

## The Family Circle.

EMMA.

Affectionately Dedicated to Mrs. BRAINERD.  
 Can it be that her bright life is broken,  
 As breaketh the tide-drifted wave?  
 Could not eloquent years prove a pleader  
 More powerful to save?  
 In the flush of sweet womanhood perished—  
 Borne down as a leaf on the stream;—  
 O, it must be some mocking delusion,  
 Some grief-poisoned dream.

As the sunbeam that brightens the forest,  
 And flashes in gold o'er the sea,  
 Till the mistiness sparkle with jewels,  
 So came she to me,  
 And the spirit within me; forgetting,  
 Or spurning its thraldom of care,  
 Soared aloft, as the clouds float in summer,  
 On wings light as air.

As a meteor that flames in the heavens  
 Sweeps high in its radiant flight,  
 And the stars glow silent and shrinking  
 To watch the swift light;  
 So her beautiful life led us upward,  
 From paths trailing low in the dust,  
 Till beneath lay the baubles we cherished,  
 Corroded with rust.

But a shadow at noon-day hath hidden  
 The sunbeam that crept to my heart;  
 And a whisper "with pain she is weary,  
 And rests apart,"  
 But I know that the pale, lovely sleeper,  
 Hath sought a far holier rest,  
 With the darlings that went just before her  
 Again on her breast.

Who shall picture these lives reunited,  
 With infinite rapture and bliss,  
 On that shore of eternal reunions,  
 Discovered in this?  
 Not our sorrowful eyes, dimmed with weeping,  
 May compass their joy, their delight,  
 Clasped again where no death-throe shall part them  
 In God's loving sight.

Would it strike a swift pang to their triumph,  
 Or sadden their transport to know  
 How we miss, how we mourn them each morrow  
 That wakes us below?  
 Do they tenderly speak of the loved ones,  
 Still longer to struggle and wait,  
 Ere the summons to join them, and enter  
 The Beautiful Gate?

—From the Scranton City Journal.

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DEACON GOODMAN.

[Wherein is shown the inconvenience of not having the "Musical Ear." An old and popular story originally published in the Massachusetts Ploughman, and reprinted by request.]

Deacon Goodman was extensively known, not merely in his own parish, but through several miles of the surrounding country, for his amiable disposition, active benevolence, and unquestioned piety. So thoroughly was the Deacon's character established, that when the people of the neighboring towns saw him passing by, they would say—"That man was rightly named, for if there ever was a good man, he is one." And from this there was no dissenting voice. Nay; I am wrong in saying that; for there are some who never hear anybody praised without an interposing and qualifying "but;" "He may be well enough on the whole," they will say, "but &c. &c.;" and then they will go on and make him out "anything but a clever fellow."

The qualifying "but" must be interposed even in the case of Deacon Goodman. He had a fault: He would sing in meeting. Call you that a fault? said the reader. Well then, kind reader, call it a misfortune. "But why a misfortune?"

I will tell thee. Nature has so formed us, that some have the "musical ear," and others not.—Now this "musical ear," has nothing to do with real character, moral or intellectual; but yet the persons who have not the "musical ear" ought never to sing in meeting. If they do, they will be sure to annoy others, and make themselves ridiculous. Deacon Goodman had not the "musical ear." Whether it were the "Messiah" or the "Creation," or Jim Crow and Zip Coon, it was all the same to him, so far as music was concerned; it was just so much singing. Whether the artist were Savori, or Ole Bull, or poor old John Casco, it was just so much fiddling. He had not the "musical ear," and still less, if possible, the musical voice; but yet he would sing in meeting. And the gentle and respectful remonstrances of the choir leader were met with the unvaried reply, "Singing is praying; you might as well ask me not to pray; I shall sing in meeting."

It is now proper for the Biographer to hint at another trait in the good Deacon's character. He was rather "set in his ways," or in other words, he was dreadfully obstinate in what he thought a good cause; and he was generally correct in appreciating the merits of the cause.

We all know that musical people are apt to be sensitive and sometimes a little capricious; and who has ever known a theatrical Orchestra, or even a village choir, that had not a regular "blow up" at least once a year? Beyond all doubt, Deacon Goodman's singing was a very serious grievance to the choir, and no small annoyance to the congregation. Yet in consideration of his great merits he was indulged; and his regular Sunday performances, often drew forth the remark, that if music murder was a sin, Deacon Goodman would have much to answer for. But there is a point beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Great pains had been taken by the choir in getting up a new Anthem, (selected from Mozart) for Thanksgiving day, and the very gem of the piece was a solo, which had been assigned to the sweetest voice, and the prettiest little girl in the village. All who attended the rehearsals were perfectly delighted with the solo as sung by "little Mary." It was very difficult. It was marked from beginning to end "Andantino," "Dolce," "Affettuoso," "Crescendo," "Piano," "Pianissimo," with changing keys, and flats and sharps, springing out from unexpected places; but she had conquered it all. Three or four accomplished singers who had come

from Boston, to pass Thanksgiving in the country, and who attended the last rehearsal, were in raptures with little Mary's singing. They had heard Tedesco, and Biscaccianti, and yet they said, "for a country girl she is a prodigy."

In due time, Thanksgiving day arrived; and while the "second bell" was ringing, news came to the village that a very serious accident had happened to the Universalist minister. His horse had thrown him, and either his leg or his neck was broken; and the boy who had brought the news had forgotten which—"I hope it is not his neck," said the rich and charitable old church member. When Deacon Goodman heard that remark, he held up his hands and exclaimed, "I never!"

Now the Deacon dearly loved good preaching, and the meeting-house was to him a "house of feasting." But his religion was of a very practical kind, and although he thought but very precious little of his good works, he took care to do a good many of them, and was far from believing with Amstdorf, that "good works are an impediment to salvation." So, said he to Mrs. Goodman; "do you go to the house of feasting, and get all the good you can, and I will go to the house of mourning, and do all I can." And away he went to see, and if possible, to relieve the Universalist minister.

In the meantime the congregation assembled, and the worship proceeded in the usual way. At length came the Anthem. It even went beyond expectation. A long "rest" immediately preceded the solo. It was no rest for poor "little Mary." It was the most anxious minute she had ever passed. She arose, blushing and trembling. Her agitation gave a tremor to her voice, which added to the pathos of the music. It was beautiful.

Now, Deacon Goodman always made it a rule, when any accident had detained him until after worship had commenced, to come in very softly. How different from the fashionable flourish! All were intent on the solo. None heard, and but few saw Deacon Goodman enter his pew, and take up the sheet on which the words of the anthem were printed.

Unlike that of many singers, the articulation of "little Mary" was perfect.—The Deacon soon found the place; and to the astonishment of the congregation, indignation of the choir, and the perfect horror of "little Mary," he "struck in," and accompanied her through the whole solo. Accompanied!! "Off in the silly night," accompanied by Capt. Bragg's battery, would give some notion of it. Poor little Mary was sick a fortnight. "Why don't you cut that old fellow's tongue off?" said one of the Boston singers. "What good would it do?" said the choir leader, "he would howl through his nose." They were all very cross. As for the Deacon he looked around as innocent as a lamb, and thought he had sung as well as any of them.

Immediately after meeting, the choir leader called on the minister. "Sir," said he, "this must stop. If Deacon Goodman sings again, I do not."

"Oh I know it," said the minister, "I have long felt the difficulty; but what can we do? Deacon Goodman is a most excellent man, and his only fault is that he is rather set in his way and will sing in meeting."

"But Deacon Goodman is a reasonable man," said the choir leader.

"On most occasions," replied the minister. "Do go and see him, sir, for my mind is made up; if he sings in meeting, I do not."

"Deacon Goodman," said the minister, "I have come on a delicate errand; I have come to present the respectful request of the choir that you would not sing in meeting."

The Deacon was thunderstruck; but he soon recovered. "Singing is praying," said he. "They may just as well ask me not to pray; I shall sing in meeting." And on the next Sunday, sure enough he did; louder, and if possible, more inharmonious than ever. The men singers looked daggers at him; the girls hid their smiles behind their music books. Little Mary was not there.

"This shall stop," said the choir leader. "I will go and see him myself."

"Deacon Goodman, we all most highly respect you, as you must well know; but you have not the musical ear nor the musical voice, and it is the earnest wish of the choir, and many of the congregation, that you do not again sing in meeting."

The Deacon was again thunderstruck, but soon recovered. "Singing is praying," said he, "and they might as well tell me not to pray. I shall sing in meeting."

The good Deacon was dreadfully set in his way, and so it went again on week after week, in the same old way.

But an incident occurred, which contributed much to bring this singular case to a crisis. About two miles from the Deacon's comfortable dwelling, there was a wretched hovel, which imperfectly sheltered the wretched wife and children of a still more wretched drunkard.

On one of the most inclement evenings of a New England January, the Deacon and his family were cheerfully and thankfully enjoying a glorious hickory fire; Mrs. Goodman was sewing for the family, and her daughters for the Missionary Society. His son was reading the Massachusetts Ploughman, and the good man himself was just finishing off a sermon by a distinguished divine of his own denomination, when bang went the front door, and in came his good neighbor and own beloved and respected Minister. "Why! I never!" said Deacon Goodman, "what has brought you along in such a night as this?" Now, this Minister had his peculiarities as well as the Deacon. Among others, he was very close-mouthed about his own good deeds; he more or less answered, "I have been about my duty, I hope." The fact was he had been to visit, and to talk, and pray, with a poor dying negro. "Seems to me you are rather crusty," said the Deacon, "but I suppose you are half frozen, and so sit down and thaw yourself out." "I thank you," said

the Minister, "but I merely called to tell you that I have just left a scene of misery; and I want you to go there as early as you can in the morning. On my way here and home, I passed that wretched hovel which we all know so well. I felt it my duty to stop and learn the terrible uproar within. I found the wretch beating his wife; and her screams, and his horrid cath, made my blood run cold. I knocked the rascal down; 'served him right," said the Deacon, "and think he will be quiet until morning; but do go as early as you can. 'Od rabbit the varmint," said Deacon Goodman, "and 'od rabbit the eternal blasted rum shop." That was the nearest to swearing that the Deacon was ever known to come.

"Put old Mag in the wagon," said he to his son. "Deacon, don't go to night," said Mrs. Goodman. "Do wait till morning," said his daughters. "Let me go," said his son. "Mind your own business," said the Deacon to all of them, "I shall go to-night."

When it came to that, they knew there was no more to be said. He was dreadfully "set in his way." He took a bag and basket, and went down cellar. He filled the bag with potatoes. He took a piece of pork from a barrel, and a piece of beef from another, and put them in the basket. He went to the closet, and took a brown loaf and a white one. He went to the wood pile, and took an armful of wood, and told his son to take another. All was put in the wagon; he not forgetting six candles and a paper of matches. Deacon Goodman needed no secondary motive to Christian duty; yet historical truth demands the concession, that the wife of the poor drunkard was his first love. She jilted him, or as we Yankees say, "gave him the mitten," in favor of the abject wretch who was now become her tyrant. And this was the way he "fed fat the ancient grudge" he owed her! The truth is, Deacon Goodman knew nothing about grudges ancient or modern. The old Adam would occasionally flare up, but he always got him under before sun-down.

All was ready, and in five minutes the Deacon was "exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm." But what did he care for the storm? "I am going on God's errand," said he to himself. "I am going to visit the worse than widow and fatherless." The next thing he said was, "Oh, get out." That he meant for the promptings of his own proud heart.

Misery, misery, indeed did he find in that most miserable dwelling. The poor wretch himself was dead drunk on the floor. The poor pale woman was sobbing her very heart out. The children were clamorous; and but few were the words of their clamor. "I am cold," "I am hungry,"—and that was all. The Deacon brought in the wood; made up a fire; lighted a candle; and emptied the bag and basket. The poor pale woman wept and sobbed her thanks. "Oh, you varmint," said the Deacon, as he looked at the husband and father; and broke off a piece of bread for each of the children. The general commotion aroused the poor wretch from his drunken stupor. He looked up and recognized the Deacon.

"Hallo, old music!" said he, "are you here? give us a stave, old nightingale. Sing as you do in meeting. Sing and scare the rats away." "Why, what on earth does the critter mean?" said the Deacon. The poor, pale, grateful woman smiled through her tears. She could not help it. She had been a singer in her better days; she had also heard the Deacon sing.

I do not record these incidents merely because they are honorable to Deacon Goodman, but because they are particularly connected with my story. In this errand of mercy the good Deacon caught a very serious cold; affected his throat, and his nose, and even his lungs; and gave to his voice a tone not unlike to that of the lowest note of a cracked bass-viol alternating with the shriek of a clarionet powerfully but unskillfully blown. On Saturday evening he soaked his feet in hot water; drank copiously of hot balm tea; went to bed and said he felt comfortable. "Now Deacon," said Mrs. Goodman, "you are dreadfully hoarse;—you won't sing to-morrow, will you?" "Singing is praying, and—," the Deacon dropped asleep. And sure enough he did "sing to-morrow," and it surpassed all that had gone before. "This is the last of it," said the choir leader, "I have done." In the afternoon, the choir was vacant, some of the singers absent and others scattered about in the pews. The Minister read three verses of a psalm; and then observed, "the choir being absent, singing must necessarily be omitted." But Deacon Goodman saw no such necessity. He arose, and sang the three verses himself! He stopped six times to sneeze; and blew his nose between the verses by way of symphony! The next day he was sick abed. A parish meeting was hastily called, and a resolution unanimously passed, that, "whereas the solemnity and decorum of public worship depend much on the character of the music: resolved that hereafter, no person shall sing in meeting, in this parish without the approbation of the choir!" Rather a stringent measure; but what could they do? The Minister called on Deacon Goodman, and he handed him the resolution. He read it over three times. He then calmly folded up the paper, and handed it back to the Minister. "This is a free country yet, I hope. I shall sing in meeting." He said those very words! He was dreadfully "set in his way."

"Then Deacon," said the Minister, "I have a most painful duty to perform; I am instructed to tell you, that your connection with the society must cease." The Deacon here started from his seat. Had the full moon split into four pieces, and danced a quadrille in the heavens; Orion singing; and the Northern Bear growling bass, he could not have been more astounded. He was silent. Emotion after emotion rolled over his heaving spirit. "At length tears came to his relief," as they say in the Novels. He spoke, but almost inarticulately.

"I know I am a poor unworthy creature, but I hope they will take me in somewhere." The Minister wept himself. How could he help it? The Deacon's cold was nearly cured; and about an hour after the interview, he was seen mounted on old Mag, heading due north. Four miles in that direction lived the worthy Minister of another parish. The Deacon found him in his study, where also was his daughter copying music. She was a proficient in the art, and played the organ in her father's church. She had heard of the Deacon's musical troubles, and had also heard him sing. "Sir," said he to the Minister, "there has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw; and I have come to ask the privilege of uniting with yours." (At this moment the young lady vanished from the room.)

"I much regret the difficulty in your parish," said the Minister, "and hope it will be amicably settled. But if you finally conclude to withdraw, we shall be most happy to receive you; and when it shall please the Lord to take good old Deacon Grimes to himself, (and a very few days must now give him his dismission,) we shall expect you to sit in his seat." After half an hour's pleasant conversation, the Deacon arose to take his departure. At that moment, a boy came in and handed a billet to the Minister. He glanced at the billet, and "Deacon, sit down one moment," said he. He read the billet, and after some hesitation, said, "I have received a singular communication, from a choir leader; he has somehow or other heard of your intention to join our society; and has heard of it with very great pleasure; but he adds that it is the earnest and unanimous wish of the choir that you will not sing in meeting." The Deacon was again electrified, but had got used to the shock; "Singing is praying; and I join no church where I cannot sing in meeting,—good day, sir." He was very "set in his way."

Five miles West of his own dwelling, lived the good Pastor of another flock. The Deacon found him shelling corn in his crib. This Minister although eminently pious, thought it no harm to be a little waggish in a good cause, and for a worthy object. He also had heard of the Deacon's musical troubles, and shrewdly suspected the object of his visit. "Deacon Goodman, I am glad to see you," said he, "this is not exactly ministerial labor, is it?" "I am of a different opinion," said the Deacon, "any honest and useful labor is ministerial labor; I hate all Dandies—the Lord forgive me, I don't like them; and I like a dandy minister the least of any." "You and I are agreed there," said the Minister; "come walk into the house and see my wife; she says she is in love with you for your honesty and your oddities." "I never!" said the Deacon "but I thank you, I am in something of a hurry, and have a little business which we can just as well settle here."

There has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw, and I have come to ask the privilege of joining yours." At this the Reverend gentleman looked as if he was very much surprised. "Is it possible," said he; "well, Deacon, though an ill wind for them, it is a good one for us; for it has blown you hither. We shall be most happy to receive you, especially as our choir leader has followed the multitude and gone West. We have been looking about for a competent man to take his place. Our singers are all young and diffident, and each one is loth to take the lead. We hear that you sing the most difficult music and—"

"Why, mercy upon you," said the Deacon, "I don't know one note from another. I know that singing is praying; and I sing in meeting as I pray in meeting."

"Excuse me, my friend," replied the minister, "it is your modesty that now speaks; you do understand music, you must understand music; or you could never sing Mozart with proper expression; and did not you sing that most beautiful solo, which is worthy of an angel's ear and voice?" Now this was all Greek to the Deacon, and like a sensible man as he was, he always said nothing when he had nothing to say. "You say truly," continued the minister, "that singing is praying. But to those who know nothing of music, it is praying in an unknown tongue, and I am sure you are not Papist enough to approve of that; music is a language, and like other languages must be learned before it can be spoken. When the deaf and dumb attempt to speak our common language they make strange noises, and still worse noises do we make when without the musical ear or the musical voice, we attempt to sing."

Thus sensibly did that good Minister speak. The Deacon was a good deal "struck up." Though set in his way, he was not a fool; and only needed to be touched in the right place. "It never appeared to me in that light before," said the Deacon.

"And yet, my friend, it is the true light," said the minister. "And now, do let me give you a word of advice: Go home, and take your own seat on Sunday; and never again attempt to sing in meeting. For if your heart is right, your ear is untuned, and your voice, though kind, is anything but musical." The Deacon "said nothing but thought the more." He mounted old Mag. The Angel of reflection came down, and sat upon her mane, and looked him full in the face. Reader, does that seem incongruous? Is the old mare's mane an improper seat for an angel? I am afraid you are proud. Who once rode on an ass?

The Deacon passed a point in the road where on one side was a sturdy oak that had been blown over by a recent whirlwind, and on the other, a flourishing willow, gracefully bending before the passing breeze. "Od rabbit it," said the Deacon to himself; it was the first word he had spoken, "to think that I should be such an obstinate old fool." He approached his own village. The

reason for his errand abroad had been strongly suspected, and they were all on the look-out for his return. There stood the choir leader. "Welcome home, Deacon," said he, "hope we have not lost you yet." "Get out," said the Deacon, with a good-natured but rather sheepish look; and on he went. There stood the minister, "Welcome home, Deacon, I hope we have not lost you yet." "Get—," he was just going to say get out, but habitual reverence for the minister cut him short. He looked at the minister, and the minister looked at him, and both burst into a fit of laughter. The choir leader came up and took the Deacon's hand, and joined in the merriment. "Od rabbit ye all," said he; and on he went. At the front door and windows of his own house, were his wife and daughters, and two or three of the singing girls, "all of a titter." They had seen and heard his interview with the minister and knew that all was well. "Od rabbit the whole bunch of you," said he, and went to put old Mag in the stable.

Deacon Goodman took his old seat on Sunday, but since that day's adventure, has never sung in meeting. Once, and but once, did he attempt to raise a psalm on his own private account. He was in his barn putting some hay in his cow's manger. Now, the neighbors were always ready to do a good turn for Deacon Goodman; and before he had finished the first verse, two of them rushed in and asked him if his cow was choked! He never sung again.

## Scientific.

## EARTHQUAKES AND TIDAL WAVES.

Later and fuller details are every day increasing the interest with which scientific observers regard the recent earthquakes and tidal disturbances, and confirming our first impression that these convulsions of nature would prove to be among the most remarkable and extensive of which there is any written record. They have been experienced at short intervals during the last three months, and there is no reason to suppose that we have yet felt the last of them, the latest having been reported only a week ago. The shocks have followed no particular direction, and been confined to no particular quarter of the earth. Beginning in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, they seem to have affected all its eastern shores and its southern and western islands, and skipping the whole breadth of the North American Continent and the Atlantic Ocean, to have broken out in Ireland. We may yet learn that the remoter countries of Asia have likewise been shaken. The first of this great series of convulsions, so far as our intelligence now extends, occurred, in the Sandwich Islands, eleven days before the terrible disaster in Peru. Violent shocks were felt in different parts of the group from the 2d to the 9th of August, accompanied by heavy storms, of thunder and lightning. The western coast of South America was devastated by awful earthquakes from the 13th to the 15th of August, and at the same time the shocks were felt again in the Sandwich Islands, though less severely than before. On the 17th there were shocks in New Zealand. About the middle of September shocks were felt by vessels in the Eastern Pacific. On or about the 1st of October they were experienced again in the Sandwich Islands. In California, they were felt from the 21st to the 25th, with considerable severity, and were repeated slightly up to the 6th of November. On the 23d of October we hear of earthquakes in Ireland. On the 4th of November there was one at Vancouver Island.

The tidal waves which have accompanied all the most serious of these convulsions are peculiarly interesting subjects of study. It has been remarked, as an evidence of the rapidity with which they travel, that they reached the California coast as early as the morning of the 14th of August, having moved over a distance of 4,000 miles in a little more than 14 hours; but it now appears that their speed is even greater than this; for they were felt in the Sandwich Islands, nearly an equal distance, on the evening of the 13th, only four hours after the earthquake in Peru, lasting through the night, and obtaining their greatest force the next morning, almost simultaneously with their appearance on the opposite California coast. This would give them a velocity of about a thousand miles an hour. They seem, however, not to have been driven in more than one direction at a time. The Sandwich Islands lie north-west of the place of disturbance in Peru. Toward the west and south-west, we have no record of tidal phenomena earlier than the 15th of August, when the waters of Japan and Australia were simultaneously agitated in the same manner. These waves may have been either propagated by fresh convulsions from the disturbances at the Sandwich Islands. We have no sufficient data as yet travelling, or what was their size or their velocity. We trust that the attention of competent observers may have been drawn to these points; for by means of them it would be possible to determine the depth of the Pacific Ocean, the size and velocity of waves bearing, as is well known, a fixed ratio to the depth of the water.

A great tidal wave fell upon Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands, on the 15th of October, destroying a great many houses and other property. Accepting the generally received theory that these phenomena are caused by earthquakes, we may expect intelligence of another great calamity about that date in some country bordering on the Pacific from which we have yet received no advices. But the disturbance may have arisen in the bed of the ocean, in which case, unless a stray sailing vessel chanced to be within reach of it, no account of the phenomenon may ever come to us.—N. Y. Tribune Nov. 17.