



BY GEO. W. HOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA. MARCH 20, 1857.

VOL. XXV. NO. 29.

Select Poetry.



My Early Love.

BY WHITESWARTH.

It was an ardent boyish love, That faded out, as life grew older;— My heart flew to her like a dove, And lighted on her beautiful shoulder, Or slipped the honey of her lips. Or in her eyes found heavenly graces, I loved her to her finger tips. I loved her very foot-print traces. Her features were a rapturous charm, Her smile made all within me flutter, In rounded beauty was her arm, Her little hand was fit as butter. No wonder that I loved her so, But she was false as she was pretty, And soon she sanded her little brow And took a big one from the city. I caught him out one gloomy night— 'Twas one of love's extreme phases— I aggravated him to fight, But oh! he lapped me like a blaze.

SERMON ON THE DEATH OF DR. E. K. KANE.

Delivered by the Rev. C. W. Shields.

It is a noble instinct which prompts us to honor the dead. Humanity joins with religion in suppressing all earthly distinctions and passions at the mouth of the tomb. The mansion may be envied, the novel may be scorned, but the grave is alike revered, whether it be adorned with sculptured marble or decked with a simple flower.

It would seem that in the mortal remains of a fellow creature we respect a fate that we know most soon be our own, and, conscious of the worth of a soul, would do homage even to the ruined temple in which it was enshrined.

But when the object of such feelings concentrates in himself the best traits of our nature, and has been conducted by Providence to an eminence from which he illustrates them in the view of multitudes, the ordinary cord respect warms to admiration and melts into love. We behold the image of our common humanity reflected and magnified in him as a cherished ideal. Death, which makes sacred everything it touches, throws a mild halo around his memory, and we hasten to bring to his grave—all that we now have to give—the poor tribute of our praises and tears.

We are assembled, my friends, to perform such solemn duties in honor of a man who, within the short life-time of thirty-five years, under the combined impulses of humanity and science, has traversed nearly the whole of the planet in its most inaccessible places, has gathered here and there a laurel from every walk of physical research in which he strayed, has gone into the thick of perilous adventures, abstracting in the spirit of philosophy, yet seeing and loving in the spirit of poetry, has returned to invest the very story of his escape with the charms of literature and art, and dying at length in the morning of his life, in now lamented, with mingled affection and pride, by his country and the world.

Death discloses the human estimate of character. That mournful pageant which for days past has been wending his way hither, across the solemn main, along our mighty rivers, through cities clad in habiliments of grief, with the learned, the noble, and the good mingling in its train, is but the honest tribute of hearts that could have no emotions but respect and love.—Tours belongs the sad privilege of at length closing the national obsequies in his native city, and at the grave of his kindred. Fittingly we have suffered his honored remains to repose a few pensive hours at the shrine where patriotism gathers its fairest memories and choicest honors. Now, at last, we bear them,—thankful to the Providence by which they have been preserved from mishap and peril,—to the sacred altar at which he was reared.

I do not forget, my friends, the severer solemnities of the place and presence. I remind you of their claim. How empty the applause of mortals as vaunted in the ear of Heaven!—How idle the distinctions among creatures involved in a common insignificance by death and dust! What a mockery the flimsy shows with which we cover up the realities of judgment and eternity. The thought may well temper the pride of our grief—yet it need not stanch its flow. No, I should but feel that the goodness of that God, by whose munificent hand his creature was endowed, had been wronged, did we not pause to reflect awhile upon his virtues and drop some manly and Christian tears over his early grave.

Elisha Kent Kane—a name now to be pronounced in the simple dignity of history—was bred in the lap of science and trained in the school of peril, that he might consecrate himself to a philanthropic purpose, to which, so young, he has fallen a martyr. The story of his life is already a fire-side tale. Multitudes, in admiring fancy, have retraced its foot-prints. Now, that that brief career is closed in death, we recur to it, with a mournful fondness, from the daring exploits which formed the past-time of his youth, to grand tasks which he brought his developed manhood. Though born to ease and elegance, when but a young student, used to academe tastes and honors, we see him breaking away from the refinements of life into the rough paths of privation and danger.—Through distant and varied regions, we follow him in the pursuit of scientific discovery and adventure. On the borders of China—within the unexplored depths of the crater of Luzon—in India and Ceylon—in the islands of the Pacific—by the sources of the Nile—amid the

frowning sphinxes of Egypt, and the classic ruins of Greece—along the fevered coast of Africa, on the embattled plains of Mexico; we behold him everywhere blending the enthusiasm of the scholar with the daring of the soldier and the research of the man of science. Yet these were but the preparatory trials through which Providence was leading him, to an object worthy of his matured powers and noblest aims.—Suddenly he becomes a centre of universal interest. With the prayers and hopes of his country following after him, he disappears from the abodes of men, on a pilgrimage of patience and love, into the icy solitudes of the North. Within the shadow of two sunless winters his fate is wrapt from our view. At length, like one come back from another world, he returns to thrill us with the marvels of his escape, and transport us, by his graphic pen, into scenes we scarcely realize as belonging to the earth we inhabit. All classes are penetrated and touched by the story so simple, so modestly, so eloquently told. The nation takes him to its heart with patriotic pride. In hopeful fancy, a still brighter career is pictured before him; when alas! the vision, while yet it dazzles, dissolves in tears. We awake to the sense of a loss which no cotemporary, at his age, could occasion.

Of that loss let us not here attempt too studious an estimate. These sad solemnities may simply point us to the more moral qualities and actions, in view of which every bereavement most deeply affect us.

As a votary of science, he will indeed, receive fitting tributes. There will not be wanting those who shall do justice to that ardent thirst for truth, which, in him, amounted to one of the controlling passions; to that intellect so severe in induction, yet sagacious in conjecture; and to those contributions, so various and valuable to the existing stock of human knowledge. But his memory will not be cherished alone in philosophic minds. His is not a name to be honored only within the privileged circles of the learned. There is for him another laurel, greener even than that which science waves for her most gifted sons. He is endeared to the popular heart as its chosen ideal of the finest sentiment that adorns our earthly nature.

Philanthropy, considered as among things which are lovely and of good report, is the flower of human virtue. Of all the passions that have their root in the soil of this present life there is none which, when elevated into a conscious duty, is so disinterested and pure. In the domestic affections, there is something of mere blind instinct; in friendship, there is the limit of congeniality; in patriotism, there are the restrictions of local attachment and national antipathy; but in that love of race, which seeks its object in men as men, of whatever kindred, creed, or clime, earthly morality seems divested of the last dross of selfishness, and challenges our highest admiration and praise.

Providence, which governs the world by ideas, selects the fit occasions and men for their illustration. In an age when philanthropic sentiments, through the extension of Christianity and civilization, are on the increase, a fit occasion for their display is offered in the peril of a bold explorer, for whose rescue a cry of anguished affection rings in the ears of the nations, and the man found adequate to that occasion, is he whose death we mourn.

If there was every thing congruous in the scene of the achievement,—had, as it was, in those distant regions where the lines of geography converge beyond all the local distinctions that divide and separate man from his fellow, and among regions of cold and darkness, and disease and famine that would task to their utmost the powers of human endurance—not less suited was the actor who was to enter upon that scene and enrich the world with such a lesson of heroic beneficence. Here, if of a country estranged from that of the imperilled explorer, the simple act of assuming the task of their rescue was a beautiful tribute to the sentiment of national amity. While, as his warrant for undertaking it, he seemed wanting in no single qualification. To a scientific education and the experience of a cosmopolitan, he joined an assemblage of moral qualities so rich in their separate excellence, and so rare in their combination, it is difficult to affect their analysis.

Conspicuous among them was an enlarged, yet minute, benevolence. It was the crowning charm of his character, and a controlling motive in his perilous enterprise. Other promptings indeed there were, neither suppressed, nor in themselves to be deprecated. That passion for adventure, that love of science, that generous ambition, which stimulated his youthful exploits, appear now under the check and guidance of a still nobler impulse. It is his sympathy with the lost and suffering, and the dutiful conviction that it may lie in his power to liberate them from their icy dungeon, which thrill his heart and nerve him to his hardy task. In his avowed aim, the interests of geography were to be subordinate to the claims of humanity. And neither the entreaties of affection, nor the imperilling of a fame, which to a less modest spirit would have seemed too perilous to hazard, could swerve him from the generous purpose.

And yet this was not a benevolence which could exhaust itself in any mere dazzling, visionary project. It was as practical as it was comprehensive. It could descend to all the minutiae of personal kindness, and gracefully disguise itself even in the most menial offices. When defeated in its great object, and forced to resign the proud hope of a philanthropist, it turns to lavish itself upon his suffering comrades, whom he leads almost to forget the commander in the friend. With unselfish devotion and cheerful patience he devotes himself as a nurse and counsellor to relieve their wants, and boy them up under the most appalling misfortunes; and, in those still darker seasons, when the expedition is threatened with disorganization, conquers them, not less by kindness than

by address. Does a party withdraw from him under opposite counsels, they are assured, in the event of their return, of "a brother's welcome." Is tidings brought him that a portion of the little band are forced to halt, he knows not where in the snowy desert, he is off through the midnight cold for their rescue, and finds his reward in the touching assurance, "They knew that he would come." In sickness he tends them like a brother, and, at last, drops a tear of manly sensibility at their graves. Even the wretched savages, who might be supposed to have forfeited the claim, share in his kindly attentions; and it is almost with a touch of tenderness that he parts from them at last, as "children of the same Creator."

This lovely trait it is which forms the secret of much of that enthusiasm his name elicits, and deepens the universal sorrow with which he is lamented. His was a character which, as it spontaneously disclosed itself through his writings, attracted all the warmth of personal friendship even in the absence of personal acquaintance. At many a fireside where his face was never seen, he is mentioned in terms of affectionate admiration. Thousands, who know nothing of the winning gentleness of his manners, feel now that they have lost a friend. To such greatness the world does not yield the tribute of cold respect, but the deep and fervid homage of the heart.

Then, as the fitting support of this noble quality, there was also an indomitable energy. It was the iron column, around whose capital that delicate lily-work was woven. His was not a benevolence which must waste itself in mere sentiment, for want of a power of endurance adequate to support it through hardship and peril. In that slight physical frame, suggestive only of refined culture and intellectual grace, there dwelt a sturdy force of will, which no combination of material terrors seemed to appal, and, by a sort of magnetic impulse, subjected all inferior spirits to its control. It was the calm power of reason and duty asserting their superiority over mere brute courage, and compelling the instinctive homage of Herculean strength and prowess.

With that firm yet conscientious resolve does he quell the rising symptoms of rebellion which threaten to add the terrors of mutiny to those of famine and disease. And all through that stern battle with Nature in her most savage haunts, how he ever seems to turn his mild front toward her frowning face, if in appealing pity, yet not less in fixed resolution.

But if, in that character, benevolence appears supported by energy and patience, so, too, was it equipped with a most marvellous practical tact. He brought to his beneficent task not merely the resources of acquired skill, but a native power of adapting himself to emergencies, and a fertility in devising expedients, which no occasion ever seemed to baffie. Inured in a deadly exclusion, where the combined terrors of nature forced him into all the closer contact with the passions of man, he not only rose, by his energy, superior to them both, but by his ready executive talent, converted each to his ministry. Even the wild inmates of that icy world, from the mere stupid wonder with which they at first regarded his imported marvels of civilization, were, at length, forced to descend to a genuine respect and love, as they saw him compete with them in the practice of their own rude, social virtues.

To these more sterling qualities were joined the graces of an affable cheerfulness, that never deserted him in the darkest hours—a delicate and capricious humor, glancing among the most rugged realities like the sun-beam upon the rocks—and, above all, that invariable stamp of true greatness, a beautiful modesty, ever sufficiently content with itself to rise above the necessity of pretension. Yet strong and fair as were the proportions of that character in its most conspicuous aspects, we should still have been disappointed did we not find, though hidden deep beneath them, a firm basis of religious sentiment. For all serious and thoughtful minds this is the purest charm of those graphic volumes in which he has recorded the story of his wonderful escapes and deliverances. There is every where shining through its pages a chastened spirit, too familiar with human weakness to overlook a Providence in his trials, and too conscious of human insignificance to disdain its recognition. Now, in his lighter, more pensive moods, we see it rising, on the wing of devout fancy, into that region where piety becomes also poetry.

"I have trodden the deck and the floes, where the life of earth seemed suspended, its movements its sounds, its colorings, its companionships; and as I looked on the radiant hemispheres, circling above me, as if rendering worship to the unseen centre of light, I have ejaculated in humility of spirit 'Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'"

Again, in graver emergencies, it appears as a habitual resource, to which he has come in conscious dependence:

"A trust, based on experience as well as on promises, buoyed me up at the worst of times. Call it fatalism, as you ignorantly may, there is that in the story of every eventful life which teaches the inefficiency of human means, and the present control of a Supreme Agency. See how often relief has come at the moment of extremity, in forms strangely unsought, almost at the time unweakened; see, still more how the back has been strengthened to its increasing burden, and the heart cheered by some conscious influence of an unseen power."

Those Arctic Sabbaths were "full of sober thought and wise resolve." We hear no profane oath vaunting itself from that little ice-bound islet of human life, where men has been thrown so helplessly into the hands of God, but rather, in its stead, murmured amid the wild uproar of the storm, that daily prayer, "Lord accept our thanks, and return us to our homes." And when, at length, that prayer is graciously answered, it is the same spirit which, with kindred friends, brings him here—whether, also, can now be brought only his poor re-

mains—under the devout impulse, "I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the presence of all his people." Let us believe that a faith which supported him through trials worse than death, did not fail him when death itself came. Into that last tender scene both religion and delicacy alike forbade that we should too curiously intrude. Affection will prize its melancholy, though sweet, reminiscences, long after the more public grief has subsided. Enough only of the veil may be drawn to admit us to a privileged sympathy.

The disease by which Dr. Kane was prostrated, was that terrible scourge of Arctic life, some seeds of which he secured in his system on his return, but afterwards developed and enhanced by the exhausting literary labors incident to the narrative of the expedition. Entirely under estimating those labors (of which but few of us are prepared to form an adequate conception,) he was quite too thoughtless of the claims of the body, he had so long been accustomed to subject to his purpose, and only awake to a discovery of the error when it was too late. With this melancholy conviction, he announced the completion of the work to a friend in the modest and touching sentence, "The book, poor as it is, has been my coffin."

He left the country under a presentiment that he should never return. For the first time in his life, departure is shadowed with foreboding. It was, indeed, an alarming symptom to find that iron nerve, which hitherto had sustained him under shocks apparently not less severe, this beginning to fail. Yet it will enhance the interest that now gathers around his memory to learn that even then the great purpose of his life he had not wholly abandoned, but in spite of the most serious entreaties was already projecting another Arctic expedition of research and rescue. This object of his visit he was not destined to mature. Neither was it to be his privilege to enjoy the honors that awaited him. Successive and more virulent attacks of disease obliged him to recur to the last resorts of the invalid. In hope of repairing the wounds inflicted by the savage rigors of the North, he is borne to the more genial South, where, at length, beneath its sunny skies, and amidst its balmy airs, supported by the ministries of love and the consolations of religion, his life drew gently to a close.

In the near approach of death he was tranquil and composed. With too little strength either to support or indicate anything of rapture, he was yet sufficiently conscious of his condition to perform some last act befitting the solemn emergency. His reference to those whom he conceived to have been deeply injured him, expressed his cordial forgiveness. To each of the watching group around him, his hand is given in the fond pressure of a final parting; and then, as if sensible that his ties to earth are loosening, he seeks consolation from the requested reading of such Scripture sentences as had been the favorite theme of his thoughtful hours.

Now, he hears those scathing harangues which fill from the lips of the Man of Sorrows, in successive benediction. Then, he will be repeated to him that sweet, sacred pastoral—

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

At length are recited the consolatory words with which the Saviour took leave of his weeping disciples:— "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." And at last, in the midst of this comforting recital, he is seen to expire—so gently, that the trading still proceeds some moments after other watchers have become aware that he is already beyond the reach of any mortal voice. Thus, in charity with all mankind, and with words of the Redeemer in his ear, conveyed by the tones most familiar and beloved on earth, his spirit passed from the world of men.

The heart refuses to deal with such a reality. Death never seems so much a usurper on the domain of life as at the grave of the young and the gifted. In fancy, we strive to complete that brilliant fragment of a history so abruptly ended. We are carried forward into the future, in an effort to picture all that he might have been to his country and the world, until drawn back again by these sad shows of our loss and sorrow, nothing seems to us so visionary as this de-ling life, and nothing so empty as human greatness. Alas! the hand of the victor drops in death at the moment it is extended to grasp the laurel.

Speech of Hon. John V. Wright.

The speech recently delivered in the House of Representatives, by the Hon. J. V. Wright, a member of the Congress from Tennessee, is one of great ability, and reflects great credit upon its author. It is a most conclusive defence, on behalf of the Democracy, against the unfounded charges which have been so freely made by the Know Nothings and Black Republicans. Had we space in our columns to spare, it would afford us great pleasure to publish this speech entire in our paper, but we must be content with a few prominent points which we give below:—

A member of Congress from Massachusetts, the Rev. Mr. Trafton, having indulged in a furious rhapsody of Abolition fanaticism, Mr. Wright disposes of him very effectually in a few words, as follows:—

"I would be pleased to answer the questions of that member here, so as to get him out of a difficulty into which he seems to have fallen with regard to a point of history. If he will make examination into the questions he then

propounded, he will find the ancestors of the men who compose his party kidnapped the negroes from Africa, sold them to the Southern men, put the money in their pockets, and now their descendants are assisting in stealing them a second time, and then reading lectures to us on morality!"

After reading this fanatical incendiary lesson which he will not forget in a life-time, Mr. Wright continues:—

"Having shown from their own mouths, that the President spoke truly—that he was but giving to Congress the facts as they appeared on record—I will proceed briefly to the discussion of another question which has been raised by members on the other side of the House.

"It has been gravely said, that by the election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency, nothing has been decided, because those who assert that, charge that the party which elected him, and whose candidate he was, refused to meet the issues, and that they advocated one line of policy in the North, and another in the South. This, sir, I deny. I will state, as nearly as I can, what were the questions presented to the people of the South; and, although I did not have the pleasure of mingling as much as I desired to do, with the people of the North, yet I saw enough there to satisfy me that the issues as presented by the Cincinnati Convention, were made by the Democracy both North and South, fearlessly, fully, and vindicated successfully. I expect to be able to demonstrate that the Democratic party was the only party that stood faithfully by their cherished principles; and to this I attribute much of the victory we have achieved. In the South, the Democracy planted themselves on these positions:—

- 1. The equality of the States under the Constitution.
2. The equality of the citizens of all the States, without regard to their religious faith or the place of their birth.
3. Non-interference by Congress with slavery in the States, in the Territories, and in the district of Columbia.
4. New States shall be admitted into the Union when the number of inhabitants justify it, with or without domestic slavery, as the people may determine in their Constitution.
5. The enforcement of the constitutional remedy of recovering fugitives from labor, by those to whom such labor is due.

Now, sir, those were the positions upon which the Democracy of Tennessee planted themselves in the contest, and on them they were victorious; and I here take occasion to say, that every Democrat on this floor from the Southern States, and every one who was elected, was supported upon the same principles, and stands here ready to maintain them. If I am mistaken, I would be pleased to learn the exception. [Here Mr. English of Indiana, and Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, Democrats from the Northern States, bowed assent.]

And now, sir, what were the positions of the Black Republican party?

- 1. No more slave States shall ever be admitted into the Union, even if the people thereof are in favor of that institution, and adopt it in their constitution.
2. The unrestricted power of Congress over the question of slavery in the Territories, and a determination to abolish slavery in every place where they think they have the power.

And now, sir, I appeal to the Republican members to say if I have not stated their position correctly? Will they dare to say on this floor, in view of their position as taken before the people, that they will vote to admit Kansas as a slave State if the people there desire it? No, sir, not one of them will.

Mr. Wright alludes to defunct Know Nothingism in the following caustic terms:—

"But I have a word for my Know Nothing friends here. They come along and join in with the cry against us, too. Let us see where they stand. This party, which charges us with having evaded issues, when their first National Convention met, adopted a section as a part of their platform, which was regarded as so unconstitutional and so proscriptive towards the citizens of the United States who were attached to the Catholic faith, that the gentleman from Louisiana, [Mr. Eastis,] himself a member of the party, in his place here, denounced it in most withering terms, declaring that it was a foul blot upon that party and upon the country. When that platform was announced, the Democracy all over the Union united in opposition to it; and it was not long before the very men who made it were seen to wheel about and declare themselves as the especial champions of religious liberty. They abandoned that portion of the platform, and in less than two years they were found in the same conventions, by the side of these same Catholics whom they had once denounced as enemies to the country; and they even went so far as to select a pious and worthy member of that church, in the State of Louisiana, as their chaplain in their State Legislature. Call you that standing up to your issues?"

Again, sir, after the Know-Nothing party had wept oceans of tears over the dangers which they said threatened us from foreign immigration, and after having sworn to proscribe all citizens who were not born upon the soil of the United States, they selected as their candidate for the Presidency a distinguished man who, in the very face of all the lamentation of his followers, and after he was nominated for the Presidency, made this remarkable declaration:— "I have no hostility to foreigners. I have witnessed their deplorable condition in the old country, and God forbid that I should add to their suffering by refusing them an asylum in this. I would throw the gates wide open and invite the oppression of every land to partake of the blessings of our law and country."

This, sir, was the language of Mr. Fillmore when thoughts of the pleasures and comforts of the White House were stealing over him, and, in the teeth of his native-American followers,

he made the broad invitation to the oppressed of every land to come and partake of the blessings of our laws and country. And this is the party which taunts the Democracy with a failure to meet the issues. The Democratic party of the North, and of the South, evaded no issues then. Sir, I have no words that will express my respect and admiration for the gallant Democracy of the whole North. Amid the raging of the storm they faltered not, nor trembled. Whenever the battle raged the warmest, they might be seen closing thick around the glorious standard of the constitution. Their victory will be remembered upon the brightest page of the country's history, and posterity will point to them as heroes, whose self-sacrificing spirit, and whose devotion to principle, and whose love of country, can scarcely find a parallel anywhere. I feel grateful to them, and I take pleasure in expressing it.

THE TAME SEAL.

AN IRISH STORY.

It is seldom that one meets with a more touching recital, in reference to the brute creation, than the following, which is quoted from an Irish work:—

About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Claw Bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew tame, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; it played with the children; came at his master's call, and as the old man described, it was "fond as a dog and playful as a kitten."—Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, brought in a salmon or trout to his master.

His delight in the summer was to bask in the sun, and in the winter, to lie before the fire, or if permitted to creep into a large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen. For four years the seal was domesticated, when, unfortunately, in that country, the *crippaw*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs, which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house. Some died, others became infirm, and the customary cure, by changing them to dryer pastures, failed.

A "wise woman" was consulted, and this hag assured the credulous owner that the mortality among the cows was occasioned by his keeping an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with immediately, or the *crippaw* will continue, and the charms be unable to avert the malady. The superstitious man consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat and carried out beyond Clear Island and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself the best he could. The boat returned—the family retired to rest, and the next morning, a servant awakened her master to tell him the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal over night came back to the beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favourite resting place.

Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be removed.—A Galway fishing boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him off till he had gone leagues beyond Lunis Boffin. It was done. A day and a night passed. The second evening closed. The servant was raking the fire for the night when something scratched at the door—it was, of course, the house dog—she opened it and in came the seal.

Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified his delight to find himself at home—then stretching himself before the glowing embers on the hearth he fell asleep. The master of the house was apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In this exigency the bedlam was awakened and consulted. She averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight and a third time carried out to sea. To this health proposition the besotted creature who owned the house consented; and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element! Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clear Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

A week passed over and things became worse instead of better. The cattle of this truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal old hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and care. On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door. The servants who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the *banshee* came to warn them of their approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed coverings.

When the morning broke, the door was opened, and the seal was there lying dead on the threshold! "Stop, Julius!" I exclaimed, "give me a moment's time to curse all engaged in this barbarism." "Be patient, Frank," said my cousin, "the *finale* will probably save you that trouble." The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand hill, and from that moment misfortune followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The old hag, who had denounced the inoffensive seal was within a fortnight hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her daughter.

Everything about this devoted home melted away; sheep rotted, cattle died, and "blighted was the corn." Of several children some reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived everything he had ever loved or cared for. He died blind and miserable. There is not one stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name, and the series of inhuman calamity which pursued all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true.