THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

D. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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POWDER.—104 Kegs Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, Just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by
Nov. 1, 20. S. T. STERRETT & SONS.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee, that time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet your gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows tanned by heaven's life breathing wind,
In the expansion of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Will thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature borne,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left that frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though wearst the glory of the sky,
Will thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovlier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me to that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

EVICTION; IRELAND'S CURSE.

A BIT OF IRISH HISTORY.

The moorland was wide, level, and black; black as night, if you could suppose night condensed on the surface of the earth, and that you could tread on solid darkness in the midst of day. The day itself was indeed fast dropping into night although it was dreary and gloomy at the best; for it was a November day. The moor, for miles around, was treeless and houseless; devoid of vegetation, except heather, which clad with its gloomy frieze coat the shivering landscape. At a distance you could discern, thought the misty atmosphere, the outline of mountains apparently as bare and stony as this wilderness, which they bounded. There were no fields, no hedgerows, no marks of the hand of man, except in past ages; when, period after period, he had tramped over the scene with fire and sword, and left all that could not fly before him, either ashes to be scattered by the savage winds, or stems of trees, and carcases of men trodden into the swampy earth. As the Roman historian said of other destroyers, "They created solitude, and called it peace." That all this was the work of man, and not of Nature, any one spot of this huge and howling wilderness could testify, if you would only turn up its cold, [illegible] In its bosom lay thousands of ancient oaks and pines, black as ebony: which told, by the gigantic bulk, that forests must have once existed on this spot, as rich as the scene was now bleak. Nobler things than trees lay buried there, but were, for the most part, resolved into the substance of the inky earth. The dwellings of men had left few or no traces, for they had been consumed in flames; and the hearts that had loved, and suffered, and perished beneath the hand of violence and insult, were no longer human hearts, but slime. If a man were carried blindfold to that place, and asked when his eyes were unbandaged where he was, he would say—"Ireland!"

He would want no clue to the identity of the place, but the scene before him. There is no heath like an Irish heath. There is no desolation like an Irish desolation. Where Nature herself has spread the expance of a solitude, it is a cheerful solitude. The air flows over it lovingly; the flowers nod and dance in gladness; the soil breathes up a spirit of wild fragrance, which communicates a buoyant sensation of the heart. You feel that you tread on ground where the peace of God, and not the "peace" of man created in the merciless hurricane of war, has sojourned; where the sun shone on creatures sporting on ground or on tree, as the Divine Goodness of the Universe meant them to sport: where the hunter disturbed alone the enjoyment of the lower animals by his own boisterous joy; where the traveler sung as he went over it, because he felt a spring of expressible music in his heart; where the weary wayfarer sat beneath a bush, and blessed God, though his limbs ached with travel, and his goal was far off. In God's deserts dwells gladness; in man's deserts, death. A melancholy smites you as you enter them. There is a darkness from the past that envelopes your heart, and the moans and sighs of ten-times perpetrated misery seem still to live in the very winds.

One shallow, and widely-spread stream struggled through the moor: sometimes between masses of grey stone. Sedges and the white-headed cotton-rush whitled on its margin, and on island-like expanses that here and there rose above the surface of its middle course.

I have said that there were no signs of life; but on one of those grey stones stood a heron watching for prey. He had remained straight, rigid and motionless for hours. Probably his appetite was appeased by his day's success amongst the trout of that dark red-brown stream, which was closed by the peat from which it oozed. When he did move, he sprung up at once, stretched his broad wings, and, silent as the scene around him, made a circuit in the air; rising higher as he went, with slow and solemn flight. He had been startled by a sound. There was life in the desert now. Two horsemen came galloping along a highway not far distant, and the heron, continuing his grave gyrations, surveyed them as he went. Had they been travelers over a plain of India, an Australian waste, or the Pampas of South America, they could not have been grimmer of aspect, or more thoroughly children of the wild. They were Irish from head to foot.

They were mounted on two spare but by no means clumsy horses. The creatures had marks of blood and breed that had been introduced by the English to the country. They could claim, if they knew it, lineage of Arabia. The one was a poor bay, the other and lesser, was black; but both were lean as death, haggard as famine. They were wet with the speed with which they had been hurried along. The soil of the damp moorland or of the field in which, during the day, they had probably been drawing the peasant's cart, still smeared their bodies, and their manes flew as wildly and untrimmed as the sedge or the cotton-rush of the wastes through which they careered. Their riders, wielding each a heavy stick instead of a riding-whip, which they applied over and anon to the shoulders or flanks of their smoking animals, were mounted on their bare backs, and guided by halter, instead of bridle. They were a couple of the short frize-coated, knee-breeches and grey stocking fellows who are as plentiful on Irish soil as potatoes. From beneath their narrow-brimmed, old, weather-beaten hats, streamed hair as unkempt as their horses' manes. The Celtic phisiognomy was distinctly marked—the small and somewhat upturned nose; the black tint of the skin; the eye now looking grey, now black, the freckled cheek, and sandy hair. Board and whiskers covered half the face, and the short square-shouldered bodies were bent forward with eager impatience, as they thumped and kicked along their horses, muttering curses as they went.

The heron, sailing on broad and seemingly slow vans, still kept them in view. Anon, they reached a part of the moorland where traces of human labor were visible. Black piles of peat stood on the solitary ground, ready, after a summer's cutting and drying. Presently, patches of cultivation presented themselves; plots of ground raised on beds each a few feet wide, with intervening trenches to carry off the boggy water, where potatoes had grown, and small fields where grew more stalks of ragwood than grass, enclosed by banks cast up and tipped here and there with a brier or a furze. It was the husbandry of misery and indigence. The ground had already been freshly manured by sea-weeds, but the village—where was it? Blotches of burnt ground; scorched heaps of rubbish, and fragments of blackened walls, alone were visible. Garden-plots were trodden down, and their few bushes rent up, or hung with tatters of rags. The two horsemen, as they hurried by with gloomy visages, uttered no more than a single word:—"Eviction!"

Further on, the ground heaved itself into a chaotic confusion. Stony heapos swelled up here and there, naked, black, and barren; the huge bones of the earth protruded themselves through her skin. Shattered rocks arose, sprinkled with bushes, and smoke curled up from what looked like mere heaps of rubbish; but which were in reality human habitations. Long dry grass hissed and rustled in the wind on their roofs (which were sunk by-places, as if falling in); and pits of reeking filth seemed placed exactly to prevent access to some of the low doors; while to others, a few stepping-stones made that access only possible. Here the two riders stopped, and hurriedly tying their steeds to an elder-bush, disappeared in one of the cabins.

The heron slowly sailed on to the place of its regular roost. Let us follow it.

Far different was this scene to those the bird had left. Lofty trees darkened the steep slopes of a fine river. Rich meadows lay at the feet of woods and stretched down to the stream. Herds of cattle lay on them, chewing their cuds after the plentiful grazing of the day. The white walls of a noble house peeped, in the dusk of night, through the fertile timber which stood in proud guardianship of the mansion; and broad winding walks gave evidence of a place where nature and art had combined to form a paradise. There were ample pleasure-grounds. Alas! the grounds around the cabins above which the heron had so lately flown, might truly be styled pain-grounds.

Within that home was assembled a happy family. There was the father, a fine-looking man of forty. Proud you would have deemed him, as he sat for a moment abstracted in his cushioned chair; but a moment afterwards, as a troop of children came bursting into the room, his manner was instantly changed into one so pleasant, so playful and so overflowing with enjoyment, that you saw him only as an amiable, glad, domestic man. The mother, a handsome woman, was seated already at the tea-table; and in another minute, sounds of merry voices and childish laughter were mingled with the jocose tones of the father, and the playful accents of the mother; addressed now to one and now to another, of the youthful group.

In due time the merriment was hushed, and the household of servants assumed their accustomed places. The father read. He then paused once or twice, and glanced with a stern and surprised expression towards the group of domestics, for he heard sounds that astonished him from one corner of the room near the door. He went on—"Remember the children of Edom O Lord, in the day of judgment, how they said, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground. O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, yea, happy shall he be who rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us!"

There was a burst of smothered sobs from the same corner, and the master's eye flashed with a strange fire as he again darted a glance towards the offender. The lady looked, equally surprised, in the same direction; then turned a meaning look on her husband—a warm flush was succeeded by a paleness in her countenance, and she cast down her eyes. The children wondered, but were still. Once more the father's sonorous voice continued—"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Again the stifled sound was repeated. The brow of the master darkened again—the mother looked agitated; the children's wonder increased; the master closed the book, and the servants, with constrained silence, retired from the room.

"What *can* be the matter with old Dennis?" exclaimed the lady, the moment that the door closed on the household. "O! what is amiss with poor old Dennis?" exclaimed the children.

"Some stupid folly or other," said the father, morosely. "Come, away to bed, children. You can learn Dennis's troubles another time." The children would have lingered, but again the words, "Away with you!" in a tone which never needed repetition, were decisive: they kissed their parents and withdrew. In a few seconds the father rang the bell. "Send Dennis Croggan here."

The old man appeared. He was a little thin man, of not less than seventy years of age, with white hair and a dark spare countenance. He was one of those many nondescript servants in a large Irish house, whose duties are curiously miscellaneous. He had, however, shown sufficient zeal and fidelity through a long life, to secure a warm nook in the servants' hall for the remainder of his days.

Dennis entered with an humble and timid air, as conscious that he had deeply offended; and had to dread, at least, a severe rebuke. He bowed profoundly to both the master and mistress.

"What is the meaning of your interruptions during the prayers, Dennis?" demanded the master abruptly. "Has anything happened to you?"

"No, Sir."

"Anything amiss in your son's family?"

"No, your honor."

The interrogator paused, a storm of passion seemed slowly gathering within him. Presently he asked, in a loud tone, "What does this mean? Was there no place to vent your nonsense in, but in this room, and at prayers?"

Dennis was silent. He cast an imploring look at the master, then at the mistress.

"What is the matter, good Dennis?" asked the lady in a kind tone. "Compose yourself, and tell us. Something strange must have happened to you."

Dennis trembled violently; but he advanced a couple of paces, seized a back of a chair to support him, and after a vain grasp or two, declared, as intelligibly as fear would permit, that the prayer had overcome him.

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed the master, with fury in the same face, which was so lately beaming with joy on the children. "Nonsense! Speak out without more ado, or you shall rue it."

Dennis looked to the mistress as if he would have implored her intercession; but as she gave no sign of it, he was compelled to speak; but in a brogue that would have been unintelligible to English ears. We therefore translate it:

"I could not help of thinking of the poor people at Rathbeg, when the soldiers and police cried, 'Down with them! down with them, even to the ground!' and then the poor bit cabins came down all in fire and smoke, amid the howls and cries of the poor creatures. Oh! it was a fearful sight, your honor—it was, indeed—to see the poor women hugging their babies, and the houses where they were, burning in the wind. It was dreadful to see the old bedridden man lie on the wet ground amongst the few bits of furniture, and groan to his gracious God above. Oh, your honor! you never saw such a sight, or—you—sure a—it would never have been done?"

Dennis seemed to let the last word out as if they were jerked from him by a sudden shock.

The master, whose face had changed during his speech to a livid hue of passion, his eyes blazing with rage, was in the act of rushing on old Dennis, when he was held back by his wife who exclaimed—"Oswald! be calm; let us hear what Dennis has to say. Go on, Dennis—go on!"

The master stood still, breathing hard to overcome his rage. Old Dennis as if seeing only his thoughts, went on—"O, bless your honor! if you had seen that poor frantic woman when the back of the cabin fell, and buried her infant, where she thought she had laid her safe for a moment, while she flew to part her husband and a soldier, who had struck the other children with the flat of his sword; and bade them to troop off! Oh, your honor, but it was a killing sight! It was that came over me in the prayer, and I feared that we might be praying perdition on us all, when we prayed about our trespasses. If the poor creature of Rathbeg should meet us, your honor, at Heaven's gate (I was thinking) and say—'These are the heathens that would not let us have a poor hearth-stone in poor ould Ireland.' And that was all, your honor, that made me misbehave so; I was just thinking of that, and I could not help it."

"Begone! you old fool!" exclaimed the master; and Dennis disappeared, with a bow, and an alertness, that would have done credit to his earlier years.

There was a moment's silence after his exit. The lady turned to her husband, and clasping his arms with her hands, and looking into his darkened countenance with a look of tenderest anxiety, said:—

"Dearest Oswald, let me, as I have so often done, once more entreat that these dreadful evictions may cease. Surely there must be some way to avert them, and set your property right, without such violent measures."

The stern man said—"Then, why, in Heaven's name do you not reveal some other remedy? why do you not enlighten all Ireland? why don't you instruct Government? The unhappy wretches who have been swept away by force are no people, no tenants of mine. They squatted themselves down, as a swarm of locusts fix themselves while a green blade is left. They obstruct all improvement; they will not till the ground themselves; nor will they quit it to allow me to provide more industrious and provident husbandmen to cultivate it. Land that teems with fertility, and is shut from bearing and bringing forth food for man, is accursed. Those who have been evicted not only rob me, but their more industrious fellows."

"They will murder us!" said the wife, "some day for these things. They will—"

Her words were cut short suddenly by her husband starting, and standing in a listening attitude. "Wait a moment," he said, with a peculiar calmness, as if he had just got a fresh thought; and his lady, who did not comprehend what was the cause, but hoped that some better influence was touching him, unloosed her hands from [illegible] stepped from the room, opened the front door, and without his hat, went out.

"He intends to cool down his anger," thought his wife: "he feels a longing for the freshness of the air." But she had not caught the sound which had startled his quicker, because more excited ear: she had been too much engrossed by her own intercession with him: it was a peculiar whine from the mastiff, which was chained near the lodge gate, that had arrested his attention. He stepped out. The black clouds which overhung the moor had broken, and the moon's light struggled between them.

The tall and haughty man stood erect in the breeze and listened. Another moment,—there was a shot, and he fell headlong upon the broad steps on which he stood.—His wife sprang with a piercing shriek from the door, and fell on his corpse. A crowd of servants gathered about them, making wild lamentations, and breathing vows of vengeance. The murdered master and the wife were borne into the house.

The heron soared from its lofty perch, and wheeled with terrified wings through the night air. The servants armed themselves; and rushing furiously from the house, traversed the surrounding masses of trees. Fierce dogs were let loose, and dashed frantically through the thickets. All was, however, too late. The soaring heron saw grey figures, with blackened faces, steal away—often on their hands and knees—down the hollows of the moorlands towards the village; where the two Irish horsemen had, in the first dusk of evening, tied their lean steeds to the old elder bush.

Near the mansion no lurking assassin was to be found. Meanwhile two servants, pistol in hand, on a couple of their master's horses, scoured hill and dale. The heron sailing solemnly on the wing above, saw them halt in a little town. They thundered with the but ends of their pistols on a door in the principal street. Over it there was a coffin-shaped board displaying a painted crown, and the big-lettered words, "Police Station." The mounted servants shouted with might and main. A night-capped head issued from a chamber casement with—"What is the matter?"

"Out with you, Police? out with all your strength, and lose not a moment; Mr. Fitz-Gibbon, of Sporeen, is shot at his own door."

The casement was hastily clapped to, and the two horsemen galloped forward up the long, broad street; now flooded with the moon's light. Heads full of terror were thrust from upper windows to enquire the cause of that rapid galloping, but ever too late. The two men held their course up a steep hill outside of the town, where stood a vast building overlooking the whole place. It was the barracks. Here the alarm was also given.

In less than an hour, a mounted troop of police in olive green costume, with pistols at holster, sword by side and carbine on the arm, were trotting briskly out of town, accompanied by two messengers; whom they plied with eager questions. These answered, and sundry imprecations vented, the whole party increased their speed, and went on, mile after mile, by hedgerow and open moorland, talking as they went.

Before they reached the house of Sporeen, and near the village where the two Irish horsemen had stopped the evening before, they halted, and formed themselves into more orderly array. A narrow gully was before them on the road, hemmed in on each side by rocky steeps, here and there overhung with bushes. The commandant bade them be on their guard, for there might be danger there. He was right; for the moment they began to trot through the pass, the flash and rattle of fire-arms from the thickets above saluted them, followed by a wild yell. In a second, several of their number lay dead or dying in the road. The fire was returned promptly by the police; but it was at random, for although another discharge, and another howl, announced that the enemy were still there, no one could be seen. The head of the police commanded his troop to make a dash through the pass; for there was no scaling the heights from this side; the assailants having warily posted themselves there, because at the foot of the eminence were stretched on either hand impassible bogs. The troop dashed forward, firing their pistols as they went; but were met by such deadly discharges of fire-arms as threw them into confusion, killed and wounded several of their horses, and made them hastily retreat.

There was nothing for it but to await the arrival of the cavalry; and it was not long before the clatter of horses' hoofs and the ringing of sabres were heard on the road. On coming up, the troop of cavalry, filing to the right and to the left on the hill sides, dashed forward, and, at the same instant, cleared the gully in safety; the police having kept their side of the pass. In fact not a single shot was returned; the arrival of this strong force having warned the insurgents to decamp. The cavalry in full charge ascended the hills, to their summits. Not a foe was to be seen, except one or two dying men, who were discovered by their groans.

The moon had been for some time quenched in a dense mass of clouds, which now were blown aside by a keen and cutting wind. The heron, soaring over the desert, could now see grey-coated men flying in different directions to the shelter of the neighboring hills. The next day he was startled from his dreamy reveries near the moorland stream, by the shouts and galloping of mingled police and soldiers, as they gave chase to a couple of haggard, bare-headed, and panting peasants.

These were soon captured, and at once recognized as belonging to the evicted inhabitants of the recently deserted village.

Since then years have rolled on. The heron, who had been startled from his quiet haunts, by these things, was still dwelling on the lofty tree with his kindred, by the hall of Sporeen. He had reared family after family in that airy lodgement, as spring after spring came round but no family after that fatal time had ever tenanted the mansion. The widow and children had flew from it so soon as Mr. Fitz-Gibbon had been laid in the grave. The nettle and dock flourished over the scorched ruins of the village of Rathbeg; moss and wild grass tangled the proud drives and walks of Sporeen. All the woodland rides and pleasure grounds lay obstructed with briars; and young trees, in time, grew luxuriantly where once the roller in its rounds could not crush a weed: the nimble frolics of the squirrels were now the only merry things where formerly the feet of lovely children had sprung with elastic joy.

The curse of Ireland was on the place. Landlord and tenant, gentleman and peasant, each with the roots and the shoots of many virtues in their hearts, thrown in a false position by the mutual injuries of ages, sown broadcast by their ancestors. Beneath this foul spell, men who would, in any other circumstances, have been the happiest and the noblest of mankind, became tyrants; and peasants, who would have glowed with grateful affection towards them, exulted in being their assassins.—As the traveller rode past the decaying hall, the gloomy woods, and waste black moorlands of Sporeen, he read the riddle of Ireland's fate, and asked himself when the Œdipus would arise to solve it.

Domestic Felicities.

We cut the following from the Chicago Daily Journal. It is a little gem from the pen of the assistant editor, Benj. T. Taylor, teacher and poet, who says more good things in his way, than any other man in the west. He who has not the heart to appreciate, and taste to admire it, has reached a dreary Saturday night in his life—one that never will be followed by a holy Sabbath's dawn:—*Albany Dutchman.*

night. Its chief luxury to us is comprehended in the words, 'no paper to-morrow,' but to some people it is vastly more significant. Did you ever read Ik Marvel's 'Reveries?' Some of them are admirable, others a little eked out to make a book.

"Well, we have a picture of our own, and a beatitude for nobody else. And to begin with the latter, happy is the man who has a home and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. And for the picture; such a night as last night was—cloudy, gloomy, gusty, rainy—casements rattling, storm driving, lake roaring along the shore

"So much for the out-door scenery. Now for the in-door; a martin box of a house, no matter how little, provided it will hold *two* or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it. Let the winds blow—close the curtains! What if they are calico, or plain white without border, tassel, or any such thing?—Let the rain come down—heap up the fire, but it must be an open fire—none of your dark, prison looking stoves. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light, glowing coals make, reddening, clouding, shedding a sunset through the little room—just light enough to talk by—not loud, as in the high-way—nor rapid, as in the hurry-world, but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between, for the storm without, and the thoughts within, to fill up.

"Then wheel the sofa round before the fire—no matter if the sofa's a settee, uncushioned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two, or say, two and a half, with the two or two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come, falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swell the chimes of the days that are no more.

"Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half statute miles nearer 'kingdom come,' than from any other point in this world laid down in 'Malte Brun.'

"Maybe you smile at this picture. Well, smile on, but there is a secret between us, viz: it is a copy of a picture rudely done, but true as the Pentateuch, of an original in every human heart. Are you so old or so wicked that cabinet picture is dimmed or damaged beyond 'restoration?' Then be shrived, make a Saturday night of life, bid 'good night' to the world.

"Maybe you think it is a ridiculous picture: and Heaven mend, and Allison cultivate your taste."

Only a Trifle.

"That's right," said I to my friend Simpkins, the baker, as the sickly looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop-door with a loaf of bread which he had given her—"that's right, Simpkins; I am glad you are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her."

"Hard enough, sir, hard enough; and I am glad to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—*only a trifle, sir!*"

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener if she needed to but she says her loaves are plenty for her and her little one, with what she gets by sewing."

"An I have you any more such customers, Simpkins?"

"Only two or three, sir"

"Only two or three; why it must be quite a tax upon your profits."

"O no, not so much as you suppose; altogether it amounts to *only a trifle.*"

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words; but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with "*only a trifle.*" He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence to a man who has plenty to "eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed," is nothing, but it is something to one on the verge of starvation. And we know not how much good we are doing when we give "*only a trifle*" to a good object.

☞ We once read an anecdote of a very diminutive child, which by the way, made considerable noise: One day the father's patience having become exhausted with its crying, "spank it, wife," said he, "and make it quiet!" "I would, my dear," replied the considerate lady, "but really it is so small that I cannot find room for a spank."

MOSCOW.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.

VIENNA, Aug. 30th, 1851.

From the number, splendor and antiquity of its churches, Moscow has obtained the name of Holy, and certainly it outvies Rome in the number of buildings appropriated to public and private worship. Some writers even set them down as twelve hundred; but as in this they reckon all the chapels and private houses, and convents, and count separately those for winter and summer, the list soon swells immensely. But the great attraction in Moscow is the Kremlin, the city of cities, the spot of all, sacred to Russia. The best view of it is from the stone bridge over the Moskoa, whence you have directly before you the whole mass, surrounded by high white walls, flanked at intervals by quaint old Tartar towers, the new palace of the Emperor, with its richly carved pilasters and cornices, its gilded dome, and stuccoed front, the little red and gold church of the Czar next, the great tower of Jean Velcki, overtopping the whole, the Sclavonic inscription around its top, looking as mysterious as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and behind, the mass of gold and silver, blue, red and green cupolas, catching and reflecting the rays of the sun, and the whole repeated again in the river below. It is a scene that, once looked upon, is never forgotten.

In entering Moscow, you pass first through the outer inclosure, or extreme limits of the modern city, and then the Kremlin itself, which should certainly be entered by the sacred gate of the Redeemer, over which hangs the miraculous picture of our Saviour, that, according to tradition, always prevented the Tartars from passing through it by sending forth so thick a cloud that the enemy were baffled, and retired in confusion. In passing this gate, every man, from the Emperor to the beggar, takes off his hat; and any forgetfulness or disrespect on this point would be immediately punished by the ever present sentry. One of the first things that meets the eye within the Kremlin, is a long line of cannon taken from the French, many of them marked with the initial N., once so powerful a letter, even on this very spot. These trophies are displayed with the greatest triumph by the cicerone, who always had some anecdote to relate, as to the discomfiture of the Grand Armies. The famous Czar Kolokel, the largest bell in the world, is raised with its broken fragment near it, upon a stone pedestal next to the tower of Iven Velki, which we ascend to obtain a view of Moscow. "What a sea of domes!" is the exclamation of every one, on the first glimpse of the city, stretching far in all directions, a gay parterre of many colored roofs, from which rise the thousands of spires, domes, towers and cupolas of gold, silver, blue, white, green, red, yellow, azure lilac, some studded with golden stars, some striped in various motley colors, some one sheet of brilliant silver. It takes some time rightly to comprehend the great whole, for the dazzled and wearied eye wanders confusedly over the plain: but once fixed in the mind, it remains there forever, as the most unique, and unlike the view of any other city in Europe.

Of all the churches in Moscow, the most curious is that of St. Basil, between the walls of the Ratargorod, and the Kremlin. Imagine a mass of building of no regular form whatever, full of projections, angles and recesses surmounted by perhaps a dozen domes, each different from the rest. Some are high, some low, some large, others small; one painted like a Turk's turban, in raised circles with the dies of various colors, like the rings of a kaleidescope; here rises a golden cupola, there peers a red spire; opposite a green tower. Every inch is covered with curious paintings, tall shrubs with immense red blossoms, vines bearing huge purple grapes, and flowers of unknown and unnatural species are delineated on the outside walls. This strange structure was raised by order of Ivan the Terrible, who was so delighted with it when completed that he sent for the architect, and after complimenting his performance, ordered his eyes to be put out, in order that he might never build one similar. This church is divided into nine chapels, some opening from the roof, others from the ground, all are lined with gold and silver, and bedizzoned with jewels, and most of them always filled with worshippers.

How bewildered would a person be, suddenly transported from one of the quiet churches in New York to a Moscow shrine. His eyes would be dazzled by the magnificence around him, the walls literally covered with gold, from which peeps, here and there, the face or toe of a holy picture; black from time and constant kissing; the old priest, with long flowing hair and splendid robes, mumbling the service before the altar, the singular chanting coming in at intervals, the crowd of prostrate worshipers in front, the nuns in their high crowned black hats and becoming veils and sweeping gowns, the serfs, and beggars, the old hags burying their faces in the dust, the elegant ladies, soiling their rich silks and laces on the floor, and the cloud of incense casting a fragrant mist over the whole scene.

JOURNEY TO POLAND.

After seeing all we wished in Moscow, we left it one fine afternoon by the Warsaw road, which ran some distance through the city, as each house stands apart in aristocratic exclusiveness, surrounded by a garden so that the town covers an immense space. Our course lay over the Sparrow Hills; a long low line of elevations, from which Napoleon first beheld the domes of Moscow, the great aim of his enterprise. How must his heart have dilated with joy and triumph, as he exclaimed, "Al this too is yours!" and the shout of "Moscow, Moscow!" was taken up and echoed to the farthermost by the delighted troops. Indeed, our whole route lay nearly in that taken in the retreat by the French army, leaving the field of Borodino on our right, passing through Yaroslaf, where the first engagement took place that drove Napoleon on the Smolensky road, and was the beginning of that series of disastrous events that left scarce a regiment of the thousands that passed over that route before. As far as Beresina, the chaussee was nearly constructed, and although we saw all along fine station houses either completed or in progress, for the present travelers had to put up at any dirty hovel that happened to stand near the end of the st