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Select Poetry and Miscellany.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June,
The Southwest breezes play;
And through its haze the Winter noon
Seems warm as Summer's day.
The snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The musk-rat leaves his nook,
The blue-bird in the meadow-brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O mother nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our Winter voices prophesy
Of Summer days to thee!"

So in the Winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the Winter's snow
Lie gems of Summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Hath left his Hope with all!

LILIAN LOVIS.

BY MISS MARTHA RUSSELL.

"Sixty-one—two—three. It must be old Aunt Saunders," I observed, as the tolling of the South Church bell fell upon my ear. For the first time in my life I listened to its mournful tones with a feeling of relief, if not pleasure. Not that I have so far outgrown humanity as to be able to look Death in the face without fear—for I have still a childish dread of *shadows*—but I knew that a lamp, whose flame had been long dimmed by the unwholsome vapors of earth, had been re-lit in Heaven—that a harp, whose chords had been too tensely drawn while here, to give forth sweet music, had again caught up the hymn of life in that blessed land where all beautiful things

"Keep the high promise of their earlier day."

I put on my bonnet, and in a few moments stood in the chamber of death. I have ever had a proclivity to antiquarianism, reader; but my researches have been rather in the soul-world than in the world of old ruins, or Roman antiquities. I love to take some old care-worn, world-worn face, and re-cast it in the mould of youth—to strip from it, one by one those mummy-like envelopes which time, education and custom have wrapped around it, until, Galatea-like, it stands before me, glowing with youth hope and beauty. But Aunt Saunders' face (she was the 'village aunt,' reader,) had ever been to me most tantalizing. Occasionally I fancied that I could detect a *gleam of light in her sunken eyes, that* betokened something like human interest—but, like a spot of untarnished gilding on some old, illumined manuscript, it only seemed to show more plainly the dilapidated condition of the rest.

How could I dream she had ever been young and fair!—that those faded, sunken eyes had ever flashed back the sunlight, or mirrored in their depths an image of love and hope?—those shrivelled lids had ever drooped, in very bashfulness, beneath the gaze of living eyes which were earnestly striving to read that tale which no man reads unmoved? By what magic could I smooth out the unnumbered wrinkles that circled round her mouth, and make it once more the gate of Love and Mirth—of song and ringing laughter?

Death revealed to me far more than life. He did not enter that solitary chamber alone. The angel of Mercy had stood by the pillow of the dying one, and re-touched those fading lineaments with something like the freshness of early life.

Then I learned—and could well credit the tale—how, in early girlhood, she had been, for three blessed years, the cherished flower of young Henry Gresham's heart—his Lily, as he fondly called her, filling his pathway with fragrance and beauty.—Those sunken eyes had returned light for light—those shrivelled lips, love for love,—and the young man forgot his proud mother and worldly-wise father, while he sat by her side and received both at her hands. Lilian Lovis had nothing to recommend her to the wealthy Greshams, but her sweet face and guileless heart. These were priceless in the eyes of young Harry, but, unfortunately, the old people tho't differently. They saw no beauty, save thro' the yellow atmosphere of gold—no worth, save such as could be found between the leaves of mouldy family records. Their children had been trained to implicit obedience, and they did not fail to represent to Harry their disapproval of his taste in such a way as to leave him no choice between love and what they called—and, alas! he thought—duty.

They succeeded in convincing his intellect, but not his heart, for there the fragrance of his Lily lingered long after the daughter of rich Jacob Greene called him husband. And once or twice during the first years of his marriage, (we say it in a whisper reader,) he was so *very foolish as to entertain* something like the thought that Manning Farm and Long Acres was a poor exchange for the pure soul and loving tones of Lilian Lovis. But he was prudent as well as dutiful, and, in a few years, in burying the image of his youth, together with his meek-eyed Lily under a load of speculations that finally made him one of the richest men in the country.

For sometime after Harry Gresham's marriage, Lilian Lovis' eyes had a dreamy look, and, not unfrequently, a bright drop gathered on the long lashes, and fell silently down her cheek. Still she did not repine. She had been too deeply schooled in the 'meek lessons of humanity' to do that. Harry had obeyed his parents—fulfilled the commandment—and, with her New England education, she could not blame him. With an earnest effort to gather the sunshine into her heart once more, she lifted her head, and sought strength and comfort in the strict performance of such duties as fell to her lot.

Lily was still young when her mother died, but she had a high character for faithfulness and honesty, and this drew upon her the attention of old, rich, rheumatic John Saunders. He wanted a wife, or, rather, a *nurse and house-keeper* under that name, and his choice fell upon Lily.

She hesitated—but friends whispered, nay shouted, maxims of prudence and worldly wisdom in her ears, mingled with hints of dependence, until bewildered, confused, with a shudder which she prayed Heaven to forgive as the movement of a rebellious heart, she laid her hand in the bony one that reached out to grasp hers, and gave him the name of husband.

For many long months her new home seemed dark and empty,—but 'something the heart must have to cherish,' and, as her husband grew more and more feeble, pity took the place of love, and led her to think of him wich a feeling nearly akin to that which a mother feel towards a peevish, suffering child. Irritable and impatient, he could not bear to tiust her from his sight; and the freshness and fragrance of Lily soon faded in the close atmosphere of that sick chamber, while the flower dust of the heart was daily brushed away by some new exaction on the part of the querulous invalid. Yet he loved her as well as he was capable of loving anything aside from himself, and thought he made ample compensation for all her care patience by leaving her a competence in his will. So thought her friends when, after a lingering struggle of many years, he at length yielded to death. They spoke much of his generosity, and Lilian assented to their remarks, without comprehending them.

After so many years of seclusion, their voices annoyed her. She had not loved old John Saunders as a wife—she could not; but his pale, wrinkled face, peering over the back of his arm chair, watching her every moment—his sharp, querulous tones, calling her name until he obtained a reply, were it a thousand times, had, by the mere force of habit, become a part of her daily life—of herself—and now, in her utter isolation, she often turned from the condolence that sounded so much like congratulation, towards the old arm chair, almost expecting, and half wishing, to hear again his sharp-toned—"Lilian." Her long confinement had unfitted her for the rush and stir of life; but she gradually grew to be an oracle at births and deaths—a rare compounder of embrocations and syrups, and nurse to the whole town. To these she united another occupation—that of shroud-maker, and many a time have I watched her attenuated fingers pressing the long needle through the starched muslin, and thought, if the white folds were only gathered around her, the illusion would be complete. Life and death—a funeral or a birth seemed alike to her, and, to me, she was a being without human sympathies. But I was mistaken. One chord in the harp of life still vibrated to the music of earth. On the day before her death, the rich Judge Gresham, while presiding at a meeting of the directors of the——railroad, was taken with a fit of apoplexy. He lived but a few hours—but, during that time, succeeded in making a few orders and requests understood. One was, that Lilian Saunders should make his shroud. The person who conveyed the order to aunt Saunders did not note the trembling of her hands, or the sudden gleam of her eye, as he mentioned the death of her early lover, and his request. For some seconds after the door closed upon the messenger, she stood gazing at the snowy folds of cambric in her hand, as in a dream. "'Tis more than forty years since," she murmured, as she mechanically laid the cambric on her pillow, and pressed her cheek against the white folds. For a few moments, perchance hours, she was again his Lily, and then—Death and Mercy took her home.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part assunder if one be broken. Frail thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, is pregnant with death—health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes, contains elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths.—Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warn to the world!

TWILIGHT.—What a beautiful aspect does all nature wear, when the sun has just entered the gates of the east, or is sinking below the horizon in the west! The heathen personified the morning twilight as a goodness, and assigned to her the office of opening the gates of the east, to introduce the chariot of Apollo Phœbus. In the evening, after sunset, the rays of the sun still continued to illuminate the atmosphere, till he sinks below the horizon, when the twilight becomes deeper, till it is lost in dark night. Our hearts expand in love to that great Being, who is the "author of every good and perfect gift," and from whom all our blessings flow, when we look upon the great canopy, spangled with brilliant stars, which are placed there, not only for our admiration and delight, but supposed to be inhabited by immortal beings, whose organs are adapted to their peculiar circumstances. And while receiving so many bounties from the hand of our Heavenly Father, we would love and never cease to thank him, for all his kindness towards us.

A TOUGH STORY.—A native down east, describing the remarkable properties of guanoas a promoter of vegetation, said that, soon after planting cucumber seeds, the dirt began to fly, and the vines came up like a stream, and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him, and in taking out his knife to cut "the darned things," he found a large cucumber going to seed in his pocket.

☞Once upon a time, an aged Methodist minister in Indiana, in a rickety old meeting house, was exhorting his fellow sinners in vain to come up and be prayed for, and thus escape "fire and damnation." In the midst of his exhortation a bench just before him broke with the weight of its occupants, and the rotten and overburdened floor giving way, some half dozen sinners made a miraculous disappearance into the cellar beneath. "And that's the way, my dear friends," continued the old man in his loudest tones and with scarcely a pause "you'll all go down to hell together, if you don't come right out that hole and be prayed for!"

A SCENE A[illegible]A.

The war had broken out between England and France: Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens: all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience, I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers, and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed, somehow or other, daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor, who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, taking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—*when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even* suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife, with one plunge, into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him and as a friend, who rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white, was stained with blood. With an effort, Charles turned toward her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse into the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance—so truly attached had they been to the chief mate—and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility, to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men of duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head, and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm; we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the Line: the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat: the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water, I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions, the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course—as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the Line.

In such weather, placed in a ship which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band which encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us: at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the plash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe—a closer fellowship with its Creator—than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and, consequently, stood in anxious silence; when sudenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlass, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse, then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim—and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper, which he held in his hand, the full powers delegated to the captain to hold court-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c., &c., and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was withdrawn from the face of the corpse, and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic, look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced, which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culpret throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit, I was at a loss conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve orther approached with strong cords. In a moment, I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim.—His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings, and up the shrowds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by the chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together.

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment—there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface.—Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We retired, and, in hurrying to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inicted.

Of course, strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself, I can only say, that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far from the tragic scene.

THE TIGHT-BOOT: OR, HOW A YOUNG MAN WENT INTO A BALL ROOM.

About five years ago I happened at a wedding in one of the back wood countries of Georgia, at the house of Major S. Being the wealthiest man in those parts, he was desirous of giving a great flare-up, and for this purpose had invited a large number of guests to witness the nuptials of the eldest of three-blooming, cherry-lipped, strong-limbed, clean-footed daughters. Among the invited guests I observed the face of Bill P., a representative of the country at the "University," whom I had known as the *butt* of his class while there, but who was destined to act a conspicuous part on the present memorable occasion. Bill was an original—*sui generis*. He was peculiarly attached to his head, which was unique in shape, and clothed with curls which resembled less Hyperion's than the setting sun in hue. He was six feet two in his stockings, with legs meeting a long way up, and more resembling a pair of compasses than anything I can at present imagine,—Add to this, he was twenty years of age, and reeking with verdancy and bashfulness and you have his daguerreotype. The ceremony had been performed, the hour was waxing late, and all seemed to be enjoying the flow of soul.

I had exhausted the fun from the various groups, and was looking about for a subject of interest, when I perceived Bill sitting like Napoleon, solitary and alone, with a face, the agony of whose expression I shall never forget. Approaching him, I kindly inquired the cause of his distress, and proffered him assistance.

"Give me your arm," said he, "I am deathly sick; let me find a room and go to bed."

He grasped my arm convulsively, and limping *along*, we went into a private room which Major S. had assigned me as my quarters for the night. I soon discovered the cause of Bill's malady, which was a small pair of boots on his large feet, worn with the view of curtailing the fair proportions of those members. He endeavored in vain to release his feet; and as it was impossible to get the assistance of a servant, I volunteered to tug at them myself, when he had completely exhausted his strength. We succeeded at once in pulling off one: but the other resisted our every effort. Bill was in agony: his foot was badly swollen, and yet he did not cut the boot. At last he arose, his eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling," and dripping with perspiration, and pronouncing anathemas, not loud but deep, upon all gathering's in general, and country weddings in particular, he divested himself of every garment save that one terrible boot. The merriment in the adjoining chamber contrasted strangely with the anguish in mine.

The guests had now all gone into the ball-room. I could hear every note of preparation made by the fiddler. Approaching nearer the wall I discovered a door which opened into the room where they were about commencing the dance. By this time Bill had recovered strength, and re-commenced the tug with his boot. In vain he essayed every position and attitude. At last he thought he might accomplish his object by placing his back to the wall, his right foot against one of my feet, and obtain my assistance. He placed himself firmly against the door, and I caught his leg and began to pull, gradually yielding and bidding him make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," the boot unexpectedly gave way and with it the door, and Bill went tumbling into the ball room!

Such screams from the females, and such consternation among the beaux was never before seen. In the midst of my mirth uproarious I heard the clatter of horse's hoof, and looking out of the window I beheld a solitary horseman flying with the speed of a locomotive, his long hair streaming in the wind, and clothed in full Georgia costume, to wit—a shirt collar and a pair of spurs. It was poor Bill.

A MORMON CONVENTICLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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 stairs 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 a dark, enthusiastic complexion, black eyes and hair, with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat unique 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 a 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 nown, which no christian ear can endure," to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straight forward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam in paradise, as the lord of the lower world—"For," said he, water couldn't drown him, fire couldn't burn him, cold couldn'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 of the power of the air, *consequently*, he is the 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 children of God come down with the chains in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon."

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 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 none to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and 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 moved to go to a house 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 dear 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 power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of a living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scriptures, that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first professors 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.

In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apocryphal 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 the charges 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 Christrian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrong-doers should hate those they have so foully injured.

The Prophet himself, the master-spirit of this extraordinary religious movement, is no more. He died by the hand of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr—unwilling, doubtless, but still a martyr to his faith. For, after all, Joe Smith, could not have been wholly incincere; or, if so at 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 Mahommed and Napoleon, to consider himself the 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 principle 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 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 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 a while 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 prarie horizon shut down beneath him and the city of 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 a window in the wall of the nineteeth century," whence his rude, bold, good-humored face will peep out for 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 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 gigantic profile 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.—*Howitt's Journal.*

Editorial, News Items, &c.

HURRAH FOR CASS.—The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that when the news of Cass' nomination reached there, a boat from the west full of passengers, happened at that time to arrive at the piers. One of our citizens stepped on board, and was immediately accosted by some half dozen enquirers if anything had been heard from Baltimore. The citizen replied that Gen. Cass had been nominated by over a two-thirds vote. There was a pause for were strangers, and did not like to give vent to feelings that might be unpleasant to some. At length one man spoke out, "well," says he, "that is a good nomination." "Never a better one," says another. "That's just what I think," says a third, and the same sentiment passed round, till finally they got up a regular shout. There proved to be but *one* whig in the crowd, and he went off *whistling*.

BLOODY MILITIA FIGHT.—A militia regimental parade at Tuscarora, in this State, lately, was more than usually spirited. A sentinel having knocked down one of two or three who attempted to pass the lines, almost instantly some 20 or 30 Germans against Irish, were engaged as if in deadly conflict. Muskets, swords, clubs and stones, were used as if with the full intention of taking life; and before peace could be restored, the ground was covered with victims, bloody, bruised and cut, some of them so severely injured that it was thought they would not recover. Several prosecutions have been instituted.

RESOLUTIONS.—Our whig great men (and there are no other, let whig newspapers tell the story) are good at making resolutions—they are also good at breaking them—somehow or other they can't keep them. Take Mr. Clay for instance; *he* went to Washington some time since *resolved* to declare himself *not* a candidate for the Presidency; but shortly afterwards he comes out in a letter and says he *is* a candidate.

Take Gen. Scott for a second instance. *He* went to Elizabethtown resolved *not* to accept of public civilities; a day afterwards he accepts the invitation of the the New York Common Council, and leaves his place of *retirement*, "laboring" as he was, under the "ban of Executive displeasure;" or as a correspondent of the Boston *Chronotype* says, he overcame his "maiden timidity" and consented to a public pageant *in his honor*.

Resolutions are "first rate things"—*if* you don't break them.

Foreign Items by the Niagara.

One account from Paris says that Louis Blanc was still at liberty, and another that he had been arrested, and still another that he had fled.

The strongest means have been adopted to prevent the recurrence of physical display, by the numbers of the secret clubs,

Advices as late as the evening of the 18th state that the city had been perfectly tranquil during the day.

Citizen Sobrier, in the *interim*, repaired to the Ministry of the interior with his monta guards. He demanded admittance and the transfer of the ministry to him, and of the military posts to his faithful followers.

He was admitted, but only to be arrested. His hundred partisans were disarmed, stripped even of their scarlet cravats, and turned adrift.

After the Chamber of Deputies and the Hotel de Ville had been purged of their new occupants, and after the arrest of several parties connected with the attempted revolution, who had in the first instance escaped, all Paris presented masses of national guards, moving in columns of thousands to the great points of the city, the people of all classes, with here and there a solitary exception, cheering them on. During the night, several regiments of the line, marched to the capital. The republican guards, a corps formed at the revolution, and only subject to the orders of the Prefect of Police, was ordered by the executive committee to be disbanded, but this troop had refused to quit the prefecture, or to allow the national guard to enter it. They declined even to obey any verbal orders from their chief, Causcidiere, who was then at the Assembly. This contest continued for several hours during which a great military force collected around the prefecture. At 4 o'clock, 10,000 men surrounded it.

They admitted some detachments of the national guard within the building. During the night, however, the neighborhood continued as before to be occupied by the troops, who bivouacked in the street.

The number of prisoners at Vincennes is 67, and 33 are under arrest at the *Hotel de Ville*.

Advices of the 17th state that things begin to assume the aspect of civil order. The walls have been placarded with an apologetic manifesto from M. Causidere, in which he endeavors to defend himself.

Ledru-Rollin was arrested, his name having been in the list of the pretended government, but Lamartine becoming responsible for him, he was released.

On many persons were found pistols, daggers, and on some letters from the chief of the plot. One of the persons arrested had a paper in his hand, which he thrust in his mouth and tried to swallow, but being seized by the throat, he was obliged to give it up, and it turned out to be a list of the chief conspirators.