was quite the mark of high birth and fashion at that time, began to annoy, by their loud talking and rude behavior, the occupants of the two seats which they coveted. Poor Philidor, whose meekness and patience were proverbial, soon became alarmed, and sounded a retreat at once without parley. He rose, with a frightened look at the Abbé, and, remarking that the room was so insupportably hot that he was stifled, walked away on tiptoe, not even daring to cast a glance behind. The Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the officers, immediately seized the vacated chair, and sat upon it soldier-fashion, astride upon the seat, with his chin resting upon the back, staring with effrontery at the young Abbé, who, nothing daunted, remained quietly in the same position that he had maintained during the whole evening. He had overheard every word of the conversation which had passed between the two friends as they approached, and was determined not to move an inch. The Royal Cravatte stood beside the hussar, and the Abbé was thus completely hemmed in, save on the side next the door, through which it was the evident intention of the friends to make him soon vanish. Finding, however, their intention completely defeated by the cool manner with which it was received, the Royal Cravatte lost patience, and asked the Abbé, with a sneer, if the heat of the place did not incommode him, at the same time advising him, with condescending kindness, to seek the refreshing coolness of the second *salon*, as his friend had already done at their approach. But the Abbé answered with a bland politeness, peculiar to his manner even then, thanking the officer for his attention, but assuring him that, being of a rather chilly nature, he preferred remaining in the warmer apartment. Royal Cravatte thereupon grew angry: he was a Cadet de Montigny, not long arrived from Normandy, and had not yet lost his miserable Norman drawl.

"'Say, then, my dear Abbé,' said he. 'Perhaps, as you are just born, you may not yet have been to school: you have yet to learn many things, Monsieur l'Abbé, among which ——' 'Pardon me,' interrupted the Abbé, starting up, with heightened color and with flashing eye, and mimicking the lengthened nasal twang of the officer, 'I *have* been to school, and have learned my letters, and know that an *abbé* (AB) is not made to *céder* (CD), and 't is not your *épée* (EP) can make me *ôter* (OT).'

"The loud voice and insolent gesture of the officer had caused a little knot of assembled guests to gather round, and this sally was received with roars of laughter. Boufflers, who never could resist pleasantry, seemed more diverted than any one present; and, while the discomfited Royal Cravatte slunk among the company, unable to bear the mockery which the witty retort of the Abbé had brought upon him, Boufflers shook him heartily by the hand, and applauded the jest with right good will.

"This is the very first *bon-mot* of the Prince upon record, and although he expresses himself heartily ashamed of its perpetration, yet it was the means of establishing his reputation as a person not to be slighted, one with whom it would be necessary to reckon before venturing on pleasantry. The story, of course, went round the *salon*, to the infinite delight of the *savans*, who were enchanted at witnessing the military insolence of the Royal Cravatte receive a check from a quarter whence it would have been so little expected. Rumor of the witticism soon reached the ears of Madame du Deffand, who instantly requested that the young Abbé might be presented to her. It was the Chevalier de Boufflers himself who undertook the office, and, with a fluttering heart, young Talleyrand walked across the *salon*, and accosted the venerable lady, whose great fame for making reputations had reached even to the seminary from which he had just escaped. It was an awful moment of his life, and he describes it as one of the greatest emotions he had ever experienced.

"Madame du Deffand was at that time the oracle of the witty circles of Paris: her verdict was sufficient at once to make or mar the reputation of a man of wit; and it cannot be wondered at, therefore, if our young *séminariste* approached with reverence the high fauteuil in which the lady sat, as it were enthroned, presiding over the assembly with undisputed sway, nor if the whole scene should have produced an impression upon his memory which time has not even yet been powerful enough to efface. Madame du Deffand was surrounded by a select circle of her chosen friends, the favorite few whom she honored with especial notice; and in the midst there stood, beside her chair, a low stool, reserved for those with whom she wished to hold more private converse than could possibly be enjoyed with any member of the circle. It was to this seat that the Chevalier de Boufflers led the young Abbé de Périgord, who thus in a moment found himself the object of curiosity and criticism to the whole collection of *beaux-esprits*, who served as a kind of body-guard to their queen elect. The Abbé was, however, at the moment, but little occupied with the effect which he might produce upon the company: his attention was entirely absorbed by Madame du Deffand herself; and if he *did* experience a slight nervous agitation as he took his seat beside her, it was in dread of her all-powerful verdict alone.

"It was almost impossible to imagine a countenance of greater benignity than that of Madame du Deffand: she was a complete specimen, both in person and costume, of venerable beauty; and as the Abbé gazed upon her, he *felt* that there was no longer ridicule in the platonic love of Horace Walpole, or in the enthusiastic passion of her later admirers. She had been totally blind for many years, and this infirmity, instead of being a disfigurement, as might be imagined, seemed to increase the mild placidity of her features almost to beatitude. At the moment of young Talleyrand's approach she was still under the influence of the delight which his boyish retort had inspired, and, as soon as he was seated, she bade him recount the story, which he was fain to do, and, aided by her encouragement and the applause of the circle, he told it with so much rapture and good-humor, that his success was complete. He was welcomed among the *coterie* as a kindred spirit, and from that hour was considered an acquisition to that choice 'circle.' He was thus thrown at once into the midst of the society of the men of letters of that epoch, the most brilliant ever registered in the annals of the world. The schoolboy pun of Talleyrand is forgotten now—lost amid the more sterling wit of the many *bon-mots* and trite aphorisms to which he has given utterance, and which have become popular in every country. Not so the *naïve* exclamation of Madame du Deffand upon the occasion, when she learned the fright and sudden retreat of Philidor. 'That man was born a *fool*,' said she: 'nothing but his *genius* saves him!'

"I have heard from another quarter of the judgment of the Prince's character pronounced by the blind woman on that very same evening, and which, if true, ought to stamp her fame as a physiognomist beyond compare. After having passed her hand slowly over the features of the young Abbé, as was her wont when any stranger was presented to her notice, she exclaimed, 'Go, young man! Nature has been lavish of her gifts, and your own foresight will render you independent of those of fortune.'"

In the society of the palace, Talleyrand attached himself to the circle of Madame du Barri, who was then the favorite of the King; and during the ascendency of this influential lady he was ever to be found among the constant attendants in her boudoir. A not very delicate *bon-mot*, uttered in her presence, and reported to the King, is said to have laid the foundation of his fortunes. The dissolute monarch was delighted with an abbé whose wit was well set off by his irreligion. He could not allow such an ecclesiastic to go unbeneficed. He conferred upon him two *abbayes*, which produced him a yearly income of about twenty-five thousand francs. Thus was Talleyrand early admitted to share the wealth of the proud and corrupt Gallican Church, in whose destruction he was soon to be the most active and zealous agent. His spiritual incumbency, assumed at the age of nineteen, imposed no labors, but simply furnished him with means to gratify his love of pleasure, and to urge his way to the possession of still richer royal favors. Connected already with these gifts, he had received from the King the *survivance*, or reversion, of the bishopric of Autun, of which See he was afterwards the incumbent.

His rank and position at Court brought young Talleyrand into contact with nearly all the celebrated characters of the day. Voltaire was now closing a life, the powerful influence of which was to be felt upon the succeeding age, more even than it had been upon his own. Talleyrand sought an opportunity to pay his homage to that genius which had impressed its stamp so deeply upon the literature of his country. The account of the interview is given from his own lips.

"It was in 1778, the year before his death, that I had the singular good fortune to obtain an audience of the great philosopher. He lived at the corner of the Rue de Beaune and the quay which has since been called by his name. He had intimated to my friend, Champfort, his great desire to become acquainted with me, and I, who all my life had been tormented with the wish to behold this greatest genius of the age, the master-spirit of his own time, the guide of that which was to follow, did not need, I assure you, a second bidding.

"The philosopher received us with great urbanity. He had been prepared for our visit in the morning, for he still loved dearly all kinds of form and ceremony, and, to the very last day of his life, set a higher price upon his title of M. *de* Voltaire (which, by the bye, was usurped) than on the popular and honorable abbreviation of 'Voltaire,' by which he was designated long before his death. M. de Voltaire was seated on the edge of his bed, attired in one of those short, loose dressing-gowns much worn at the time, and which displayed his spindle legs and shrunken feet in all their unveiled ugliness. Never have I beheld a form so withered, so diminished: every vein in his whole frame was visible and defined, like those in an anatomical study. The later portraits of M. de Voltaire give a very just idea of his appearance, but they generally fail in expressing the singular look of the eyes — an expression which I never have seen in any one since that time — an anxious, unquiet, restless look — a hungry, thirsty, keenly-searching glance, (hunger and thirst of praise, and searching with avidity for admiration,) which, such was the Voltairian fever of the time, he never failed to obtain; and yet, as 'the appetite grows in eating,' never wholly satisfied his craving.

"The room wherein the great man received his visitors was entirely darkened, (such was his whim,) save where one single shutter, folded back, allowed the light to stream in through a long, narrow aperture, immediately opposite to which he himself was placed, so that he became thus the sole object clearly visible in the apartment. And here he sat to receive visitors, although, the sun shining at the moment, the light was so strong, that it must almost have blinded him. His niece,

Madame Denis, '*belle et bonne*,' was seated at the foot of the bed, near the chimney, attired in a dimity camisole, rather soiled, and her hair, escaping in disorder from the little cap placed on the top of her head, was tied in a fantastical top-knot, with a faded blue ribbon. She was no longer young, poor *belle et bonne*, and her sedentary life had induced a degree of corpulence, which made her look older still. She had certainly forfeited all pretensions to her first title, and there was much in her face that to a physiognomist would have given a flat contradiction to the second. She had evidently been engaged in writing from M. de Voltaire's dictation, for she had risen from the bureau, and turned to the fire, where there was placed some cooking utensil, to which she soon directed her attention.

"But it was not long before I had forgotten the very existence of Madame Denis, in the interest of the conversation with M. de Voltaire himself. He spoke quickly and nervously, with a play of feature I have never seen in any man except him. His eye kindled with a vivid fire almost dazzling, as it danced in the ray of sunlight from the window, and moved about from one to the other of his listeners, rapid and quivering like the summer lightning. He had just been receiving, that very morning, a deputation from the Théâtre Français, begging permission to commence the performance of 'Zaïre' that evening with a complimentary address to himself, which permission, of course, the poet had granted with an enviable self-satisfaction, merely requesting that the verses should be submitted to his own inspection, and subjected to his own corrections and improvements, if any such were needed. He was in high good humor at this mark of honor and distinction, for, as I have said before, flattery had become of more importance to his existence than the very food and nourishment of each day.

"When the great man had conversed for some little time with my friend, with whom he had been intimate for many years, he turned to me, and, after courteously expressing the pleasure which my visit gave him, he added, 'I had desired to see you, M. de Périgord, to communicate to you a fact concerning your family, which happened some years ago, and may be of importance to you hereafter. As you are the youngest of your family, you may one day like to be its chronicler.

"He then commenced the relation of some interesting particulars regarding the Talleyrands and Périgords, intermixing, with a precision of memory quite marvellous, the different branches and connections either by birth or marriage. All these, of course, were familiar to me; but, as it was not natural that a narrator like M. de Voltaire should ever tell a story without a point, all this preamble ended in a tale of interest and wonder which completely riveted my whole attention, and kept me in a thrill of delight, not so much by the story itself—which, however, was full of most powerful interest—as by the irresistible charm of the diction. I can safely affirm that M. de Voltaire spoke with even more ease and grace than distinguished his writings. I think he would have made a splendid orator. His words seemed to fly from his lips; so rapid yet so neat, so distinct and clear was every expression. His meaning was so precisely defined, that you never had an instant's doubt or hesitation whether you were quite sure that you fully understood him. The language of Champfort, bold and vigorous as it was—full of fire and passion—seemed to lack energy and spirit as he answered M. de Voltaire. The fire of the one was like the red beacon-light, steady and strong, lurid and fierce; the other was the treacherous spark which, flying upwards in seemingly harmless sport, yet driven this way or that by the most trifling breeze, may spread ruin and devastation wherever it may chance to fall.

"We remained for more than an hour with the great philosopher. *Belle et bonne* had completed the cooking of her chocolate, and M. de Voltaire had taken it, without the slightest ceremony, in our presence. Letters had arrived, to some few of which he had dictated short replies, through the medium of his niece. I had listened in rapture to the story which I had come to hear; Champfort had already been twice confuted in argument, and M. de Voltaire obliged once to yield, before we arose to depart, and even then I think we were hurried away by Madame Denis, who reminded her uncle, with a look full of meaning at us, that it was just the hour for his siesta; which clear, unmistakable hint, of

course, we immediately took, and left him to enjoy his repose unmolested. I looked at him long and earnestly as he shook me cordially by the hand, and bade me a most paternal farewell. Every line of that remarkable countenance is engraven on my memory. I see it now before me—the small fiery eyes starting from the shrunken sockets, not unlike those of a chameleon; the dried and withered cheek, traversed in every direction by deep-cut lines; the compressed lips and puckered mouth, round which played a perpetual sarcastic smile, giving him altogether the air of a merry fiend. Every feature of that face is as present to my memory now as it was at that moment while I was gazing on it, impressed with a kind of sorrowful conviction that I should behold it no more.

"The event proved that I was right in my presentiment. M. de Voltaire, soon after that, denied himself entirely to strangers, and none but his intimate friends were admitted. These, however, were sufficiently numerous to form a little court around him, and to do him all the honor which he so much loved, and amid which he died, surrounded by flatterers and sycophants until the latest hour of his life."—*Life of Prince Talleyrand.*

POLITICAL DEMAGOGUISM.

PEACE! Not a lasting, permanent peace, purchased by mutual concession and mutual desire of freedom from strife, but a mere respite from battle—a reactive lethargy consequent on the death of two candidates, and the triumph of a third. This is the American peace. We have at last attained it.

Gentle reader, now that the personal political battering-rams are either lying crushed in defeat, or exulting in victory; now that the dead are being buried, and the living eulogized; now that the political warhorses are being rubbed down and stabled, let us go back and view the field of carnage and strife.

Carnage?—strife? Certainly, dear reader. All war entails strife and bloodshed; and the war from which we now have rest has been fiercely, savagely, inhumanly carried on. It has crushed rising hopes; it has sounded the death-knell of the fame of many; it has mangled and seared the reputation of thousands; it has made enemies of brothers; it has driven all charity from men's hearts; it has raised the demon of discord in families; it has overturned the good in men's souls; it has reared in the grove of Mammon altars to its attendant gods; and incense has been burned to bribery, fraud, and corruption. It has done more. The conflict has wrested the bands off Pandora's *moral* box; and from thence have issued slander, hatred, envy, jealousy, and deceit. The atmosphere is still loaded with the miasms of political swamps and cesspools. The cursings and blasphemy of a six-month's warfare still linger in the air; and the heart-burnings engendered by political strife still brood over many a hearthstone in the land.

Soberly and seriously, in many things we are a nation of simpletons! Instead of pausing to allow our knights-demagogue to shiver a lance singly, we must fain be up and at it too. Just mention a fight, and Young America is ready to rush in. The American heart is made up of sympathy-pulses. Only let a man be attacked, and hosts of friends are instantly in arms to defend him, right or wrong. This sympathy extends to the active as well as the passive agent—to the one who attacks as well as to him who is the object of the attack. Never has this fact been more exemplified than in the recent Presidential canvass. The most unmerited, scurrilous abuse has been endorsed by a portion of the people at large; and no slander has been so base, no charge too heinous, that has not supporters in approval, if not in belief.

The time has been—but it is now a record of history, not experience—when political campaigns were fields for the discussion of *principles*, not character—of political facts, not personal acts. Those were times (*vide* History) when politics was a study for great minds—when principles of national good and political economy were made questions of issue. But now there is no profession of politics—it is a mere trade. It was once a science, but is now an art. All it requires is a dexterity in disarming truth; a sleight-of-hand in placing your antagonist in a false

position; a chest full of words, with a few drawers of Billingsgate lexicography, and a wild recklessness of abuse. With these weapons, a man, be he ignorant of all law, all national principles of good, all elements of political economy, can "fret his brief hour" on the stage of effervescent, political excitement—the acknowledged champion of a party that, be his assertions never so wild or reckless, perseveringly upholds whatever proceeds from his lips.

Truly, politics are run mad. In the late canvass we have been favored with the moral peccadilloes, the bodily infirmities, the social vices, the youthful errors, the forgotten misdeeds of candidates. One fact is noticeable: the populace never permit a man to change his opinions. The law of change enters into every thing but this; so that the perhaps wild, immature, unstudied sentiments of youth cling to a man all through life; and the slightest change in sentiment or opinion is met by the cry of "Inconsistency," as though politics were a sort of geological rock, and he who carved his name thereon must there let it stand for all time.

Verily, the trade of politics is a low one; for, to secure popularity, a stump-speaker must pander to the gross appetites of his hearers, whose idle curiosity and malignant passions are all alive to any thing disparaging the opposition; and the most delicate tit-bit to the populace is the private history of political opponents. Let a speaker invade the domestic hearth of his antagonist; let him drag forth his secret sins; exhibit him as a social tyrant, a bad husband, a weak father, a slave to some social vice, and the greedy people hang with excited pleasure on the recital, and award the wreath of popularity to this vice-digger and sin-resurrectionist!

It has become a fashion among stump-speakers—a fashion founded in the desire of ridiculing what they hate—to hold up ministers of the gospel to derision. They always have a fund of anecdotes to recite in illustration of some one's delinquency, the heroes of which are preachers. As in the manufactured witticisms of newspapers, the heroes are always Irishmen or Dutchmen, so, in the fabricated anecdotes of political stump-speakers, preachers of the gospel are sure to be dragged in to give zest and pointedness to some obscene jest or weak story, which is generally received with loud guffaws.

Alas for the good sense of our people! alas for the decency of the public rostrum! The present strife, for a time, is over; but soon again our ears will be shocked by the rampant demagogues of political warfare. The torch, now almost extinguished, will, ere four years have flown, again be lighted by the incendiaries of men's reputations. Four years hence, and the mere unproved, unsubstantiated assertions and surmises of to-day will be brought out with the blackness, dust, and mould of time on them; and, beneath the cant of a hypocritical truthfulness, will surely sink the fame of many whose characters are now without a blot.

O for the millennium! O for a cessation from this most degrading, most foul, and most unnatural of strifes! Far off, in the distance, we see a man's hand red with the blood of a brother; we see a real battle, and from this field a crimson cloud rises, on whose bright borders is traced a line replete with meaning—"The fruits of political demagoguism!"

God save us as a nation from such men!

F. U. S.

DANIEL BOONE.

On a fine spring morning, in the year 1769, an humble hunter crossed the threshold of his log cabin, on the head waters of the Yadkin river, in the province of North Carolina. The brutal Governor Tryon, with his myrmidons, had been laying waste the country and violating the rights of the colonists. Population, with its westward instinct, had been pressing into the neighborhood, until the eye of the hunter, as he stood in his door-yard, could note the hour of breakfast by the smoke from a score of chimneys. He was neither morbid nor misanthropic; yet, disgusted by the license of sheriffs and the tricks of lawyers, "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the neighborhood of settlers, longing for the freedom of the forest and of the unbroken prairie, his ear had welcomed the tale of his friend, John Finley, who, two years before, had visited a

region called by the savages "the dark and bloody ground." Glowing, indeed, was the story which the trader told of the goodliness of the land; of its beautiful streams, clear as crystal; of its glorious woods, where the wind was the only feller; of its plains which a share had never furrowed, covered with sward freshly green as emerald, decked with flowers of countless hues and ceaseless fragrance; of salt-licks visited by herds of buffalo which no man could number—thronged by bear and deer—a region where larger game was in such plenty that the woodsman disdained to waste a ball upon a turkey. Greedily did the ear of the hunter drink in the tale, great was the longing of his heart that his eye might look upon the land and his foot press its virgin soil. Much does he brood and dream in the two long years, from '67 to '69, amid his solitary hunts and rambles, of this new paradise. His desire has ripened into a passion, and now, on this bright May morning, his plough is forsaken in the middle of the furrow, his team is left afield. Hastening to his cabin, his rifle is snatched from its pegs, a store of powder and bullets provided, his knapsack filled with "dodgers," and strapped upon his shoulders; and here, outside the door, he stands, beneath the shadow of a spreading tree; his tall and manly form cased in buckskin, his face bronzed by wind, and sun, and storm: silent as an Indian, agile as a deer, tough as a panther. Around that man's name time has summoned the surviving arts to do him honor and homage. The sculptor has invoked the chisel and the imperishable marble to perpetuate his form: the painter has employed color and canvas to transmit his look and features: history, with her iron pen and adamantine tablet, has come to write his fame; and poetry, divinest of them all, has laid upon his brow the perennial garland of song. But he is sad. While the hunter longs for the forest, has not the father and the husband a heart? Wife and children are near at hand to say good-bye, perhaps for ever. Tears overflow the eye, unused to weep. A hasty farewell, and he is gone. A toilsome march of six weeks, with five companions, across the Alleghanies, through the valleys of the Clinch and the Holston, over the Cumberland Range, and his goal is gained. Is it not an Eden, this land upon which his eye now rests? A more glorious realm the foot of man hath never trod since Joshua crossed the Jordan. A great joy dwells in the heart of Daniel Boone, for the half had not been told him.

Our backwoodsmen enjoy a hunt of six months and a half, when Boone and one of his companions, William Stewart, are taken prisoners by a band of savages. A week's captivity, and they escape. Soon afterwards, Stewart is shot by the savages. The others of the party, intimidated, resolve instantly to retreat; not so Boone. He has come to see the land from end to end, nor will he falter, whate'er betide, until the end be reached. They go, but he remains. He is the one white man who dares to trust himself alone with Nature. We call him a backwoods hunter—is he not a kind of poet too, whose song reaches none but his own heart? That incense-breathing atmosphere fills him with unspoken gladness, the early morn blushes him a greeting, mid-day paints the world with splendor for the wayfarer, and the gorgeous hues of sunset are gathered up and thrown around his path, as if the parting day would smile him to his rest. The green savannah spreads beneath his glance, until its verdant edge blends with the soft light of the horizon. Here the tall shafts of majestic trees tell whence came the architecture of Gothic churches. Pebbly brooks lift their sweet voices to his ear; while the face of creek and river wears the sheen of molten silver. Is not this an apocalyptic vision for the wanderer?

Partly alone, partly accompanied by his brother, he spies out the riches of the land. He has need to be wary, for sleepless enemies are seeking him, but he eludes their lynx-eyed vigilance. The woods and meadows of Kentucky are sown with a peculiar thistle which long retains the imprint of a foot. The Indians, in large parties, do not seek to conceal their trail. Boone and his brother, avoiding this tell-tale weed, completely obliterated their own footprints. The earth is bare to the eye of the savages: to the tutored gaze of the white men, it is as if covered with snow, revealing the presence and number of their enemies. Thus are two years spent by our

hardy yeomen, pioneers of the Anglo-American family.

Two years and a half more are dreamed and hunted away by Boone upon the Yadkin, until, in September, 1773, with a company of six families and forty armed men, he starts to take possession of his paradise. The teams are slowly laboring up the difficult side of Cumberland Gap, when, unexpected as a bolt from a cloudless heaven, an iron sleet falls upon the movers' rear, from an Indian ambuscade. The savages are instantly routed; but six whites are slain, among whom is Boone's eldest son—first fruits of the fearful harvest which war must reap and garner before peace can assert and maintain its title to Kentucky and the West. Thus far in history man's right to all his best possessions has been written in blood. Well had the Indians named their choicest hunting-grounds the "dark and bloody land." Thus shall it be for the Americans, also, for many a sad year to come. For more than twenty years—from the delivery of that fatal volley, in 1773, until Wayne's treaty, in 1795—the din of war was never hushed upon the frontier.—*The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags, by Wm. H. Milburn.*

LITTLE BESSIE.

"Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight:
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night.
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast:
O, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest!

"All the day, while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said:
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep;
And I wished he'd come and take me
In his arms, that I might sleep.

"Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened—
In a field were lambs and sheep:
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

"But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if he saw me—
If he'd speak to such as me.
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

"They were singing, O how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard:
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow-bird.
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled;
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, 'Come here, my child:

"'Come up here, my little Bessie—
Come up here, and live with me;
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see'
Then I thought of all you'd told me
Of that bright and happy land:
I was going when you called me—
When you came and kissed my hand;

"And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me, I would go,
O to sleep, and never suffer!
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight:
O, how much I love you, mother!
But I feel so strange to-night."

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast:
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest.
At the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness, calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY KATE KARL.

"I always think it looks foolish to see mothers weeping for the loss of little children."—*Colloquy.*

Foolishness to weep at the loss of a little child! O! had you encircled in your arms, from day to day, that tiny form, and listened to the soft cooing of the dovelike voice, and felt that soft hand playfully laid upon your cheek; had you, with a mother's tender voice,

hushed it to soft slumber, and watched beside the pillow while it slept; had it taken from your bosom the nourishment that supported the little life within; had you pressed it there a thousand times with the fulness of a mother's love; had the blue eyes filled with tears when a frown was upon your brow, and disappeared when you smiled again, like sunshine after April shower; had the rosy mouth been extended for a loving kiss, and the curly head laid upon your bosom; had you dwelt on pictures, in coming years, of the form of a lovely girl, watching beside your sick, perhaps dying pillow, and thought to have her administer the cooling draught to your parched lip and bathe the burning brow; had you watched beside the cradle-pillow from night to night, and prayed and wept, as only a mother weeps and prays; had you beheld it drooping from day to day, when no arm could save, no love could bring its wonted health again; had you beheld it when the languid eye was turned upon her whose heart was breaking with grief, as if pleading for something to ease the pain of that little body; O! had you seen the last faint struggle of the sweet sufferer, as the spirit ascended to its Father in heaven; had you seen it shrouded in its little coffin-bed, and beheld that weeping mother as she laid carefully by each tiny garment she had stitched with so much pleasure, each toy the little hands had so often handled; had you seen with what silent sacredness each one had been stored away, not one of which but bore a tear to its resting-place; had you then beheld her follow it to its last home, its little grave, and seen earth close over all she held dear—O! could you say it was foolish to weep at the loss of a little child!

THE GOOD THAT MAY BE DONE IN A YEAR, LITTLE BY LITTLE.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

It is by little and little that in such a world as this we must do the greater part of the good that we ever accomplish. He that is faithful in great things, is faithful also in the least; and if he be not faithful in small things, God will not give him the opportunity to be so in large ones. Indeed, it is only by the discipline of faithfulness in small things that a man can be prepared to do good on a great scale. If a man waits for great opportunities, or a great occasion, or a great position before beginning to do good with all his might, before beginning to exert his influence in all things, for God and truth and liberty and righteousness, then, when the occasion comes, or the position is offered, the man himself will certainly be found wanting. The spirit of the man can be trained for great occasions only gradually, and by a discipline and habit of integrity, firmness, and faithfulness in minor emergencies, and in regard to constant calls of duty. It is as if a man, contemplating a height to be gained, should say, "I will not take a step up the ladder till I can go from top to bottom at a bound." Well, you never will be there in that way. You must go up step by step, or not at all. It is not given to man to spring at once to grand attainments, or great usefulness, or great influence. He cannot wing his way over intervening obstacles, but must grapple with them and overcome them one by one. The greatest promises from God himself take this into consideration. No man can do good in any other way, in any sphere whatever, nor gain any lasting good by any other arrangement.

What now is surer than God's great promise in regard to children, that if you train them up faithfully for him, he will take care of them, and bless them, and make them his? But the result of good character and heavenly habits with *them* depends upon the daily, familiar, minute, but ever-recurring examples set before them, and influences brought to bear upon them. The impressions that form their characters from the outset are as little drops falling on the rock, and wearing it, never at once, but by perseverance, repetition, continuance. What can one drop do? It falls, and is gone, and leaves no traces. The most perfect microscope or measuring instrument that ever could be made would not be able to detect the impression made by one drop. And yet the permanence, the incessant repetition of this feeble, trifling agency, so small as to be entirely imperceptible, may at length furrow and disintegrate the very granite. That is but a symbol of what may be done with souls.

But we say God's providence takes care of single little things also, and oftentimes makes much out of them, or hangs much upon them. We think it was Hannah More who once recorded an instance of a gay lady returning from a midnight party at cards, and finding her maid-servant reading a religious book. "Poor, melancholy thing," said she, "what pleasure can you find in poring over such a book?" But even in her own careless glance upon it, there was one word that met her eye, and followed her to her retirement, and at length filled her with so much distress that her maid came to her in anxiety to know what it was that troubled her. She burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, "O! it was one word in your book that has taken hold upon me, and that word is ETERNITY!" And, by God's grace, it led to an earnest preparation for eternity.

But this is by no means a solitary instance. "I can never forget," said a pious man once to a friend, "that one word, which was whispered to me once in a meeting for religious inquiry." "What word was it?" "It was the word ETERNITY. A young Christian friend, who was yearning for my salvation, came up to me as I sat in my pew, and simply whispered *Eternity* in my ear, with great solemnity and tenderness, and then left me. That word made me think, and I found no peace till I came to the cross."

It is said that Harlan Page once went through his Sabbath-school to get some spiritual census in regard to its condition. Coming to one of the teachers, he said, "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher replied, "No." "Then," said Mr. Page, very tenderly, "I will put you down as having no hope." He closed his little book and left him; but that single remark was blessed of God, and therefore was enough to distress the young man so deeply that he could find no peace till he gained a hope in Christ's saving mercy. Take another instance. A female member of a Christian church not long since overtook a lady on her way to the prayer-meeting. She asked the young person if she never thought of her own salvation? The lady thus addressed replied that during all her life she had never had one word spoken to her before concerning the salvation of her soul. But this one affectionate question had God's blessing. Within a few weeks from that time, she became a devoted member of the fold of Christ.

Thus God works. It is said to have been a single remark of Rev. Charles Simeon, in regard to the blessings which had resulted from the labors of Dr. Carey in India, that first arrested the attention of Henry Martyn to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought, and a perusal of the life of Brainerd fixed him in his resolution to give himself to his Redeemer in the service of preaching the gospel to the dying heathen.

A great many such cases might be cited; and the recurrence of such instances should teach us never to be discouraged in trying to do good. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, nor whether they may not both alike have God's blessing. Blessed are they that sow beside all waters, that are ready for all opportunities. None can tell what God may do with a single word, a single remark, a single question. Even when the case seems most hopeless, the seed may be taking root. The arrow, though feebly shot, may be lodged in the conscience. That heavenly minister in Scotland, Mr. McCheyne, was once riding past a coal-quarry, and stopped to look in at the fire-room of the engine-house. The fireman had just opened the door to feed the furnace with fresh fuel. Mr. McCheyne observed it for a moment in solemn meditation, and then, pointing to the bright glowing flame, said in a gentle tone to the man, but full of meaning, "Does that fire remind you of any thing?" If I remember right, he afterwards stated the impression made upon his own soul by the recall, in lively power, of the Scripture imagery of perdition, the worm that never dieth, the fire that never shall be quenched. But he just simply asked, "Does that fire remind you of any thing?" The question, from such a devout and praying heart, was not left with the man merely: it was left with God, and God's blessing accompanied it. It proved an effectual arrow of conviction, roused his conscience as with the power of guilt and hell, led him to the house of God, and may have

been to him the gate to heaven. Thus it is that God can make little means divinely powerful. Therefore, despise not the day of small things, for none can tell what God may do. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season thou shalt reap, if thou faint not. It is one characteristic of the righteous, that whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. *Nothing can be lost that is done for God.* If you do not see the glory of it now, nor the success of it, you shall see the reward of it hereafter. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

But if we are thus taught the duty of perseverance in well-doing, and if we thus gain great encouragement for faithfulness in little things, and small spheres of usefulness, we likewise see how much may depend, and of how great moment, upon actions apparently the most trifling; and, therefore, how watchful we should be to walk with God, in all our ways to acknowledge him, and in all things be sure of his approbation! Indeed, we can never be too vigilant on our way to the eternal world: the atmosphere of prayer and of God's Word is the only safe one to walk in. How can any man leave his house in the morning without committing his way to the Lord God in prayer! How can any man lie down to sleep at night without invoking the pardoning mercy and parental care of the great Being into whose eternal presence he may perhaps pass without ever waking again, in a world of probation, to the possibility of prayer! Who can tell, when he goeth forth in the morning to this world's activities and cares, what may befall him, unless God hold him as in the hollow of his hand? Who can tell what evil, if not guarded and guided of God, he may be the means of bringing even upon others? Who can tell in what lurking-places the adversary of God and man may meet him, what temptations may be thrust upon him from a thought, a book, a bargain, a word, a window? What a work it will sometimes be to read in eternity the history of one day! Watch, therefore, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Try to gain a little for God, a little for heaven, a little more of grace, every day. If you do this in little things, you will accomplish great things. Here a little and there a little, will carry you on from step to step, from grace to glory, till you stand in light and peace, and freedom ineffable, where there will be no more need of conflict, anxiety, or watchfulness, but where, holy as God is holy, you may fly upon angelic wings throughout the universe, secure and happy in the great deep of God's infinite perfections.

From that post of observation, that region of heavenly peace and glory, what a scene to look back upon the years of this our mortal pilgrimage! O that we might come to them now, and pass through them now, with something of that watchfulness, prayerfulness, diligence, and deep sense of responsibility, that we shall then feel ought to have accompanied us in every step!

THE FAULT-FINDER—A PORTRAIT AND A CONTRAST.

To find fault is one of the easiest things in the world. It requires a very limited intellect to exercise the faculty. A conceited and inflated mortal may venture to criticize even the sun and the stars. But, alas for such wicked and egregious folly! It indicates the presumption of the mere worm, and shows how at times the mortal will attempt to measure the creations of the immortal. An habitual fault-finder is a curse to society. He perpetually complains, annoys, threatens, and worries. Nothing goes well with him. The world is always wrong, and even the best and brightest examples of human nature are full of flaws and blemishes. There are various kinds of fault-finders. Some are so constitutionally: they cannot help themselves. There is something wrong either in the mind or the heart. A little too much gall has been mingled in their composition, and it is manifested on all occasions. They are bitter and harsh, and they cannot help themselves. They look upon the world with a jaundiced eye: nothing refreshes. These miserable beings are perhaps to be pitied as well as contemned. Their lives must be one long scene of disquiet, discontent, and unhappiness. There are others who find fault from ignorance. They do not know any better. They possess little or no

ability themselves, and thus they cannot appreciate it in others. They mean nothing particularly unkind, but they commit the great mistake of supposing that if they depreciate and underrate an effort of the mind or the hand, a work of literature or of art, they will be regarded as critical and well-informed. In other words, they censure and condemn, supposing that they manifest tact and knowledge, when the fact is exactly the reverse. They only show their ignorance. A third class of fault-finders may be found in the jealous and the envious, and this perhaps is the larger class. Daily and hourly illustrations may be seen. Nothing is perfect, nothing is commendable with these hypercritical individuals. They seem to have a distaste for any thing that approaches perfection. Their views are narrow and illiberal, and their spirit is selfish and mean. Nay, when others praise, they are particularly careful to throw in a word of censure or of doubt. Even their best friends sometimes suffer. They cannot be manly and magnanimous. They cannot bear to listen to eulogies upon the efforts or conduct of others. If they dare not venture to speak out boldly, they will indicate their feelings by a look, a distrust, or a smile of scorn. There is still another class of fault-finders. We allude to the malevolent and the slanderous, to the many who seem to delight in defaming the characters of others. The merest trifle is sought as a pretext. They are ready on all occasions to calumniate and denounce. The spirit is a bad one. It is mean and unmanly, and is often the source of much annoyance and pain. When, moreover, an individual exerts himself to the utmost, when he toils on for days with the object of perfecting some work, it is indeed unpleasant to hear it spoken of harshly, unkindly, illiberally, and unjustly. And yet, how many are in the habit of committing this error! They seem to take delight in lacerating the feelings and wounding the pride of others. The fault-finder, too, in the great majority of cases, is totally incapable of competing with the individual criticized. Nay, if his conduct and efforts were analyzed with the same degree of severity, he would manifest the utmost indignation. Let us not be misunderstood. A parasite, a flatterer, and a falsifier cannot be regarded with too much contempt. The heartless eulogies of all such are worse than valueless. But there is a happy medium, in which frankness and liberality may be nicely blended. And even if defects exist, they may be alluded to only as the slight shadows that serve to render more distinct and radiant the rich lights of merit, of genius, and of virtue. Nay, there are some individuals who have a perpetual complaint upon their lips. The moment that you see them, you may expect a grumble or a reprimand. They delight in hunting out errors and imperfections, and then in exaggerating and magnifying them. If they can only catch a friend or a neighbor in some little difficulty, they will take especial pains to make bad worse, and to hurry from door to door, detailing the particulars of the affair, and with as much gusto as possible. Their true element seems to be fault-finding. They indulge in the habit at all times and on all occasions, and without regard to propriety, feeling, or persons. Nothing annoys them more than some spontaneous burst of approbation, elicited by the achievement of another. They cannot see the extraordinary merit, or any reason for especial commendation, but, on the contrary, they discover many drawbacks, and they proceed, as a matter of course, to underrate, depreciate, and decry. Nay, they will argue for hours, if listened to, in the hope of thus diminishing merit or damaging reputation. Alas for these miserable wretches! for thus they deserve to be designated. They are paltry in soul, narrow, niggardly, and mean in spirit. Fortunately, their infirmity or vice is soon recognized, and then their opinions are duly considered and contemned. How much better the frank, the manly, the appreciating, and the magnanimous! The disposition with such is to discover any thing that is really entitled to praise, to foster modest merit, to encourage real talent, and ever to cheer, with a kindly word, the ambitious but the unsuccessful.

It should be remembered, moreover, that the early efforts of genius, of industry, and of art, are sometimes sadly defective—not for want of talent, but in consequence of inexperience. The habitual fault-finder, however, would crush out at a blow every aspiration

of the young. The generous and the appreciating, on the other hand, would counsel patience and perseverance, and thus success in the end. And so it ever should be. Let us cheer, gladden, and encourage, whenever we may with propriety. Let us commend and eulogize at every proper opportunity. Let us notice and appreciate, whenever we should do so, from a sense of generosity as well as justice. But, above all things, unless we desire to be narrow and envious, unjust as well as cruel, let us never find fault wantonly, unnecessarily, with selfish, sordid, or malevolent motives.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

WASHINGTON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

LAND of the West! though passing brief
The record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all
On history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,
Thine shall be loudest far:
Let others boast their satellites,
Thou hast the planet star!

Thou hast a name whose characters
Of light shall ne'er depart;
'T is stamped upon the dullest brain,
And warms the coldest heart:
A war-cry fit for any land
Where freedom's to be won.
Land of the West! it stands alone—
It is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave;
But stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror,
And died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle; but his wings,
Though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight,
And dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway
Would fain have chained the waves;
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal,
To make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barred the path,
Still fiercely waded on—
O, where shall be *their* "glory" by
The side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife;
He struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe,
He sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right
By reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw
The challenge—sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise,
The patriot and sage:
He showed no deep, avenging hate—
No burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth,
And dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth
The name of Washington!

No car of triumph bore him through
A city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels
Proclaimed him victor chief:
He broke the gyves of slavery
With strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links
When he had crushed the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay
His soldier-trappings down
To change them for the regal vest,
And don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—
Too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask
A noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—
My loved, my native earth!—
The land that holds a mother's grave,
And gave that mother birth!
O, keenly sad would be the fate
That thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed,
"Farewell for evermore!"

But did I meet such adverse lot,
I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds
For Homer's song to tell.
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry,
And bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land
To that of Washington!

MEN deride the self-conceit of power, but cringe to its injustice.

A SERMON.

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 12.

All men have an instinctive desire to be saved, and, at times, an inward shuddering and drawing back from the thought of future punishment. No odds how hardened and reckless the infidel may have grown, yet there are moments even in *his* life when, under the reflection of reason, he will doubt his own dark theory, fear the consequences in the future, and have an irresistible desire to be saved from them.

In public, it is true, and before the faces of men, he can overcome this inward monitor, and appear to be very bold, daring, and God-defying; but in the dark, sublime solitude, in the midst of the fire-winged storm, and before the frowning face of danger, it makes his heart blanch, and he is a coward.

It is this instinctive dread of future punishment, and desire to be saved, that prostrates the dark-visaged Burman and Hindoo so devoutly before their great idol Buddha, and causes them even to throw themselves in such numbers under the mighty car of Juggernaut that its wheels are clogged with blood. This it is that causes the sunburnt Hottentot to idolize and worship the mantis, a mere insect, and the Egyptian the beasts and even the vegetables of the earth. It is this that causes so many, even in civilized lands, to seek out new inventions for the future—many new systems of salvation. Their carnal hearts are opposed to God's plan: it don't suit them, and they reject it. But they want to be saved: they are afraid to plunge into the dark abyss without some prop—something to rest upon; and therefore Christendom is filled almost to rottenness with God-insulting and soul-damning isms. But I am inclined to the opinion that those who trust in these isms will find in death that they are poor props indeed! Yea, I firmly believe that when the dark billows of the death-Jordan shall come rolling upon them, they will find that their isms are not life-boats in which they may triumphantly ride the wave, but iron clogs which will ingulf them in the bottomless pit. "For there is none other name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved."

This name is revealed to us only by the Bible. Philosophy knew nothing of it, nor did any of the dark systems of idolatry ever hear any thing about it. O the precious Bible, what a treasure! It is a peculiar book. There is none other like it within the vast circle of this globe. God is its author. It comes to us from heaven, flashing with the light and glory of the invisible paradise: it comes sparkling with the wisdom, goodness, and perfection of the infinite and eternal mind.

Do you tell me that men wrote it? No, Sir, men were only the machinery used. God wrote it. Who is the author of the Declaration of American Independence? Was it the pen and ink that put it on paper? No, it emanated from the great mind of Jefferson. And so the Bible is the scintillations of infinite wisdom and goodness. Men held the pen, but God guided their hands; men spake, but God gave the thoughts, the sentiments, the language. Why, I believe as firmly that God is the author of the holy book, as if I had stood in the vestibule of the palace of the Eternal, and seen the finger of Jehovah mark the letters, as he did the words of the law upon the marble tables on Mount Sinai. Will you tell me that human intellect could have imagined the inexplicable mystery of a Trinity in a Godhead? that finite mind could have invented the sublime idea of a Divine Providence? that the unfathomable doctrines of regeneration and redemption ever sprung from mortal brains? And that such burning thoughts as I find in the Bible, sparkling from Genesis to Revelation, have flowed from no higher source than the low and sluggish brain of man? Why, you might as well tell me that man could create man, and breathe into him the breath of life. No; it is a book without a fault—a sun without a spot—the glorious book that reveals to us the only name whereby we must be saved.

"What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none."

But before I leave this thought for another, I want to ask you, my readers, a question or

two with respect to the Bible. I will ask them in the name of its great author, and you must answer them to Him. I also warn you not to equivocate one iota, for his omniscient eye is now looking into your heart, and he will punish you if you do not tell him the truth, and the whole truth. Christian, how much do you read of this book every day? How often do you read it through, beginning at Genesis and closing with Revelation? You profess to have taken it as the man of your counsel, the rule of your action, and your chart from earth to heaven. And it is reasonable to suppose that you read at least as many chapters as you take meals in the day; for you certainly would not be less careful about your spiritual than your physical sustenance. And the great truths contained in this sacred book are as necessary to your spiritual life as bread and meat are to your natural. Methinks, the heart of the proud, formal professor is pleading guilty, and answering: "I have not read a chapter in a week: I make it a rule to read one every Sabbath afternoon; and I keep my rule, too, unless, peradventure, I should happen to have company, or something else should prevent." Well, now, you are a pretty Christian! Why, the very children in the streets ought to point their fingers at you and laugh at your Christianity. And as certain as there is a God in heaven, he will point the finger of his condemnation at you, and say, "Depart, I never knew you!"

And, sinner, how much have you read of the Divine volume? Have you ever read it once through attentively? Have you ever read carefully even one of the blessed tracts contained in it? No! And yet you are very ready to doubt, and some of you perhaps to deny, its truth and authority. Why, how absurd it is for you to doubt or oppose that you know nothing about! And what do you think God will say to you at the judgment? I will tell you. He will ask you if you ever read his Word. He will tell you that he sent you a message of love in the Bible; that he there explained to you the plan of salvation, and opened up to you the way to heaven and happiness; that he there revealed to you the only name whereby you must be saved. And, indignant from your insulting neglect, with flashing eye, he will say, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

But, my readers, let us inquire about this all-important name, the only name given under heaven and among men whereby we must be saved.

What name is it? Is it that of the supreme pontiff, or Pope of Rome? No; that name is not in the Bible at all. It is true that he is described in the Bible. The Apostle Paul draws his likeness, calling him "the son of perdition, the man of sin, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself as God." True, that name is derived from a Greek word meaning father; and he pretends to have authority to remit and pardon sins. But he is like his father, the Devil, a liar, and the father of it. And instead of saving any of the thousands of poor ignorant creatures who are looking up to him, he is leading them blindfold down to the pit of damnation.

Well, is it by any of the various names of the different religious sects that we are to be saved? No, it is not by a sectarian name at all that we must be saved. It is true that some of them have gone so far as to say that no one can be saved outside of their own paling; and others, a little wiser, admit that outsiders may possibly be saved, but that they have no right to preach the gospel or proclaim the tidings of salvation. But the name neither of Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, nor Roman Catholic, will be our passport to the paradise of God. Nay, my brethren, not even the name of Baptist, though this is a Bible name, and the only one of those denominated sectarian which has been written by the pen of inspiration. Many of you love this name. I love it myself dearly: it is enshrined in my heart of hearts. It is the name which I wear—the name by which a beloved and now sainted father and mother were called. I love it on account of its age. It was the name of the harbinger of our Divine Lord: it is the name that belonged to his disciples, and has been worn with honor by a countless train of distinguished worthies from that day to the present. I love it on account of the persecutions which have followed it, even since the head of the first Baptist was struck off by the

axe of royal tyranny down to the present enlightened century. It has stood fearlessly on the scaffold of death, and unshrinkingly at the burning stake. It has been in prisons, in dungeons, and upon the bloody cross. And yet it lives—lives with the light and blessing of Heaven resting upon it. But still this is not the name by which we must be saved.

Then let us inquire again. In this holy Bible, I find revealed the name Jehovah. This is the awful and incommunicable name of the Divine essence: this is the name which has no plural, and admits of no affix: this is the name which the Jew dared not write, and trembled even at the thought of pronouncing: this is the name of Him whose presence was symbolized by the burning bush, and the presence of whose glory covered Mount Sinai with clouds and fire. Yea, this is the name of Him whose countenance lights the celestial realms with an effulgence infinitely above the brightness of the noonday sun; and before whose face even the high seraphim and mighty cherubim veil their faces, unable to bear the brightness of his presence. And yet, this is not the name given whereby we must be saved. No, no! No man hath seen him at any time, and none could look upon him and live.

But, my readers, are you anxious to hear the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved? Ah, it is a sweet, a charming name. The very sound drops melody on the Christian's heart, and flashes thoughts of glory through his soul. This name is Jesus—Jesus, Saviour, the Saviour of his people. Must I prove it? Then I'll prove it by an angel's tongue. Gabriel, thou messenger of glory, thou angel of the Lord, bear testimony for my Master and thy Master before this people to-day. Listen: "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." Will this not do? Then listen to the voice of that far-off harp of prophecy, as it comes echoing over the vast void of centuries gone by. It is the sublime voice of Isaiah, prince of the prophets: "He shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Yes, this is the name, and this the only name, given under heaven, not in heaven; given to men, not given to angels. No, angels had no need of a Saviour: they never sinned against God; their delight and pleasure has ever been to wait around the burning throne, bask in the Divine presence, and on lightning-wings to execute the orders issued from the throne. But this is the name given under heaven, given among men, given for the salvation of Adam's poor fallen race: this is the name that brings joy to the penitent soul, that pours the oil of gladness into the wounded heart, and thrills through the believer's entire being:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear:
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear!

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest."

Ah, dear reader, there is a power in this name, an almighty power! The concentrated energies of the sacred and eternal Godhead dwell together in this name. The everlasting Father hears the breathings of our prayers, only through this name: the blessing of the Holy Spirit descends upon us, only through this name; and the whole excellency and glory of the pure and blessed Son, cluster, and bloom, and hang in rich festoons around this saving name. It is the heaven-anointed name, Christ Jesus—Christ, the anointed; Jesus, the Saviour; Christ Jesus, the anointed Saviour.

This name saves us from our sins; sin produces affliction, and by faith in this name our afflictions are healed. Shall I prove it? Do you see that poor, miserable, crippled beggar, who lies at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful? He has been a cripple all the days of his life. Those wasted limbs have never performed their ordinary functions. He has never been able to stand upon his feet; and his only business has been to lie at the gate of the temple and beg the mite of charity to prolong his wretched life. But here come two of the Lord's apostles. He asks of them an alm. They fix their eyes upon him; and Peter says: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have, give I thee: in the name of

Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Immediately he springs to his feet, and enters into the temple with them, walking, and leaping, and praising God. Ah, Peter, thou servant of Jesus, tell us how this mighty cure was made? "His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong; yea, the faith which is by Christ Jesus, hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all."

Is this not enough? Then see that other poor beggar, sitting by the highway-side. That is poor, blind Bartimeus, son of Timeus. How intently he listens! what anxious excitement is depicted on his sightless face! There is a mighty multitude approaching from toward Jericho. He hears them shout; and the sweet name of Jesus floats upon the balmy air. He hears the tramp of the multitude: his heart leaps under the impulses of a new hope, and he shouts, "Jesus, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" Hush! hush! blind beggar, hush! the great prophet of Nazareth is passing in triumph by. But he heeds not: he has heard the name of Jesus, the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved, and he cries the louder still, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" Ah, poor blind beggar, be of good comfort, arise! he calleth thee. He leaps forward: the great Saviour speaks. "What wilt thou that I should do to thee?" "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And immediately heaven's light beams upon the darkened eyes, and they gaze and dilate on the beauties of nature. Lord Jesus, tell us how it is that the man sees. Hark, he speaks: "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole." Ah, yes! this name has power to restore the sick, to heal the cripple, and give sight to the blind.

Again: This name saves us from our sins, and robs death of his sting. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law."

If there were no sin, then death would have no sting; and if there were no law, then sin would possess no strength. But now death comes and shakes his raven wing in the sinner's face, and he trembles and turns pale. The dark river rolls before him: he looks about him, to see how he is equipped for the passage; but he is crowded and weighed down with sins, and trembles to plunge the dark billow. Death stands before him in all his terrors. The cheated neighbor comes up, and says, "Death, he swindled me: strike him to the heart:" the widow and orphan come up, and say, "He defrauded us: let a new pain shoot through his soul:" ruined innocence comes up, and says, "He destroyed me: let remorse wring his heart;" whilst black lies, profane oaths, broken Sabbaths, and a neglected Bible, all put barbed arrows into the hand of the mighty tyrant. And the sinner, quivering, writhing, and agonizing under the sting of death, leaps forward to the deceptive hope that these sufferings are but for a moment, and will soon be over. But there he meets the immutable and divine law, flaming with eternal justice; and, with burning eyes, reads: The strength of sin is the law: punishment, punishment—for ever, for ever!

But, look at the Christian. Death comes and throws his black veil over his face; but he trusts in the name of Jesus, and the death-veil is thin as muslin: he sees through it plain enough to know the way, and triumphantly exclaims, "O death! where is thy sting?" The grave comes up, and opens its voracious jaws, and, with a hoarse, sepulchral voice, says, "Come!" But the Christian answers, "Jesus once lay in the tomb and hallowed it;" and triumphantly exclaims: "O grave, where is thy victory?" The law comes up, and waves its pure, bright pages before his eyes; but the dying Christian meekly bows his head, and humbly cries, "Jesus, Jesus died;" and immediately on the fair, bright pages he sees, written in letters of blood, "Justified, justified;" and with rapture he sings:

> "Jesus can make a dying-bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> Whilst on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

An infidel writer of the present day advises his disciples to think of dying as little as possible. He tells them that dying is at best a humiliating, uncomfortable business; and therefore instructs them to live well, and die as they can. But, blessed be God, our holy religion teaches us another lesson. It directs us to live well; but does not leave us, in the

last hour, to die as we can. O, no! It gives us the all-sufficient name of Jesus, to go with and comfort us through the dark valley of the shadow of death. It enables us to say, with an eminent Christian, who died not a great while since: "Death is swallowed up of victory. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And when his pious wife, having perceived the appearance of death in him, bade him farewell, and said, "Dear heart, enter cheerfully into life everlasting," he replied, "Yes, yes, I go to my God and your God. We are all gainers. I go before you, and you shall follow. We shall be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be for ever with the Lord. I am ready! I am ready! Come, Lord Jesus, open, open the gate to thy servant!"

It is said of the pious Mr. Golding, that, feeling the rapid approaches of death, he broke out in these rapturous expressions: "I now find that it is no delusion: my hopes are well founded! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory I shall shortly partake of!" "Read," said he, "read your Bible! I shall read mine no more—no more need it!" And when his brother said to him, "You seem to enjoy foretastes of heaven," "O," he replied, "this is no longer a foretaste—this is heaven! I not only feel the climate, but I breathe the fine ambrosial air of heaven, and shall soon enjoy the celestial company. My brother, can this be dying? This body seems no longer to belong to the soul: it appears only as a curtain that covers it; and soon I shall drop this curtain and be at liberty!" Then, putting his hand on his breast, he exclaimed, "I rejoice to feel these bones giving way!" and again, "I rejoice to feel these bones giving way, as it tells me I shall soon be with God in glory!" And with his last parting breath he whispered, "Jesus, Jesus! glory, glory!"

Ah, reader! would you die such a death as this? Then cling to the name of Jesus—the only name given among men whereby we must be saved. This name will clothe you in a robe of perfect righteousness. And as you pass along through this wicked world, though afflictions and persecutions may howl around your path, they cannot hurt you, if the name of Jesus is in your heart and on your tongue. And as you walk through the dark valley of death, though serpents should hiss, though fiends should yell, and devils rattle their chains, fear not, they cannot hurt you, if you only whisper the name of Jesus. And when you approach the city of God, and come to the gate, speak the name of Jesus: it will fly open; and a voice, perfumed with the odors of paradise, will fall upon your ravished ear, "Come in, faithful one, come in—Jesus is here!" And as you pass along, the white-robed throng will say, "Jesus! Jesus!" and all the bright, celestial faces will smile upon you with the beams of glory. And as you approach the blazing and eternal throne, bow, saying, "Jesus, Jesus, Lamb of God!" and it shall roll back upon you rivers of bliss and everlasting happiness. Excuse me, O Christian! excuse me: my brain is dizzy with the mighty thoughts!

But, dying sinner, a word to you, and I have done. I tell you that this is the only name given whereby you must be saved. To what other refuge will you fly? Will you fly to the love of God? This golden attribute is presented to you in the person of Jesus Christ; and out of Christ, God is a consuming fire. Would you shelter under the broad wing of his mercy? Out of Christ, he is the God of justice, and cannot overlook your sins. Will you rely on works? If so, I warn you, sinner, that the law demands a perfect righteousness. One single blot upon your robe will condemn you—one sin will spoil all your righteousness; and the soul that sinneth shall die. Ah, friends, friends! you have no refuge left but Jesus Christ; "for there is salvation in none other." Will you accept of him? will you be clothed in his righteousness? will you bind his name upon your heart? and say:

> "Jesus, to thy wounds I fly;
> Purge my sins of deepest dye:
> Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
> Wash away my crimson stain." B.

SELF-DENIAL.—Every personal consideration that we allow, costs us heavenly state. We sell the thrones of angels for a short and turbulent pleasure.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I ASKED the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed bowers:
I crossed her sunny path and cried,
"When is the time to die?"
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked the maiden: back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there:
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh:
"Not now," she cried: "O no, not now!
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her firstborn in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms:
In quivering tones her accents came—
Her eyes were dim with tears—
"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air:
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Nor dimmed by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye:
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die!"

I questioned age, for whom the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
For death, who withers life and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried:
"Life! only life, is my desire!"
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou,
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine:
He spoke the language of his soul—
"MY MASTER'S time is mine."

SPEAKING DEAD.

—BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight,

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall,

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
With the weary march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer:
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside:
And I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

OUR wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and always a temptation to others.

NEWS FROM CHINA.

CANTON, August 20, 1856.

CHINESE BURIAL SERVICES.—At the death of father or mother, the Chinese make sad lamentations. The family join in weeping; bring water from a running stream, and cleanse the body, dress it in white garments, next to the flesh, without metal buttons, put on shoes without leather soles: then they put it on the bed, straight and in order, face up, with a brick for pillow, and cover it all over, including hands and feet, with a white cloth. On the floor by the corpse the family sit, sleep, and watch: burn incense-sticks and a lamp, all the time, presenting it food morning and evening until ready to place in the coffin.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL.—1. A coffin is procured; 2. A lucky day is selected for placing the corpse in the coffin; 3. A priest of the Taou sect, called Naur Mo-sing-sang, is invited to attend and perform the funeral services. When all things are ready, the family kneel down, and the priest stands before the corpse and chants his service, striking two flat brass pieces together as his accompanying instrumental music, for an hour, when the corpse is put into the coffin, and the priest is paid from twenty-five cents to two dollars for his services.

BURIAL SERVICES.—After the funeral services are finished, the coffin is hermetically sealed with a kind of putty, and may remain in the hall for a month or two, or may be immediately carried out and buried, at the option of the master of the ceremonies. When the coffin is taken out to bury, musical instruments of various shapes and sounds are used. If the corpse be a mandarin, the great gong is one of the instruments, his flag is hoisted, pork, mutton, and fruit are presented in sacrifice, which follow in succession. The oldest son carries the signal on which the father's official pedigree is written, and advances before the coffin. On the way to the grave, when passing altars, temples, or bridges, an offering is presented of candles, paper, and incense-sticks; white paper, as money, is also scattered along the way. Before starting, beggars collect about the door, and again others meet them at the grave, demanding presents. Having buried, a little hillock, three or four feet high, is built up on one end of the grave, and an even yard is spread out on the other of ten or twelve feet. On the third day after the burial, the family go to the grave and worship—making a complete finish of the burial.

OBSERVATIONS.—When a father or mother dies, a filial son, in observing the customs, must not use the fé-che chop-sticks, for ten days, nor sit on a high chair or stool; forty-nine days must wear coarse cloth made of bark, nor shave his head for one hundred days; nor must the children of the family marry for three years. The death-anniversary is observed by presenting before the tablet of the deceased paper clothes, pork, candles, and incense-sticks, as a sacrifice. Civil officers, at the death of a parent, may return to their native village and observe the rites of filial piety three times eight months, (twenty-four months,) which are reckoned for three years, though performed in two.* After this, they are allowed, according to custom, to cast off their mourning apparel and return to office again. But during this interval they get no half-pay—no salary. Military officers, at the death of a parent, are not allowed to leave their official duties, but do what they can in the way of filial piety in their place. Not like the civil officers, these have to lead forth their soldiers and fight; therefore, they must not abandon their stations and depart from their camp duties.

The foregoing facts have been communicated by a Chinese gentleman, some of which have been witnessed by the translator, and may be received, I presume, as correct in the main details; and though brief, yet interesting.

CANTON LOCAL NEWS.—From our local reporter, the following items have been received: 1. A dispatch from Ko-chow (in the southwest of Kwang-tung) has been received, announcing that the districts of Teen-pak and Sek-sung have each been submerged lately by the freshet, several hundred houses destroyed, and many lives lost. 2. A dispatch from Cheng-uen-Kwang-tung informs us that

* So you may perceive that a Chinaman is ingenious indeed, when he can give his own conscience the slip, and make two years count for three, and that in relation to filial duties, the most important of all with them.

the rebels of Yeng-tak went to San-hang, (north-west of Canton,) when the soldiers and people, uniting, exerted themselves to defend and fight; but every village being inundated, neither this nor that was able to assist the other; so, on the arrival of the rebels, they at pleasure committed depredations, burning more than ten villages, and killing of the soldiers and people several hundreds. 3. On the return of the Imperial messenger from Peking, he brought the report that the Ki-ang-nan rebels outside of Nanking directly attacked the Imperial camp at Tan-yang, which fled. This report being respectfully presented to the Emperor, he commanded that Heang-yung, the commander-in-chief, should be deprived of his honors and peacock feather, but retained in the management of his duties as before. 4. The Governor of Canton and high officers, on the 9th inst., went to the Temple and prayed for dry weather, while the officers at Shanghae were as heartily praying for rain! As their gods are local, made of wood and stone, I suppose it is little difference which way they pray. 5. On the 13th inst., a great wind arose in Canton, which blew down a pagoda of several thousand years' standing: several houses were injured, and one priest killed. 6. Rice and oil are rising in Canton, hence Judge Wang has prohibited extortion by proclamation.

Coolie Slave Trade.—This sad business, which with much propriety might be placed in the same category with the African slave trade, has just met with another awful disaster in the destruction of the ship Banca, with the loss of several hundred lives, including the captain, mate, and steward, at Macao, on the 3d inst. This ship, after going to sea with 250 coolies for Havana, was under the necessity of returning to Macao, on account of her water-casks: refused to let the coolies go on shore, where perhaps they had wives and children: they rebelled against such oppression, commenced an attack, were fired upon by two grape-shotted guns. They set the ship on fire, blew her up, and burned her down, and hence the disaster. The Chinese are *freemen*, and must not be treated as slaves. What could be expected from free Americans or Englishmen if thus treated, but to do equally as bad or worse! We most earnestly protest against the Chinese coolie slave trade, as not allowed by Chinese law, as not according with the principle of freedom and reciprocity, doing to them as we would be done to by them. Nor should any enlightened government countenance it in their traders further than they would the African slave trade.

From the North.—We have some account in The N. C. Herald of the arrival of Mongul troops, and better success of the Imperialists against the rebels, who seem to be moving off westward. "One thing is certain, that the apprehensions previously entertained for Soochow are removed." It is acknowledged, however, in The Peking Gazette, received on the 11th instant, that Tok-mun-go's dispatch acknowledges successes on the side of the Nanking rebels located at Qua-chow, just beyond the river from Chin-kiang-foo. The rebels came forth out of Qua-chow, attacked and surrounded the Imperialists, and went and took Yang-chow, another large city in the vicinity, where they took up their abode.

I. J. R.

PROVIDENCE.

We believe in a kind and overshadowing Providence, present at all times and in all places, taking cognizance of all actions and every thought of the human heart. Yet we cannot attribute to Providence many things which are wont to be ascribed to his interposition.

The popular theories have seen a special interposition of his power in untold misfortunes, which, in fact, are the legitimate fruits of man's ignorance or folly. Lingering diseases which waste the youthful frame; untimely death which robs the home of its brightest ornaments and the objects of its fondest affections; even devastating wars, which have desolated the fairest countries and scattered ruin and misery more thick than the leaves of Autumn—these, and countless other calamities, too vast for the imagination to grasp, we are wont to hear spoken of as the deliberate design and the just infliction of that Providence whose ways are past finding out.

We once saw a poor victim of perverted

appetite pay the penalty of his transgression in the horrible death of delirium tremens. It was a sight so frightful and impressive that we shall never forget the horrid scene. But after the spirit had left the ruined and shattered body, the village parson, a pious, sincere man, came and prayed that this *painful dispensation of Divine Providence* might be sanctified to the good of his friends. We confess that while we fully recognized the sincerity of the prayer, it seemed to us little better than ignorant blasphemy thus to charge upon a kind and loving God the fiendish work of a suicidal habit.

The theory of which we speak had a signal illustration, a few months since, in a series of resolutions adopted at a public meeting in this city with reference to the death of "Bill Poole." This notorious bully, it will be recollected, was killed by Lewis Baker, a similar character; and by certain politicians was deified as a second Romulus, who is reported to have been taken up by the gods bodily. The resolutions, on the occasion referred to, were prefaced substantially with the following words: "Whereas, in the wise dispensations of Divine Providence, William Poole has been removed from earth," etc. Thus the kind Father in heaven was directly charged with the act of an audacious villain!

Now, in the face of the popular teaching upon this subject—in the face of hoary-headed creeds and time-honored dogmas, we fearlessly assert that any such theory is utterly absurd. It may entrench itself behind names held in veneration and reverence—it may plant its feet upon popular prejudice, and knock at our doors clad in the "philosophy of ages," yet this cannot shield it from the light of investigation and truth.

We believe that Providence operates by ever-present and changeless laws, which are "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." These laws can neither be trampled upon with impunity, nor avoided by any device, however studied or cunning. If a man steps over the precipice, he falls into the abyss, and is dashed to pieces upon the rocks below. It is not an infliction of an indignant Providence: it is the immutable result of the law of gravitation—a law which, though, when transgressed, brings misery and death, is indispensable to the order and preservation of the universe. So, too, appetites and desires were given us, which are not only beautiful and innocent in themselves, but are essential to our happiness and existence. But when we transcend the legitimate uses of these appetites and desires, we violate the laws of God, and shall as surely suffer the penalty as the man who defies the law of gravitation.

Now we believe that the all-wise Providence whose handiwork we are, made us capable of physical perfection. Health is the law of Nature, and disease is the violation of the law; and the frightful diseases which we see around us upon every hand, desolating our homes and blighting our hopes, are not in accordance with the designs of Providence, but, on the contrary, are a violation of those designs. They are the result of unnatural modes of life—of vice and neglect.

It has not been our intention in making these suggestions to enter upon any thing like a consideration of any theological dogma, but simply to protest that Providence is not to be charged with the penalty of violated laws. The thousands who fall upon the fields of battle, where hostile armies meet in deadly conflict, are not the victims of God's vengeance: they are the victims of unrestrained passions—of ambitious and selfish men: they die the martyrs of man's own ignorance or crime. So, too, when the parent entails upon his offspring the disease he may have inherited from his ancestors, or acquired by his own vices, and sees him waste away and die, the victim of these evils, he beholds not the work of Providence, but the fruits of violated law. The good Father in heaven desires not the suffering of any man—his heart yearns with infinite love for all the children of his care; and we can serve and glorify him only in the observance of the rules he has written upon all nature, and deeply engraven in the constitution of the human body and soul.—*Life Illustrated.*

If you would not be forgotten,
As soon as dead and rotten,
Write something worthy to be read,
When low in earth you lay your head;
Or do some action which 'twere well
The rising race should love to tell.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY R.

THREE hundred years ago, the mouth of the river Saint John's formed a harbor somewhat commodious for the character of vessels which at that time answered the demands of commerce. Its sluggish waters widened themselves out as they approached the ocean, presenting a broad and tranquil sheet, disturbed only by the ebb and flow of the recurring tides, or the occasional splash of a "monster of the abyss profound." Along its quiet margin, its rich, warm soil nurtured into life and luxuriance forests of immense trees, towering aloft and bearing clambering vines, which formed, high above, arbors, arches, and graceful festoons; while underneath, the gorgeous flowers struggled with the tangled underbrush to catch the straggling sunbeam as it made its difficult way through the thick foliage above. Passing beyond the waving canebrake, the orange, the citron, and the lemon displayed their golden ripeness, and the fig and the pomegranate, delicately empurpled, depended from their parent stem. Blossoming shrubs, annuals, and perennials, teeming with beauty and perfume, made the passing breeze redolent, and overspread the lawns and glades with the richest and gayest of colors. The munificence of nature towards this singularly genial and romantic locality seemed to be boundless. Enterprise and civilization had not laid the hand of destruction upon these glorious old forests and beautiful landscapes; had not, while throwing the green glories of the woodland monarch to the earth and to decay, thereby scattered disease over the land they proposed to reclaim and develop. In all its sunny magnificence, the smooth-flowing Saint John's passed forward with its current tribute to old ocean, reflecting along its edges the superb and stately scenes appertaining to its picturesque vegetation. Birds of the gaudiest plumage and the rarest notes flitted among the dense foliage, and uttered their wild screams or gentle melodies, ringing far into the deep stillness, or mingling with the monotonous sounds of Atlantic's waves as they rolled lazily and heavily upon the neighboring shores. The climate was so fresh and invigorating that it was reported back to the old world that under its powerful influence the duration of human life was doubled. Every thing which could fill the heart with gentle and joyful emotions, which could inspire the mind with awe and veneration and gratitude towards nature and nature's God, combined to make this part of Florida the most charming and inviting spot in that great Western world which the genius and perseverance of Columbus may be said to have created. Much of the wild, fresh, intense beauty of these scenes has, from the association of ideas and the slow lapse of centuries, disappeared; yet the bosom of the Saint John's still mirrors, a couple of leagues from its mouth, the loveliest of landscapes.

On the very day of the year 1564 when the sun touched the limit of the ecliptic, and looked down with his greatest effulgence upon the scene at which we have glanced, those tranquil waters were for the first time set in commotion by the harbingers of an advanced civilization. It was then that a band of devoted Huguenots, fleeing from a land overwhelmed with persecution and the conjoined ills of civil discord and religious strife, and bearing with them the testament to the soul's immortality and of man's immediate responsibility to his Maker, passed within the shores of this beautiful stream in search of an asylum, a place of rest and repose from the toils and hardships of the old world; where, above all things, they could worship God after the manner dictated by their consciences. Charmed into exultation by the extraordinary scenery by which they were surrounded, and inwardly offering the best gratitude of their hearts to the beneficent Providence by which they had been guided and protected, they moored their vessels, and, in the name of God, took possession of the sanctuary to which they had been conducted. Unlike the wild and desperate characters who had adventured upon the New World for gold, and impelled by traditionary stories of mines of inexhaustible richness in the interior, these lowly pilgrims began their career by acts of devotion instead of robbery and murder. The first sounds of civilization which rose upon these vast solitudes were those of prayers and the

songs of thanksgiving and praise. The work of a permanent settlement was immediately begun: Fort Carolina rose upon the banks of the fair stream: treaties of amity and commerce were at once formed with the scattered savages of this part of the continent: the woods were scoured, and fruits were gathered in abundance; and the free and happy pilgrims began to form and cherish hopes of continued peace and liberty and unmolested Christian devotion. A year elapsed, and the generous outpourings of sincerely grateful hearts went up, Sabbath-day after Sabbath-day, from the rude altars erected in this primeval wilderness. And yet these brave pioneers still looked across the waters to the fertile hills and sunny slopes of *la belle France* for most of the necessary supplies of life. These were delayed, and the inevitable hardships attending the first settlement of a new region were augmented by hunger and destitution. Remembering the friends and relations they had left behind them, and stung by present misery, they longed to return. But they still had a firm and powerful friend in France, who never forgot them, the inflexible but sympathetic and generous Admiral Coligny. On a quiet day towards the last of August, 1565, the high-swelling sails of ships, laden with stores and provisions, and, above all, with the aunts and uncles, and mothers, and cousins, and sisters of the pilgrims of Fort Carolina, peered above the gently-rolling waves. The wretched sufferers had repaired to the beach to make such rude preparations as they could to return. They descried the distant squadron, and their desponding hearts revived. Anon the green forests of Florida rose before the eager visions of the anxious immigrants. Before the sun went down that day, friends and kindred, long separated, met and embraced, and in the tumultuous joys of the hour, the sufferings and persecutions of the past were all forgotten. New prayers were uttered, new songs of thanksgiving and praise rose and died away upon the solemn stillness which brooded over the new world. The fires of devotion were reënkindled upon the altars of Christianity, and the incense of a warm, glowing, *felt* gratitude diffused itself over the souls of that happy assembly of exiles. The plenteous supplies were ample for all contingencies. Domestic animals and agricultural implements had been brought, and, as near as might be, independence from the old world was established. In the language of the great American historian: "The French, now wild with joy, seemed about to acquire a home, and Calvinism to become fixed in the inviting regions of Florida."

The keen eye of the Roman pontiff caught, with a scowl, a view of what was transpiring. Murmurs issued forth from the Vatican: the fulminations against the Huguenots echoed through the chambers of the royal palace of the haughty Philip II. The bigoted successor of Charles V. cast his eyes upon the bold, cruel, reckless, and disgraced Melendez de Aviles. A bargain, without haggling, was concluded; and a crusade for the restoration of the Catholic provinces of the new continent to the faith and dominion of the Holy Mother Church was announced. All along the banks of the Guadiana and the Guadalquiver, ready soldiers sprang up to enlist in the holy cause. Nothing had excited so much interest in Spain for many years. The capacious port of Cadiz presented an armament well stored with provisions and munitions of war. The holy Bishop of Seville came down to invoke the choicest blessings upon the departing hosts. On a beautiful morning of July, the church-bells rang out their deep-toned chime: the music had not been executed with so much spirit and so much melody since the day of final triumph over the Saracens nearly a century before; and frankincense was consumed without stint or measure. Preceded by the cross and candlesticks, and followed by two thousand six hundred soldiers, the Bishop and Don Pedro Melendez passed, arm in arm, from the cathedral to the harbor. The streets of the city were alive with zealous Catholics, gathering along the sidewalks, raising their hats, and making the holy sign of the cross in profound reverence, as the pious father and the commander passed, and nodding and smiling their approbation to the soldiery. Melendez embarked his followers in the midst of the prayers and benedictions of the Church and the congratulations of the people. The fleet weighed anchor: the last greetings, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, were exchanged between shore and ship; the steady

trade-wind filled all sails, and they were borne rapidly westward. In the midst of the voyage, a tempest arose, which scattered the squadron, so that but one-third of the number reached the eastern shores of America and participated in the scenes which followed.

Undismayed, the hardy leader hurried onward, and made land at the mouth of a small but beautiful and placid stream, a few leagues south of the Saint John's. Leaving a portion of his followers, the intent commander set sail again in search of the heretics. It was not long till he came in view of the ships of Ribault, the Huguenot leader. In answer to a demand for his name and objects, the cruel Spaniard proudly returned: "I am Melendez of Spain, sent with strict orders from my king to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in these regions! The Frenchman who is a Catholic, I will spare: every heretic shall die!" How faithfully and how unsparingly he observed and obeyed his orders, history bears most melancholy testimony. With this understanding, both parties prepared for the conflict. Ribault stood out to sea, while Melendez returned to his companions, who were moored in the port which he had named St. Augustine. He reached his moorings at the hour of vespers on the eve of the festival of St. Mary's nativity. The next day, September 8, 1565, he went on shore at the hour of twelve, took possession of the continent in the name of his king, proclaiming Philip II. monarch of all North America. "The solemn mass of our Lady was performed, and the foundation of San Augustine was immediately laid;" and thus was established the oldest town in the United States by nearly forty years, under auspices of every kind, apparently, the most favorable and hopeful. Scarcely was the ceremony finished, when the tempest gathered upon the ocean in its utmost power: it prevailed for many days, tossing the fated vessels of Ribault to and fro, and finally driving them furiously to the shore and to destruction. The unfortunate and miserable men escaped from the wreck but to encounter still more terrible calamities. On the other hand, the followers of Melendez were barely touched by the storm.

Now began the horrors in which Melendez delighted. Four days after the tempest abated, as the ruddy dawn was streaking the east, the infuriated fanatic appeared at Fort Carolina. A small garrison, with the infirm, the women and children, had been left by Ribault. The onset was sudden and furious: a few moments served to accomplish the indiscriminate havoc. Nearly two hundred of the victims lay dead at the feet of the victors, who, insatiate with simple murder, offered barbarous indignities to the lifeless corpses. The carnage was complete, and the gentle priest looked on with sullen joy. As the sun flashed his streaming rays across the gleaming ocean, the sounds of Catholic matins rose upon the morning breeze: mass was solemnly chanted: a cross was raised upon the spot yet reeking and smoking with the fresh, warm blood of the slain; and, in the name of Christianity, a site was then and there selected for a sanctuary!

Having returned to San Augustine, the men who were shipwrecked with Ribault were reported to Melendez. He invited them to rely on his compassion! Worn down by their fatigues and hardships, wasted by hunger, and driven almost to despair by their helplessness and destitution, these miserable men capitulated. The cruelty and mendacity of Melendez never failed him. A handful of professed Catholics were spared: the rest were marched, with their hands tied behind them, to San Augustine, and, in the tumults of the full triumph the din of drums, and the unearthly sound of trumpets, one by one, beheaded. The massacre was as indiscriminate as it was unmerciful. And thus perished, according to French accounts, about nine hundred of the first Protestant pilgrims to the new world—"not as Frenchman, but as Lutherans!" The Spanish accounts diminish the number of the slain, but do not mitigate the cruelties attending upon the expedition.

It is not within the scope of this sketch to detail how, three years afterwards, a bold and impetuous soldier of Gascony fitted out an expedition at his private expense to avenge the wrongs and sufferings of his countrymen and friends; how he reached the shores of Florida, and rebaptized the desecrated soil in the blood of those who had given so great cause for the terrible retaliation. There is yet another retributive Agent, and another

retribution to which the *morale* points. Situated in one of the most inviting regions of the South, and notwithstanding the seemingly brilliant auspices under which it was established, the ancient town of San Augustine still lingered through centuries a cursed and blighted spot. Other towns and cities have sprung up along the Atlantic seaboard, teeming with prosperous and happy citizens; but a damp and a mildew settled upon that, the chants of whose consecration mingled with revels of murderers. For very many years before it passed from the hands of the succeeding Spanish monarchs, it exhibited few signs of vitality. The descendants of its founders, to this day, are a miserable lazzaroni, the most degraded beings that exist anywhere on the Western continent, within the borders of civilization. A race of pilgrims landing farther north, and at a later period, have, under the Divine blessing, prospered and expanded, until it has overreached the territory of Florida. With the birth of this new dominion, that of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, died. It remains to be seen whether San Augustine shall continue a monument of desolation, and an indication of the infallible justice of Heaven.

NASHVILLE, December, 1856.

REV. J. E. CARNES.

IN the November number of The Home Circle, we find an amusing criticism of the poem of George Nugent Reynolds and our introductory remarks in The Parlor Visitor, under the above name. Who this sapient critic is we know not, never having heard of him in the literary world before.

Perhaps our ignorance of him may be owing to a deficiency in knowledge of literary men, as well as in "literary acumen." At least, a proper humility would suggest this reason; for it appears, from his own declaration, that he has written a poem for a newspaper, which the editor proclaimed "in type" to be equal to one of Byron's odes. But if we were permitted to form an opinion from the article before us, (and this is all the evidence we have,) we should guess from the ill-nature manifested towards "fledgling preachers" and "young poets," and the affection for "old men" and "elder bards," that he is an old "preacher" and a jealous old "bard." And from the spitefulness exhibited towards our "respected lady friend," we are inclined to believe that he is a hard-hearted old bachelor. However, we might guess wrong, and he may be both a young man and a verdant poet; and from "a sort of necessity" may have "screwed" himself down to write thus, that he may appear witty. But whoever he may be, his article plainly indicates a large development of the bump of self-esteem, and not a little vanity of his own "literary acumen." But like all that class of critics, either young or old, who labor under the misfortune of inordinate vanity, in attempting to make others appear ridiculous, he oversteps the mark, and makes himself so. For instance, he says: "I once wrote a poem for a newspaper, which the editor proclaimed in type to be equal to Byron's ode commencing,

'O, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!'"

This eulogy of the editor he pronounces to be ridiculous; and we have no doubt that he is correct on this point: nor can we say much more for the good sense which paraded this circumstance before the public, to convict us of a deficiency in literary acumen. He thinks that the fact of Professor Woodward, of Cambridge, being a schoolmaster has biased him so much in favor of the "youthful, untrained, but brilliant and unfolding mind," as to be quite prejudicial to his judgment; and that, from a similar cause, many editors are very wide of the mark in their estimation of literary merit. Now, if our critic has concluded that we are a schoolmaster, because we seem to have an affection for the "brilliant and unfolding mind," we will disabuse his mind by informing him that we have not, and never have had, the honor. But he continues: "Their periodicals do not command the highest talent, and from a sort of necessity they screw themselves down to the use, and almost consequently the praise, of youthful and inferior literary effort." If we understand this learned sentence, he means that those periodicals which have schoolmaster editors do not command the highest talent, and are compelled to use and praise "youthful and in-

ferior literary effort." But we are not sure that we are competent to gather his meaning. We do not pretend to "the highest talent," and may be "almost consequently" wrong in our interpretation. At least, modesty would teach us not to decide too hastily on the meaning of an aged bard who even in youth rivalled Byron!

He seems perfectly astonished to hear that any claim to the authorship of the "Exile of Erin" was ever set up for "young Reynolds," or that it had ever been doubted that Campbell was the veritable author. But if he had been as familiar with the criticisms on Campbell's works published in all the literary papers of this country, in 1851, as he pretends to be with all the writings of all the poets of every age, he would not have been so much surprised at the ascription of the "Exile of Erin" to Reynolds. But he calls our Dublin court assertion "apocryphal," and says it cannot be true Well, we will give him the address of our authority for this assertion, and he may ascertain for himself the truth of the matter. The name of Counsellor Wm. F. Lube, No. 46 Summer Hill, Dublin, is a sufficient guaranty for any assertion he may make.

But our learned critic is not satisfied with crushing, by his mighty talents, the youth-loving schoolmasters and the small fry of editors, but he brings to bear all the artillery of his "literary acumen" upon "young Reynolds" and his poem. He says: "For the purpose, perhaps, of showing that Reynolds could have written the 'Exile,' a poem of his is published in connection with the article in The Visitor. Very well. But where is the genuine inspiration? The verses show that Reynolds had read poetry; for every line reminds us of something in Byron, Keats, or somebody else, and the whole thing is a patchwork from other writers" What profound literary lore! what surprising "literary acumen!" Now, our limited literary knowledge and acumen had not discovered the "patchwork," and, in our simplicity, we thought it a beautiful poem of "genuine inspiration." Nor do we think that this wonderful discovery would have been made by one of less poetical talent than the rival of Byron. Well, we are glad that the "patchwork" poem of the "young" Reynolds has been the means of teaching our talented critic one thing at least even in his old age. It has discovered to him a peculiarity of Campbell's style which he had never been able to find out before, even with his surpassing "literary acumen" "I knew," he says, "there was something peculiar in the sound of his lines, but had not before discovered the cause." But in his vanity he claims all the credit of this discovery, and even wants a premium for it. O injustice! What, a premium for this? Why, the premium is due to "young Reynolds;" for without his "patchwork" poem, the aged critic would have perhaps gone down to his grave without making the discovery! But, in deference to age, we will compromise the matter for an equal division. But before the premium is awarded, the judges may desire to know what this discovery is. O, it is a wonderful one!—one "which is very observable in the Exile of Erin." Well, but what is it? O it is wonderful! Nothing less than the use of compound words: such as, "broomwood-blossomed," "rapture-speaking," "love-lighted," "battle-field," "cabin-door," etc., etc Pshaw! It is all stuff! A peculiarity of Campbell indeed! Such words are common with all poets. Let us see Here is Tom Moore's works, nearest at hand. We open at the first poem, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," and here we find, "prophet-chief," "fire-eyed," "battle-axe," "milk-white," "chunar-tree," "moresque-work," "net-work," "fawn-like," "half-shut," and "west-wind," all in a space but little longer than the 'Exile of Erin." Surely this is a peculiarity of the Irish bard!

But here is Byron, the competitor of our critic. We wonder if he has this peculiarity also. Let us see. We open at the first canto, and begin to read at the forty ninth stanza of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Well here is "hoof-marks," "watch flame," "mountain-howitzer," "ball-piled," "reckoning-day," "column-scattering," "coal-black," etc, etc. Why, this seems to be a peculiarity of our critic's great rival, too; and, for aught we know, may be his peculiarity, if, indeed, he may be a poet.

We will read again the little "patchwork" poem of our young friend Reynolds. It may

be that he may have caught this same peculiarity, even though so youthful. Here it is, sure enough: "wild-flowers," "hoar-frost," "rose-light." Well, this is enough; and we conclude that our acute old friend has not made such a wonderful discovery, after all of the self-puffing, wit-displaying "critic-play" of his "labor-worn mind-machine." B.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour; and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud: the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand— [form,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn
And Winter with its aged locks—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the Earth for ever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag: but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow: cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water: fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns: mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain: new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void: Yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

This world is a dream within a dream; and as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; and the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No: it is the last and final awakening!—*Walter Scott's Life.*

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to hae sent you,
Though it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine:
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And Andrew, dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And meikle they may grieve ye!
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught,
When every nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a':
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted:
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer.
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak' a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every ither man
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent!

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended:
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or, if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded:
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fixed with Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser!

May, 1786.

LEISURE HOURS.—There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science in it. If we pass "no day without a line"—visit no place without the company of a book—we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. The more we do, the more we can do: the more busy we are, the more leisure will we have.—*Hazlitt.*

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care:
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
(Began the reverend sage:)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, pressed with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride:
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.

But, O! what crowds, in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil!
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But O! a blest relief to those
That weary laden mourn!

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy: it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—*Mackenzie.*

Literary Notices.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, 1853, '54, '55. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. Illustrated by upwards of 300 Engravings, from Sketches by the Author. In two volumes, pp. 464 and 467. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1856.

THIS is one of the great books of the day, a record of one of the most remarkable of Arctic expeditions. The loss of Sir John Franklin and his party, the mystery that hangs over their fate, the world-wide interest elicited and the fruitless searches in their behalf, the expedition of Dr. Kane through the magnanimity of an American citizen, his long absence, his marvellous preservation, and his almost unhoped-for return, all serve to make this narration now given by himself to the public an object of uncommon attention The book need not, we think, disappoint those high expectations which, however perplexing to an author, the circumstances under which it has been ushered in have necessarily raised in regard to it. We have read it with the most intense interest. The scene, it is true is unvaried—one eternal winter—and the actors appear engaged in the same unbroken routine of adventure, privation, peril, and suffering; yet in that scene of awful monotony there is a strange, wild novelty; and that unwearied routine of action is rife with incident the most absorbing. Dr. Kane tells his story in a plain, straightforward, unaffected style, but with spirit and feeling, and not unfrequently in a vein of genuine humor, which throws a gleam of cheerfulness around upon the scene, and sometimes, it must be confessed, when it would be otherwise cheerless enough—like a ray of sunshine kindling up the desolation of his Arctic abode. But the truth is, his field of labor afforded little scope for the humorous, and whatever we may find in the *reading*, we feel satisfied there was little "fun" in the *doing*.

The book is gotten up in beautiful typographical style, with fine, large, clear print. The engravings, both wood and steel, are superb in execution, and serve admirably to give a clear conception of the scenes and incidents described.

Without proposing a review of the book or a criticism on the author, we merely introduced it for the purpose of making some extracts, which, while interesting in themselves, may give a better idea of the nature, character, and style of the narrative than any thing that could be said, or at least that we could say, in regard to it.

LAWS OF THE SHIP.

Dr. Kane set out in the "Advance" with a party of only seventy. The regulations of the ship, says he, were: "First, absolute subordination to the officer in command or his delegate; second, abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, except when dispensed by special order; third, the habitual disuse of profane language. We had no other laws."

PARTING OF THE HAWSERS.—DRIFTING AMONG ICEBERGS.

The following, quoted by Dr. K. from his Journal, (1853,) will give an idea of one of the Arctic storms encountered amid masses of floating ice. It occurred in Smith's Sound, about latitude 78°, while anchored under a small island, which they named "Godsend Ledge," from the protection against the gale which it had afforded.

"Aug. 20. Saturday, 3½ P. M.—By Saturday morning, it blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

"Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp, twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

"Half a minute more, and 'twang, twang,' came a second report. I knew it was the whale-line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its seal-skin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders:—'Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer: it's blowing the Devil himself, and I am afraid to surge.'

"The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Æolian chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running-gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song! The strands gave way, with the noise of a shotted gun; and, in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy. . . . .

"Down we went upon the gale again, helplessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty feet thick: one floe* measured, by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

"But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But, as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward this passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when, from some unexplained cause —probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-wall—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment, we saw the bergs were not at rest; that, with a momentum of their own, they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

"Just then, a broad sconce-piece, or low water-washed berg, came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay; and as the sconce moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope and hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on—the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet: we braced the yards to clear the impending ice-walls.

"We passed clear; but it was a close shave —so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it in from the davits—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death."—Vol. i., pp. 69–73.

But this afforded only a temporary respite. They were driven again from their shelter, pressed by the masses of ice; but finally got under an iceberg "that anchored itself between us and the gale." Here a detached field of ice, "floating in a single table over twenty feet in thickness," pressed upon them. "But," continues Dr. Kane, "the shoreward face of our iceberg happened to present an inclined plane, descending deep into the water; and up this the brig was driven, as if some great steam screw-power was forcing her into a dry-dock.

"At one time, I expected to see her carried bodily up its face and tumbled over on her

* *Floe*—A detached portion of a "field" or extensive surface of floating ice.

side. But one of those mysterious relaxations, which I have elsewhere called the pulses of the ice, lowered us quite gradually down again into the rubbish, and we were forced out of the line of pressure toward the shore.

. . . . . .

"As our brig, borne on by the ice, commenced her ascent of the berg, the suspense was oppressive. The immense blocks piled against her, range upon range, pressing themselves under her keel and throwing her over on her side, till, urged by the successive accumulations, she rose slowly, and, as if with convulsive efforts, along the sloping wall. Still there was no relaxation of the impelling force. Shock after shock, jarring her to her very centre, she continued to mount steadily on her precarious cradle. But for the groaning of her timbers and the heavy sough of the floes, we might have heard a pin drop. And then, as she settled down into her old position, quietly taking her place among the broken rubbish, there was a deep-breathing silence, as though all were waiting for some signal before the clamor of congratulation and comment could burst forth."—Pp. 74 and 76.

THE WINTER HARBOR.

After some further ineffectual struggles against the ice, with very little progress, they were obliged to take up their winter in Rensselaer Bay, latitude 78° 37′.

"Near its south-western corner, the wide streams and the water-courses on the shore promised the earliest chances of liberation in the coming summer. It was secure against the moving ice: lofty headlands walled it in beautifully to seaward, enclosing an anchorage with a moderate depth of water; yet it was open to the meridian sunlight, and guarded from winds, eddies, and drift. The space enclosed was only occupied by a few rocky islets and our brig. . . . . .

"We found seven-fathom soundings, and a perfect shelter from the outside ice; and thus laid our little brig in the harbor, which we were fated never to leave together—a long resting-place to her indeed, for the same ice is around her still."—Pp. 102, 103.

This was the centre of their future field of labor, observation, and adventure. Here they endured the rigors of two Arctic winters, and all that hardship, privation, and sickness could add to the horrors of the frigid darkness that empaled them. From this point, they made their excursions whether for hunt or exploration by the aid of their dogs—animals to whose services they owed almost every thing.

THE DOGS.

"We have made (says Dr. Kane in his Diary of September 10, 1853,) a comfortable dog-house on Butler Island; but though our Esquimaux *canaille* are within scent of our cheeses there, one of which they ate yesterday for lunch, they cannot be persuaded to sleep away from the vessel. They prefer the bare snow, where they can couch within the sound of our voices, to a warm kennel upon the rocks. Strange that this dog-distinguishing trait of affection for man should show itself in an animal so imperfectly reclaimed from a savage state that he can be hardly caught when wanted! . . . . .

"My dogs were both Esquimaux and Newfoundlanders. Of these last I had ten: they were to be carefully broken, to travel by voice without whip, and were expected to be very useful for heavy draught, as their tractability would allow the driver to regulate their pace. I was already training them in a light sledge, to drive, unlike the Esquimaux, two abreast, with a regular harness, a breast-collar of flat leather, and a pair of traces. Six of them made a powerful travelling-team; and four could carry me and my instruments, for short journeys around the brig, with great ease. . . .

"The Esquimaux dogs were reserved for the great tug of the actual journeys of search. They were now in the semi-savage condition which marks their close approach to the wolf. . . . A hard experience had not then opened my eyes to the inestimable value of these dogs. I had yet to learn their power and speed, their patient, enduring fortitude, their sagacity in tracking these icy morasses, among which they had been born and bred."—Pp. 106–111.

PORTRAIT OF OLD GRIM.

Speaking of the canine species, here is an "individual" worth studying. We quote from the Doctor's Diary of Dec. 22, 1853.

". . . 'Old Grim' is missing, and has been

for more than a day. Since the lamented demise of Cerberus, my leading Newfoundlander, he has been patriarch of our scanty kennel.

"Old Grim was 'a character such as peradventure may at some time be found among beings of a higher order and under a more temperate sky. A profound hypocrite and time-server, he so wriggled his adulatory tail as to secure every one's good graces and nobody's respect. All the spare morsels, the cast-off delicacies of the mess passed through the winnowing jaws of 'Old Grim'—an illustration not so much of his eclecticism as his universality of taste. He was never known to refuse any thing offered or approachable, and never known to be satisfied, however prolonged and abundant the bounty or the spoil.

"Grim was an ancient dog: his teeth indicated many winters, and his limbs, once splendid tractors for the sledge, were now covered with warts and ringbones. Somehow or other, when the dogs were harnessing for a journey, 'Old Grim' was sure not to be found; and upon one occasion, when he was detected hiding away in a cast-off barrel, he incontinently became lame. Strange to say, he has been lame ever since, except when the team is away without him.

"Cold disagrees with Grim; but by a system of patient watchings at the door of our deck-house, accompanied by a discriminating use of his tail, he became at last the one privileged intruder. My seal-skin coat has been his favorite bed for weeks together. Whatever love for an individual Grim expressed by his tail, he could never be induced to follow him on the ice after the cold darkness of winter set in; yet the dear good old sinner would wriggle after you to the very threshold of the gangway, and bid you good-bye with a deprecatory wag of the tail which disarmed resentment.

"His appearance was quite characteristic: his muzzle roofed like the old-fashioned gable of a Dutch garret-window; his forehead indicating the most meagre capacity of brains that could consist with his sanity as a dog; his eyes small; his mouth curtained by long black dewlaps; and his hide a mangy russet studded with chestnut-burrs. If he has gone indeed, we 'ne'er shall look upon his like again.' So much for Old Grim!'—P. 148.

IDENTITY OF THE ARCTIC DOG AND WOLF.

While on the subject of dogs, we quote yet the following for its zoological interest:

"There is so much of identical character between our Arctic dogs and wolves, that I am inclined to agree with Mr. Broderip, who, in the 'Zoological Recreations,' assigns to them a family origin. The oblique position of the wolf's eye is not uncommon among the dogs of my team. One of the tamest and most affectionate of the whole of them has the long legs, and compact body, and drooping tail, and wild, scared expression of the eye which some naturalists have supposed to characterize the wolf alone. When domesticated early—and it is easy to domesticate him—the wolf follows and loves you like a dog. That they are fond of a loose foot proves nothing: many of our pack will run away for weeks into the wilderness of ice; yet they cannot be persuaded when they come back to inhabit the kennel we have built for them only a hundred yards off. They crouch around for the companionship of men. Both animals howl in unison alike: the bell at the settlement of South Greenland always starts them. Their footprint is the same, at least in Smith's Sound. Dr. Richardson's remark to the contrary made me observe the fact that our northern dogs leave the same 'spread track' of the toes when running, though perhaps not as well marked as the wolf's. . . .

"Nor is there any thing in the supposed difference of strength. The Esquimaux dog of Smith's Sound encounters the wolf fearlessly and with success. The wolves of North America never venture near the huts; but it is well known that when they have been chasing the deer or moose, the dogs have come up as rivals in the hunt, beaten them off, and appropriated the prey themselves."—P. 398.

DARKNESS AND ITS EFFECTS.

"Dec. 15. Thursday.—We have lost the last vestige of our midday twilight. We cannot see print, and hardly paper: the fingers cannot be counted a foot from the eyes. Noonday and midnight are alike, and, except a vague glimmer on the sky that seems to define the hill outlines to the south, we have nothing to tell us that this Arctic world of

ours has a sun. In one week more we shall reach the midnight of the year."—P. 148.

"The influence of this long, intense darkness was most depressing. Even our dogs, although the greater part of them were natives of the Arctic circle, were unable to withstand it. Most of them died from an anomalous form of disease, to which, I am satisfied, the absence of light contributed as much as the extreme cold."

"Their disease (says the Doctor's Journal of January 25, 1854,) is as clearly mental as in the case of any human being. The more material functions of the poor brutes go on without interruption: they eat voraciously, retain their strength, and sleep well. But all the indications beyond this go to prove that the original epilepsy, which was the first manifestation of brain-disease among them, has been followed by a true lunacy. They bark frenziedly at nothing, and walk in straight and curved lines with anxious and unwearied perseverance. . . . Sometimes they remain for hours in moody silence, and then start off howling as if pursued, and run up and down for hours. . . . Generally, they perish with symptoms resembling lockjaw in less than thirty-six hours after the first attack."—Pp. 156–158.

EXTREME TEMPERATURES.

"On the 5th of February, our thermometers began to show unexampled temperature. They ranged from 60° to 75° below zero, and one very reliable instrument stood upon the taffrail of our brig at — 65°. The reduced mean of our best spirit-standards gave — 67°, or 99° below the freezing point of water.

"At these temperatures chloric ether became solid, and carefully-prepared chloroform exhibited a granulated pellicle on its surface. Spirit of naphtha froze at — 54°, and oil of sassafras at — 49°. The oil of wintergreen was in a flocculent state at — 56°, and solid at — 63° and — 65°."—P 154.

THE SCURVY, ETC.

"The month of March brought back to us perpetual day. The sunshine had reached our deck on the last day of February: we needed it to cheer us. We were not as pale as my experience in Lancaster Sound had foretold, but the scurvy spots that mottled our faces gave sore-proof of the trials we had undergone.

"March 11. . . . Our fuel is limited to three bucketfuls of coal a day, and our mean temperature outside is 40° below zero; 46° below as I write . . . We have not a pound of fresh meat, and only a barrel of potatoes left.

"Not a man now, except Pierre and Morton, is exempt from scurvy; and, as I look around upon the pale faces and haggard looks of my comrades, I feel that we are fighting the battle of life at disadvantage, and that an Arctic night and an Arctic day age a man more rapidly and harshly than a year anywhere else in all this weary world."—Pp 163 and 173.

THE DISABLED PARTY, AND THE RESCUE.

On the 20th of March, a party of eight had been sent out northward to make *caches* at different points, as a preparation for further explorations during the spring and summer. But the weather had been too severe for them. On the 31st, three of them returned to the brig "swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak" "They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news." Dr. Kane immediately set out with a party for their rescue, wandering for eighteen hours through snow-drifts and hummocks* of ice without a trace to guide their search. Then they came across a sledge-track nearly effaced by the drift; and, following this, "we at last," says Dr. Kane, "came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and, lower down, a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades: we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

"The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but, when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their

* *Hummocks*—Ridges of broken ice formed by collision of ice-fields.

wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. 'They had expected me: they were sure I would come!'"

But their troubles did not end here. The return (with the disabled men borne on the sledge) was attended by the most alarming perils. The whole party, exhausted and stupefied with the cold, were on the point of perishing long before they reached the brig; while two of the van party came near falling a helpless prey to a bear that stalked before their path. The story, which is one of the most thrilling in the book, is quite too long to quote; but, as a proof of their sufferings, as Dr. Kane remarks, nothing could be more decided than the condition in which they arrived: "We were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks, seen afterward, showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. . . .

"This rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We travelled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at minus 41° 2′. We had no water except at our halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing."—Pp. 187–199.

All of the party suffered more or less in consequence: two underwent amputation of parts of the foot, and two died.

THE OPEN SEA.

As the season advanced, parties were sent out to explore the surrounding country. On one of these excursions, the most important of all, undertaken in June by two men, Mr. Morton, and Hans the hardy and faithful Esquimaux, they passed the 81st degree north latitude, along a channel of open water, with an open sea stretching far to the north beyond. The full account is exceedingly interesting, but we can only give part of the general summary with which Dr. Kane concludes it.

". . . After travelling due north over a solid area choked with bergs and frozen fields, he [Morton] was startled by the growing weakness of the ice: its surface became rotten, and the snow wet and pulpy. His dogs, seized with terror, refused to advance.* Then for the first time the fact broke upon him, that a long dark band seen to the north beyond a protruding cape—Cape Andrew Jackson—was water. . . . Landing on the cape, and continuing their explorations, new phenomena broke upon them. They were on the shores of a channel, so open that a frigate, or a fleet of frigates, might have sailed up it. The ice, already broken and decayed, formed a sort of horse-shoe beach, against which the waves broke in surf. As they travelled north, this channel expanded into an iceless area; 'for four or five small pieces'—lumps—were all that could be seen over the entire surface of its white-capped waters. Viewed from the cliffs, and taking thirty-six miles as the mean radius open to reliable survey, this sea had a justly estimated extent of more than four thousand square miles."—Pp. 301, 302.

"It is impossible, in reviewing the facts which connect themselves with this discovery—the melted snow upon the rocks, the crowds of marine birds, the limited but still advancing vegetable life, the rise of the thermometer in the water—not to be struck with their bearing on the question of a milder climate near the Pole. To refer them all to the modification of temperature induced by the prox-

* It is curious here to notice the instinct and actions of these creatures: "The dogs," (as the account runs, p. 285 preceding,) "as their fashion is, at first lay down and refused to proceed, trembling violently. The only way to induce the terrified, obstinate brutes to get on was for Hans to go to a white-looking spot where the ice was thicker, the soft stuff looking dark; then, calling the dogs coaxingly by name, they would crawl to him on their bellies. So they retreated from place to place, until they had reached the firm ice they had quitted."

imity of open water is only to change the form of the question; for it leaves the inquiry unsatisfied—What is the cause of open water?"—P. 308.

But without entering upon the discussion of this question, Dr. Kane suggests "whether it may not be that the Gulf Stream, traced already to the coast of Novaia Zemlia, is deflected by that peninsula into the space around the Pole."

TREATY WITH THE ESQUIMAUX—THE 'PROTOCOL.'

The brig remained ice-bound, and the crew not being in condition to undertake their escape, commenced, about the first of September, preparations for another winter stay in it. The greater number of their dogs had died; the men were afflicted with scurvy and broken down; their provisions sorely reduced, and their stock of fresh game nearly exhausted. About this time, they were visited by the Esquimaux, whom they entertained with hospitality, but who repaid their liberality by stealing cooking-utensils, buffalo-robes, etc., together with their best dog. Such audacity demanded prompt punishment, as the only means of self-preservation against future depredations. Two of the ablest men were dispatched in pursuit of the thieves to their "settlement," consisting of two huts, which resulted in the recovery of most of the pilfered articles, and the unceremonious capture of "young Myouk" and two Esquimaux women as hostages for the good conduct of the settlement. This brought about a negotiation with Metek, "the head-man of Etah," who came to the brig with a sledge-load of stolen goods, "refuse of wood and scraps of iron, the sinful prizes of many covetings."

"I may pass over," continues Dr. Kane, "our peace conferences and the indirect advantages which I of course derived from having the opposing powers represented in my own capital. But the splendors of our Arctic centre of civilization, with its wonders of art and science—our 'fire-death' ordnance included—could not all of them impress Metek so much as the intimations he had received of our superior physical endowments. Nomads as they are, these people know better than all the world besides what endurance and energy it requires to brave the moving ice and snow-drifts. . . . The fact that within ten hours after the loss of our buffalo-skins we had marched to their hut, seized three of their culprits, and marched them back to the brig as prisoners—such a sixty miles' achievement as this they thoroughly understood. It confirmed them in the faith that the whites are, and of right ought to be, everywhere the dominant tribe.

"The protocol was arranged without difficulty, though not with the accustomed number of adjournments for festivity and repose. It abounded in protestations of power, fearlessness, and good-will by each of the contracting parties, which meant as much as such protestations usually do on both sides of the Arctic circle."

The reciprocal engagements were—On the part of the Esquimaux:

"We promise that we will not steal. We promise we will bring you fresh meat. We promise we will sell or lend you dogs. We will keep you company whenever you want us, and show you where to find the game."

On the part of the white men:

"We promise that we will not visit you with death or sorcery, nor do you any hurt or mischief whatsoever. We will shoot for you on our hunts. You shall be made welcome aboard ship. We will give you presents of needles, pins, two kinds of knives, a hoop, three bits of hard wood, some fat, an awl, and some sewing-thread; and we will trade with you of these and every thing else you want, for walrus and seal meat of the first quality.

. . . . .

"This treaty—which, though I have spoken of it jocosely, was really an affair of much interest to us—was ratified, with Hans and Morton as my accredited representatives, by a full assembly of the people at Etah. All our future intercourse was conducted under it. It was not solemnized by an oath; but it was never broken."—Pp. 367-369.

These artless people were thereafter of the greatest service to Dr. Kane's party, affording them whatever provision and assistance they could; and, indeed, it was only by the aid received from this source that they bore up through the privations and sufferings of the ensuing winter and spring, and were finally enabled to effect their escape.

RAW MEAT.

We have already been too prefal in our quotations to introduce any thing descriptive of the adventures in the way of bear-fights, or seal and walrus hunts spoken of—adventures exciting enough in their detail, but more seriously momentous in their results, since upon their success depended often the very means of subsistence, not only as furnishing timely supplies against starvation, but also affording the sole remedy against disease; for the scurvy began to prostrate the men, and the only cure, the only preventive, was *fresh meat;* but this, indeed, if administered in sufficient quantity, acted like a specific.

The following describes the virtues of the article, and the way it was served up. There is a vein of humor in the description not altogether consistent with the sober reality at the time it was written, and which, it must be confessed, sounds somewhat like whistling through a graveyard to keep one's courage up. It is from the Doctor's Diary, January 14, 1855.

"I do not know that my Journal anywhere mentions our habituation to raw meats, nor does it dwell upon their strange adaptation to scorbutic disease. Our journeys have taught us the wisdom of the Esquimaux appetite, and there are few among us who do not relish a slice of raw blubber or a chunk of frozen walru--beef. The liver of a walrus (awuktanuk) eaten with little slices of his fat—of a verity it is a delicious morsel! Fire would ruin the curt, pithy expression of vitality which belongs to its uncooked juices. Charles Lamb's roast-pig was nothing to awuktanuk. I wonder that raw beef is not eaten at home. Deprived of extraneous fibre, it is neither indigestible nor difficult to masticate. With acids and condiments, it makes a salad which an educated palate cannot help relishing; and as a powerful and condensing heat-making and anti-scorbutic food it has no rival. . . .

"In Smith's Sound, where the use of raw meat seems almost inevitable from the modes of living of the people, walrus holds the first rank. Certainly this pachyderm whose finely-condensed tissue and delicately-permeating fat—O, call it not blubber!—assimilate it to the ox, is beyond all others, and is the very best fuel a man can swallow. It became our constant companion whenever we could get it; and a frozen liver upon our sledge was valued far above the same weight of pemmican. Now as I write, short of all meat, without an ounce of walrus for sick or sound, my thoughts recall the frost-tempered junks of this pachydermoid amphibion as the highest of longed-for luxuries."—Vol. ii., p. 15.

RELIANCE UPON PROVIDENCE.

About this time and onward the prospects of Dr. Kane and his party became gloomy in the extreme—sickness, want, cold, and darkness, with a long winter still before them ere they could hope for escape. "My journal-records," says he, "tell of nothing but the varying symptoms of sick men, dreary, profitless hunts relieved now and then by the signalized incident of a killed rabbit or a deer seen, and the longed-for advent of the solar light. . . .

"Meanwhile, we tried to dream of commerce with the Esquimaux, and open water, and home. For myself, my thoughts had occupation enough in the question of closing our labors. I never lost my hope. I looked to the coming spring as full of responsibilities; but I had bodily strength and moral tone enough to look through them to the end. A trust, based on experience as well as on promises, buoyed me up at the worst of times. Call it fatalism, as you ignorantly may, there is that in the story of every eventful life which teaches the inefficiency of human means and the present control of a Supreme Agency. See how often relief has come at the moment of extremity, in forms strangely unsought, almost at the time unwelcome! See still more, how the back has been strengthened to its increasing burden, and the heart cheered by some conscious influence of an unseen Power!'—Vol. ii., p 44.

And again, he says in another place, referring to their condition:

"I look back at it with recollections like those of a nightmare. Yet I was borne up wonderfully. I never doubted for an instant that the same Providence which had guarded us through the long darkness of winter was still watching over us for good, and that it was yet in reserve for us—for some: I dared

not hope for all—to bear back the tidings of our rescue to a Christian land. But how, I did not see."—P. 59.

But amid this dreary region of darkness and sad reflection, there were beauties to admire, as the following fine descriptions of Arctic night-scenes will testify. The first, however, we copy from vol. i., p. 425, as witnessed in November.

THE ARCTIC FIRMAMENT.

"The intense beauty of the Arctic firmament can hardly be imagined. It looked close above our heads, with its stars magnified in glory and the very planets twinkling so much as to baffle the observations of our astronomer. I am afraid to speak of some of these night-scenes. I have trodden the deck and the floes, when the life of earth seemed suspended, its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionship; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere, circling above me as if rendering worship to the unseen Centre of Light, I have ejaculated, in humility of spirit, 'Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?' And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunshine and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who are not; and they bore me back to the stars again."

A MOON SCENE.

"March 1. Thursday.—A grander scene than our bay by moonlight can hardly be conceived. It is more dream-like and supernatural than a combination of earthly features.

"The moon is nearly full, and the dawning sunlight, mingling with hers, invests everything with an atmosphere of ashy gray. It clothes the gnarled hills that make the horizon of our bay, shadows out the terraces in full definition, grows darker and colder as it sinks into the fiords, and broods sad and dreary upon the ridges and measureless plains of ice that make up the rest of our field of view. Rising above all this, and shading down into it in strange combination, is the intense moonlight, glittering on every crag and spire, tracing the outline of the background with contrasted brightness, and printing its fantastic profiles on the snow-field. It is a landscape such as Milton or Dante might imagine—inorganic, desolate, mysterious. I came down from deck with the feelings of a man who has looked upon a world unfinished by the hand of its Creator."—Vol. ii., p. 56.

DEPARTURE FROM THE BRIG.

On the 20th of May, having struggled through the intolerable winter season, which had brought extreme suffering and famine even to the hardy Esquimaux, Dr. Kane and his party took their final leave of the brig. The following memorial, which he left in the vessel for the notice of any who might seek them thereafter, will give an idea of the circumstances and considerations by which he was governed, and the proposed mode of departure.

"I regard the abandonment of the brig as inevitable. We have by actual inspection but thirty-six days' provision, and a careful survey shows that we cannot cut more firewood without rendering our craft unseaworthy. A third winter would force us, as the only means of escaping starvation, to resort to Esquimaux habits, and give up all hope of remaining by the vessel and her resources. It would therefore in no manner advance the search after Sir John Franklin.

"Under any circumstances, to remain longer would be destructive to those of our little party, who have already suffered from the extreme severity of the climate and its tendencies to disease. Scurvy has enfeebled more or less every man in the expedition; and an anomalous spasmodic disorder, allied to tetanus, has cost us the lives of two of our most prized comrades.

"I hope, speaking on the part of my companions and myself, that we have done all that we ought to do to prove our tenacity of purpose and devotion to the cause which we have undertaken. This attempt to escape by crossing the southern ice on sledges is regarded by me as an imperative duty—the only means of saving ourselves and preserving the laboriously-earned results of the expedition."—P. 179.

FAREWELL TO THE ESQUIMAUX.

Having with incredible labor and endurance

sledged their boats over the ice to the open water, in which enterprise they lost one of their brave comrades by an accident, the party prepared to embark, June the 17th. The Esquimaux, who had rendered them the greatest assistance in helping to haul the boats, furnishing provisions, etc., had congregated from every quarter to see them off, each anxious to exhibit some parting proof of friendship.

"And now," says Dr. Kane, "it only remained for us to make our farewell to these desolate and confiding people. I gathered them round me on the ice-beach, and talked to them as brothers for whose kindness I had still a return to make. I told them what I knew of the tribes from which they were separated by the glacier and the sea, of the resources that abounded in those less ungenial regions, the greater duration of daylight, the less intensity of the cold, the facilities of the hunt, the frequent drift-wood, the kayak, [a sort of skiff,] and the fishing-net. I tried to explain to them how, under bold and cautious guidance, they might reach there in a few seasons of patient march. I gave them drawings of the coast, with its headlands and hunting-grounds as far as Cape Shackleton, and its best camping stations from Red Head to the Danish settlements.

"They listened with breathless interest, closing their circle round me; and, as Petersen described the big ussuk, [the seal,] the white whale, the bear, and the long open-water hunts with the kayak and the rifle, they looked at each other with a significance not to be misunderstood. They would anxiously have had me promise that I would some day return and carry a load of them down to the settlements; and I shall not wonder if—guided perhaps by Hans—they hereafter attempt the journey without other aid."—P. 252.

THE SEAL! AND THE FESTIVAL.

Struggling on through a rough sea, and amid broken ice, tracking the tortuous leads of the floes, hauling their boats over the icy barriers, and glad to find temporary rest from their toils or a shelter from the storms behind some iceberg or rocky promontory along the bleak coast, the feeble crew in their frail boats, that required constant bailing, had a long and tedious voyage before they reached clear sailing—their strength exhausted, their provisions giving out, and famine staring them in the face.

"It was at this crisis of our fortunes that we saw a large seal floating—as is the custom of these animals—on a patch of ice, and seemingly asleep. It was an ussuk, and so large that I at first mistook it for a walrus. Signal was made for the Hope to follow astern, and, trembling with anxiety, we prepared to crawl down upon him.

"Petersen, with the large English rifle, was stationed in the bow, and stockings were drawn over the oars as mufflers. As we neared the animal, our excitement became so intense that the men could hardly keep stroke. I had a set of signals for such occasions which spared us the noise of the voice; and when about three hundreds yards off, the oars were taken in, and we moved in deep silence with a single scull astern.

"He was not asleep, for he reared his head when we were almost within rifle-shot; and to this day I can remember the hard, careworn, almost despairing expression of the men's thin faces as they saw him move: their lives depended on his capture.

"I depressed my hand nervously, as a signal for Petersen to fire. M'Gary hung upon his oar, and the boat, slowly but noiselessly sagging ahead, seemed to me within certain range. Looking at Petersen, I saw that the poor fellow was paralyzed by his anxiety; trying vainly to obtain a rest for his gun against the cut-water of the boat. The seal rose on his fore-flippers, gazed at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled himself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with the crack of our rifle, he relaxed his long length on the ice, and, at the very brink of the water, his head fell helplessly to one side.

"I would have ordered another shot, but no discipline could have controlled the men. With a wild yell, each vociferating according to his own impulse, they urged both boats upon the floes. A crowd of hands seized the seal and bore him up to safer ice. The men seemed half crazy: I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing

and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers, or mouthing long strips of raw blubber. . . . That night, on the large halting-floe, to which, in contempt of the dangers of drifting, we happy men had hauled our boats, two entire planks of the Red Eric were devoted to a grand cooking fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savage feast. This was our last experience of the disagreeable effects of hunger."—Pp. 286–288.

NEWS FROM THE BIG WORLD.

Early in August they reached the Danish settlement at Upernavik. They had just hailed Carlie Mossin's oil-boat on his upward trip for blubber.

"Here we first got our cloudy, vague idea of what had passed in the big world during our absence. The friction of its fierce rotation had not much disturbed this little outpost of civilization, and we thought it a sort of blunder as he told us that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church. He was a good Lutheran, and all news with him had a theological complexion.

"'What of America? eh, Petersen?' and we all looked, waiting for him to interpret the answer.

"'America?' said Carlie; 'we don't know much of that country here, for they have no whalers on the coast; but a steamer and a barque passed up a fortnight ago, and have gone out into the ice to seek your party.'

"How gently all the lore of this man oozed out of him! he seemed an oracle, as, with hot-tingling fingers pressed against the gunwale of the boat, we listened to his words. 'Sebastopol ain't taken.' Where and what was Sebastopol?

"But 'Sir John Franklin?' There we were at home again: our own delusive little speciality rose uppermost. Franklin's party, or traces of the dead which represented it, had been found nearly a thousand miles to the south of where we had been searching for them. He knew it; for the priest (Pastor Kraag) had a German newspaper which told all about it."—P. 292.

The "steamer and barque" referred to were the vessels of Lieut. Hartstene, with whom on his return the party took passage homeward.

We have thus followed, at wide intervals, along the course of Dr. Kane's memorable expedition, leaving him at the several points to tell his own story—a very di-jointed sort of outline, to be sure; but yet, perhaps, sufficient to convey some idea of his field of labor, his adventures, and the literary character of his book. W.

ILLINOIS BAPTIST.—We neglected to notice at a proper time the establishment of The Illinois Baptist. It is edited with ability by Elder Bundy, formerly a citizen of Tennessee. We wish brother B. eminent success.

THE WITNESS is the title of a new and beautiful paper just started at Indianapolis, Indiana, edited and published by Elder M. G. Clark, formerly pastor of Tabernacle Baptist Church, Philadelphia. We heartily welcome brother Clark to a home in the West, and his paper to our office. But let not The Witness supersede the work of Sister Clark, "The Mother's Journal." We want both.

THE NATION.—We have received one or two copies of the illustrated Nation, published by Crofut & Bigelow, Philadelphia.

THE VISITOR.

FOR the year 1857, we have secured some of the best contributors in the South-west. We intend The Visitor shall be more interesting and attractive for the year to come than ever before. It shall be no bogus affair, but the earnest advocate and defender of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." And, consequently, we will expect it to meet with the approbation and support of the truthful, the honest, the just, the pure, lovely, and good; for such love to "think on these things."

Editor's Drawer.

ENCOURAGING NOTICES.

An esteemed brother writing from Russellville, Kentucky, Dec. 1, says: "I think I will be able to send you up a list of subscribers soon. I hear but one opinion about The Visitor, which is good."

One of the most talented ministers in Virginia writes us (Dec. 7) a good letter, sends subscribers, promises others, and says: "May God bless and prosper you in your work, and make you to triumph in every extremity of evil. There is no magazine which I prefer for the fireside—plain, heart-searching piety such as makes one try to be a better Christian. I am accustomed when it is received to read it aloud to all the family," etc., etc.

One of the most pious, learned, and talented Baptist ministers in Tennessee writes an encouraging letter, from which we extract: "I pray God that he may soon deliver us from the fearful blight which is now sweeping over our churches and withering all their spirituality and devotion, through the influence of the doctrine of Graves and Pendleton. My heart mourns over our languishing Zion, and I pray that God may soon deliver us.

"Go on, my good brother; but try to cherish the spirit of Christ in your efforts to resist the swelling tide, and call upon all true Baptists to come up to the rescue."

In addition to the foregoing, the following are a few of the many notices of the Baptist press. The Louisiana Baptist says:

"The Parlor Visitor for November is as usual interesting, containing a large variety of excellent reading."

The Southern Baptist says:

"The Parlor Visitor for October is a richly furnished number, and deserves a patronage among all the families of the South. It is published at Nashville, and is edited by W. P. Jones and W. H. Bayliss, at $2 a year. We have often mentioned this magazine as specially worthy of our support. We hope that it will become a standard in its line, among Baptist families especially."

The South-Western Baptist speaks of us as follows:

"We have long deplored the want of a parlor magazine, so written and selected that we would not hesitate to recommend it to the family circle; a magazine so gotten up that it would interest young ladies whether pious or not, filled with ideas and sentiments pure and healthful to the mind; that would turn their attentions away from the sickly, sentimental literature found in the fashionable magazines flooding our country. Our wishes are now realized in The Parlor Visitor The September number abounds in varied and valuable selections—all of them calculated to engage the attention, instruct the mind, and purify and elevate the affections. Our readers must not think, in our frequent notices of this magazine, that we are passing mere compliments upon it This is *not* our practice. Baptist families need such a work, and we heartily commend it to them."

Pastoral Relation Dissolved.—Elder W. H Bayliss resigned the pastoral care of the First Baptist Church in this city some months ago. At the unanimous solicitation of the Church, however, he consented to continue his services during the year 1856. His labors have been earnest and faithful, and his congregations larger than under the ministrations of any former pastor within our knowledge of the Church. J.

Will not every honest subscriber, who has the ability, remit us forthwith his indebtedness for The Visitor?

A few have allowed the paper to be sent to their address during the entire year, and now decline paying us for it. For the credit of humanity, we hope there are no more such!