"Good is that we also
In our time, amongst us here
Do write of the Newe some mattere
Ensampled of the Old."—Gower.

BOSTON:
WAITE, PEIRCE AND COMPANY.
NO. 1 CORNHILL.
1845.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845,

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY DAVID H. ELA,
NO. 37 CORNHILL.
If this little volume is opened under the impression that it will afford any great amount of statistical information, for the benefit of the political economist, or the manufacturing capitalist, it may be well for the author to admit, in the outset, that with such an object in view it will scarcely be worth perusing, inasmuch as in writing it he was influenced by no special considerations of practical utility.

While the author freely confesses that no apology can atone for the sin of sending a poor book into the world, it is, he conceives, but justice to himself to state the circumstances under which his little volume grew up. Occupying, during a brief sojourn in Lowell in the past autumn, a position which necessarily brought him into somewhat harsh collision with both of the great political parties on the eve of an exciting election, he deemed it at once a duty and privilege to keep
his heart open to the kindliest influences of nature and society. These pages are a transcript—to too free and frank perhaps—of impressions made upon his mind by the common incidents of daily life. Without plan or coherence, penned in the intervals of severer and more earnest labors, often under circumstances of bodily illness and suffering, he would have hesitated long, before placing them in the hands of his publishers, had he not felt assured that they would meet a welcome in that quarter, where, most of all, he desires it—the hearts of his personal friends.

Amesbury, 20th 4th month, 1845.
THE STRANGER IN LOWELL.

THE CITY OF A DAY.

This, then, is Lowell—a city, springing up, like the enchanted palaces of the Arabian tales, as it were in a single night—stretching far and wide its chaos of brick masonry and painted shingles, filling the angle of the confluence of the Concord and the Merrimack with the sights and sounds of trade and industry! Marvellously here has Art wrought its modern miracles. I can scarcely realize the fact, that a few years ago these rivers, now tamed and subdued to the purposes of man, and charmed into slavish subjection to the Wizard of Mechanism, rolled unchecked towards the ocean the waters of the Winnipiseogee, and the rock-rimmed springs of the White Mountains, and rippled down their falls in the wild freedom of Nature. A stranger, in view of all this wonderful change, feels himself as it were thrust forward into a new century; he seems treading on the outer circle of the millenni-
um of steam engines and cotton mills. Work is here the Patron Saint. Every thing bears his image and superscription. Here is no place for that respectable class of citizens called gentlemen, and their much vilified brethren, familiarly known as loafers. Over the gateways of this New World Manchester, glares the inscription, "Work, or die!" Here

"Every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late or soon,
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

The founders of this city, good Christian men, probably never dreamed of the anti-Yankee sentiment of Charles Lamb:

"Who first invented Work; and thereby bound
The holiday rejoicing spirit down
To the never-ceasing importunity
Of business in the green fields and the town?—
Sabbathless Satan: he who his unglad
Task ever plies midst rotatory burnings,
For wrath divine has made him like a wheel
In that Red Realm from whence are no returnings!"

Rather, of course, would they adopt Carlyle's definition of "Divine labor—noble, ever fruitful—the grand, sole Miracle of Man." For this is indeed a city consecrated to the Spirit of Thrift—dedicated, every square rod of it, to the Divinity of Work. The Gospel of Industry preached daily and hourly from some thirty temples; each huger than the Milan Cathedral or the temple of Jeddo, the Mosque of St. Sophia or the Chinese Pagoda of a hundred bells; its mighty
THE CITY OF A DAY.

sermons uttered by steam and water power; its music the everlasting jar of Mechanism, and the organ-swell of many waters; scattering the cotton and woollen leaves of its Evangel from the wings of steamboats and rail-cars throughout the land; its thousand priests, and its thousands of priestesses, ministering around their spinning-jenny and power-loom altars, or whitening the long unshaded streets in the level light of sunset! It is truly, as Carlyle says, a miracle, neither more nor less.

As has been truly said, there is a transcendentalism in mechanics as well as ethics. A few years ago, while travelling in Pennsylvania, I encountered a small, dusky-browed German of the name of Etzler. He was possessed with the belief, that the world was to be restored to its Paradisiacal state by the sole agency of mechanics; and that he had himself discovered the means of bringing about this very desirable consummation. His whole mental atmosphere was thronged with spectral enginery—wheel within wheel—plans of hugest mechanism—Brobdingnagian steam engines—Niagaras of water-power—windmills, with "sail-broad vans," like those of Satan in chaos,—by whose proper application every valley was to be exalted, and every hill laid low—old forests seized by their shaggy tops and uprooted—old morasses drained—the tropics made cool—the eternal ices melted around the poles—the ocean itself covered with artificial islands—the blossoming gardens of the Blessed, rocking gently on the bosom of the deep. Give him "three hundred thousand dollars, and ten
years time,” and he would undertake to do the work. Wrong, pain and sin, being in his view but the results of our physical necessities, ill-gratified desires, and natural yearnings for a better state, were to vanish before the Millennium of Mechanism. “It would be,” said he, “as ridiculous then to dispute and quarrel about the means of life, as it would be now about water to drink by the side of mighty rivers, or about permission to breathe the common air.” To his mind the great Forces of Nature took the shape of mighty and benignant spirits, sent hitherward to be the servants of man in restoring to him his lost Paradise; waiting but for his word of command to apply their giant energies to the task, but as yet struggling blindly and aimlessly, giving ever and anon gentle hints, in the way of earthquake, fire and flood, that they are weary of idleness, and would fain be set at work. Looking down, as I now do, upon these huge, brick work-shops, I have thought of poor Etzler, and wondered whether he would admit, were he with me, that his mechanical Forces have here found their proper employment of Millennium making. Grinding on, each in his iron harness, invisible, yet shaking, by his regulated and repressed power, his huge prison-house from basement to cap-stone, is it true that the Genii of Mechanism are really at work here, raising us, by wheel and pulley, steam and water power, slowly up that inclined plane, from whose top stretches the broad table-land of Promise?

Many of the streets of Lowell present a lively and neat aspect, and are adorned with handsome public
and private buildings; but they lack one pleasant feature of older towns—broad, spreading shade-trees. Shame on that miserable Yankee utilitarianism of the first settlers, which swept so entirely away the green beauty of Nature! For the last few days it has been as hot here as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, or Monsieur Chabert's oven; the sun glaring down from a "hot copper sky," upon these naked, treeless streets, in traversing which one is tempted to adopt the language of a warm weather poet:—

"The lean, like walking skeletons, go stalking pale and gloomy,
The fat, like red hot warming-pans, send hotter fancies thro' me; I wake from dreams of polar ice, on which I've been a slider, Like fishes dreaming of the sea, and waking in the spider."

O, how unlike the elm-lined avenues of New Haven, upon whose cool and graceful panorama the stranger looks down from the Judge's Cave, or the vine-hung pinnacles of West Rock; its tall spires rising white and clear above the level greenness! Or the breezy leafiness of Portland, with its wooded islands in the distance, and itself overhung with verdant beauty, rippling and waving in the same cool breeze which stirs the waters of the beautiful bay of Casco! But Time will remedy all this; and when Lowell shall have numbered half the years of her sister cities, her newly planted elms and maples, which now only cause us to contrast their shadeless stems with the leafy glory of their parents of the forest, will stretch out to the future visitor arms of welcome and repose.

There is one beautiful grove in Lowell—that on
Chapel Hill, where a cluster of fine old oaks lift their sturdy stems and green branches, in close proximity to the crowded city, blending the cool rustle of their leaves with the din of machinery. As I look at them in this gray twilight, they seem lonely and isolated, as if wondering what has become of their old forest companions, and vainly endeavoring to recognize in the thronged and dusty streets before them, those old graceful colonnades of maple, and thick-shaded oaken vistas, stretching from river to river, carpeted with the flowers and grasses of spring, or ankle deep with leaves of autumn, through whose leafy canopy the sunlight melted in upon wild birds, shy deer, and red Indians! Long may these oaks remain to remind us that if there be utility in the new, there was beauty in the old, leafy Puseyites of Nature, calling us back to the Past; but, like their Oxford brethren, calling in vain; for neither in polemics nor in art can we go backward, in an age whose motto is ever "Onward."
II.

THE HEART OF THE STRANGER.

The population of Lowell is constituted mainly of New Englanders, but there are representatives here of almost every part of the civilized world. The good-humored face of the Milesian meets one at almost every turn,—the shrewdly solemn Scotchman, the transatlantic Yankee, blending the crafty thrift of Bryce Snailsfoot with the stern religious heroism of Cameron,—the blue-eyed, fair-haired German, from the towered hills which overlook the Rhine, slow, heavy and unpromising in his exterior, yet of the same mould and mettle of the men who rallied for "Fatherland" at the Tyrtean call of Korner, and beat back the chivalry of France from the banks of the Katzbach; the countrymen of Richter, and Goethe, and our sainted Follen. Here, too, are pedlers from Hamburg and Bavaria and Poland, with their sharp Jewish faces and black, keen eyes. At this moment, beneath my window, are two sturdy, sun-browned Swiss maidens, grinding music for a livelihood, rehearsing in a strange Yankee land the simple songs of their old mountain home, reminding me, by their foreign garb and language, of

"Lauterbrunnen's peasant girl."

Poor wanderers! I cannot say that I love their music;
but now, as the notes die away, and, to use the words of Dr. Holmes, "silence comes, like a poultice to heal the wounded ear," I feel grateful for their visitation. Away from crowded thoroughfares, from brick walls and dusty avenues, at the sight of these poor peasants I have gone in thought to the vale of Chamouny, and seen, with Coleridge, the morning star pausing on the "bald, awful head of Sovran Blanc," and the sun rise and the sun set glorious upon snowy-crested mountains, down in whose valleys the night still lingers; and, following in the track of Byron and Rousseau, have watched the lengthening shadows of the hills on the beautiful waters of the Genevan lake. Blessings, then, upon these young wayfarers, for they have "blessed me unawares." In an hour of sickness and lassitude, they have wrought for me the miracle of Loretto's chapel, and borne me away from the scenes around me and the sense of personal suffering, to that wonderful land where Nature seems still uttering, from lake and valley, and from mountains whose eternal snows lean on the hard blue heaven, the echoes of that mighty hymn of a new-created world, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

But of all classes of foreigners, the Irish are by far the most numerous. They constitute a quiet and industrious portion of the population; and are consequently respected by their Yankee neighbors. For myself, I confess I feel a sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves
his native land, that his patriotism is divided, that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island—that his religion, with all its abuses, is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a strange land, he is to me always an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his apparent gayety of heart, and national drollery and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the "ould mother of him," sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog-side; recollections of a father's blessing and a sister's farewell are haunting him; a grave-mound in a distant churchyard, far beyond the "wide wathers," has an eternal greenness in his memory, for there, perhaps, lies a "darlint child," or a "swate crather" who once loved him. The New World is forgotten for the moment; blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him, and Glendalough stretches beneath him its dark still mirror; he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with Nature's blessing, the ruins of the Seven Churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the Round Towers of the Phœnician sun-worshippers,—beautiful and mournful recollections of his home waken within him; and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods. Touching and beautiful was the injunction of the prophet of the Hebrews: "Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye know the heart of the stranger, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."
I love my own country—I have a strong New England feeling; but I am no friend of that narrow spirit of mingled national vanity and religious intolerance, which, under the specious pretext of preserving our institutions from foreign contamination, has made its appearance among us. I reverence man, as man. Be he Irish or Spanish, black or white, he is my brother man. I have no prejudices against other nations—I cannot regard the people of England as my enemies, nor sympathize with that blustering sham-patriotism, which is ever exclaiming, like the giant of the nursery tale:

"Fee-faw-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman,—
Dead or alive, I will have some."

I remember that the same sun which shines upon England's royalty and priestcraft, streams also into the dusty workshop of Ebenezer Elliot—rests on the drab coat of the Birmingham Quaker reformer—greets O'Connell through the grates of his prison—glorifies the gray locks of Clarkson, and gladdens the heroic-hearted Harriet Martineau in her sick chamber at the mouth of the Tyne. With heart and soul I respond to the sentiments of Channing, when speaking of a foreign nation: "That nation is not an abstraction to me; it is no longer a vague mass; it spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations; it consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one another as I love my own home; it consists of affectionate women and sweet children: it consists of Christians,
me to the common Savior, and in whose spirit I reverence the likeness of his divine virtue; it consists of a vast multitude of laborers at the plough and in the workshop, whose toils I sympathize with, whose burden I should rejoice to lighten, and for whose elevation I have pleaded; it consists of men of science, taste, genius, whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours, and given life to my intellect and best affections.”
III.

"THE FACTORY GIRLS."

Acres of girlhood—beauty reckoned by the square rod, or miles by long measure! The young, the graceful, the gay—flowers gathered from a thousand hillsides and green valleys of New England; fair, unveiled Nuns of Industry; Sisters of Thrift; and are ye not also Sisters of Charity, dispensing comfort and hope and happiness around many a hearth-stone of your native hills, making sad faces cheerful, and hallowing age and poverty with the sunshine of your youth and love! Who shall sneer at your calling? Who shall count your vocation otherwise than noble and ennobling?

Four years ago, in a hasty visit to Lowell, I was at the Boott Corporation in company with Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the energetic leader of England's Christian democracy, and my friend Renshaw of South Carolina, and more recently a missionary in Jamaica, among the newly-emancipated blacks of that island. As the bell was ringing, and the crowd of well-dressed, animated and intelligent-looking young women passed by us on their way to their lodgings, the philanthropic Englishman could not repress his emotions at the strong contrast they presented to the degraded and oppressed working-women of his own country; and the spectacle, I doubt not, confirmed and strengthened his deter-
mination to consecrate his time, wealth, and honorable reputation, to the cause of the laborer, at home. My friend Renshaw, who was banished from his mother's fireside and his father's grave, for his advocacy of abolitionism, deeply impressed with the beauty of freedom and hope-stimulated industry, exclaimed, "Would to God my mother could see this!" At home, he had seen the poor working-women of the South driven by the whip to their daily tasks; here, with gayety and hope and buoyant gracefulness, he saw the women of New England pass from their labors, making industry beautiful, and throwing the charm of romance and refinement over the dull monotony of their self-allotted tasks. Not in vain, then, are the lessons of free labor taught by the "Factory Girls." The foreign traveller has repeated them in aristocratic England, in Germany, in France, and Prussia, and thus the seeds of democratic truth have been sown in the waste places of the Old World. The slaveholder, dragging his languid frame from the rice region and the sugar plantation, full of contempt for the laborer, and bitter in his scorn of Yankee meanness, has been awed into reverence for industry in the presence of the working-women of Lowell; and, painfully contrasting the unpaid and whip-driven labor of his plantation with the free and happy thrift of the North, he has returned home, "A sadder, but a wiser man;"

feeling from henceforth that woman may "labor with her hands," and lose nothing of the charm and glory of womanhood by so doing; that it is only his own
dreadful abuse of labor, the attempt to reverse its just and holy laws, and substitute brutal compulsion for generous and undegrading motives, that has made the women of his plantation mere beasts of burden, or objects of unholy lust, cursing alike themselves and their oppressors.

Thus is it, that our thousands of "Factory-Girls" become apostles of Democracy, and teachers of the great truth, which even John C. Calhoun, slaveholder as he is, felt constrained to recognize in his controversy with Webster, "The laborer has a title to the fruits of his industry against the universe." They demonstrate the economy of free and paid labor. They dignify woman, by proving that she can place herself in independent circumstances, without derogating from the modesty and decorum of her character; that she can blend the useful with the beautiful, and that, instead of casting herself as a fair but expensive burden upon the other sex—in its plaything and its encumbrance—she is capable of becoming a help-mate and a blessing.

Yet I do not overlook the trials and disadvantages of their position. Not without a struggle have many of these females left the old paternal homestead, and the companions of their childhood. Not as a matter of taste and self-gratification have many of them exchanged the free breezes, and green meadows, and household duties, of the country, for the close, hot city, and the jar and whirl of these crowded and noisy mills. In the midst of the dizzy rush of machinery, they can hear in fancy the ripple of brooks, the low of cattle, the familiar sound of the voices of home. Nor
am I one of those who count steady, daily toil, consuming the golden hours of the day, and leaving only the night for recreation, study and rest, as in itself a pleasurable matter. There have been a good many foolish essays written upon the beauty and divinity of labor, by those who have never known what it really is to earn one's livelihood by the sweat of the brow—who have never, from year to year, bent over the bench or loom, shut out from the blue skies, the green grass, and sweet waters, and felt the head reel, and the heart faint, and the limbs tremble with the exhaustion of unremitted toil. Let such be silent. Their sentimentalism is a weariness to the worker. Let not her who sits daintily with her flowers, "herself the fairest," looking out from cool verandahs, on still, green woods and soft flowing waters, to whom Music, and Poetry, and Romance minister, whose slightest wish is as law to her dependents,—undertake to sentimentalize over the "working classes," and quote Carlyle and Goethe, concerning the romance and beauty and miraculous powers of Work—in the abstract. How is it, that with such admirers of Labor, the laborer is so little considered? How is it that they put forth no hand to pull down that hateful wall of distinction which Pride has built up between the laborer and the labored for? Excellent was the advice of Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "My dear sir, clear your mind of cant."

My attention has been called to a neat volume just published in London, consisting of extracts from the Lowell Offering, written by females employed in the mills, to which the English editor has given the title of
“Mind among the Spindles.” Thousands will read it, and admire it, who will not reflect upon the fact that these writings are only an exception to the general rule, that after twelve or more hours of steady toil, mind and body are both too weary for intellectual effort. “Mind among the Spindles!”—Let all manner of Factory Agents, and “Corporations without souls,” consider it. The mind of the humblest worker in these mills is of infinitely more consequence in the sight of Him who looks on the realities of His universe, than all the iron-armed and steam-breathed engines of mechanism. It is a serious fact, gentlemen, that among your spindles, and looms, and cottons, and woollens, are thousands of immortal souls—children of our Great Father—fearfully dependent for their bias towards good or evil, for their tendency, upward or downward, upon the circumstances with which they are environed. Beware how you confound with your mill mechanism, “The spirit of the living creature within the wheels.” The one may wear out with constant friction, but it is only dead matter. It may be restored. But, who shall repair the worn-out body, and renovate that life which has been exhausted by toil too protracted?

For, let the unpractical say what they will, there is much that is wearisome and irksome in the life of the factory operative. All praise then to those, who, by the cultivation of their minds, and the sweet influences of a healthful literature, have relieved this weariness, and planted with flowers the dusty pathways of Toil. Honor to those who have demonstrated to the blind
aristocracies of Europe and America, that the rich and
the idle cannot become the entire monopolists of re-
finèd taste; that in the temple of Nature, which is
open to all, the Beautiful stands side by side with the
Useful — Grace throwing her oaken garland over the
sun-brown brow of Labor — with the same soft sky-
light of Our Father's blessing resting upon all.
A MORON CONVENTICLE.

Passing up Merrimack street the other day, my attention was arrested by a loud, earnest voice, apparently engaged in preaching, or rather "holding forth," in the second story of the building opposite. I was in the mood to welcome any thing of a novel character; and following the sound, I passed up a flight of steps, leading to a long, narrow and somewhat shabby room, dignified by the appellation of Classic Hall.

Seating myself, I looked about me. There were from fifty to one hundred persons in the audience, in which nearly all classes of this heterogeneous community seemed pretty fairly represented, all listening with more or less attention to the speaker.

He was a young man, with dark, enthusiast complexion, black eyes and hair; with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat undue quantity of "fine linen," bending over his coarse board pulpit, and gesticulating with the vehemence of Hamlet's player, "tearing his passion to rags." A band of mourning crape, fluttering with the spasmodic action of his left arm, and an allusion to "our late beloved brother, Joseph Smith," sufficiently indicated the sect of the speaker. He was a Mormon—a Saint of the Latter Days!

His theme was the power of Faith. Although
evidently unlearned, and innocent enough of dealing in such "abominable matters as a verb or a noun, which no Christian ear can endure," to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a strait-forward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam, in Paradise, as the lord of this lower world—"For," said he, "water could n't drown him, fire could n't burn him, cold could n't freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet. And what, my hearers, was the secret of this power? His faith in God! That was it. Well, the Devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, ungentlemanly way, and deceived Eve, and lied to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the Devil got, and has it now. He is the Prince and Power of the air, consequently he is master of the elements, and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and will do so, until the hour of the Power of Darkness is ended, and the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the Old Serpent and Dragon."

He dwelt with great earnestness on the power of Faith, and cited examples from the Scriptures. It was by a perfect faith in God, that Enoch was enabled to "walk with Him," and overcome death itself, and have dominion over the elements, so that, "instead of dying, God suspended the laws of gravitation, and took him right up bodily." Finally it was by Faith that the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints were
preached, and marvellous things wrought, and the estate of Adam in Paradise once more attained.

Another speaker, a stout, black-browed "son of thunder," gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had "but three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land, with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down, and I prayed in earnest faith, 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread!' O, I tell ye, I prayed with a good appetite; and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house near at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came, I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ from America. I am starving—will you give me some food? ' 'Why, bless you! yes!' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed be God! But, my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. 'The Lord reward him for his kindness!'"

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in the apostolic
time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave them power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the Living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scriptures that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first confessors of Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of the Divine power. They tell them, that in these latter days Faith is again in the world; that the universe is not a blind, dark mechanism; but that God’s Spirit moves in it yet; that something of the same power which sealed the jaws of lions, made harmless the furnace of Babylon—which enabled Peter to heal the sick, and Paul to shake off unharmed the viper of Malta, is yet vouchsafed to the saints of Nauvoo. Men who have struggled with unbelief and dark thoughts; who long for some tangible, visible evidence of Christianity, literally hungering and thirsting after a miracle, grasp at the Mormon delusion, as the long desired manifestation—“the sought Kalon found.”

In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apochryphal Book of Mormon. That the great majority of the “Latter Day Saints” are honest and sincere fanatics, I have no reason to doubt. They have made great sacrifices, and endured severe and protracted persecution for their faith. The
reports circulated against them by their unprincipled enemies in the West, are in the main destitute of foundation. I place no dependence upon charges made against them by the ruffian mob of the Mississippi valley, and the reckless slave-drivers, who, at the point of the bayonet and bowie knife, expelled them from Missouri, and signalized their Christian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrong-doers should hate those whom they have so foully injured.

The Prophet himself, the Master Spirit of this extraordinary religious movement, is no more. He died by the hands of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr, unwilling, doubtless, but still a martyr, of his Faith. For, after all, Joe Smith could not have been wholly insincere. Or, if so in the outset, it is more than probable that his extraordinary success, his wonderful power over the minds of men, caused him to seem a miracle and a marvel to himself, and, like Mohammed and Napoleon, to consider himself a chosen instrument of the Eternal Power.

In the "Narrative of an eye witness of the Mormon Massacre," published in a Western paper, I was a good deal impressed by the writer's account of the departure of the Prophet from "the holy city," to deliver himself up to the state authorities at Warsaw. It was well understood, that in so doing, he was about to subject himself to extreme hazard. The whole country round about was swarming with armed men, eager to embrue their hands in his blood. The city
was in a fearful state of alarm and excitement. The great Nauvoo legion, with its two thousand strong of armed fanatics, was drawn up in the principal square. A word from the Prophet would have converted that dark, silent mass into desperate and unsparing defenders of their leader and the holy places of their faith. Mounted on his favorite black horse, he rode through the glittering files; and with words of cheer and encouragement, exhorted them to obey the laws of the state, and give their enemies no excuse for persecution and outrage. "Well!" said he, as he left them, "they are good boys, if I never see them again." Taking leave of his family, and his more intimate friends, he turned his horse, and rode up in front of the great temple, as if to take a final look at the proudest trophy of his power. After contemplating it for awhile in silence, he put spurs to his horse, in company with his brother, who, it will be recollected, shared his fate in the prison, dashed away towards Warsaw, and the prairie horizon shut down between him and the City of the Saints for the last time.

Once in the world's history we were to have a Yankee prophet, and we have had him in Joe Smith. For good or for evil, he has left his track on the great pathway of life—or, to use the words of Horne, "knocked out for himself a window in the wall of the nineteenth century," whence his rude, bold, good-humored face will peer out upon the generations to come. But, the Prophet has not trusted his fame merely to the keeping of the spiritual. He has incorporated himself with the enduring stone of the great Nauvoo temple,
which, when completed, will be the most splendid and imposing architectural monument in the New World. With its huge walls of hewn stone — its thirty gigantic pillars, loftier than those of Baalbec — their massive caps carved into the likeness of enormous human faces, themselves resting upon crescent moons, with a giant profile of a face within the curve, — it stands upon the highest elevation of the most beautiful city-site of the West, overlooking the "Father of Waters;" — a temple unique and wonderful as the faith of its builder, embodying in its singular and mysterious architecture, the Titan idea of the Pyramids, and the solemn and awe-inspiring thought which speaks from the Gothic piles of the middle ages. The conception of such a work gives dignity and beauty even to the coarse and vulgar character of the Mormon Prophet, and almost leads us to credit his claim of inspiration:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew —
The conscious stone to beauty grew."
PATUCKET FALLS.

Many years ago I read, in some old chronicle of the early history of New England, a paragraph which has ever since haunted my memory, calling up romantic associations of wild Nature and wilder man:

"THE SACHEM WONOLANSET, WHO LIVED BY THE GREAT FALLS OF PATUCKET, ON THE MERRIMACK."

It was with this passage in my mind that I visited for the first time the rapids of the Merrimack, above Lowell.

Passing up the street by the Hospital, a large and elegant mansion, surrounded by trees, and shrubbery, and climbing vines, I found myself, after walking a few rods further, in full view of the Merrimack. A deep and rocky channel stretched between me and the Dracut shore, along which rushed the shallow water; a feeble, broken and tortuous current, winding its way among splintered rocks, rising sharp and jagged, in all directions. Drained above the falls by the canal, it resembled some mountain streamlet of old Spain, or some Arabian Wady, exhausted by a year's drought. Higher up, the arches of the bridge spanned the quick, troubled water; and higher still, the dam, so irregular in its outline, as to seem less a work of Art than of Nature, crossed the bed of the river,—a lake-like placidity above, contrasting with the foam and murmur of the falls below. And this was all which modern improvements had left of "the great Patucket Falls"
of the olden time. The wild river had been tamed; the Spirit of the Falls, whose hoarse voice the Indian once heard, in the dashing of the great water down the rocks, had become the slave of the arch-conjuror, Art, and, like a shorn and blinded giant, was grinding in the prison-house of his task-master.

One would like to know how this spot must have seemed to the "twenty goodlie persons from Concord and Woburn," who first visited it in 1652, as, worn with fatigue, and wet from the passage of the sluggish Concord, "where ford there was none," they wound their slow way through the forest, following the growing murmur of the falls, until at length the broad, swift river stretched before them, its white spray flashing in the sun. What cared these sturdy old puritans for the wild beauty of the landscape thus revealed before them? Sour-featured and grim, I think I see them standing there in the golden light of a closing October day, with their sombre brown doublets and slouched hats, and their heavy matchlocks,—such men as Ireton fronted death with on the battle-field of Naseby, or those who stalked with Cromwell over the broken wall of Drogheda, smiting, "in the name of the Lord," old and young, "both maids and little children." Methinks I see the sunset-light flooding the river-valley, the western hills stretching to the horizon, overhung with trees, gorgeous and glowing with the tints of autumn,—a mighty flower garden, blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, Frost,—the rushing river, with its graceful water-curves and white foam; and a steady murmur, low, deep voices of water, the softest, sweetest sound of Nature, blends
with the sigh of the south wind in the pine-tops. But these hard-featured saints of the New Canaan "care for none of these things." The stout hearts which beat under their leathern doublets, are proof against the sweet influences of Nature. They see only "a great and howling wilderness, where be many Indians, but where fish may be taken, and where be meadows for ye subsistence of cattle;" and which, on the whole, "is a comfortable place to accommodate a company of God's people upon, who may, with God's blessing, do good in that place for both church and state." (Vide Petition to the General Court, 1653.)

In reading the journals and narratives of the early settlers of New England, nothing is more remarkable than the entire silence of the worthy writers in respect to the natural beauty or grandeur of the scenery amid which their lot was cast. They designated the grand and glorious forest, broken by lakes and crossed by great rivers, intersected by a thousand streams, more beautiful than those which the Old World has given to song and romance, as "a desert and frightful wilderness." The wildly picturesque Indian, darting his birch canoe down the falls of the Amoskeag, or gliding in the deer-track of the forest, was nothing but a "dirty tawnie," a "salvage heathen," and "Devil's imp." A most prosaic, earthward-tending people, after all, were these ancestors of ours. Many of them were well educated — men of varied and profound erudition, and familiar with the best specimens of Greek and Roman literature; yet they seem to have been utterly devoid of that poetic feeling or fancy whose subtle alchemy detects the beautiful in the fa-
miliar. Their very hymns and spiritual songs seem to have been expressly calculated, like "the Music-Grinders" of Holmes,

“To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
   And dock the tail of Rhyme,
   To crack the voice of Melody,
   And break the legs of Time.”

They were sworn enemies of the Muses—haters of stage-play literature, profane songs, and wanton sonnets,—of every thing, in brief, which reminded them of the days of the roystering cavaliers and bedizzened beauties of the court of "the man Charles," whose head had fallen beneath the sword of Puritan justice. Hard, stern, unlovely, yet with many virtues and noble points of character, they were fitted perhaps for their work of pioneers in the wilderness. Let the Saints rest in peace.

I have often thought that much of this old Puritan feeling in respect to diversions, in themselves innocent—this disposition to shut the eye upon Nature's beauty, and the ear against her harmonies—still lingers with us. A friend, who was recently a student at Andover Theological Seminary, relates a case in point. A fellow student, a long, pale, solemn-looking candidate for the ministry, was induced, one beautiful autumnal morning on the first day of the week, to walk out on the green a few rods from his lodgings. My friend, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, called the attention of the grim-visaged young ascetic at his side, to the surpassing beauty of the foliage on the distant hills,—frost-pencilled,—a natural kaleid-
oscope of a thousand colors, shifting with every breath of the morning wind. His companion, who had ventured one sly, melancholy glance at the glorious works of Divine Wisdom, turned aside with a groan, and fervently ejaculated, "Lord, turn off mine eyes from beholding vanity!"

The Patuckets, once a powerful native tribe, had their principal settlement around the Falls, at the time of the visit of the white men of Concord and Woburn, in 1652. Gookin, the Indian historian, states that this tribe was almost wholly destroyed by the great pestilence of 1612. In 1674 they had but two hundred and fifty males in the whole tribe. Their chief sachem lived opposite the Falls, and it was in his wigwam that the historian, in company with John Eliot, the Indian missionary, held a "meeting for worship on ye 5th of May, 1676," where Mr. Eliot preached from "ye 22nd of Mathew."

The white visitants from Concord and Woburn, pleased with the appearance of the place, and the prospect it afforded for planting and fishing, petitioned the General Court for a grant of the entire tract of land now embraced in the limits of Lowell and Chelmsford. They made no account whatever of the rights of the poor Patuckets; but, considering it "a comfortable place to accommodate God's people upon," were doubtless prepared to deal with the heathen inhabitants as Joshua the son of Nun did with the Jebuzites and Perizzites, the Hivites and the Hittites of old. The Indians, however, found a friend in the apostle Eliot, who presented a petition in their behalf, that the
lands lying around the Patucket and Wamesit Falls should be appropriated exclusively for their benefit and use. The Court granted the petition of the whites, with the exception of the tract in the angle of the two rivers, on which the Patuckets were settled. The Indian title to this tract was not finally extinguished until 1726, when the beautiful name of Wamesit was lost in that of Chelmsford, and the last of the Patuckets turned his back upon the graves of his fathers, and sought a new home among the strange Indians of the North. . . . . . . But, what has all this to do with the Falls?

When the rail-cars came thundering through his Lake country, Wordsworth attempted to exorcise them by a sonnet; and, were I not a very decided Yankee, I might possibly follow his example, and utter, in this connection, my protest against the desecration of Patucket Falls; and battle, with objurgatory stanzas, these dams and mills, as Balmawhlappe shot off his horse pistol at Sterling Castle. Rocks and trees, rapids, cascades, and other water works, are doubtless all very well; but on the whole, considering our seven months of frost, are not cotton shirts and woollen coats still better? As for the spirits of the river, the Merrimack Naiads, or whatever may be their name in Indian vocabulary, they have no good reason for complaint, inasmuch as Nature, in marking and scooping out the channel of their stream, seems to have had an eye to the useful rather than the picturesque. After a few preliminary antics and youthful vagaries up among the White Hills, the Merrimack comes down
to the sea-board, a clear, cheerful, hard-working Yankee river. Its numerous falls and rapids are such as seem to invite the engineer’s level rather than the pencil of the tourist; and the mason, who piles up the huge brick fabrics at their feet, is seldom, I suspect, troubled with sentimental remorse or poetical misgivings. Staid, and matter-of-fact as the Merrimack is, it has, nevertheless, certain capricious and eccentric tributaries; the Powow, for instance, with its eighty feet fall in a few rods, and that wild, Indian-haunted Spicket, taking its well-nigh perpendicular leap of thirty feet, within sight of the village meeting-house, kicking up its pagan heels, Sundays and all, in sheer contempt of puritan tythingmen. This latter waterfall is now somewhat modified by the hand of art, but is still, as Prof. Hitchcock’s Scenographical Geology says of it, “an object of no little interest.” My friend T., favorably known as the translator of Undine, and as a writer of fine and delicate imagination, visited “Spicket Falls” before the sound of a hammer or the click of a trowel had been heard beside them. His journal of “A Day on the Merrimack” gives a pleasing and vivid description of their original appearance, as viewed through the telescope of a poetic fancy. The readers of Undine will thank me for a passage or two from this sketch:

“The sound of the waters swells more deeply. Something supernatural in their confused murmur: it makes me better understand and sympathize with the writer of the Apocalypse, when he speaks of the voice of many waters, heaping image upon image, to impart the vigor of his conception.
"Through yonder elm branches I catch a few snowy glimpses of foam in the air. See that spray and vapor rolling up the evergreen on my left! The two side precipices, one hundred feet apart, and excluding objects of inferior moment, darken and concentrate the view. The waters between pour over the right hand and left hand summit, rushing down and uniting among the craggiest and abruptest of rocks. O for a whole mountain-side of that living foam! The sun impresses a faint prismatic hue. These falls, compared with those of the Missouri, are nothing—nothing but the merest miniature; and yet, they assist me in forming some conception of that glorious expanse.

"A fragment of an oak, struck off by lightning, struggles with the current mid-way down, while the shattered trunk frowns above the desolation, majestic in ruin. This is near the Southern cliff. Further North a crag rises out of the stream, its upper surface covered with green clover of the most vivid freshness. Not only all night, but all day has the dew lain upon its purity.

"With my eye attaining the uppermost margin, where the waters shoot over, I look away into the Western sky, and discern there (what you least expect) a cow chewing her cud with admirable composure, and higher up several sheep and lambs browsing celestial buds. They stand on the eminence, that forms the background of my present view. The illusion is extremely picturesque—such as Alston himself would despair of producing. 'Who can paint like nature.'"
HAMLET AMONG THE GRAVES.

VI.

HAMLET AMONG THE GRAVES.

The amiable old enthusiast, Bernardin St. Pierre, immortal in his beautiful little romance of "Paul and Virginia," has given us in his Miscellanies a chapter on "The Pleasures of Tombs," a title singular enough, yet not inappropriate, for the meek-spirited and sentimental Bernardin has given, in his own flowing and eloquent language, its vindication. "There is," says he, "a voluptuous melancholy arising from the contemplation of tombs, the result, like every other attractive sensation, of the harmony of two opposite principles; from the sentiment of our fleeting life, and that of our immortality, which unite in view of the last habituation of mankind. A tomb is a monument erected on the confines of two worlds. It first presents to us the end of the vain disquietudes of life, and the image of everlasting repose: it afterwards awakens in us the confused sentiment of a blessed immortality, the probabilities of which grow stronger and stronger, in proportion as the person whose memory is recalled was a virtuous character.

"It is from this intellectual instinct, therefore, in favor of virtue, that the tombs of great men inspire us with a veneration so affecting. From the same sentiment, too, it is, that those which contain objects that have been lovely, excite so much pleasing regret; for
the attractions of love arise entirely out of the appearances of virtue. Hence it is that we are moved at the sight of the small hillock which covers the ashes of an infant, from the recollection of its innocence; hence it is, that we are melted into tenderness on contemplating the tomb in which is laid to repose a young female, the delight and the hope of her family by reason of her virtues. In order to give interest to such monuments, there is no need of bronzes, marbles and gildings. The more simple they are, the more energy they communicate to the sentiment of melancholy. They produce a more powerful effect when poor rather than rich, antique rather than modern, with details of misfortune rather than titles of honor, with the attributes of virtue rather than with those of power. It is in the country principally that their impression makes itself felt in a very lively manner. A simple, unornamented grave there, causes more tears to flow than the gaudy splendor of a cathedral interment. There it is that grief assumes sublimity; it ascends with the aged yews in the churchyard; it extends with the surrounding hills and plains; it allies itself with all the effects of Nature — with the dawning of the morning, with the murmur of the winds, with the setting of the sun, and with the darkness of the night."

Not long since, I took occasion to visit the CEME­TERY near this city. It is a beautiful location for a "City of the Dead," — a tract of some forty or fifty acres on the eastern bank of the Concord, gently undulating, and covered with a heavy growth of forest trees, among which the white oak is conspicuous.
The ground beneath has been cleared of undergrowth, and is marked here and there with monuments and railings enclosing "family lots." It is a quiet, peaceful spot; the city, with its crowded mills, its busy streets and teeming life, is hidden from view; not even a solitary farmhouse attracts the eye. All is still and solemn, as befits the place where Man and Nature lie down together; where the leaves of the great Life-tree, shaken down by Death, mingle and moulder with the frosted foliage of the autumnal forest.

Yet the contrast of busy life is not wanting. The Lowell and Boston railroad crosses the river within view of the Cemetery; and, standing there in the silence and shadow, one can see the long trains rushing along their iron pathway, thronged with living, breathing humanity,—the young, the beautiful, the gay,—busy, wealth-seeking manhood of middle years,—the child at its mother's knee,—the old man with whitened hairs!—hurrying on, on—car after car, like the generations of man sweeping over the track of Time to their last still resting-place!

It is not the aged and the sad of heart who make this a place of favorite resort. The young, the buoyant, the lighthearted come, and linger among these flower-sown graves, watching the sunshine falling in broken light upon these cold white marbles, and listening to the songs of birds in these leafy recesses. Beautiful and sweet to the young heart is the gentle shadow of melancholy which here falls upon it, soothing, yet sad—a sentiment midway between joy and sorrow. How true is it, that, in the language of Wordsworth,
"In youth we love the darkling lawn,
Brushed by the owlet's wing,
Then evening is preferred to dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness."

The Chinese, from the remotest antiquity, have adorned and decorated their grave-grounds with shrubs and sweet flowers, as places of popular resort. The Turks have their grave-yards planted with trees, through which the sun looks in upon the turban-stones of the Faithful, and beneath which the relatives of the dead sit in cheerful converse through the long days of summer, in all the luxurious quiet and happy indifference of the indolent East. Most of the visitors whom I met at the Lowell Cemetery wore cheerful faces; some sauntered laughingly along, apparently unaffected by the associations of the place,—too full, perhaps, of life and energy and high hope, to apply to themselves the stern and solemn lesson which is taught even by these flower-garlanded mounds. But, for myself, I confess that I am always awed by the presence of the dead. I cannot jest above the grave-stone. My spirit is silenced and rebuked before the tremendous mystery of which the grave reminds me, and involuntarily pays

"The deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to Death."

Even Nature's cheerful air and sun and bird-voices, only serve to remind me that there are those beneath
who have looked on the same green leaves and sunshine, felt the same soft breeze upon their cheeks, and listened to the same wild music of the woods—for the last time! Then too comes the saddening reflection, to which so many have given expression, that these trees will put forth their leaves; the slant sunshine still fall upon green meadows and banks of flowers; and the song of the birds, and the ripple of waters still be heard, after our eyes and ears have closed for ever. It is hard for us to realize this. We are so accustomed to look upon these things as a part of our life-environment, that it seems strange that they should survive us. Tennyson, in his exquisite metaphysical poem of "The Two Voices," has given an utterance to this sentiment:

"Alas! though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow.

Not less the bee will range her cells,
The furzy prickle fire the dells,
The foxglove cluster dappled bells."

"The Pleasures of the Tombs!" Undoubtedly, in the language of the Idumean seer, there are many who "rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave," who long for it "as the servant earnestly desireth the shadow." Rest, rest to the sick heart and the weary brain—to the long-afflicted and the hopeless—rest, on the calm bosom of our common Mother! Welcome to the tired ear, stunned and confused with Life's jarring discords, the Everlasting Si-
lence — grateful to the weary eyes, which "have seen evil and not good," the Everlasting Shadow!

Yet over all hangs the curtain of a deep mystery—a curtain lifted only on one side, by the hands of those who are passing under its solemn shadow. No voice speaks to us from beyond it, telling of the Unknown State; no hand from within puts aside the dark drapery, to reveal the mysteries towards which we are all moving. "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

Thanks to our Heavenly Father, He has not left us altogether without an answer to this momentous question. Over the blackness of darkness a light is shining. The Valley of the Shadow of Death is no longer "a land of darkness and where the light is as darkness." The presence of a serene and holy Life pervades it. Above its pale tombs and crowded burial places, above the wail of despairing humanity, the voice of Him who awakened life and beauty beneath the grave-clothes of the tomb at Bethany, is heard proclaiming, "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!" We know not, it is true, the conditions of our future life; we know not what it is to pass from this state of being to another; but before us in that dark passage has gone the Man of Nazareth, and the light of his footsteps lingers in the path. Where he, our Brother in his humanity, our Redeemer in his divine nature, has gone, let us not fear to follow. He who ordereth all aright, will uphold with his own great arm the frail spirit, when its incarnation is ended; and it may be, that, in language which I have elsewhere used,
when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise and with the vastness grow!

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning,
And, as in Summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.
A few days since I received a paper, with a paragraph marked to invite my special attention. It purported to be a note from John H. Fountain, late of Winchester, Va., dated at Philadelphia, acknowledging his obligations to benevolent citizens of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, whose contributions had enabled him to purchase his wife, and the mother of his children, and announcing her safe arrival at Philadelphia.

The writer of this note visited Lowell some two or three months since, and called on me with a letter of introduction. I was interested from the outset in his case. He was a fine looking young man, of good address, intelligent and modest. He was himself a free man, and had been engaged in business in Winchester, where he had married a young girl of his own color, unhappily one of those anomalous beings, who, to use the words of Chief Justice Jay, although "free by the laws of God, are slaves by the laws of man." Being suspected of aiding in the escape of certain slaves, he was arrested and thrown into prison, and finally liberated only on condition of leaving the state. With difficulty escaping from the mob, he made his way to Philadelphia, leaving his wife behind him, a slave, and exposed to all the contingencies of slavery.
The little property which he had accumulated by patient industry, had been consumed by the expenses of his trial, and he was penniless among strangers. Fortunately he fell in with some kind-hearted people, who contributed to his relief, and encouraged him to make an effort to raise the sum requisite for the liberation of his wife. It was with this object that he visited Lowell, and his appeal to the sympathy of its citizens was answered by a very liberal subscription in his behalf.

It is in this way that the terrible reality of slavery is from time to time brought home to the people of this section of the country. Occasionally a fugitive from oppression seeks shelter among us, and reveals the horrors of his house of bondage. We see that the black man is, after all, our brother. We see that he has the energies, the faculties, the sympathies, the aspirations of a man. When we listen to his choking voice of sorrow, as he tells us of his children, torn from him and sold at public outcry, into strange, distant regions; when his eye flashes, as with broken, indignant words he hints at his own degradation and suffering under the whip of the driver, and lays bare his scarred shoulder, we feel that here our common humanity has suffered; that a grievous wrong has been done to our common nature; that, as a brother man, the slave has a claim upon our sympathies. We no longer regard slavery in the abstract; we cease to think of it solely as an "institution," or to consider its victims as "property,"—the sight of one of them, standing before us erect and manly, giving evidence of the pos-
session of warm affections, strong passions of love and hate, intellectual vigor, and fine and delicate sensibilities, sweeps away at once all our air-woven apologies for this great American wrong; the "sanctity which doth hedge" the legal relation is lost; we see only the oppressor and the oppressed; and our hearts involuntarily take sides with the latter.

In a late production of Ralph Waldo Emerson, there is a highly significant passage: "The arrival in the world of such men as Toussaint and the Haytien heroes, or of the leaders of their race in Barbadoes and Jamaica, outweighs in good omen all the English and American humanity. The anti-slavery of the whole world is dust in the balance before this,—is a poor squeamishness and nervousness: here is man; and if you have man, black or white is an insignificance. The intellect,—that is miraculous! Who has it, has the talisman; his skin and bones, though they were of the color of night, are transparent, and the everlasting stars shine through with attractive beams." Regarded simply as the recognition of an existing fact, and setting aside the question of its accordance with that Divine Compassion, which stooped to the lowest and dreariest estate of humanity, and saw the man and the brother through all defilements of sin and squalid debasement, there is a force of truth in this paragraph, which the whole history of the anti-slavery movement confirms. Many, who cannot sympathize with the dark, dumb, inert mass of silent suffering, have felt nevertheless their hearts swell at the thought of the stout-hearted Gabriel, who "died and made no
sign" of contrition for having risen against his oppressors; or at the story of that Virginia fanatic, who read the doom of his enslavers in the changes of sun and cloud, and saw the corn leaves of his task-field redden with their blood; and heard, in the skirting pines, the voices of the wind calling him to arise and avenge his race. I was conversing not long since with a gentleman well and honorably known in the political world, who declared that, in all frankness and honesty, he must admit that he did not and could not pity the Southern blacks, drawing as they did in the yoke like so many oxen, stupid and passive, as if their necks were made for it. I alluded to the capture of the Creole slave-ship by Madison Washington and his fellow bondmen. "Ah!" said he, "that has given me a better opinion of the negroes than all your Quaker testimonies in their behalf put together."

I have recently been deeply interested in the fate of Placido—the black Revolutionist of Cuba—the acknowledged leader of the late wide spread and well planned revolt of the slaves in the city of Havana, and the neighboring plantations and villages.

Juan Placido was born a slave on the estate of Don Terribio de Castro. His father was an African, his mother a mulatto. His mistress treated him with great kindness, and taught him to read. When he was twelve years of age she died, and he fell into other and less compassionate hands. At the age of eighteen, on seeing his mother struck with a heavy whip, he for the first time turned upon his tormentors. To use his own words, "I felt the blow in my heart. To
utter a loud cry, and from a downcast boy with the timidity of one weak as a lamb, to become all at once like a raging lion, was a thing of a moment." He was however subdued, and the next morning, together with his mother, a tenderly-nurtured and delicate woman, severely scourged. On seeing his mother rudely stripped and thrown down upon the ground, he at first with tears implored the overseer to spare her; but at the sound of the first blow, as it cut into her naked flesh, he sprang once more upon the ruffian, who, having superior strength, beat him until he was nearer dead than alive.

After suffering all the vicissitudes of slavery — hunger, nakedness, stripes; after bravely and nobly bearing up against that slow, dreadful process which reduces the man to a thing — the image of God to a piece of merchandise, until he had reached his thirty-eighth year, he was unexpectedly released from his bonds. Some literary gentlemen in Havana, into whose hands two or three pieces of his composition had fallen, struck with the vigor, spirit and natural grace which they manifested, sought out the author, and raised a subscription to purchase his freedom. He came to Havana, and maintained himself by house painting, and such other employments as his ingenuity and talents placed within his reach. He wrote several poems, which have been published in Spanish at Havana, and translated by Dr. Madden, under the title of "Poems by a Slave."

It is not too much to say of these poems, that they will bear a comparison with most of the productions of
modern Spanish literature. Certain it is, that their author is the only Cuban poet. His style is bold, free, energetic. Some of his pieces are sportive and graceful; such is his address to "The Cucuya," or Cuban fire-fly. This beautiful insect is sometimes fastened in tiny nets to the light dresses of the Cuban ladies, a custom to which the writer gallantly alludes in the following lines:

"Ah!—still as one looks on such brightness and bloom,  
On such beauty as hers, one might envy the doom  
Of a captive Cucuya that's destined like this,  
To be touched by her hand and revived by her kiss!  
In the cage which her delicate hand has prepared,  
The beautiful prisoner nestsles unscared,  
O'er her fair forehead shining serenely and bright,  
In beauty's own bondage revealing its light!  
And when the light dance, and the revel are done,  
She bears it away to her alcove alone,  
Where fed by her hand from the cane that's most choice,  
In secret it gleams at the sound of her voice!  
O beautiful maiden! may heaven accord  
Thy care of the captive a fitting reward,  
And never may fortune the fetters remove  
Of a heart that is thine in the bondage of love!"

In his "Dream," a fragment of some length, he dwells in a touching manner upon the scenes of his early years. It is addressed to his brother Florence, who was a slave near Matanzas, while the author was in the same condition at Havana. There is a plaintive and melancholy sweetness in these lines, a natural pathos, which finds its way to the heart:
The STRANGER IN LOWELL.

"Thou knowest, dear Florence, my sufferings of old,
The struggles maintained with oppression for years;
We shared them together, and each was consoled
With the love which was nurtured by sorrow and tears.

But now far apart, the sad pleasure is gone,
We mingle our sighs and our sorrows no more;
The course is a new one which each has to run,
And dreary for each is the pathway before.

But in slumber our spirits at least shall commune,
We will meet as of old in the visions of sleep,
In dreams which call back early days, when at noon
We stole to the shade of the palm-tree to weep!

For solitude pining, in anguish of late
The heights of Quintana I sought for repose;
And there, in the cool and the silence, the weight
Of my cares was forgotten, I felt not my woes.

Exhausted and weary, the spell of the place
Sank down on my eye-lids, and soft slumber stole
So sweetly upon me, it left not a trace
Of sorrow o'ercasting the light of the soul."

The writer then imagines himself borne lightly through the air to the place of his birth. The valley of Matanzas lies beneath him, hallowed by the graves of his parents. He proceeds:

"I gazed on that spot where together we played,
Our innocent pastimes came fresh to my mind,
Our mother's caress, and the fondness displayed
In each word and each look of a parent so kind.

I looked on the mountain, whose fastnesses wild
The fugitives seek from the rifle and hound,
Below were the fields where they suffered and toiled,
And there the low graves of their comrades are found.
The mill-house was there, and the turmoil of old;  
But sick of these scenes, for too well were they known,  
I looked for the stream where in childhood I strolled  
When a moment of quiet and peace was my own.

With mingled emotions of pleasure and pain,  
Dear Florence, I sighed to behold thee once more;  
I sought thee, my brother, embraced thee again,  
\textit{But I found thee a slave as I left thee before!}"

Some of his devotional pieces evince the fervor and true feeling of the Christian poet. His "Ode to Religion" contains many admirable lines. Speaking of the martyrs of the early days of Christianity, he says finely:

"Still in that cradle, purpled with their blood,  
The infant Faith waxed stronger day by day."

I cannot forbear quoting the last stanza of this poem:

"O God of mercy, throned in glory high,  
On earth and all its misery look down,  
Behold the wretched, hear the captive's cry,  
And call thy exiled children round thy throne!  
There would I fain in contemplation gaze  
On thy eternal beauty, and would make  
Of love one lasting canticle of praise,  
And every theme but Thee henceforth forsake!"

His best and noblest production is an ode "To Cuba," written on the occasion of Dr. Madden's departure from the island, and presented to that gentleman. It was never published in Cuba, as its sentiments would have subjected the author to persecution.
It breathes a lofty spirit of patriotism, and an indignant sense of the wrongs inflicted upon his race. Withal, it has all the grandeur and stateliness of the old Spanish muse. Witness its majestic commencement:

"Cuba! — of what avail that thou art fair!
Pearl of the Seas! — The pride of the Antilles!
If thy poor sons have still to see thee share
The pangs of bondage and its thousand ills?
Of what avail the verdure of thy hills? —
The purple bloom thy coffee-plain displays?
The cane's luxuriant growth, whose culture fills
More graves than famine, or the sword finds ways
To glut with victims calmly as it slays? —

Of what avail that thy clear streams abound
With precious ore, if wealth there's none to buy
Thy children's rights, and not one grain is found
For Learning's shrine, or for the altar nigh
Of poor, forsaken, downcast Liberty? —
Of what avail the riches of thy port,
Forests of masts, and ships from every sea,
If Trade alone is free, and man, the sport
And spoil of Trade, bears wrongs of every sort!

Cuba! O Cuba! — when men call thee fair,
And rich, and beautiful, the Queen of Isles,
Star of the West, and Ocean's gem most rare,
O, say to those who mock thee with such wiles:
Take off these flowers, and view the lifeless spoils
Which wait the worm, behold their hues beneath
The pale, cold cheek; and seek for living smiles
Where Beauty lies not in the arms of Death,
And Bondage taints not with its poison breath!"

The disastrous result of the late insurrection of the slaves in Cuba is well known. Betrayed, and driven
into premature collision with their oppressors, the wronged and maddened bondmen were speedily crushed into subjection. Placido was arrested, and after a long hearing, was condemned to be executed, and consigned to the "Chapel of the Condemned."

How far Placido was implicated in the insurrectionary movement, it is now perhaps impossible to ascertain. The popular voice at Havana pronounced him its leader and projector; and as such he was condemned. His own bitter wrongs; the terrible recollections of his life of servitude; the sad condition of his relatives and race, exposed to scorn, contumely, and the heavy hand of violence; the impunity with which the most dreadful outrages upon the persons of slaves were inflicted,—acting upon a mind fully capable of appreciating the beauty and dignity of Freedom, furnished abundant incentives to an effort for the redemption of his race, and the humiliation of his oppressors. The Heraldo, of Madrid, speaks of him as "the celebrated poet, a man of great natural genius, and beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havana." It accuses him of wild and ambitious projects, and states that he was intended to be the chief of the black race after they had thrown off the yoke of bondage.

He was executed at Havana in the 7th month, 1844. According to the custom in Cuba with condemned criminals, he was conducted from prison to the "Chapel of the Doomed." He passed thither with singular composure, amidst a great concourse of people, grace-
fully saluting his numerous acquaintances. The chapel was hung with black cloth, dimly lighted. Placido was seated beside his coffin. Priests in long black robes stood around him, chanting in sepulchral voices the service of the dead. It is an ordeal under which the stoutest-hearted and most resolute have been found to sink. After enduring it for twenty-four hours he was led out to execution. Placido came forth calm and undismayed; holding a crucifix in his hand, he recited in a loud, clear voice a solemn prayer in verse, which he had composed amidst the horrors of the "Chapel." It thrilled upon the hearts of all who heard it. I am indebted to a friend for assistance in rendering this remarkable prayer into English verse:

**Prayer of Placido.**

God of unbounded love and power eternal!  
To Thee I turn in darkness and despair,  
Stretch forth Thine arm, and from the brow infernal  
Of Calumny the veil of Justice tear!  
And from the forehead of my honest fame  
Pluck the world's brand of infamy and shame!

O King of kings!—my father's God!—who only  
Art strong to save, by whom is all controlled,  
Who givest the sea its waves, the dark and lonely  
Abyss of heaven its light, the North its cold,  
The air its currents, the warm sun its beams,  
Life to the flowers, and motion to the streams.

All things obey Thee; dying or reviving  
As thou commandest; all, apart from Thee,  
From Thee alone their life and power deriving;  
Sink and are lost in vast eternity!  
Yet doth the void obey Thee; since from nought  
This marvellous being by Thy hand was wrought.
O merciful God! — I cannot shun Thy presence,
For through its veil of flesh Thy piercing eye
Looketh upon my spirit's unsoiled essence,
As through the pure transparence of the sky;
Let not the oppressor clap his bloody hands,
As o'er my prostrate innocence he stands!

But, if alas, it seemeth good unto Thee
That I should perish as the guilty dies,
That, a cold, mangled corse, my foes should view me
With hateful malice and exulting eyes,
Speak Thou the word, and bid them shed my blood,
Fully in me Thy will be done, O God!

On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down as ordered, on a bench with his back to the soldiers. The multitude recollected, that in some affecting lines, written by the conspirator in prison, he had said that it would be useless to seek to kill him by shooting his body — that his heart must be pierced ere it would cease its throbings. At the last moment, just as the soldiers were about to fire, he rose up and gazed for an instant around and above him, on the beautiful capital of his native land, and its sail-flecked bay, on the dense crowds about him, the blue mountains in the distance, and the sky glorious with the summer sunshine. "Adios mundo!" (Farewell world!) he said calmly, and sat down. The word was given, and five balls entered his body. Then it was, that, amidst the groans and murmurs of the horror-stricken spectators, he rose up once more and turned his head to the shuddering soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. "Will no one pity me?" he said, laying his hand over his heart. "Here, fire
here!" While he yet spake, two balls entered his heart and he fell dead. Thus perished the hero-poet of Cuba. He has not fallen in vain. His genius, and his heroic death, will doubtless be regarded by his race as precious legacies. To the great names of L'Ouverture and Petion the colored man can now add that of Juan Placido.
THE YANKEE ZINCALI.

VIII.

THE YANKEE ZINCALI.

"Here's to budgets, packs and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!" — BURNS.

I confess it, I am keenly susceptible of "skyey influences." I profess no indifference to the movements of that capricious old gentleman known as the Clerk of the Weather. I cannot conceal my interest in the behavior of that patriarchal bird whose wooden similitude gyrates on the church spire. Winter proper is well enough. Let the thermometer go to zero if it will: so much the better, if thereby the very winds are frozen, and unable to flap their stiff wings. Sounds of bells in the keen air, clear, musical, heart-inspiring — quick tripping of fair moccasined feet on glittering ice pavements — bright eyes glancing above the uplifted muff, like a Sultana's behind the folds of her yashmack — school-boys coasting down street like mad Greenlanders — the cold brilliance of oblique sunbeams, flashing back from wide surfaces of glittering snow, or blazing upon ice-jewelry of tree and roof! There is nothing in all this to complain of. A storm of summer has its redeeming sublimities — its slow, upheaving mountains of cloud, glooming in the western horizon like new created volcanoes, veined with fire, shattered by exploding thunders. Even the wild gales of the Equinox have their varieties — sounds of wind-shaken
woods and waters, creak and clatter of sign and case-
ment, hurricane puffs and down-rushing rain-spouts. But this dull, dark autumn day of thaw and rain—
when the very clouds seem too spiritless and languid to
storm outright, or take themselves out of the way of
fair weather—wet beneath and above—reminding
one of that rayless atmosphere of Dante's Third Circle,
where the infernal Priesnitz administers his hydro-
pathic torment:

"A heavy, cursed and relentless drench,—
The land it soaks is putrid;"

or, rather, as every thing, animate and inanimate, is
seething in warm mist, suggesting the idea that Nature,
grown old and rheumatic, is trying the efficacy of a
Thompsonian steam-box on a grand scale,—no sounds,
save the heavy splash of muddy feet on the pavements,
the monotonous, melancholy drip from trees and roofs;
the distressful gurgling of water-ducts, swallowing the
dirty amalgam of the gutters—a dim, leaden-colored
horizon of only a few yards in diameter, shutting down
about one, beyond which nothing is visible, save in
faint line or dark projection, the ghost of a church
spire or the eidolon of a chimney-pot! He who can
extract pleasurable emotions from the alembic of such
a day, has a trick of alchemy with which I am wholly
unacquainted.

Hark! a rap at my door. Welcome any body, just
now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out
the sprites of the weather. They come in at the
key-hole; they peer through the dripping panes; they
insinuate themselves through the crevices of the case-
ment, or plump down chimney astride of the rain-
drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling,
loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-
brown and wind-dried; small, quick-winking black
eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his
pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a
dumb show of misery quite touching, he hands me a
soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what pur-
ports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and
disaster, to the particular detriment, loss and damnifi-
cation of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence,
sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian
persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this ve-
racious document, duly certified and endorsed by an
Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high
sounding, but, to Yankee organs, unpronounceable
name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Ma-
hometans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good
one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left.
"Give," said Benevolence, as with some difficulty I
fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket.
"Not a cent," says selfish Prudence, and I drop it
from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of
the poor stranger in a strange land, just escaped from
the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property
has perished, thrown half-naked and helpless on our
shores, ignorant of our language, and unable to find
employment suited to his capacity." "A vile imposter!" replies the left hand sentinel. "His paper, purchased from one of those ready writers in New York, who manufacture beggar-credentials at the low price of one dollar per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers."

Amidst this confusion of tongues I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd, old face, with its sharp, winking eyes, is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! Si, Senor, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neckcloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extemporaneous exhortation, in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawaska? Is it not the face of the forlorn father of six small children, whom the "marcury doctors" had "pisened" and crippled? Did it not belong to that down-east unfortunate, who had been out to the "Genesee country," and got the "fevern-nager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same, under all disguises—Stephen Leathers of Barrington—him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?"

"O, well I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the
least disconcerted. "How do you do, and how's your folks? All well, I hope. I took this ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who could 'nt make himself understood any more than a wild goose. I thought I 'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a marcy to do it."

Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his gospel mission, and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may be not amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the "pisen" of the regular faculty out of him. But, he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Luck go with him!" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley,—hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east,—the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks,—the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway,—the oak forest sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon,—the grass-grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge,—the dear old landscape of
my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again; once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond, and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stragglers," as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and, whenever they ascertained that the "men-folks" were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for it, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness with a look of heart-break and forlornness, which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. A times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded instead a glass of cider. Whatever the temperance society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage, and wasn't it a satisfaction to see their sad,
melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favor, as "dear, good children!" Not unfrequently, these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman, and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a maudlin affection, which would have done honor to the revellers at Poosie-Nansie’s,—immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of monomania—haunted and hunted by some dark thought—possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eye never changed; a silent, impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the "still woman," and think of the demoniac of Scripture, who had a "dumb spirit."

One—(I think I see him now, grim, gaunt and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door)—used to gather herbs by the wayside, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat; and used to counterfeit lameness, yet when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his rambles, and became lame in
earnest, hobbling ever after with difficulty on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sack, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of small meagre legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden like a big-bodied spider. That "Man with the pack" always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime in its tense rotundity—the father of all packs—never laid aside and never opened, what might not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motions of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars, or armed men from the Trojan horse.

Often, in the gray of the morning, we used to see one or more of these "gaberlunzie men," pack on shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other out-buildings, where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernable in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder; and was only re-assured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley half surrounded with woods, with no neighbors in
sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; and with many misgivings, I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head, and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size worthy of such a rider—colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me; and, after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as "Dr. Brown, the great Indian doctor," he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his "mortal frame." He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors; and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry—threatened to swallow my younger brother alive,—and, seizing me by the hair of my head, as the angel did the Prophet at Babylon, led me about from room to room. — After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he
mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanations and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped his eyes, sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand that he was very much pleased with her appearance; adding, that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night; but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision: "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer; and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of
the Abruzzo— one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper-table; and when we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts,— and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark sullen face lighted up and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother’s prudence got the better of her charity... The regular “old stragglers” regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well-contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all “the
ills which flesh is heir to.” It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the “Barrington beggars.” An old withered hag, known by the appellation of “Hipping Pat”—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had “a gift for preaching,” as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish-looking bird, who, when in the humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge’s raven. He used to say he could “do nothin at exhortin without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket,”—a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gipseys of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of “missionaries and cold water.”

“The proper study of mankind is man;” and, according to my view, no phase of our common humanity is altogether unworthy of investigation. Acting upon this belief two or three summers ago, when making, in company with my sister, a little excursion into the hill country of New Hampshire, I turned my
horse's head towards Barrington, for the purpose of seeing these semi-civilized strollers in their own home, and returning, once for all, their numerous visits. Taking leave of our hospitable cousins in old Lee, with about as much solemnity as we may suppose Major Laing parted with his friends, when he set out in search of desert-girdled Timbuctoo, we drove several miles over a rough road, passed the "Devil's Den" unmolested, crossed a fretful little streamlet, noisily working its way into a valley, where it turned a lonely, half-ruinous mill, and climbing a steep hill beyond, saw before us a wide sandy level, skirted on the west and north by low, scraggy hills, and dotted here and there with dwarf pitch-pines. In the centre of this desolate region were some twenty or thirty small dwellings grouped together as irregularly as a Hottentot kraal. Unfenced, unguarded, open to all comers and goers, stood that city of the beggars—no wall or paling between the ragged cabins, to remind one of the jealous distinctions of property. The great idea of its founders seemed visible in its unappropriated freedom. Was not the whole round world their own, and should they haggle about boundaries and title-deeds? For them, on distant plains, ripened golden harvests; for them, in far-off work-shops, busy hands were toiling; for them, if they had but the grace to note it, the broad earth put on her garniture of beauty, and over them hung the silent mystery of heaven and its stars. That comfortable philosophy which modern Transcendentalism has but dimly shadowed forth—that poetic Agrarianism, which gives all to each and
each to all — is the real life of this city of Unwork. To each of its dingy dwellers might be not unaptly applied the language of one, who, I trust, will pardon me for quoting her beautiful poem in this connection:

"Other hands may grasp the field or forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
Thou art wealthier — all the world is thine!"

But, look! the clouds are breaking. "Fair weather cometh out of the North." The wind has blown away the mists; on the gilded spire of John street glimmers a beam of sunshine. And there is the sky again, hard, blue, and cold in its eternal purity, not a whit the worse for the storm. In the beautiful Present the Past is no longer needed. Reverently and gratefully let its volume be laid aside; and when again the shadows of the outward world fall upon the spirit, may I not lack a good angel to remind me of its solace, even if he comes in the shape of a Barrington beggar.
IX.

FATHER MILLER.

"Our Father Time is weak and gray
Awaiting for the better day;
See how idiot-like he stands,
Fumbling his old palsied hands!"

Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy."

"Stage ready, gentlemen!" — "Stage for campground, Derry — Second Advent Camp-Meeting!"

Accustomed, as I begin to feel, to the ordinary sights and sounds of this busy city, I was, I confess, somewhat startled by this business-like annunciation from the driver of a stage, who stood beside his horses, swinging his whip with some degree of impatience: "Seventy-five cents to the Second Advent campground!"

The stage was soon filled; the driver cracked his whip and went rattling down the street.

The Second Advent! — the coming of our Lord in person upon this earth, with signs, and wonders, and terrible judgments — the heavens rolling together as a scroll, the elements melting with fervent heat! The mighty consummation of all things at hand, with its destruction and its triumphs, sad wailings of the lost, and rejoicing songs of the glorified! From this over-swarming hive of industry — from these crowded tread-mills of gain — here were men and women going
out in solemn earnestness to prepare for the dread moment, which they verily suppose is only a few months distant,—to lift up their warning voices in the midst of scoffers and doubters, and to cry aloud to blind priests and careless churches, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!"

It was one of the most lovely mornings of this loveliest season of the year—a warm, soft atmosphere—clear sunshine falling on the city spires and roofs—the hills of Dracut quiet and green in the distance, with their white farm-houses and scattered trees;—around me the continual tread of footstepshurrying to the toils of the day—merchants spreading out their wares for the eyes of purchasers—sounds of hammers, the sharp clink of trowels, the murmur of the great manufactories subdued by distance! How was it possible, in the midst of so much life, in that sunrise light, and in view of all abounding beauty, that the idea of the Death of Nature—the baptism of the world in fire—could take such a practical shape as this? Yet here were sober, intelligent men, gentle and pious women, who, verily believing the end to be close at hand, had left their counting-rooms, and workshops, and household cares, to publish the great tidings; and to startle, if possible, a careless and unbelieving generation into preparation for the Day of the Lord, and for that blessed Millennium—the restored Paradise—when, renovated and renewed by its fire-purgation, the earth shall become, as of old, the Garden of the Lord, and the saints alone shall inherit it.

Very serious and impressive is the fact, that this
idea of a radical change in our planet, is not only predicted in the Scriptures, but that the earth herself, in her primitive rocks and varying formations, on which are lithographed the history of successive convulsions, darkly prophesies of others to come. The old poet-prophets, all the world over, have sung of a renovated world. A vision of it haunted the contemplations of Plato. It is seen in the half-inspired speculations of the old Indian mystics. The Cumaean Sybil saw it in her trances. The apostles and martyrs of our faith looked for it anxiously and hopefully. Gray anchorites in the deserts, worn pilgrims to the holy places of Jewish and Christian tradition, prayed for its coming. It inspired the gorgeous visions of the early fathers. In every age since the Christian era, from the caves, and forests, and secluded "upper chambers" of the times of the first missionaries of the Cross, from the Gothic temples of the middle ages, from the bleak mountain gorges of the Alps, where the hunted heretics put up their expostulation, "How long, O Lord, how long!"—down to the present time, and from this Derry camp-ground, have been uttered the prophecy and the prayer for its fulfilment.

How this great idea manifests itself in the lives of the enthusiasts of the days of Cromwell!—Think of Sir Henry Vane, cool, sagacious statesman as he was, waiting with eagerness for the fore-shadowings of the Millennium, and listening, even in the very council hall, for the blast of the last trumpet. Think of the Fifth Monarchy men, weary with waiting for the long desired consummation, rushing out with drawn swords
and loaded matchlocks into the streets of London, to establish at once the rule of King Jesus. Think of the wild enthusiasts at Munster, verily imagining that the Millennial reign had commenced in their city! Still later, think of Granville Sharpe, diligently laboring in his vocation of philanthropy, laying plans for the slow but beneficent amelioration of the condition of his country and the world, and at the same time maintaining, with the zeal of Father Miller himself, that the earth was just on the point of combustion, and that the Millennium would render all his benevolent schemes of no sort of consequence!

And, after all, is the idea itself a vain one? Shall to-morrow be as to-day—shall the antagonism of Good and Evil continue as heretofore for ever? Is there no hope that this world-wide prophecy of the human soul, uttered in all climes, in all times, shall yet be fulfilled? Who shall say it may not be true? Nay, is not its truth proved by its universality? The hope of all earnest souls must be realized. That which, through a distorted and doubtful medium, shone even upon the martyr-enthusiasts of the French Revolution—soft gleams of heaven's light rising over the hell of man's passions and crimes—the glorious ideal of Shelley, who, atheist as he was through early prejudice and defective education, saw the horizon of the world's future kindling with the light of a better day,—that hope and that faith which constitute, as it were, the world's life, and without which it would be dark and dead, cannot be in vain.

I do not, I confess, sympathize with my Second Ad-
vent friends in their lamentable depreciation of mother earth, even in her present state. I find it extremely difficult to comprehend how it is that this goodly, green, sun-lit home of ours is resting under a curse. It really does not seem to me to be altogether like the roll which the angel bore in the Prophet's vision, "written within and without with mourning, lamentation and woe." September sunsets—changing forests—moonrise and cloud, sun and rain—I, for one, am contented with them. They fill my heart with a sense of beauty. I see in them the perfect work of Infinite Love as well as wisdom. It may be that our Advent friends, however, coincide with the opinions of an old writer on the prophecies, who considered the hills and valleys of the earth's surface, and its changes of seasons as so many visible manifestations of God's curse; and that, in the Millennium, as in the days of Adam's innocence, all these picturesque inequalities would be levelled nicely away, and the flat surface laid handsomely down to grass!

As might be expected, the effect of this belief in the speedy destruction of the world, and the personal coming of the Messiah, acting upon a class of uncultivated, and, in some cases, gross minds, is not always in keeping with the enlightened Christian's ideal of "the better day." One is shocked in reading some of the "Hymns" of these believers. Sensual images—semi-Mahomedan descriptions of the condition of the "saints"—exultations over the destruction of the "sinners"—mingle with the beautiful and soothing promises of the Prophets. There are indeed occasion-
ally to be found among the believers, men of refined and exalted spiritualism, who, in their lives and conversation, remind one of Tennyson's Christian knight-errant, in his yearning towards the "hope set before him."

. . . . . "To me is given
Such hope I may not fear;
I long to breathe the airs of heaven,
Which sometimes meet me here.
I muse on joys which cannot fade,
Pure spaces filled with living beams,
White lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams."

One of the most ludicrous examples of the sensual phase of Millerism — the incongruous blending of the sublime with the ridiculous, was mentioned to me not long since. A fashionable young woman, in the western part of this State, became an enthusiastic believer in the doctrine. On the day which had been designated as the closing one of Time, she packed all her fine dresses and toilet valuables in a large trunk with long straps attached to it; and seating herself upon it, buckled the straps over her shoulders, patiently awaiting the crisis,—shrewdly calculating, that as she must herself go upward, her goods and chattels would of necessity follow.

Three or four years ago, on my way Eastward, I spent an hour or two at a camp-ground of the Second Advent, in East Kingston. The spot was well chosen. A tall growth of pine and hemlock threw its melancholy shadow over the multitude, who were arranged upon rough seats of boards and logs. Several hundred
—perhaps a thousand people—were present, and more were rapidly coming. Drawn about in a circle, forming a back ground of snowy whiteness to the dark masses of men and foliage, were the white tents, and back of them the provision stalls and cook-shops. When I reached the ground, a hymn, the words of which I could not distinguish, was pealing through the dim aisles of the forest. I could readily perceive that it had its effect upon the multitude before me, kindling to higher intensity their already excited enthusiasm. The preachers were placed in a rude pulpit of rough boards, carpeted only by the dead forest leaves and flowers, and tasseled, not with silk and velvet, but with the green boughs of the sombre hemlocks around it. One of them followed the music in an earnest exhortation on the duty of preparing for the great event. Occasionally he was really eloquent, and his description of the last day had all the terrible distinctness of Anelli's painting of the "End of the World."

Suspended from the front of the rude pulpit were two broad sheets of canvass, upon one of which was the figure of a man, the head of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly of brass, the legs of iron, and feet of clay,—the dream of Nebuchadnezzar! On the other were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision—the beasts—the dragons—the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos—oriental types, figures, and mystic symbols, translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a travelling menagerie. One horrible image, with its hideous heads and scaly caudal extremity, reminded me
of the tremendous line of Milton, who, in speaking of
the same evil Dragon, describes him as

"Swinging the scaly horrors of his folded tail."

To an imaginative mind, the scene was full of novel
interest. The white circle of tents — the dim wood
arches — the up-turned, earnest faces — the loud
voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful sym-
bolic language of the Bible — the smoke from the fires
rising like incense — carried me back to those days of
primitive worship, which tradition faintly whispers of,
when, on hill-tops and in the shade of old woods, re-
ligion had her first altars, with every man for her
priest, and the whole universe for her temple.

Beautifully and truthfully has Dr. Channing spoken
of this doctrine of the Second Advent, in his memora-
ble discourse in Berkshire, a little before his death:

"There are some among us at the present moment,
who are waiting for the speedy coming of Christ.
They expect, before another year closes, to see him in
the clouds, to hear his voice, to stand before his judg-
ment seat. These illusions spring from misinterpreta-
tion of Scripture language. Christ, in the New Tes-
tament, is said to come, whenever his religion breaks
out in new glory, or gains new triumphs. He came in
the Holy Spirit in the day of Pentecost. He came in
the destruction of Jerusalem, which, by subverting the
old ritual law, and breaking the power of the worst
enemies of His religion, insured to it new victories.
He came in the Reformation of the church. He came
on this day four years ago, when, through His re..."
eight hundred thousand men were raised from the lowest degradation, to the rights, and dignity, and fellowship of men. Christ's outward appearance is of little moment, compared with the brighter manifestation of his Spirit. The Christian, whose inward eyes and ears are touched by God, discerns the coming of Christ, hears the sound of his chariot wheels and the voice of his trumpet, when no other perceives them. He discerns the Savior's advent in the dawning of higher truth on the world, in new aspirations of the church after perfection, in the prostration of prejudice and error, in brighter expressions of Christian love, in more enlightened and intense consecration of the Christian to the cause of humanity, freedom and religion. Christ comes in the conversion, the regeneration, the emancipation of the world."
There are times when, looking only on the surface of things, one is almost ready to regard Lowell as a sort of sacred city of Mammon — the Benares of Gain; its huge mills, temples; its crowded dwellings, lodging-places of disciples and "proselytes within the gate;" its warehouses, stalls for the sale of relics. A very mean idol-worship too, unrelieved by awe and reverence — a selfish earthward-looking devotion to the "least-erected spirit that fell from Paradise." I grow weary of seeing man and mechanism reduced to a common level, moved by the same impulse, answering to the same bell-call. A nightmare of materialism broods over all. I long at times to hear a voice crying through the streets, like that of one of the old prophets, proclaiming the great first Truth, that the Lord alone is God!

Yet is there not another side to the picture? High over sounding workshops spires glisten in the sun — silent fingers pointing heavenward. The workshops themselves are instinct with other and subtler processes than cotton-spinning or carpet-weaving. Each human being, who watches beside jack or power-loom, feels, more or less intensely, that it is a solemn thing to live. Here are sin and sorrow,—yearnings for lost peace,—outgushing gratitude of forgiven spirits — hopes and
fears, which stretch beyond the horizon of Time, into Eternity. Death is here. The grave-ground utters its warning. Over all bends the eternal heaven in its silence and mystery. Nature, even here, is mightier than Art, and God is above all. Underneath the din of labor and the sounds of traffic, a voice, felt rather than heard, reaches the heart, prompting the same fearful questions which stirred the soul of the world’s oldest poet: “If a man die, shall he not live again?” “Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?” Out of the depths of burdened and weary hearts comes up the agonizing inquiry—“What shall I do to be saved?”—“Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”

As a matter of course, in a city like this, composed of all classes of our many-sided population, a great variety of religious sects have their representatives in Lowell. The young city is dotted over with “steeple houses,” most of them of the Yankee order of architecture. The Episcopalians have a house of worship on Merrimack street; a pile of dark stone, with low Gothic doors and arched windows. A plat of grass lies between it and the dusty street; and near it stands the dwelling-house intended for the minister, built of the same material as the church, and surrounded by trees and shrubbery. The attention of the stranger is also attracted by another consecrated building on the hill-slope of Belvidere—one of Irving’s “shingle palaces,” painted in imitation of stone—a great wooden sham, “whelked and horned” with pine
spires and turrets—a sort of whittled representation of the many-headed Beast of the Apocalypse.

In addition to the established sects which have reared their visible altars in the City of Spindles, there are many who have not yet marked the boundaries, or set up the pillars and stretched out the curtains of their sectarian tabernacles; who, in halls and "upper chambers," and in the solitude of their own homes, keep alive the spirit of devotion, and, wrapping closely around them the mantles of their order, maintain the integrity of its peculiarities in the midst of an unbelieving generation.

Not long since, in company with a friend who is a regular attendant, I visited the little meeting of the disciples of Emanuel Swedenborg. Passing over Chapel Hill, and leaving the city behind us, we reached the stream which winds through the beautiful woodlands at the "Powder Mills," and mingles its waters with the Concord. The Hall in which the followers of the Gothland seer meet, is small and plain, with unpainted seats, like those of "the people called Quakers," and looks out upon the still woods, and that "willowy stream which turns a mill." An organ, of small size, yet, as it seemed to me vastly out of proportion with the room, filled the place usually occupied by the pulpit, which was here only a plain desk, placed modestly by the side of it. The congregation have no regular preacher; but the exercises of reading the scriptures, prayers, and selections from the "Book of Worship," were conducted by one of the lay members. A manuscript sermon, by a clergyman of the
order in Boston, was read, and apparently listened to with much interest. It was well written, and deeply imbued with the doctrines of the Church. I was impressed by the gravity and serious earnestness of the little audience. There were here no circumstances calculated to excite enthusiasm—nothing of the pomp of religious rites and ceremonies—only a settled conviction of the truth of the doctrines of their Faith could have thus brought them together. I could scarcely realize the fact, as I sat among them, that here, in the midst of our bare and hard utilities, in the very centre and heart of our mechanical civilization, were devoted and undoubting believers in the mysterious and wonderful revelations of the Swedish Prophet; revelations which look through all external and outward manifestations to inward realities; which regard all objects in the world of sense, only as the types and symbols of the world of spirit, literally unmasking the universe, and laying bare the profoundest mysteries of life.

The character and writings of Emanuel Swedenborg constitute one of the puzzles and marvels of metaphysics and psychology. A man remarkable for his practical activities, an ardent scholar of the exact sciences, versed in all the arcana of physics, a skilful and inventive mechanician, he has evolved from the hard and gross materialism of his studies, a system of transcendent spiritualism. From his aggregation of cold and apparently lifeless practical facts, beautiful and wonderful abstractions start forth, like blossoms on the rod of the Levite. A politician and a courtier, a man of the
world, a mathematician, engaged in the soberest details of the science, he has given to the world, in the simplest and most natural language, a series of speculations upon the Great Mystery of Being; detailed, matter of fact narratives of revelations from the Spiritual World, which at once appal us by their boldness, and excite our wonder at their extraordinary method, logical accuracy, and perfect consistency. These remarkable speculations,—the workings of a mind in which a powerful imagination allied itself with superior reasoning faculties, the marvellous current of whose thought ran only in the diked and guarded channels of mathematical demonstration—he uniformly speaks of as "facts." His perceptions of abstractions were so intense that they seem to have reached that point where thought became sensible to sight as well as feeling. What he thought, that he saw.

He relates his visions of the Spiritual World as he would the incidents of a walk round his own city of Stockholm. One can almost see him in his "brown coat and velvet breeches," lifting his "cocked hat" to an angel, or keeping an unsavory spirit at arm's length with that "gold-headed cane," which his London host describes as his inseparable companion in walking. His graphic descriptions have always an air of naturalness and probability; yet there is a minuteness of detail at times almost bordering on the ludicrous. In his "Memorable Relations," he manifests nothing of the imagination of Milton, overlooking the closed gates of Paradise, or following the "pained fiend" in his flight through Chaos; nothing
of Dante's terrible imagery appals us—we are led on from heaven to heaven, very much as De Foe leads us after his shipwrecked Crusoe. We can scarcely credit the fact that we are not traversing our lower planet; and the angels seem vastly like our common acquaintances. We seem to recognize the "John Smiths," and "Mr. Browns," and "the old familiar faces" of our mundane habitation. The Fiend himself, in Swedenborg's picture, is not the colossal and massive Horror of the Inferno—or that stern wrestler with Fate, who darkens the canvass of Paradise lost—but a poor, confused Spirit, seeking rest and finding none, save in the unsavory atmosphere of the "Falses." As to the smaller fry of devils, they remind us only of certain unfortunate fellows whom we have known, who seem incapable of living in good and wholesome society, and who are manifestly given over to believe a lie. Thus it is, that the very "heavens" and "hells" of the Swedish mystics seem to be "of the earth, earthy." He brings the spiritual world into close analogy with the material one.

In this hurried paper I have neither space nor leisure to attempt an analysis of the great doctrines which underlie the "Revelations" of Swedenborg. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community. They are not unworthy of study; but, in the language of another I would say: Emulate Swedenborg, in his exemplary life, his learning, his virtues, his independent thought, his desire for wisdom, his love of the good and true;—aim to be his equal—his superior in these things—but call no man your Master!
XI.

SABBATH IN LOWELL.

To a population like that of Lowell, the weekly respite from monotonous in-door toil, afforded by the first day of the week, is particularly grateful. Sabbath comes to the weary and over-worked operative emphatically as a day of rest. It opens upon him, somewhat as it did upon George Herbert, as he describes it in his exquisite little poem:

"Sweet day, so pure, so cool and bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

Apart from its soothing religious associations, it brings with it the assurance of physical comfort and freedom. It is something, to be able to doze out the morning from daybreak to breakfast in that luxurious state between sleeping and waking, in which the mind eddies slowly and peacefully round and round, instead of rushing onward, the future a blank, the past annihilated, the present but a dim consciousness of pleasurable existence. Then, too, the satisfaction is by no means inconsiderable of throwing aside the worn and soiled habitments of labor, and appearing in neat and comfortable attire. The moral influence of dress has not been over rated even by Carlyle's Professor in his "Sartor Resartus." William Penn says, that cleanliness is akin to godliness. A well dressed man, all
other things being equal, is not half as likely to com-
promise his character, as one who approximates to
shabbiness. Lawrence Sterne used to say, that when
he felt himself giving way to low spirits, and a sense
of depression and worthlessness—a sort of predispo-
sition for all sorts of little meannesses—he forthwith
shaved himself, brushed his wig, donned his best dress
and his gold rings, and thus put to flight the azure
demons of his unfortunate temperament. There is,
somehow, a close affinity between moral purity and
clean linen; and the sprites of our daily temptation,
who seem to find easy access to us through a broken
hat, or a rent in the elbow, are manifestly baffled by
the "complete mail" of a clean and decent dress. I
recollect on one occasion hearing my mother tell our
family physician, that a woman in the neighborhood,
not remarkable for her tidiness, had become a church
member. "Humph!" said the Doctor, in his quick,
sarcastic way, "what of that? Don't you know that
no unclean thing can enter the kingdom of Heaven!"

"If you would see" Lowell "aright," as Walter
Scott says of Melrose Abbey, one must be here of a
pleasant First Day, at the close of what is called the
"afternoon service." The streets are then blossoming
like a peripatetic flower garden,—as if the tulips, and
lilies, and roses of my friend Warren's nursery, in the
vale of Nonantum, should take it into their heads to
promenade for exercise. Thousands swarm forth, who
during week days are confined to the mills. Gay
colors alternate with snowy whiteness; extremest
fashion elbows the plain demureness of old-fashioned
Methodism. Fair pale faces catch a warmer tint from the free sunshine and fresh air. The languid step becomes elastic with that "springy motion in the gait," which Charles Lamb admired. Yet the general appearance of the city is that of quietude; the youthful multitude passes on calmly; its voices subdued to a lower and softened tone, as if fearful of breaking the repose of the Day of Rest. A stranger, fresh from the gaily-spent Sabbaths of the Continent of Europe, would be undoubtedly amazed at the decorum and sobriety of these crowded streets.

I am no Puritan, but I nevertheless welcome with joy unfeigned this First Day of the Week—sweetest pause in our hard life-march, greenest resting place in the hot desert we are treading! The errors of those who mistake its benignant rest for the iron rule of the Jewish Sabbath, and who consequently hedge it about with penalties, and bow down before it in slavish terror, should not render us less grateful for the real blessing it brings us. As a day wrested in some degree from the god of this world, as an opportunity afforded for thoughtful self-communing, let us receive it as a good gift of our Heavenly Parent, in love rather than fear.

In passing along Central street this morning, my attention was directed, by the friend who accompanied me, to a group of laborers, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, heaving at levers—smiting with sledge-hammers,—in full view of the street, on the margin of the canal, just above Central street bridge. I rubbed my eyes, half expecting that I was the subject
of mere optical illusion; but a second look only confirmed the first. Around me were solemn, go-to-meeting faces—smileless and awful; and close at hand were the delving, toiling, mud-begrimmed laborers. Nobody seemed surprised at it. Nobody noticed it as a thing out of the common course of events. And this, too, in a city where the Sabbath proprieties are sternly insisted upon; where some twenty pulpits deal out anathemas upon all who "desecrate the Lord's day;" where notices of meetings for moral purposes even, can scarcely be read o' Sundays; where many count it wrong to speak on that day for the slave, who knows no Sabbath of rest, or for the drunkard, who embruted by his appetites, cannot enjoy it!—Verily, there are strange contradictions in our conventional morality. Eyes, which, looking across the Atlantic on the gay Sabbath dances of French peasants, are turned upward with horror, are somehow blind to matters close at home. What would be sin past repentance, in an individual, becomes quite proper in a corporation. True, the Sabbath is holy—but the canals must be repaired. Every body ought to go to meeting—but the dividends must not be diminished. Church Indulgences are not, after all, confined to Rome.

To a close observer of human nature, there is nothing surprising in the fact, that a class of persons, who wink at this sacrifice of Sabbath sanctities to the demon of Gain, look at the same time with stern disapprobation upon every thing partaking of the character of amusement, however innocent and healthful, on this
day. But, for myself, looking down through the light of a golden evening upon these quietly passing groups, I cannot find it in my heart to condemn them for seeking on this, their sole day of leisure, the needful influences of social enjoyment, unrestrained exercise, and fresh air. I cannot think any essential service to religion or humanity would result from the conversion of their day of rest into a Jewish Sabbath, and their consequent confinement, like so many pining prisoners, in close and crowded boarding-houses. Is not cheerful-ness a duty—a better expression of our gratitude for God's blessings than mere words? And even under the old law of rituals, what answer had the Pharisees to the question, "Is it not lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day?"

I am naturally of a sober temperament, and am, besides, a member of that sect which Dr. More has called, mistakingly indeed, "the most melancholy of all;" but I confess a special dislike of disfigured faces—ostentatious displays of piety—pride aping humility. Asceticism, moroseness, self-torture—ingratitude in view of down-showering blessings, and painful restraint of the better feelings of our nature, may befit a Hindoo fakir, or a Mandan medicine-man with buffalo skulls strung to his lacerated muscles, but they look to me sadly out of place in a believer of the Glad Evangel of the New Testament. The life of the Divine Teacher affords no countenance to this sullen and gloomy saintliness, shutting up the heart against the sweet influences of human sympathy and the blessed ministrations of Nature. To the horror and clothes-rending
astonishment of blind Pharisees, He uttered the significant truth, that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." From the close air of crowded cities, from thronged temples and synagogues,—where priest and Levite kept up a show of worship, drumming upon hollow ceremonials the more loudly for their emptiness of life, as the husk rustles the more when the grain is gone,—He led His disciples out into the country stillness, under clear Eastern heavens, on the breezy tops of mountains, in the shade of fruit-trees, by the side of fountains and through yellow harvest fields, enforcing the lessons of His divine morality by comparisons and parables suggested by the objects around Him, or the cheerful incidents of social humanity, the vineyard, the field lily, the sparrow in the air, the sower in the seed-field, the feast and the marriage. Thus gently, thus sweetly kind and cheerful, fell from His lips the Gospel of Humanity: Love the fulfilling of every law; our love for one another measuring and manifesting our love of Him. The baptism wherewith He was baptized was that of Divine Fulness in the wants of our humanity; the deep waters of our sorrows went over him; Ineffable Purity sounding for our sakes the dark abysm of sin,—yet how like a river of light runs that serene and beautiful life through the narratives of the Evangelists! He broke bread with the poor, despised publican; he sat down with the fishermen by the sea of Galilee; He spoke compassionate words to sin-sick Magdalen; He sanctified by his presence the social enjoyments of home and friendship in the family of Bethany; He laid his
hand of blessing on the sunny brows of children. He had regard even to the merely animal wants of the multitude in the wilderness. He frowned upon none of life's simple and natural pleasures. The burden of His Gospel was Love; and in life and word He taught evermore the divided and scattered children of one great family, that only as they drew near each other could they approach Him who was their common centre; and that while no ostentation of prayer nor rigid observance of ceremonies could elevate man to Heaven, the simple exercise of Love, in thought and action, could bring Heaven down to man. To weary and restless spirits He taught the great truth, that happiness consists in making others happy. No cloister for idle genuflexions and bead-counting, no hair-cloth for the loins nor scourge for the limbs, but works of love and usefulness under the cheerful sunshine, making the waste places of humanity glad, and causing the heart's desert to blossom. Why then should we go searching after the cast-off sackcloth of the Pharisee? Are we Jews or Christians? Must even our gratitude for "glad tidings of great joy" be desponding? Must the hymn of our thanksgiving for countless mercies, and the unspeakable gift of His life, have evermore an undertone of funeral dirges? What! shall we go murmuring and lamenting, looking coldly on one another, seeing no beauty nor light nor gladness in this good world, wherein we have the glorious privilege of laboring in God's harvest-field, with angels for our task-companions, blessing and being blessed?

To him, who, neglecting the revelations of imme-
diately duty, looks regretfully behind and fearfully before him. Life is a solemn mystery, for whichever way he turns, a wall of darkness rises before him; but down upon the Present as through a skylight between the shadows, falls a clear still radiance, like beams from an eye of blessing; and within the circle of that divine illumination, Beauty and Goodness, Truth and Love, Purity and Cheerfulness, blend like primal colors into the clear harmony of light. The author of "Proverbiial Philosophy," upon whom, more than upon any living writer, has fallen the mantle of the Son of Sirach, has a passage not unworthy of note in this connection, when he speaks of the train which attends the Just in Heaven:

"Also in the lengthening troop see I some clad in robes of triumph, Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on earth. Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, Sciences and Muses, That, like Sisters of Charity, tended in this world's hospital. Welcome, for verily I knew ye could not but be children of the light. Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in Heaven, And some I have scarcely looked for, as thou, light-hearted Mirth, Thou also, star-robed Urania; and thou with the curious glass, That rejoicest in tracking beauty where the eye was too dull to note it. And art thou too among the blessed, mild, much-injured Poetry? That quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face of matter, That not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens with music, And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon us from the stars."
I have sometimes amused myself, in the crowded thoroughfares, by indulging in vague conjectures as to the character and impelling motives of the passing multitude. Forms of old and young, of smiling girlhood, and bowed and decrepit age, move on, each upon its unknown errand, each working out its own peculiar purpose. Beneath each flitting envelope of wool or cotton, under each covering of sombre fur or ribbon-garnished straw or silk, what a world of hopes and fears, joys and griefs, holy aspirations and evil appetites, lie hidden! That pinched, worn face which I catch a glimpse of, glancing by me like that of a pained goblin, does it betoken a wounded spirit, or an unpaid bill? Is that man, who glances so uneasily over his shoulder ever and anon, afraid of a ghost, or the sheriff? That melancholy gentleman, with his hat drawn over his eyes, moving slowly and solemnly, as if following, like a poor relation, a spectral procession of his own funeral, winding its way in dismal perspective before him,—is he brooding over some heavy calamity, the loss of friends or fortune, or, more than all, self-respect? Or is he only laboring under a fit of indigestion; like the dyspeptic monks of Mt. Athos, engaged in exclusive and devout contemplation of his stomach? That young lady, who comes with wet eye
and agitated step from the post-office,—has her lover
forgotten her, or has death put out the light on her old
family hearth-stone? And she who trips beside her,
what has she found in that letter which she has just
placed close to her heart, to call that blush on her
cheek, tremulous and beautiful as sunset on running
water? That man of discounts, and deeds of war-
 ranty, him of the deep purse and the close hand, what
has knit up those brows of his, and compressed that
thin lip? Let him go his way, pitied, not envied.
That richly dressed invalid, with his long curled locks
flowing over his Byron collar, feeble and pale, and
with languid, staff-supported step; and that frock-clad
farmer, through whose firm cheek glows the ruddiness
of health, who pass each other on the sidewalk,—
what thoughts has their interchange of glances sug-
gested? Does not the sick man sigh for the condition
of that tiller of the soil, who, with strong hand and
light heart, works in sun and air, from day-break to
sunset? And has not the Worker, as his coarse frock
brushed the rich cloak of the Idler, murmured at his
own allotment, and, like Hassan in the Eastern fable,
longed to be rich at once? O, for one hour’s en-
joyment of the gift of discerning spirits,—of looking with
Mesmeric keenness of vision into the mind’s secret
chambers! That some “tricksey spirit” would lay
bare all this mental machinery, just as the bottle-imp
Asmodeus unroofed the house-tops of Madrid, for the
benefit of Le Sage’s student!

Who, for instance, could have divined the object of
two men, who, a fortnight since, drove their one-horse
wagon slowly up Central street? Had our entire Yankee-born population undertaken to guess at it, they would have probably all found themselves at fault. That dusty vehicle and its inmates passed through our streets, winning but a casual glance,—a mere ripple on the human tide which here ebbs and flows three times a day. Yet "thereby hangs a tale," strikingly illustrative of the supernaturalism of the nineteenth century, and the march of mind.

Not long since, in one of the towns on the Merrimack, near its mouth, a promising boy of six years of age, was missing by his parents; Search was made for him in the neighborhood, and finally the river was dragged for some distance, under the apprehension that he had fallen into the stream, while sporting on its banks. This also proving ineffectual, some of the neighbors, despairing of all ordinary means of discovering the lost one, resorted to the mysteries of Magnetism. A young girl of nervous temperament—one of Dr. Buchanan's "impressible subjects"—being thrown into the Mesmeric trance, declared that she saw the child confined in a room, the key of which was kept by a dark, evil-looking man; and that the poor child was alone, crying for his father. Not entirely satisfied with this revelation, the questioners drove off to Exeter, N. H., where they consulted "Mother Nash," an old colored enchantress, and life-long dealer in the black art. The swarthy Sibyl examined her tea-cups, and stated that the child was still living, having been carried off and confined by some person who was a bitter enemy of its parents. Here was a
confirmation of the Mesmeric vision; but to make assurance doubly sure, the persevering querists started for Haverhill on the first day of the week, and called out of meeting a somewhat famous "subject" of the magnetic experimenters. He was duly operated upon, until, like the Pythoness on her tripod, he could "see that which was not to be seen." He confirmed the previous responses of his Mesmeric sister and "Mother Nash," and furthermore pointed out the locality of the child's imprisonment. The seekers returned, took with them a sheriff, and started for Reading, the place designated. After searching the town as diligently as Diogenes did Athens when in pursuit of an honest man, they were about giving over in despair, when luckily they bethought them of trying the Mesmeric oracle once more. Having found a "subject," they received in answer to their queries, certain mysterious givings out, tending to fix the locality of the child's imprisonment in Lowell. They accordingly bent their course towards our city, where their search was brought to a sudden termination by the mournful intelligence, that the body of the child had been found in the river near his father's house!

The singular circumstance of the substantial agreement of the Mesmerized "subjects" in their story of the child's confinement, may very reasonably be accounted for from the fact, that Capt. C., the father of the child, had just had a serious difficulty with one of his sailors, and the suspicion naturally arose, that this sailor, in revenge for pretended injury, had decoyed away the child, as the most effectual means of wound-
ing the feelings of its father. This impression, my Mesmeric friends tell me, was probably conveyed by the operators to the minds of their subjects.

What is Mesmerism? — It is too late now to regard it wholly as charlatanry and imposture — to rank its phenomena with the tricks of Cagliostro and Count St. Germain. Grant, if you will, that the everlasting and ubiquitous quack has taken advantage of it — that he has engrafted upon its great fact the fictions and shallow legerdemain of common jugglery,— still a fact remains, attested by unnumbered witnesses, which clashes with all our old ideas and our habitual experience — which throws open the door for "thick-coming fancies" and interminable speculations — a miracle made familiar — an impossibility realized — the old fable of transfusion of spirit made actual — the mysterious Trance of the Egyptian priesthood reproduced. This first fact in Mesmerism dimly reveals a new world of wonder — a faint light falling into the great shadow of the mystery which environs us like an atmosphere of night. It affords us a vague and dim perception of the nature of what we call Life; it startles the Materialist with phenomena fearfully suggestive of the conditions of a purely spiritual being. In the language of another, when we plant our first footfall upon the threshold of the portal to which this astonishing discovery introduces, long and deep are the reverberations which come forth from the yet dark depths which lie beyond it. Having made this first step, we are prepared to go "sounding onward our dim and perilous way," passing from one wonder to
another, like the knight of the nursery tale, in the enchanted castle:

"His heart was strong,
While the strange light crept on the floor along."

Without assenting in any respect to his theory, I have been recently deeply interested in reading a paper from a gentleman who has devoted much of his leisure, for the last seven years, to a patient investigation of this subject. He gives the particulars of a case which occurred under his own observation. A young girl, of great purity of character, in a highly exalted state of what is called clairvoyance, or animal electricity, was willed by the Magnetiser to the future world. In the language of the narrator, "The vision burst upon her. Her whole countenance and form indicated at once that a most surprising change had passed over her mind. A solemn, pleasing, but deeply impressive expression rested upon her features. She prophesied her own early death; and when one of her young friends wept, she said, 'Do not weep for me — death is desirable, beautiful! I have seen the Future, and myself there. O it is beautiful, happy, and glorious — and myself so beautiful, happy and glorious! — And it is not dying, only changing places, states, and conditions, and feelings. O how beautiful — how blessed! ' She seemed to see her mother, who was dead, and when asked to speak to her, she replied, 'She will not speak. I could not understand her. They converse by willing, thinking, feeling, without language.'"
All this may in part be accounted for on my friend Sunderland's theory of cerebral excitement—the disturbed over-action of a portion of the brain, or, to speak phrenologically, of "the religious organs." Yet the mystery even then is but partially solved. Why in this state of exaltation and preternatural mental activity should similar images and thoughts present themselves to persons of widely varied temperaments and beliefs, from the cold materialist to the too ardent spiritualist, from the credulous believer to the confirmed skeptic? How is it that the youthful Mesmeric clairvoyant, who has never heard of Swedenborg, confirms in her dreams of a future life the speculations of that remarkable writer?*

For myself, I am not willing to reject at once everything which cannot be explained in consistency with a strictly material philosophy. Our whole life is circled about with mystery. Who knows the laws of his own spiritual nature? Who can determine the precise conditions of the mysterious union of soul and body? It ill becomes us, in our ignorance and blindness, to decide, that whatever accords not with our five senses, and our every day experience, is an impossibility. There is a credulity of doubt which is more to be deprecated than that of belief.

* See Prof. Bush's recent work on "The Resurrection of the Body."
For the last few days, the fine weather has lured me away from books and papers, and the close air of dwellings, into the open fields, and under the soft, warm sunshine, and the softer light of a full moon. The loveliest season of the whole year—that transient but delightful interval between the storms of the "wild Equinox, with all their wet," and the dark, short, dismal days which precede the rigor of winter—is now with us. The sun rises through a soft and hazy atmosphere; the light mist-clouds melt gradually away before him; and his noon-tide light rests warm and clear on still woods, tranquil waters, and grasses green with the late autumnal rains. The rough wooded slopes of Dracut, overlooking the falls of the river; Fort Hill, across the Concord, where the red man made his last stand, and where may still be seen the trench which he dug around his rude fortress; the beautiful woodlands on the Lowell and Tewksbury shores of the Concord; the Cemetery; the Patucket Falls,—all within the reach of a moderate walk, offer at this season their latest and loveliest attractions.

One fine morning, not long ago, I strolled down the Merrimack, on the Tewksbury shore. I know of no walk in the vicinity of Lowell so inviting as that along the margin of the river, for nearly a mile from the
village of Belvidere. The path winds, green and flower-skirted, among beeches and oaks, through whose boughs you catch glimpses of waters sparkling and dashing below. Rocks, huge and picturesque, jut out into the stream, affording beautiful views of the river and the distant city.

Half-fatigued with my walk, I threw myself down upon the rocky slope of the bank, where the panorama of earth, sky and water lay clear and distinct about me. Far above, silent and dim as a picture, was the city, with its huge mill-masonry, confused chimney-tops and church-spires,—nearer rose the height of Belvidere, with its deserted burial-place and neglected grave-stones sharply defined on its bleak, bare summit against the sky,—before me, the river went dashing down its rugged channel, sending up its everlasting murmur,—above me, the birch tree hung its tassels; and the last wild-flowers of autumn profusely fringed the rocky rim of the water. Right opposite, the Dracut woods stretched upwards from the shore, beautiful with the hues of frost, glowing with tints richer and deeper than those which Claude or Poussin mingled, as if the rainbows of a summer shower had fallen among them. At a little distance to the right, a group of cattle stood mid-leg deep in the river, and a troop of children, bright-eyed and mirthful, were casting pebbles at them from a projecting shelf of rock. Over all a warm but softened sunshine melted down from a slumberous autumnal sky. It was a scene for a painter; for Fisher, in his happiest mood.

My reverie was disagreeably broken. A low grunt-
ing sound, like that of a dyspeptic porker, attracted my attention. I was not alone. Close beside me, half hidden by a tuft of bushes, lay a human being, stretched out at full length, with his face literally rooted into the gravel. A little boy, five or six years of age, clean and healthful, with his fair brown locks and blue eyes, stood on the bank above, gazing down upon him with an expression of childhood's simple and unaffected pity.

"What ails you?" asked the boy at length: "what makes you lie there?"

The prostrate groveller struggled half-way up, exhibiting the bloated and filthy countenance of a drunkard. He made two or three efforts to get upon his feet, lost his balance, and tumbled forward upon his face.

"What are you doing there?" inquired the boy.

"I'M TAKING MY comfort," he muttered, with his mouth in the dirt.

Taking his comfort! There he lay—squalid and loathsome under the bright heaven,—an imbruted man. The holy harmonies of Nature—the sounds of gushing waters—the rustle of the leaves above him—the wild flowers—the frost-bloom of the woods—what were they to him? Insensible, deaf and blind, in the stupor of a living death, he lay there, literally realizing that most bitterly significant Eastern malediction, "May you eat dirt!" It was a case for the deep and tender sympathy of our excellent Washingtonian, Kimball, or the scorching and vehement rebuke of my friend Cartland, of "The White Mountain Tor-
rent"—a rebuke, not of the drunkard, but of the mercenary wretches who made him so.

God bless the Washingtonian movement!—And He will bless it, for it is His work. It is one of the great miracles of our times. Not Father Mathew in Ireland, nor Hawkins and his little band in Baltimore, but He whose care is over all the works of His hand, and who, in His divine love and compassion, "turneth the hearts of men as the rivers of waters are turned," hath done it. To Him be all the glory.
"A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."—Emerson's Essays, Second Series, iv. p. 162.

A few days since, I was walking with a friend, who, unfortunately for himself, seldom meets with anything in the world of realities worthy of comparison with the ideal of his fancy, which, like the bird in the Arabian tale, glides perpetually before him, always near, yet never overtaken. I felt my arm suddenly pressed. "Did you see that lady, who has just passed us?" he inquired. I turned and threw back a glance. "I see her," I replied; "a good figure, and quite a graceful step—what of her?" "Why, she is almost beautiful,—in fact very nearly perfect," said my friend. "I have seen her several times before, and were it not for a chin slightly out of proportion, I should be obliged to confess that there is at least one handsome woman in the city." "And but one, I suppose," said I, laughingly. "That I am sure of," said he. "I have been to all the churches, from the Catholic to the Mormon, and on all the Corporations, and there is not a handsome woman here, although she whom we have just passed comes nearer the standard than any other."
THE STRANGER IN LOWELL.

Just as if there were any standard of beauty,—a fixed, arbitrary model of form and feature, and color! The beauty which my friend seemed in search of, was that of proportion and coloring; mechanical exactness; a due combination of soft curves, and obtuse angles, of warm carnation, and marble purity! Such a man, for aught I can see, might love a graven image, like the girl of Florence, who pined into a shadow for the Apollo Belvidere, looking coldly on her with his stony eyes, from his niche in the Vatican: One thing is certain; he will never find his faultless piece of artistic perfection, by searching for it amidst flesh and blood realities. Nature does not, as far as I can perceive, work with square and compass, or lay on her colors by the rules of royal artists, or the dunces of the academies. She eschews regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who first culled the flowers of Eden. It is in the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of Nature, that her great charm and uncloying beauty consists. Look at her primitive woods—scattered trees with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots—great clumps of green shadow, where limb entwists with limb, and the rustle of one leaf stirs a hundred others—stretching up steep hill-sides, flooding with green beauty the valleys, or arching over with leaves the sharp ravines,—every tree and shrub unlike its neighbor in size and proportion—the old and storm-broken leaning on the young and vigorous—intricate and confused, without order or method! Who would
exchange this for artificial French gardens, where every tree stands stiff and regular, clipped and trimmed into unvarying conformity, like so many grenadiers under review? Who wants eternal sunshine, or shadow? Who would fix for ever the loveliest cloud-work of an autumn sunset; or hang over him an everlasting moonlight? If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still, calm purity? Who shall venture to ask our kind Mother Nature to remove from our sight any one of her forms or colors? Who shall decide which is beautiful, or otherwise, in itself considered?

There are too many like my fastidious friend, who go through the world "from Dan to Beersheba, finding all barren"—who have always some fault or other to find with Nature and Providence, seeming to consider themselves especially ill-used because the one does not always coincide with their taste, nor the other with their narrow notions of personal convenience. In one of his early poems, Coleridge has beautifully expressed a truth, which is not the less important because it is not generally admitted. I have not in my mind at this moment the entire passage, but the idea is briefly this: that the mind gives to all things their coloring, their gloom or gladness; that the pleasure we derive from external Nature is primarily from ourselves:

. . . "From the mind itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous mist,
Enveloping the earth."
The real difficulty of these life-long hunters after the Beautiful, exists in their own spirits. They set up certain models of perfection in their imaginations, and then go about the world in the vain expectation of finding them actually wrought out according to pattern: very unreasonably calculating that Nature will suspend her everlasting laws for the purpose of creating faultless prodigies for their especial gratification.

The authors of "Gaities and Gravities," give it as their opinion, that no object of sight is regarded by us as a simple, disconnected form, but that an instantaneous reflection as to its history, purpose, or associations, converts it into a concrete one—a process, they shrewdly remark, which no thinking being can prevent, and which can only be avoided by the unmeaning and stolid stare of "a goose on the common, or a cow on the green." The senses and the faculties of the understanding are so blended with, and dependent upon, each other, that not one of them can exercise its office alone, and without the modification of some extrinsic interference or suggestion. Grateful or unpleasant associations cluster around all which sense takes cognizance of: the beauty which we discern in an external object is often but the reflection of our own minds.

What is Beauty, after all? Ask the lover, who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold on-looker wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features, and that awkward form, beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," or her affections. A light from within shines through the external
uncomeliness, softens, irradiates and glorifies it. That which to others seems common-place and unworthy of note, is to him, in the words of Spenser,

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books."

"Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus, "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not?—Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful.
You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a Northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." O! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas,—speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind;—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the Virgin Mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer, is that of the soul and the affections,—uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart? Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling—
place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony,—

"Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-ordered law," *

Do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance? "I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the Journal of John Woodman, there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow beings:—

"Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely — unattractive, and such as "nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome, that with my admiration of them, "the stranger intermeddleth not."

THE LIGHTING UP.

"He spak to the spynnsters to spynnen it oute."

PIERS PLOUGHMAN, p. 28.

This evening, the 20th of the ninth month, is the time fixed upon for lighting the mills for night-labor; and I have just returned from witnessing for the first time the effect of the new illumination.

Passing over the bridge, nearly to the Dracut shore, I had a fine view of the long line of mills, the city beyond, and the broad sweep of the river from the falls. The light of a tranquil and gorgeous sunset was slowly fading from river and sky, and the shadows of the trees on the Dracut slopes were blending in dusky indistinctness with the great shadow of night. Suddenly gleams of light broke from the black masses of masonry on the Lowell bank; at first feeble and scattered, flitting from window to window, appearing and disappearing, like will-o'-wisps in a forest, or fire-flies in a summer's night. Anon, tier after tier of windows became radiant, until the whole vast wall, stretching far up the river, from basement to roof, became chequered with light, reflected with the star-beams from the still water beneath. With a little effort of fancy, one could readily transform the huge mills, thus illuminated, into palaces, lighted up for festival
occasions, and the figures of the workers, passing to
and fro before the windows, into forms of beauty and
fashion, moving in graceful dances.

Alas! this music of the shuttle, and the day-long
dance to it, are not altogether of the kind which Mil-
ton speaks of when he invokes the "soft Lydian airs"
of voluptuous leisure. From this time henceforward,
for half a weary year, from the bell-call of morning
twilight to half past seven in the evening, with brief
intermissions for two hasty meals, the operatives will
be confined to their tasks. The proverbial facility of
the Yankees in despatching their dinners in the least
possible time, seems to have been taken advantage of,
and reduced to a system, on the Lowell corporations.
Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the working
men and women here contrive to repair to their lodg-
ings, make the necessary preliminary ablutions, devour
their beef and pudding, and hurry back to their looms
and jacks, in the brief space of half an hour. In this
way the working day in Lowell is eked out to an ave-
rage throughout the year of twelve and a half hours.
This is a serious evil, demanding the earnest consider-
atation of the humane and philanthropic. Both classes
—the employer and the employed—would in the end
be greatly benefitted by the general adoption of the
"ten hour system," although the one might suffer a
slight diminution in daily wages, and the other in
yearly profits. Yet it is difficult to see how this most
desirable change is to be effected. The stronger and
healthier portion of the operatives might themselves
object to it as strenuously as the distant stockholder,
who looks only to his semi-annual dividends. Health is too often a matter of secondary consideration. Gain is the great, all-absorbing object. Very few, comparatively, regard Lowell as their "continuing city." They look longingly back to green valleys of Vermont, to quiet farm houses on the head waters of the Connecticut and Merrimack, and to old familiar homes along the breezy seacoast of New England, whence they have been urged by the knowledge that here they can earn a larger amount of money in a given time, than in any other place or employment. They come here for gain, not for pleasure; for high wages, not for the comforts that cluster about home. Here are poor widows, toiling to educate their children; daughters, hoarding their wages to redeem mortgaged paternal homesteads, or to defray the expenses of sick and infirm parents; young betrothed girls, about to add their savings to those of their country lovers. Others there are, of maturer age, lonely and poor, impelled hither by a proud unwillingness to test to its extent the charity of friends and relatives, and a strong yearning for the "glorious privilege of being independent." All honor to them! Whatever may have closed against them the gates of matrimony, whether their own obduracy or the faithlessness or indifference of others, instead of shutting themselves up in a nunnery, or taxing the good nature of their friends by perpetual demands for sympathy and support, like weak vines, putting out their feelers in every direction for something to twine upon,—is it not better and wiser for them to go quietly at work, to show that woman has a self-sus-
taining power—that she is something in and of herself—that she, too, has a part to bear in life, and in common with the self-elected "lords of creation," has a direct relation to absolute Being. To such, the Factory presents the opportunity of taking the first and essential step of securing, within a reasonable space of time, a comfortable competency.

There are undoubtedly many evils connected with the working of these mills; yet they are partly compensated by the fact, that here, more than in any other mechanical employment, the labor of woman is placed essentially upon an equality with that of man. Here, at least, one of the many social disabilities under which woman, as a distinct individual, unconnected with the other sex, has labored in all time, is removed; the work of her hands is adequately rewarded, and she goes to her daily task with the consciousness that she is not "spending her strength for nought."

The "Lowell Offering," which has been for the last four years published monthly in this city, consisting entirely of articles written by females employed in the Mills, has attracted much attention and obtained a wide circulation. This may be in part owing to the novel circumstances of its publication; but it is something more and better than a mere novelty. In its volumes may be found sprightly delineations of home-scenes and characters, highly wrought imaginative pieces, tales of genuine pathos and humor, and sweet fairy stories and fables, reminding the reader, at times, of Jean Paul. The Offering originated in a reading
society of the mill girls, which, under the name of "The Improvement Circle," was convened once in a month. At its meetings, pieces, written by its members, and dropped secretly into a sort of "lion's mouth," provided for the purpose of insuring the authors from detection, were read for the amusement and criticism of the company. This Circle is still in existence, and I owe to my introduction to it some of the most pleasant hours I have passed in Lowell.

The manner in which the Offering has been generally noticed in this country, has not, to my thinking, been altogether in accordance with good taste or self-respect. It is hardly excusable for men, who, whatever may be their present position, have, in common with all of us, brothers, sisters, or other relations busy in workshop and dairy, and who have scarcely washed from their own professional hands the soil of labor, to make very marked demonstrations of astonishment at the appearance of a magazine whose papers are written by Factory girls. As if the compatibility of mental cultivation with bodily labor, and the equality and brotherhood of the human family were still open questions, depending for their decision very much on the production of positive proof that essays may be written and carpets woven by the same set of fingers!

The truth is, our Democracy lacks calmness and solidity, the repose and self-reliance which comes of long habitude and settled conviction. We have not yet learned to wear its simple truths with the graceful ease and quiet air of unsolicitous assurance, with which the titled European does his social fictions. As
a people, we do not feel and live out our Great Declaration. We lack faith in man — confidence in simple humanity, apart from its environments.

"The age shows, to my thinking, more infidels to Adam, Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God."*

I do not know when I have seen a more amusing illustration of the disposition of a class in our country, who seem as yet quite uncertain on which side of the Atlantic they are living, to make up faces of wide-orbed surprise at the consideration, that intelligence, refined taste, and graceful manners, may be, after all, found to be entirely compatible with even "factory labor," than in the following extract from the speech of one of the orators at a late political meeting in Delaware:

"I have seen, myself, on the third floor of a woollen factory at Tariffville, in Connecticut, the daughter — the orphan daughter of an Episcopal clergyman — the own niece of the oldest Episcopal bishop in the United States, the late Bishop Griswold of Massachusetts, so engaged; and the fair Gertrude — and fair she was — her brow as Parian marble — her eye dark and bright, and full like the gazelle's, and

The mind beamed forth, showing a countenance
Radiant with light ethereal.'

She felt none the less good, or virtuous, or respectable, that with the labor of her hands she assisted to give support to a widowed mother in declining health, and

* Elizabeth B. Barret.

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two or three young orphan sisters. She was thus at work when I saw her on what was the old mill-seat of her grandfather, who had owned the country for a circuit of two miles round. I may mention here, as exposing that silly argument of the poor against the rich, that I have heard my father say, that when a boy he took a grist to the same old mill; that Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Griswold was mowing in an adjoining field; he hung his scythe upon an apple tree, took the grist off his horse, ground it, put the bags on and started him home. My father subsequently studied the languages, Greek and Latin, with Mr. Griswold, and came to the bar; while the miller became a bishop, and deceased but a short time since, with the reputation of being one of the most learned and respected divines in the Episcopal Church."

Now there are several remarkable points in this statement which it is proper to suppose astonished and confounded the small slaveholding peach-growers who listened to it. The girl was a parson's daughter—an Episcopal parson's! She was the niece of a Bishop! She was "fair" as the Gertrude of Campbell's "Wyoming." And this paragon actually worked in a mill! And the mill was built just where her grandfather had a grist-mill! And her uncle, who was afterwards a Bishop, when a boy actually took off the bags of corn for his father! But the whole is not told. The orator goes on to say, that this same factory girl "felt no less good, and virtuous, and respectable," for all this! And what is stranger still, a respectable man, as the orator tells us in a paragraph
following the one I have quoted, thought as she did, and so transplanted this factory rose-bud to a neat cottage somewhere in the Land of Steady Habits, which has shrubbery about it, and which is already filled with "little rose-buds!" Truth is stranger than fiction. One can imagine with what open-mouthed wonder the ague-shaken and shabby "chivalry" of Lower Delaware listened to this marvellous narrative of what the orator had seen with his own eyes. One can readily conceive what must be the effect of the rehearsal of such a story to the primitive settlers along the margin of the Cypress Swamp, and the mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole wedding party rode half a dozen miles to see the operation of a common pump, which some enterprising Yankee had substituted for the bucket, drawn up with a rope or pole by main strength, the use of which was so established and universal that the memory of that oft-consulted personage, the oldest inhabitant, "ran not to the contrary."
While engaged this morning in looking over a large exchange list of newspapers, a few stanzas of poetry in the Scotch dialect attracted my attention. As I read them, like a wizard’s rhyme they seemed to have the power of bearing me back to the Past. They had long ago graced the columns of that solitary sheet which once a week diffused happiness over our fireside circle, making us acquainted, in our lonely nook, with the goings-on of the great world. The verses, I am now constrained to admit, are not remarkable in themselves,—truth, and simple nature only; yet how our young hearts responded to them! Twenty years ago there were fewer verse-makers than at present; and as our whole stock of light literature consisted of Ellwood’s Davideis, and the selections of Lindley Murray’s English Reader, it is not improbable that we were in a condition to over-estimate the contributions to the poet’s corner of our village newspaper. Be that as it may, I welcome them as I would the face of an old friend, for they somehow remind me of the scent of hay-mows, the breath of cattle, the fresh greenery by the brook side, the moist earth broken by the coulter and turned up to the sun and winds of May. This particular piece, which follows, is entitled “The Sparrow,” and was occasioned by the crushing
of a bird's nest by the author, while ploughing among his corn. It has something of the simple tenderness of Burns.

Poor innocent and hapless Sparrow!
Why should my moul-board gie thee sorrow?
This day thou'll chirp and mourn the morrow
Wi' anxious breast;
The plough has turned the mould'ring furrow
Deep o'er thy nest!

Just i' the middle o' the hill
Thy nest was placed wi' curious skill,
There I espied thy little bill
Beneath the shade.
In that sweet bower, secure frae ill,
Thine eggs were laid.

Five corns o' maize had there been drappit,
An' through the stalks thy head was pappit,
The drawing nowt could na be stappit
I quickly foun';
Syne frae thy cozie nest thou happit,
Wild fluttering roun'.

The sklenst instane beguiled the sheer,
In vain I tried the plough to steer,
A wee bit stum pie i' the rear
Cam' 'tween my legs,
An' to the jee-side gart me veer
An' crush thine  eggs.

Alas! alas! my bonnie birdie!
Thy faithful mate flits round to guard thee.
Connubial love! — a pattern worthy
The pious priest!
What savage heart could be sae hardy
As wound thy breast?
Ah me! it was nae fau’t o’ mine;
It gars me greet to see thee pine.
It may be serves His great design
   Who governs all;
Omniscience tents wi’ eyes divine
   The Sparrow’s fall!

How much like thine are human dools,
Their sweet wee bairns laid i’ the mools?
The Sovereign Power who nature rules,
   Hath said so be it;
But poor blin’ mortals are sic fools
   They cannna see it.

Nae doubt that He who first did mate us,
Has fixed our lot as sure as fate is,
An’ when He wounds He disna hate us,
   But anely this,
He’ll gar the ills which here await us
   Yield lastin’ bliss.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a considerable number of Presbyterians of Scotch descent, from the north of Ireland, emigrated to the New World. In the spring of 1719, the inhabitants of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, saw them passing up the river in several canoes, one of which unfortunately upset in the rapids above the village. The following fragment of a ballad celebrating this event, has been handed down to the present time, and may serve to show the feelings even then of the old English settlers towards the Irish emigrants:

“They began to scream and bawl,
As out they tumbled one and all,
And, if the Devil had spread his net,
He could have made a glorious haul!”
The new comers proceeded up the river, and, landing opposite to the Uncanoonuc Hills, on the present site of Manchester, proceeded inland to Beaver Pond. Charmed with the appearance of the country, they resolved here to terminate their wanderings. Under a venerable oak on the margin of the little lake, they knelt down with their minister, Jamie McGregor, and laid, in prayer and thanksgiving, the foundation of their settlement. In a few years they had cleared large fields, built substantial stone and frame dwellings, and a large and commodious meeting-house; wealth had accumulated around them, and they had everywhere the reputation of a shrewd and thriving community. They were the first in New England to cultivate the potato, which their neighbors for a long time regarded as a pernicious root, altogether unfit for a Christian stomach. Every lover of that invaluable esculent has reason to remember with gratitude the settlers of Londonderry.

Their moral acclimation in Ireland had not been without its effect upon their character. Side by side with a Presbyterianism as austere as that of John Knox, had grown up something of the wild Milesian humor, love of convivial excitement and merry-making. Their long prayers and fierce zeal in behalf of orthodox tenets, only served, in the eyes of their Puritan neighbors, to make more glaring still the scandal of their marked social irregularities. It became a common saying in the region round about, that, "the Derry Presbyterians would never give up a
pint of doctrine or a pint of rum.” Their second minister was an old scarred fighter, who had signalized himself in the stout defence of Londonderry, when James II. and his Papists were thundering at its gates. Agreeably to his death-bed directions, his old fellow-soldiers, in their leathern breast-plates and battered steel caps, bore him to his grave, firing over him the same rusty muskets which had swept down rank after rank of the men of Amalek at the Derry siege.

Ere long the celebrated Derry Fair was established in imitation of those with which they had been familiar in Ireland. Thither annually came all manner of horse-jockeys and pedlers, gentlemen and beggars, fortune-tellers, wrestlers, dancers and fiddlers, gay young farmers and buxom maidens. Strong drink abounded. They who had good naturedly wrestled and joked together in the morning, not unfrequently closed the day with a fight, until, like the revellers of Donnybrook,

"Their hearts were soft with whisky,
And their heads were soft with blows."

A wild, frolicking, drinking, fiddling, courting, horse-racing, riotous merry-making—a sort of Protestant carnival, relaxing the grimness of Puritanism for leagues around it.

In the midst of such a community, and partaking of all its influences, Robert Dinsmore, the author of the poem I have quoted, was born, about the middle
of the last century. His paternal ancestor, John, younger son of a Laird of Achenmead, who left the banks of the Tweed for the green fertility of Northern Ireland, had emigrated to New England some forty years before, and, after a rough experience of Indian captivity in the wild woods of Maine, had settled down among his old neighbors in Londonderry. Until nine years of age, Robert never saw a school. He was a short time under the tuition of an old British soldier, who had strayed into the settlement after the French war, "at which time," he says in a letter to a friend, "I learned to repeat the shorter and larger catechisms. These, with the scripture proofs annexed to them, confirmed me in the orthodoxy of my forefathers, and I hope I shall ever remain an evidence of the truth of what the wise man said, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'" He afterwards took lessons with one Master McKeen, who used to spend much of his time in hunting squirrels with his pupils. He learned to read and write; and the old man always insisted that he should have done well at cyphering also, had he not fallen in love with Molly Park. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the revolutionary army, and was at the battle of Saratoga. On his return he married his fair Molly, settled down as a farmer in Windham, formerly a part of Londonderry, and before he was thirty years of age became an elder in the church, of the creed and observances of which he was always a zealous and resolute defender. From occasional passages in his poems, it is evident that the instructions which he
THE STRANGER IN LOWELL.

derived from the pulpit, were not unlike those which Burns suggested as needful for the unlucky lad whom he was commending to his friend Hamilton:

"Ye 'll catechize him ilka quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' hell."

In a humorous poem, entitled "Spring's Lament," he thus describes the consternation produced in the meeting house at sermon time by a dog, who in search of his mistress, rattled and scraped at the "west porch door:"

"The vera priest was scared himsel',
His sermon he could hardly spell,
Auld carlins fancied they could smell
The brimstone matches;
They thought he was some imp o' hell,
In quest o' wretches."

He lived to a good old age, a home-loving, unpretending farmer, cultivating his acres with his own horny hands, and cheering the long rainy days and winter evenings with "homely rhyme." Most of his pieces were written in the dialect of his ancestors, which was well understood by his neighbors and friends, the only audience upon which he could venture to calculate. He loved all old things, old language, old customs, old theology. In a rhyming letter to his cousin Silas, he says:

"Though Death our ancestors has cleekit,
An' under clods them closely steekit,
We'll mark the place their chimneys reekit,
Their native tongue we yet wad speak it,
Wi' accent glib."
He wrote sometimes to amuse his neighbors, often to soothe their sorrow under domestic affliction, or to give expression to his own. With little of that delicacy of taste which results from the attrition of fastidious and refined society, and altogether too truthful and matter of fact to call in the aid of imagination, he describes in the simplest and most direct terms the circumstances in which he found himself, and the impressions which these circumstances had made on his own mind. He calls things by their right names; no euphemism, or transcendentalism—the plainer and commoner the better. He tells us of his farm life, its joys and sorrows, its mirth and care, with no embellishment, with no concealment of repulsive and ungraceful features. Never having seen a nightingale, he makes no attempt to describe the fowl; but he has seen the night-hawk, at sunset, cutting the air above him, and he tells of it. Side by side with his waving corn-fields and orchard-blooms, we have the barn-yard and pig-sty. Nothing which was necessary to the comfort and happiness of his home and avocation was to him "common or unclean." Take, for instance, the following, from a poem written at the close of autumn, after the death of his wife:

"No more may I the Spring Brook trace,
No more with sorrow view the place
Where Mary's wash tub stood;
No more may wander there alone,
And lean upon the mossy stone,
Where once she piled her wood.
'Twas there she bleached her linen cloth,
By yonder bass-wood tree;
From that sweet stream she made her broth,
Her pudding and her tea.
I envy not the man who can sneer at this simple picture. It is honest as nature herself. An old and lonely man looks back upon the young years of his wedded life. Can we not look with him? The sunlight of a summer morning is weaving itself with the leafy shadows of the bass-tree, beneath which a fair and ruddy-cheeked young woman, with her full, rounded arms bared to the elbow, bends not ungracefully to her task, pausing ever and anon to play with the bright-eyed child beside her, and mingling her songs with the pleasant murmurings of gliding water! Alas! as the old man looks, he hears that voice, which perpetually sounds to us all from the past—no more!

Let us look at him in his more genial mood. Take the opening lines of his "Thanksgiving Day." What a plain, hearty picture of substantial comfort!

"When corn is in the garret stored,
And sauce in cellar well secured,
When good fat beef we can afford,
And things that're dainty,
With good sweet cider on our board,
And pudding plenty.

"When stock, well housed, may chew the cud,
And at my door a pile of wood,
A rousing fire to warm my blood,
Blest sight to see!
It puts my rustic muse in mood
To sing for thee."
If he needs a simile he takes the nearest at hand. In a letter to his daughter he says:

"That mine is not a longer letter,
The cause is not the want of matter —
Of that there's plenty, worse or better;
But like a mill
Whose stream beats back with surplus water,
The wheel stands still."

Something of the humor of Burns gleams out occasionally from the sober decorum of his verses. In an epistle to his friend Betton, High Sheriff of the county, who had sent him for a peck of seed corn, he says:

"Soon plantin' time will come again,
Syne may the heavens gie us rain,
An' shining heat to bless ilk plain
An' fertile hill,
An' gar the loads o' yellow grain,
Our garrets fill.

"As long as I hae food and clothing,
An' still am hale and fier and breathing,
Ye's get the corn — and may be aething
Ye'll do for me;
(Though God forbid) — hang me for naething
An' lose your fee."

And on receiving a copy of some verses written by a lady, he talks in a sad way for a Presbyterian deacon.

"Were she some Aborigine squaw,
Wha sings so sweet by nature's law,
I'd meet her in a hazle shaw,
Or some green loany,
And make her tawny phiz and 'a
My welcome crony."
The practical philosophy of the stout, jovial rhymer, was but little affected by the sour-featured asceticism of the elder. He says:

"We'll eat and drink, and cheerful take
Our portions for the Donor's sake,
For thus the Word of Wisdom spake—
Man can't do better;
Nor can we by our labors make
The Lord our debtor."

A quaintly characteristic correspondence in rhyme between the Deacon and Parson McGregor, evidently "birds o' ane feather," is still in existence. The minister, in acknowledging the epistle of his old friend, commences his reply as follows:

"Did e'er a cuif tak' up a quill,
Wha ne'er did aught that he did well,
To gar the muses rant and reel,
An' flaunt and swagger,
Nae doubt ye'll say 'tis that daft chiel
Auld Dite McGregor!"

The reply is in the same strain, and may serve to give the reader some idea of the old gentleman as a religious controversialist:

"My reverend friend and kind McGregor,
Although thou ne'er was ca'd a bragger,
Thy muse I'm sure nane e'er was glegger—
Thy Scottish lays
Might gar Socinians fa' or stagger,
E'en in their ways.

When Unitarian champions dare thee,
Goliath like, and think to scare thee,
Dear Davie, fear not, they 'll ne'er waur thee;"
THE FARMER POET OF WINDHAM.

But draw thy sling,
Weel loaded frae the gospel quarry,
An' gie 'ta fling."

The last time I saw him, he was chaffering in the market-place of my native village, swapping potatoes and onions and pumpkins, for tea, coffee, molasses, and, if the truth be told, New England rum. Three-score years and ten, to use his own words,

"— Hung o'er his back,
And bent him like a muckle pack,"

yet he still stood stoutly and sturdily in his thick shoes of cowhide, like one accustomed to tread independently the soil of his own acres—his broad, honest face, seamed by care and darkened by exposure to "all the airts that blow," and his white hair flowing in patriarchal glory beneath his felt hat. A genial, jovial, large hearted old man, simple as a child, and betraying neither in look nor manner that he was accustomed to

"Feed on thoughts which voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

Peace to him! A score of modern dandies and sentimentalists could ill supply the place of this one honest man. In the ancient burial-ground of Windham, by the side of his "beloved Molly," and in view of the old meeting-house, there is a mound of earth, where, every spring, green grasses tremble in the wind, and the warm sunshine calls out the flowers. There, gathered like one of his own ripe sheaves, the farmer poet sleeps with his fathers.
I have just been conversing with an aged gentleman, who has called my attention to the details furnished by late British papers, of the laying of the cornerstone of a monument in honor of the political reformers, who were banished in 1793 to the convict-colony of Botany Bay. My friend was in Edinburgh at the time of their trial; and, although quite young at that period, distinctly remembers their appearance, and the circumstances preceding their arrest. I know not that I can occupy a leisure evening better, than in compiling a brief account of the character and fate of these men, whose names even are unknown to the present generation in this country.

The impulse of the French Revolution was not confined by geographical boundaries. Flashing hope into the dark places of the earth, far down among the poor and long oppressed, or startling the oppressor in his guarded chambers, like that mountain of fire which fell into the sea at the sound of the Apocalyptic trumpet, it agitated the world.

The arguments of Condorcet, the battle-words of Mirabeau, the indomitable zeal of St. Just, the iron energy of Danton, the caustic wit of Camille Desmoulins and Gaudet, and the sweet eloquence of Vergniaud, found echoes in all lands; and nowhere more
readily than in Great Britain, the ancient foe and rival of France. The celebrated Dr. Price of London, and the still more distinguished Priestley of Birmingham, spoke out boldly in defence of the great principles of the Revolution. A London club of reformers, reckoning among its members such men as Sir William Jones, Earl Grey, Samuel Whitbread and Sir James Mackintosh, was established for the purpose of disseminating democratic appeals and arguments throughout the United Kingdom.

In Scotland an auxiliary society was formed, under the name of "Friends of the People." Thomas Muir, young in years, yet an elder in the Scottish kirk, a successful advocate at the bar, talented, affable, eloquent, and distinguished for the purity of his life, and his enthusiasm in the cause of Freedom, was its principal originator. In the twelfth month of 1792, a Convention of Reformers was held at Edinburgh. The government became alarmed, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Muir. He escaped to France, but soon after, venturing to return to his native land, was recognized and imprisoned. He was tried upon the charge of lending books of republican tendency, and reading an address from Theobald Wolf Tone and the United Irishmen before the society of which he was a member. He defended himself in a long and eloquent address, which concluded in the following noble and manly strain:

"What, then, has been my crime? Not the lending to a relation a copy of Thomas Paine's works—not the giving away to another a few numbers of an inno-
cent and constitutional publication—but my crime is for having dared to be, according to the measure of my feeble abilities, a strenuous and an active advocate for an equal representation of the people in the House of the People—for having dared to accomplish a measure, by legal means, which was to diminish the weight of their taxes, and to put an end to the profusion of their blood. Gentlemen, from my infancy to this moment, I have devoted myself to the cause of the people. It is a good cause—it shall ultimately prevail—it shall finally triumph."

He was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and was removed to the Edinburgh jail, from thence to the hulks, and lastly to the transport ship, containing eighty-three convicts, which conveyed him Botany Bay.

The next victim was Palmer, a learned and highly accomplished Unitarian minister in Dundee. He was greatly beloved and respected as a polished gentleman and sincere friend of the people. He was charged with circulating a republican tract, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

But the friends of the people were not quelled by this summary punishment of two of their devoted leaders. In the tenth month, 1793, delegates were called together from various towns in Scotland, as well as from Birmingham, Sheffield, and other places in England. Gerrald and Margarot were sent up by the London society. After a brief sitting, the Convention was dispersed by the public authorities. Its sessions were opened and closed with prayer, and the
speeches of its members manifested the pious enthusiasm of the old Cameronians and Parliament men of the times of Cromwell. Many of the dissenting clergy were present. William Skirving, the most determined of the band, had been educated for the ministry, and was a sincerely religious man; while Joseph Gerrald—young, brilliant, and beautiful in his life and character—came up to join the puritans of Scotland in his sober garb, with his long hair falling over his shoulders, in primitive simplicity. When the sheriff entered the hall to disperse the friends of liberty, Gerrald knelt in prayer. His remarkable words were taken down by a reporter on the spot. There is nothing in modern history to compare with this supplication, unless it be that of Sir Henry Vane, a kindred martyr, at the foot of the scaffold, just before his execution. Gerrald's language was as follows; and under the circumstances it is no marvel that his auditors ascribed to him superhuman power. It is the prayer of universal humanity, which God will yet hear and answer.

"O thou Governor of the universe! we rejoice that, at all times and in all circumstances, we have liberty to approach Thy throne; and that we are assured, that no sacrifice is more acceptable to Thee, than that which is made for the relief of the oppressed. In this moment of trial and persecution, we pray that Thou wouldst be our defender, our counsellor, and our guide. O, be Thou a pillar of fire to us, as Thou wast to our fathers of old, to enlighten and direct us; and to our enemies a pillar of cloud, and darkness, and confusion.
"Thou art thyself the great patron of liberty. Thy service is perfect freedom. Prosper, we beseech Thee, every endeavor which we make to promote Thy cause, for we consider the cause of truth, or every cause which tends to promote the happiness of thy creatures, as Thy cause.

"O Thou merciful Father of mankind, enable us for Thy name's sake to endure persecution with fortitude; and may we believe that all trials and tribulations of life, which we endure, shall work together for good to them that love Thee; and grant that the greater the evil, and the longer it may be continued, the greater good, in Thy holy and adorable providence, may be produced therefrom. And this we beg, not for our own merits, but through the merits of Him who is hereafter to judge the world in righteousness and mercy."

He ceased. The sheriff, who had been temporarily overawed by the extraordinary scene, enforced his warrant, and the meeting was broken up. The delegates descended to the street in silence—Arthur's seat and Salisbury crags glooming in the distance and night—an immense and agitated multitude waiting around, over which tossed the flaring flambeaux of the sheriff's train. Gerrald, who was already under arrest, as he descended, spoke aloud: "Behold the funeral torches of Liberty!"

Skirving and several others were immediately arrested. They were tried in the 1st month, 1794, and sentenced, as Muir and Palmer had previously been, to transportation. Their conduct throughout was worthy of their great and holy cause. Gerrald's
defence was that of Freedom rather than his own. Forgetting himself, he spoke out manfully and earnestly for the poor, the oppressed, the overtaxed and starving millions of his countrymen. That some idea may be formed of this noble plea for Liberty, I give an extract from the concluding paragraphs:

"True religion, like all free governments, appeals to the understanding for its support, and not to the sword. All systems, whether civil or moral, can only be durable in proportion as they are founded on truth, and calculated to promote the good of mankind. This will account to us why governments suited to the great energies of man have always outlived the perishable things which despotism has erected. Yes! this will account to us why the stream of time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble fabrics of superstitions and impostures, passes, without injury, by the adamant of Christianity.

"Those who are versed in the history of their country, in the history of the human race, must know that rigorous state prosecutions have always preceded the era of convulsion; and this era, I fear, will be accelerated by the folly and madness of our rulers. If the people are discontented, the proper mode of quieting their discontent is, not by instituting rigorous and sanguinary prosecutions, but by redressing their wrongs, and conciliating their affections. Courts of justice, indeed, may be called in to the aid of ministerial vengeance; but if once the purity of their proceedings is suspected, they will cease to be objects of reverence to the nation; they will degenerate into empty and
expensive pageantry, and become the partial instruments of vexatious oppression. Whatever may become of me, my principles will last for ever. Individuals may perish; but truth is eternal. The rude blasts of tyranny may blow from every quarter; but freedom is that hardy plant which will survive the tempest, and strike an everlasting root into the most unfavorable soil.

"Gentlemen, I am in your hands. About my life I feel not the slightest anxiety; if it would promote the cause, I would cheerfully make the sacrifice; for, if I perish on an occasion like the present, out of my ashes will arise a flame to consume the tyrants and oppressors of my country."

None of the Edinburgh reformers, as I understand from my informant, lived to return to their native land. They perished, one after another, under the severe discipline of colonial servitude. The nature of this seemingly lenient punishment is not always understood in this country. Judging from accounts given of it by returned convicts, (not always perhaps reliable authority) it has few redeeming features, even as contrasted with the worst condition of negro slavery. The convicts are brought to the barracks in long lines, and the farmers and sheep owners from the country walk round among them to select for purchase such as may suit their purposes—examine them as the horse dealer would a horse—compel them to run, hold up their legs and arms, strike them on their chest and back to prove their soundness in breath and lungs—and, if the scrutiny is satisfactory, purchase them, and take
THE SCOTTISH REFORMERS.

them to their respective plantations and sheep-farms. In some of the remoter districts even the grave, the common refuge of the weary and suffering, is clothed with unwonted attributes of terror, and repugnance. No prayer is breathed over it; none of the rites of reverence and religion make holy the convict's burial — the scream of the wild fowl and the wash of waves on a strange coast, are his only requiem.

Years have passed, and the generation which knew the persecuted reformers has given place to another. And now, half a century after William Skirving, as he rose to receive his sentence, declared to his judges: "You may condemn us as felons, but your sentence shall yet be reversed by the people" — the names of these men are once more familiar to British lips. The sentence has been reversed: the prophecy of Skirving has become history. On the 21st of the 8th month last, the corner stone of a monument to the memory of the Scottish martyrs, for which subscriptions had been received from such men as Lord Holland, the Dukes of Bedford and Norfolk, and the Earls of Essex and Leicester — was laid with imposing ceremonies, in the beautiful burial-place of Calton Hill, Edinburgh, by the veteran reformer and tribune of the people, Joseph Hume, M. P. After delivering an appropriate address, the aged Radical closed the impressive scene by reading the soul-inspiring prayer of Joseph Gerrald. At the banquet which afterwards took place, and which was presided over by John Dunlop, Esq., addresses were made by the President, and Dr. Ritchie, well known to American abolitionists
for their zeal in the cause of the slave, and by William Skirving of Kirkaldy, son of the martyr. The Complete Suffrage Association of Edinburgh, to the number of five hundred, walked in procession to Calton Hill, and in the open air proclaimed unmolested the very principles for which the martyrs of the past century had suffered.

The account of this tribute to the memory of departed worth, cannot fail to awaken in generous hearts emotions of gratitude towards Him who has thus signaliy vindicated His truth, showing that the triumph of the oppressor is but for a season; and that even in this world a lie cannot live for ever. Well and truly did George Fox say in his last days: "The Truth is Above All!"

Will it be said, however, that this tribute comes too late? That it cannot solace those brave hearts, which, slowly broken by the long agony of colonial servitude, are now cold in strange graves? It is, indeed, a striking illustration of the truth that he who would benefit his fellow-man must "walk by faith;" sowing his seed in the morning, and in the evening withholding not his hand, knowing only this, that in God's good time the harvest shall spring up and ripen, if not for himself yet for others, who, as they bind the full sheaves and gather in the heavy clusters, may perchance remember him with gratitude, and set up stones of memorial on the fields of his toil and sacrifices. We may regret that in this stage of the spirit's life, the sincere and self-denying worker is not always permitted to partake of the fruits of his toil, or receive
the honors of a benefactor. We hear his good evil spoken of, and his noblest sacrifices counted as nought,—we see him not only assailed by the wicked, but discountenanced and shunned by the timidly good, followed on his hot and dusty pathway by the execrations of the hounding mob, and the contemptuous pity of the worldly wise and prudent; and, when at last the horizon of Time shuts down between him and ourselves, and the places which have known him know him no more for ever, we are almost ready to say with the regal voluptuary of old: "This also is vanity and a great evil; for what hath a man of all his labor and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun?" But is this the end? Has God's universe no wider limits than the circle of the blue wall which shuts in our nestling-place? Has Life's infancy only been provided for; and beyond this poor nursery-chamber of Time is there no playground for the soul's youth, no broad fields for its manhood?—Perchance could we but lift the curtains of the narrow pin-fold wherein we dwell, we might see that our poor friend and brother whose fate we have thus deplored, has by no means lost the reward of his labors, but that in new fields of duty he is cheered even by the tardy recognition of the value of his services in the old. The continuity of life is never broken; the river flows onward and is lost to our sight, but under its new horizon it carries the same waters which it gathered under ours; and its unseen valleys are made glad by the offerings which are borne down to them from the Past, flowers, perchance, the germs of which its own waves had planted on the banks of Time.—
Who shall say that the mournful and repentant love with which the benefactors of our race are at length regarded, may not be to them in their new condition of being, sweet and grateful as the perfume of long-forgotten flowers; or that our harvest hymns of rejoicing may not reach the ears of those who in weakness and suffering scattered the seeds of blessing?

The history of the Edinburgh reformers is no new one; it is that of all who seek to benefit their age by rebuking its popular crimes and exposing its cherished errors. The truths which they told were not believed, and for that very reason were the more needed, for it is evermore the case that the right word, when first uttered, is an unpopular and denied one. Hence he who undertakes to tread the thorny pathway of Reform; who, smitten with the love of truth and justice, or indignant in view of wrong, and insolent oppression, is rashly inclined to throw himself at once into that great conflict, which the Persian seer not untruly represented as a war between light and darkness, would do well to count the cost in the outset. If he can live for Truth alone, and, cut off from the general sympathy, regard her service as its "own exceeding great reward;" if he can bear to be counted a fanatic and crazy visionary; if in all good nature he is ready to receive from the very objects of his solicitude, abuse and obloquy, in return for disinterested and self-sacrificing efforts for their welfare; if with his purest motives misunderstood, and his best actions perverted and distorted into crimes, he can still hold on his way, and patiently abide the hour when "the whirligig of time shall bring about its revenges;" if on the whole, he is
prepared to be looked upon as a sort of moral outlaw or social heretic, under good society's interdict of food and fire; and if he is well assured that he can through all this preserve his cheerfulness, and faith in man,—let him gird up his loins and go forward in God's name. He is fitted for his vocation; he has watched all night by his armor. Whatever his trial may be, he is prepared; he may even be happily disappointed in respect to it; flowers of unexpected refreshing may overhang the hedges of his strait and narrow way; but it remains to be true that he who serves his contemporaries in faithfulness and sincerity must expect no wages from their gratitude. For, as has been well said, there is after all but one way of doing the world good, and unhappily that way the world does not like, for it consists in telling it the very thing which it does not wish to hear.

Unhappily, in the case of the reformer, his most dangerous foes are those of his own household. True, the world's garden has become a desert, and needs renovation, but, is his own little nook weedless? Sin abounds without, but is his own heart pure? While smiting down the giants and dragons which beset the outward world, are there no evil guests sitting by his own hearth-stone? Ambition, envy, self-righteousness, impatience, dogmatism, and pride of opinion, stand at his doorway, ready to enter, whenever he leaves it unguarded. Then too, there is no small danger of failing to discriminate between a rational philanthropy with its adaptation of means to ends, and that spiritual knight-errantry which undertakes the championship of every novel project of reform,
the stranger in lowell,
scouring the world in search of distressed schemes
held in durance by common sense, and vagaries hap-
pily spell-bound by ridicule. He must learn that,
although the most needful truth may be unpopular, it
does not follow that unpopularity is a proof of the
truth of his doctrines or the expediency of his measures.
He must have the liberality to admit that it is barely
possible for the public, on some points, to be right and
himself wrong; and that the blessing invoked upon
those who suffer for righteousness, is not available to
such as court persecution, and invite contempt.
For folly has its martyrs as well as wisdom; and he
who has nothing better to show of himself than the
scars and bruises which the popular foot has left upon
him, is not even sure of winning the honors of martyr-
dom, as some compensation for the loss of dignity and
self-respect involved in the exhibition of its pains. To
the reformer, in an especial manner, comes home the
truth that whoso ruleth his own spirit is greater than
him who taketh a city. Patience, hope, charity,
watchfulness unto prayer, how needful are all these to
his success! Without them, he is in danger of in-
gloriously giving up his contest with error and preju-
dice at the first repulse; or, with that spiteful philan-
thropy which we sometimes witness, taking a sick
world by the nose, like a spoiled child, and endeavor-
ing to force down its throat the long-rejected nostrums
prepared for its relief.

What then!—Shall we, in view of these things call
back young, generous spirits, just entering upon the
perilous pathway? God forbid!—Welcome, thrice
welcome, rather. Let them go forward, not unwarned
of the dangers, nor unreminded of the pleasures which belong to the service of humanity. Great is the consciousness of right. Sweet is the answer of a good conscience. He, who pays his whole-hearted homage to Truth and Duty—who swears his life-long fealty on their altars, and rises up a Nazarite consecrated to their holy service,—is not without his solace and enjoyment, when, to the eyes of others, he seems the most lonely and miserable. He breathes an atmosphere which the multitude know not of—"a serene heaven which they cannot discern rests over him, glorious in its purity and stillness." Nor is he altogether without kindly human sympathies. All generous and earnest hearts which are brought in contact with his own beat evenly with it. All that is good and truthful and lovely in man, whenever and wherever it truly recognizes him, must sooner or later acknowledge his claim to love and reverence. His faith overcomes all things. The future unrolls itself before him, with its waving harvest-fields springing up from the seed he is scattering; and he looks forward to the close of life with the calm confidence of one who feels that he has not lived idle and useless; but, with hopeful heart and strong arm has labored with God and nature for the Best.

And not in vain. In the economy of God, no effort however small, put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth, ever dies amidst the confused noises of Time. Through discords of Sin and Sorrow, Pain and Wrong, it rises a deathless melody, whose notes of wailing are hereafter to be changed to those of triumph, as they
blend with the Great Harmony of a reconciled universe. The language of a trans-atlantic reformer, to his friends, is then as true as it is hopeful and cheering: "Triumph is certain. We have espoused no losing cause. In the body we may not join our shout with the victors—but in spirit we may even now. There is but an interval of time between us and the success at which we aim. In all other respects the links of the chain are complete. Identifying ourselves with immortal and immutable principles, we share both their immortality and immutability. The vow which unites us with truth makes futurity present with us. Our being resolves itself into an everlasting now. It is not so correct to say that we shall be victorious, as that we are so. When we will in unison with the Supreme Mind, the characteristics of his will become, in some sort, those of ours. What he has willed is virtually done. It may take ages to unfold itself, but the germ of its whole history is wrapped up in his determination. When we make his will ours, which we do when we aim at truth, that upon which we are resolved is done—decided—born. Life is in it. It is—and the future is but the development of its being. Ours, therefore, is a perpetual triumph. Our deeds are all of them component elements of success."

* Mial's Essays; Non-Conformist, Vol. IV.
THE TRAINING.

XVIII.

THE TRAINING.

"Send for the millingtary."

Noah Claypole in Oliver Twist.

What's now in the wind? Sounds of distant music float in at my window on this still October air. Hurrying drum-beat, shrill fife-tones, wailing bugle-notes, and, by way of accompaniment, hurras from the urchins on the crowded side-walks? Here come the citizen-soldiers, each martial foot beating up the mud of yesterday's storm, with the slow, regular, up and down movement of an old fashioned churn-dasher. Keeping time with the feet below, some three-score of plumed heads bob solemnly beneath me. Slant sunshine glitters on polished gun-barrels, and tinselled uniform. Gravely and soberly they pass on, as if duly impressed with a sense of the deep responsibility of their position as self-constituted defenders of the world's last hope,—the United States of America, and possibly, Texas. They look out with honest, citizen faces, under their leathern vizors, (their ferocity being mostly the work of the tailor and tinker), and, I doubt not, are at this moment as innocent of blood-thirstiness, as yonder worthy tiller of the Tewksbury hills, who sits quietly in his wagon, dispensing apples and turnips, without so much as giving a glance at the procession. Probably there is not one of them who would
hesitate to divide his last tobacco-quid with his worst enemy. Social, kind-hearted, psalm-singing, sermon-hearing, Sabbath-keeping Christians; and, yet if we look at the fact of the matter, these very men have been out the whole afternoon of this beautiful day, under God's holy sunshine, as busily at work as Satan himself could wish, in learning how to butcher their fellow-creatures, and acquire the true scientific method of impaling a poor forlorn Mexican on a bayonet, or of sinking a leaden missile in the brain of some unfortunate Briton, urged within its range by the double incentive of sixpence per day in his pocket, and the cat-o'-nine-tails on his back!

Without intending any disparagement of my peaceable ancestry for many generations, I have still strong suspicions that somewhat of the old Norman blood,—something of the grim Berserker spirit, has been bequeathed to me. How else can I account for the intense childish eagerness with which I listened to the stories of old campaigners, who sometimes fought their battles over again in my hearing? Why did I, in my young fancy, go up with Jonathan, the son of Saul, to smite the garrisoned Philistines of Michmash, or with the fierce son of Nun against the cities of Canaan? Why was "Mr. Greatheart," in Pilgrim's Progress, my favorite character? What gave such fascination to the narrative of the grand Homeric encounter between Christian and Apollyon in the valley? Why did I follow Ossian over Morven's battle-fields, exulting in the vulture-screams of the blind Scald, over his fallen enemies? Still later, why did the newspapers furnish
me with subjects for Hero-worship in the half-demented Sir Gregor McGregor, and Ypsilanti at the head of his knavish Greeks? I can account for it only on the supposition that the mischief was inherited—an heirloom from the old sea-kings of the ninth century.

Education and reflection have indeed since wrought a change in my feelings. The trumpet of the Cid, or Ziska's drum even, could not now waken that old martial spirit. The bull-dog ferocity of a half intoxicated Anglo-Saxon pushing his blind way against the converging cannon-fire from the shattered walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, commends itself neither to my reason nor my fancy. I now regard the accounts of the bloody passage of the Bridge of Lodi, and of French curassiers madly transfixing themselves upon the bayonets of Wellington's squares, with very much the same feeling of horror and loathing which is excited by a detail of the exploits of an Indian Thug, or those of a mad Malay running a muck, creese in hand, through the streets of Pulo Penang. Your Waterloo and battles of the Nile and Baltic, what are they in sober fact but gladiatorial murder-games on a great scale—human imitations of bull-fights, at which Satan sits as grand Alguazil and master of ceremonies? It is only when a great thought incarnates itself in action, desperately striving to find utterance even in sabre-clash and gun-fire, or, when Truth and Freedom, in their mistaken zeal, and distrustful of their own powers, put on battle-harness, that I can feel any sympathy with merely physical daring. The brawny butcher-work of men whose wits, like those of Ajax, lie in their sinews,
and who are "yoked like draught oxen and made to plough up the wars," is no realization of my ideal of true courage.

Yet I am not conscious of having lost, in any degree, my early admiration of heroic achievement. The feeling remains, but it has found new and better objects. I have learned to appreciate what Milton calls the martyr's "irresistible might of meekness,"—the calm, uncomplaining endurance of those who can bear up against persecution uncheered by sympathy or applause, and, with a full and keen appreciation of the value of all which they are called to sacrifice, confront danger and death in unselfish devotion to Duty. Fox, preaching through his prison-grates, or rebuking Oliver Cromwell in the midst of his soldier-court, Henry Vane beneath the axe of the headsman, Mary Dyer on the scaffold at Boston, Luther closing his speech at Worms with the sublime emphasis of his "Here stand I; I cannot otherwise; God help me!" William Penn defending the rights of Englishmen from the bale dock of the Fleet Prison, Clarkson climbing the decks of Liverpool slave-ships, Howard penetrating to infected dungeons, meek sisters of Charity breathing contagion in thronged hospitals, —all these, and such as these, now help me to form the loftier ideal of Christian heroism.

Blind Milton approaches nearly to my conception of a true hero. What a picture have we of that sublime old man, as sick, poor, blind, and abandoned of friends, he still held fast his heroic integrity, rebuking with his unbending republicanism the treachery, cow-
ardice and servility of his old associates! He had outlived the hopes and beatific visions of his youth; he had seen the loud-mouthed advocates of liberty throwing down a nation's freedom at the feet of the shameless, debauched and perjured Charles the Second, crouching to the harlot-thronged court of the tyrant, and forsaking at once their religion and their republicanism. The executioner's axe had been busy among his friends. Vane and Hampden slept in their bloody graves. Cromwell's ashes had been dragged from their resting place; for even in death the effeminate monarch hated and feared the conqueror of Naseby and Marston Moor. He was left alone, in age and penury and blindness, oppressed with the knowledge that all which his free soul abhorred had returned upon his beloved country. Yet the spirit of the stern old republican remained to the last unbroken, realizing the truth of the language of his own Samson Agonistes:

"—— Patience is the exercise
Of saints; the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each their own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict."

True, the overwhelming curse had gone over his country. Harlotry and atheism sat in the high places, and the "curses of wantons and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government which had just ability enough to deceive, just religion enough to persecute." But, while Milton mourned over this disastrous change, no self-reproach mingled with his sor-
row. To the last, he had striven against the oppressor, and when confined to his narrow alley a prisoner, in his own mean dwelling, like another Prometheus on his rock, he still turned upon him an eye of unsubdued defiance. Who that has read his powerful appeal to his countrymen when they were on the eve of welcoming back the tyranny and misrule, which, at the expense of so much blood and treasure, had been thrown off, can ever forget it? How nobly does Liberty speak through him? "If," said he, "ye welcomed back a monarchy, it will be the triumph of all tyrants hereafter over any people who shall resist oppression, and their song shall then be to others, 'How sped the rebellious English?'—but to our posterity, 'How sped the rebels, your fathers!'." How solemn and awful is his closing paragraph?—"What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss, 'The Good Old Cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not, I hope, seem more strange than convincing to backsliders. This much I should have said though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but with the prophet, O earth, earth, earth!—to tell the very soil itself what its perverse inhabitants are deaf to; nay, though what I have spoken should prove, (which Thou suffer not who did'st make mankind free! nor Thou next, who did'st redeem us from being servants of sin!) to be the last words of our expiring liberties."

THE END.