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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

SUMMER 67.

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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, February 13, 1859.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healings sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature and the print,
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder and perhaps
And under darkness thronged the night—
When all was beauty then have I,
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at even tide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of Spring
When earth was garished like a bird,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting buds find diamonds grass,
And waters, leaping to the light
And all that makes the pulse pass
And under darkness thronged the night—
When all was beauty then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myth on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beautiful spirit there,
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain.
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a benediction,
I've poured her deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in Heaven like stars at night
And tread a living path of light.

A Blacksmith's Revenge.

INCIDENTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

It was a summer's afternoon in Champagne, that most delightful province of a beautiful country, "La Belle France." The ripe and bursting grapes hung in rich and tempting clusters on the graceful wreathing vines, half concealed by their bright and luxuriant foliage. The declining sun appeared to be hurrying with accelerated pace to his gorgeous and rosy curtains couch in the western sky, and the gentle breeze murmured through the branches of the fine old patriarchs of the forest, changing or varying the flickering and fantastic shadows of their sinewy arms across the retired little country road.

A party of peasants emerged from a neat cottage that stood about a half a stone's throw from the highway, and proceeded quickly but quietly in the direction of the humble little village church; it was not the Sabbath, yet they were dressed in their holiday attire, and a casual observer might easily have seen they were bent on a mission of more than ordinary interest. The foremost couple were a young man and a beautiful girl, and with a small band of friends they were proceeding to the chapel to be married in the holy and silken chains of wedlock. He was a model of strength and beauty, and although only a village blacksmith, his broad, ample and massive brow, deep and thoughtful dark grey eye, and a large but firm and well proportioned mouth, gave evidence of a noble and superior mind. The contrast was great between his sinewy limbs and massive chest, displayed to full advantage by the beautiful costume of his country, and the fragile figure by his side. Her hair was a rich dark brown, and her eyes were black, but not the fiery and passionate hue of Italy or Spain; they had a most interesting expression, and her whole appearance had that tasteful, depending and confident spirit so flattering to the heart of man. Guiltless from the hour of her birth, of the many inventions with which the city dames ruin their features, she was all that unadorned grace could make her, about the middle height, and of a delicate but full and voluptuous figure.

It was not wonderful, with these charms, that when the young Seigneur Gonsalve came down with a party of his dissolute companions, after a winter spent in the customary orgies and debaucheries of the metropolis, she should have attracted his admiring eye; nor was she long without finding she had become possessed of a love more horrible than hate, the love of a cold and heartless libertine. She had repulsed his insulting proposals as peremptorily as she dared, for she well knew in the then state of society, the fate of her father and mother, and every one belonging to her, was completely at his mercy; she knew how hard it was for a peasant to obtain redress against a person of gentle blood, and how ridiculous it would be to hope for such a thing, when the injured was a wealthy and noble Montmorence. In consulting with her parents and betrothed, they determined on an immediate marriage, hoping that, bad as he was, he would not dare to transgress so flagrantly the letter of the law as to tear a wife from the bosom of her husband; they had chosen the afternoon for the ceremony, knowing that the young noble and his companions spent the after dinner part of the day in drunken revelings. The aged cure had been apprised of their intentions, and waiting to receive them at the sacred altar, fearful of interruption, there was no time spent in delay, and the ceremony was nearly completed, when a tall and richly attired form very suddenly stepped in the doorway.

"Stop!" he shouted, in a voice of authority—"A marriage in my seigneurie without my leave! Who has dared to do this?"

The bridegroom heard this insulting speech with lowering brow and flushed cheek, but the bride's father hastily stepped forward, hoping by excuses and submission to conciliate the young lord.

"May I please your lordship, we did not wish to intrude on your lordship's leisure with such trifles of this kind."

"Trifles of this kind, indeed! Do you call mar-

rying a pretty girl without my leave a trifle? Out of the way, old dotard. As to you, Monsieur," he said, turning with mock respect to the blacksmith, "a poetry-writing blacksmith is an animal we have no ambition to meddle with, but I must take this pretty damsel to the chateau to teach her better manners." At the last words, he was advancing to seize the bride, but the smith sprang forward and placed himself before her.

"Back!" shouted he; "touch her not with your polluted hands!"

The young nobleman half drew his sword, but immediately replacing it, exclaimed, "Come, my friends, come and see the eighth wonder of the world, a villain who has dared to beard his lord; truly the days of Jacques have come again."

At this call, four or five of his friends entered the church, followed by about double the number of servants.

Turning to the father, the young nobleman said, "Seize that boor and bind him, and give him four dozen of lashes with a riding whip, to mend his manners."

The terrified peasant shrank back appalled from a conflict with the power of a Seigneur, but the blacksmith remained motionless by the side of his bride; the servants rushed upon him; but numerous as they were, three times he dashed them to the ground like children, and seizing the half fainting Mary, attempted to escape; but encouraged by the voice of their lord, the servants again sprang on him, and finally, overpowered by numbers, he fell, and his hands and feet were instantly tied; the nobleman then placed his heavy riding whip in the hands of the stoutest of the menials, and desired him to apply it to the blacksmith.

The man had a grudge against the blacksmith, and with the entire strength of a vigorous arm he laid on his blows; unflinching they were borne; not a groan, not a sigh escaped the victim, not even the quivering of a limb or feature betrayed the agony of his proud spirit, for his bodily pains were nothing in comparison.

In the mean time, the young lord had seized the fainting Marie and left the chapel, and immediately after the outrage on the smith, the servants followed their master to the chateau.

One of the terrified peasants now advanced, and cut the bonds of the smith, while the remainder in vain endeavored to comfort the agonized father and mother of the unhappy bride. But the blacksmith was not the man to waste his time crying; he at once saw that no effort of his could save his lost, gentle Marie, and he was terribly calm. Kneeling down on the hallowed spot beneath the altar, he vowed a vengeance so horrible that his companions' blood curdled in their veins as they heard him, and then, leaving the chapel involuntarily, took his way towards a neat little cottage, to which he had fondly hoped that day to carry back his bride as mistress.

Passing hastily through to his own little room at the back of the cottage, he opened the drawer of a neat and old fashioned bureau, and taking out a small paper parcel, he opened it; it contained a lock of dark brown hair. Oh! how well he knew it—how often had he kissed it: how often, gazing on that little curl, had he dreamed of the happy days: he would spend there with his own, his beautiful Marie; how devoted she was, how gentle, how kind, how mild, how forgiving, and oh! how he loved her; and now, Great God of heaven!—now when he thought of what she was enduring, his blood felt like molten lava, his brain reeled and burned, his eyes blazed like coals of fire in their sockets, the strength of a strong mind gave way: there was no one to see him, but his God, and he rolled on the floor in speechless, helpless, utter agony, tearing out handfuls of hair. He tried to speak, he tried to cry, but could not; his tongue was dried up; his very heart strings were cracked; he could have borne it manfully were she dead, but now, oh God! and he could do nothing, no nothing, for the ravisher, the fiend in human shape, was one of the nobility.

Daylight the next morning found him many miles from the beautiful village of Bon Sejour, and far on the road to Paris: a small bundle hung over on his back, on his smith's hammer; his face was calm, but he had lived ten years of agony and suffering in a single night; he passed on the summit of a hill many miles from his home; it commanded a view of the whole country, and with a shudder, he turned to contemplate his birthplace. The towers of the distant chateau glistening in the morning sun first greeted his eyes; for a moment he gasped for breath, then, raising his clasped hands over his head, his face black with passion, his parched lips receded from his tightly clenched teeth, through which one word came hissing gutturally, as if the sound was from a heart—not his tongue—and that word was AVENGE!

About a month after the abduction, Marie, came back to her father's house a raving maniac, nor did she long survive; she found a peaceful rest in the old churchyard, and her gentle spirit fled to the land where nobility is not respected.

The scene changes to Paris; it is the dawning of the revolution, and the dark masses of men move suddenly through the streets; knots of individuals, afterwards famous in the reign of terror, were collected in retired coffee-houses, and even then discussed the system of a Republic. At the corner of a street in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a man was telling a story to a crowd; it was a story they had frequently heard before—say, that some of them had experienced the truth of—a tale of the people's oppression, and the people's wrongs. But never till they heard it glowing and vivid, from the lips of that earnest orator, had they felt the shame of letting such injuries go unavenged. He finished, and from that grim and dusty crowd rose a loud hoarse and fierce, and the glorious and ever memorable cry, "Bas, bas avec les aristocrates." The orator was the blacksmith of Bon Sejour.

It was the morning of the taking of the Bastille; a crowd had collected in the great square; a man sprang upon the butcher's stall and spoke to the people—he told them of a great and good man, the

people's friend—he told them how he gained the hate of the nobles by denouncing their licentiousness, he told them how the "lettre de cachet" was issued, and he was tortured to death in the dungeons of the Bastille; there was a silence when he had finished for half a minute; at length a man in a carpenter's garb spoke; he waived a large area over his head, and the words he uttered were—"Down with the Bastille." That evening a mass of smoking ruins showed the place where the strong hold of tyranny had been, and the tyrant in his castle, to the farthest end of Europe, trembled, when he heard "the Bastille is down." The speaker was the blacksmith of Bon Sejour.

The national convention sat in judgment on the king; the people, the "Sans Culottes," were collected in the market-place; a man sprang on a cart, and addressed them, "Fellow citizens," said he, "I will tell you a story you have heard when you were young. There was once a king and a queen"—he sprang to the ground, but the listening crowd took up the word, and the wind bore the cry of the sovereign people to the national assembly in their judgment hall—"there was once a king & queen." The story teller was the famous blacksmith of Bon Sejour.

The army of the Directory had marched into La Vendee. Gonsalve de Montmorence had one virtue, reckless and dauntless courage; desperately had he stood by his king, and by his order and gallantry had he sustained the honor of the Golden Lilies, in many a hard fought field; he was, in La Vendee, one of the leaders of that brave but misguided peasantry. The tri-color was sweeping all before it, and the Vendeeans had collected their whole force for one desperate conflict; the armies met, and fiercely contested was the battle.

Desperately Gonsalve de Montmorence sustained his hard-earned reputation on that bloody field, but at length he had to turn his horse's head to fly, for the day was irretrievably gone; he fled to a wood, and had just gained it, when he heard a hoarse voice calling on him to stop; no turned to look; but one horseman followed him. "Montmorence never fled from one man," he promptly exclaimed, and turned on his pursuer; desperately they fought; Montmorence wounded his antagonist three times severely, for he was a better swordsman, and, certain of victory, he made one unguarded pass, and the sword of his antagonist entered his heart, nor did it stop till the hilt struck against Montmorence's breast; he fell, and his opponent drew out his sword, tore open his vest, and taking a small lock of hair from over his heart, dipped it in the life-blood of Gonsalve de Montmorence, exclaiming:

"Marie, Marie, at length thou art avenged!"—then, feeling his own end approaching, he feebly raised his head and shouted, "Vive la Republique! Vive la France! Marie, Marie, Je veins, Je veins," and fell forward on his face, dead.

It was the blacksmith of Bon Sejour.

THE TRAVEL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—A correspondent of the Tribune writing from Cruces, on the State, gives a dreadful account of the journey across the Isthmus. He says:

We remained two days and one night at Charges—paid \$1 for each meal and \$1 for a place to sleep—it has taken us three days to come up the river. We slept the first night at a town called Ratoon, for two shilling a bed—that is to say some had had hammocks and others myself included hard board. The next night nine of us slept at a Coop, (the houses are all alike, large chicken coops, but clean enough,) on the banks of the river. We got up a supper of two hens and some yams, and did very well.

The next night we slept at Gorgoba in hammock, at the house of the Alcade—board \$2 per day, (2 meals and coffee) and board very good. Houses nearly all coops—2 or 3 adobe. At Gorgoba there is an adobe house called the Hotel Francais, which is tolerably well kept. At this place a woman (native) died of cholera and was buried the day we arrived. Yesterday we arrived here, (houses all coops but one or two.)

Our journey up the river was really very pleasant; the scenery is beautiful. We hired a canoe for four persons and baggage for \$50—one half in advance, and the bargain made before the Alcade of Charges. When others come this way tell them to do the same thing, that is to take their boatmen to the Alcade and make the bargain before him, taking a receipt for whatever they pay. They should be careful also to make the natives understand that they pay to Cruces, so that they may either go there or stop if they choose at Gorgoba. The boatmen always wish to stop at Gorgoba, as it saves them some trouble.

We saw plenty of alligators, and many beautiful birds; if it were not for the troublesome rain the passage would be pleasant. As it was, it did not rain all the time and we enjoyed things amazingly. The alligators did not prevent us from bathing twice in the beautiful river.—The water of the river is as good as Croton in Summer without ice.

SYMPATHY.—It is sweet to turn from the chilling and heartless world—the world that so often misjudges our motives—to seek in some sympathetic heart for consolation—to find congenial souls that can feel our sorrows, can share our joys, can understand and appreciate the feelings which actuate us. In sorrow, how consoling is the blessed voice of sympathy. In our greatest trials it lightens our burdens—making another our pathway before us, and pouring a healing balm into our hearts, and our lesser afflictions are forgotten in its presence.

LACONIC.—Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.

Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.

British Royalty.

What constitutes the belongings of royalty is an unsatisfactory question with many. There is a vague idea of crowds of servants, from the noble down to the meanly born, attending upon majesty, and making up a great show at a great cost, and to very little purpose, except as regards show. The following extract of a letter from the London correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, will furnish interesting information in the matter:

Although, as far as respects the personal exercise of political power, the British sovereign can hardly be called a substantial entity, yet their is one way in which she makes her existence obvious to the duldest sensibilities of her subjects. The civil list conferred by act of Parliament on her Majesty, as her regular annual allowance, is £385,000 sterling, or nearly two millions of dollars. Of this enormous sum £50,000 are assigned for her own private use, and the remainder is expended in the departments of the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Master of the Horse and in royal bounties, charities, pensions, and special services.

The function of the Lord Chamberlain, who is always a peer of the realm, is to exercise general supervision over the Queen's apartments, and to make arrangements in regard to chaplains, physicians, artisans, musicians, physicians, and in regard to furniture, wardrobe, &c. The appointment is always political, and terminates at the close of every administration. The Lord Chamberlain never performs the duties of his office in person, but his salary is none the less on that account. It amounts to £2000, or nearly \$10,000 annually. In his departments are a vast number of functionaries, or rather dignitaries, since very many of the offices are merely sinecures. A master of the Robes, whose station is merely honorary, receives annually £25,000—I reduce it to Federal money for the convenience of your readers; eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, whose only duty is to visit and dine with her Majesty three fortnights in the year, and who invariably are the wives or daughters of peers, have a salary of £2500 each; eight Maids of Honor, and eight Bedchamber Women, who are also ladies of high birth, and whose duty is merely to give the Queen the "pleasure of their company" for a few weeks in the year have each an annual salary of \$1500; eight Lords in Waiting, and eight Grooms in Waiting, whose business is simply to visit and dine with the Queen three fortnights in the year, have the former \$3500 each, and the latter \$1500 each; a Master of Ceremonies, who introduces Ambassadors to the Sovereign on state occasions, has \$1500; sixteen Gentlemen Ushers, with no duties, have from \$600 to \$1000 each; fourteen Grooms of the Chamber, and eight Sergeants-at-Arms, whose offices are complete sinecures, receive salaries ranging from \$200 to \$500.

Four Officers of the Robes, three Kings of Arms, six Heralds, two State Pages, five Pages of the Backstairs, six Pages of the Presence, four Queen's Messengers, all receive salaries as large as most of our State Governors—some having real and others merely nominal duties. The poet laureate, at present Wordsworth, receives 500 dollars per annum, the Examiner of Plays 2000 dollars, and the Surveyor of Pictures and the Master of the Tennis Court, each high salaries. Sixty chaplains and twenty different physicians are attached to the Court, some performing service and receiving pay, and others not. One hundred and forty women of the guard, whose only duty is to attend upon her Majesty on State occasions, in the King's guard costume of the sixteenth century, enjoy salaries amounting in the aggregate to 60,000 dollars. The entire sum expended in the Lord Chamberlain's department, including household salaries and tradesmen's bills, is 350,000 dollars.

The Lord High Steward always of noble birth has a salary of \$10,000; his duty which is always performed by proxy, is to govern the Queen's household, and to provide for the culinary department. He has under him quite a little army of treasures, comptrollers, secretaries, clerks, storekeepers, cooks, table deckers, porters, &c. He is also chief judge of the Court of the Marshalsea, which consists of nine marshalsmen, whose business is the administration of justice between the Queen's servants. The total expenditure of the Lord Steward's department amounts annually to about \$600,000.

The Master of the Horse, who has charge of Her Majesty's horse and stables, has a salary of \$12,500; and he has under him a large number of grooms, pages, postillions, coachmen, grooms, footmen, &c., all paid with liberal salaries. In his department, there is no want of sinecures. A Master of the Backhounds, who has no duties whatever, receives \$8000 annually; and a Grand Falconer, although Her Majesty possesses not a single hawk, has an annual salary of \$6000. The total expenses of the Master of the Horse's Department is \$325,000 annually. The office is now held by the Duke of Norfolk, the peer next in precedence to the Royal Family. His ancestors, clear back to the Reformation, were, as he himself is, of the Roman Catholic faith, and suffered heavy disabilities and amercements on account of their religion. It was a sight curious and suggestive enough, to behold, as I did, last September, on the occasion of the royal prorogation of Parliament, this sturdy disciple of Rome, seated in his official capacity, in the Royal State carriage, as the special attendant of Her Majesty, the Head of the Established Church.

Besides the enormous list, specified above, large appropriations are constantly made for the maintenance of the royal palaces, castles, pavilions, mews, parks, gardens, pleasure grounds, stables, &c. The royal family also draw heavily upon the public purse. Prince Albert, as Royal Consort, the duties of which station are pretty much limited to the registration at Somerset House of the additions to his family, receives annually £30,000, or nearly \$150,000! And as field Marshal in the Army, a Colonel in the Foot Guards, Constable of Windsor Castle, Ranger of Windsor Park, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries; most of which posts are also

lute sinecures, he obtains every year at least \$40,000 more. Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, relict of the late William IV., has an annual allowance of \$100,000. The Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, receives £30,000. One of the Queen's uncles, Duke of Cambridge, receives £27,000; another, the Duke of Cumberland, now King of Hanover, £20,000. Another member of the Royal Family, Leopold, King of the Belgians, receives £50,000; and the Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen's aunt, £16,000.

The grants made by parliament from year to year, for the Royal accommodation, and for royal salaries and pensions, do not average less than three millions and a half of dollars. For the maintenance of the Royal dignity, a very large sum which does not appear in this calculation, is sunk in plate, jewels, &c. The Queen's plate, at St James's palace alone, is estimated to be worth two millions of pounds. The Crown jewels kept at the Tower of London are valued at three millions of pounds. The crown worn by her Majesty on state occasions, is worth about \$115,000! and that used by her at her coronation, as I was told by its slowman, is prized at one million pounds. For the consideration of a single sixpence, my republican vision has been dazzled by the sight of this latter magnificent diadem. The ground work is red velvet, and it is covered with one blazing mass of opals, sapphires and diamonds. Around this imperial crown, were ranged various diadems, sceptres, orbs, swords of justice and mercy, golden spurs, a golden wine fountain three feet high and of the same circumference, a golden baptismal font chalice, tankards, salt cellars, spoons, and many other massive utensils of gold used at the coronation of the sovereign, or at the christening of children of the royal family.

Besides the annual appropriations made by Parliament, the Crown receives large revenues from other sources; from the immense estates it possesses in all parts of the kingdom, from admiralty droits, from Gibraltar duties, from the increase of annual bishoprics, from escheats, forfeitures, waifs, estrays, treasure-trove, &c. The revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall amount to £200,000 annually, and go to the support of the young Prince of Wales; the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster amount to £10,000, and are paid into the privy purse of royalty.

THE HYENA.—Mr Bruce says that the hyenas are very numerous, and so bold that they come into the streets of the cities.—From evening till towards morning, they go howling about, and seeking the carcasses of dead animals. Mr Bruce had several armed men with him, when he was obliged to kill one or more of those animals in their own defence. One night, while he was very busy, he thought he heard something pass behind him towards the bed, but on looking he saw nothing. Having finished what he was about, he went out for a few minutes, and on his return was met with a pair of large blue eyes, glaring at him in the dark. When a light was brought, he found a hyena standing near the head of his bed with two or three large bunches of candles in its mouth. Mr Bruce struck him with a pike or spear, on which the creature dropped his candles and attacked him with the greatest ferocity. His servant coming up at this moment, the fierce beast was despatched without doing further mischief. This hyena had stolen into Mr Bruce's room while his door happened to be open, and hid himself behind his bed, to wait for an opportunity for stealing away with his candles which he had snatched.

Dr. Sparrman tells us a curious story of a hyena, which was told him at Cape of Good Hope. One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape when one of them, who was the trumpeter, drank so much that he could not stand up. His companions not wanting him in the room, carried him out of the doors, and laid him down by the side of the house to get cool and sober. The trumpeter lay there and went to sleep, when a hyena came along and thinking him dead, began to carry him away so as to make a meal of him without being disturbed. It was some time before the man awoke, so as to know the danger of his situation. When he did so he found himself on the back of the hyena, who making off towards the mountain with him, as fast as possible. Being horror struck at finding himself in the power of the beast, his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet which hung around his neck he sounded the alarm. The beast thinking he had only a dead man, was as much frightened at the sound of the trumpet, as the man was at his situation, so dropping his prey, they scampered away from each other as fast as possible. It is not probable that any other man but the trumpeter could have escaped so easily.

AGRICULTURE IN CHINA.—We heard a fact recently, which shows in an interesting manner the effect of agricultural pursuits upon the morals. We should like to know if an examination of all prisoners would confirm the report.

A person who owns a tract of marshy land on was a standing crop of grass, applied to the keeper of a house of correction, to sell the standing grass—thinking he would take it on favorable terms, as the convicts under his care could cut the grass. The keeper answered that not one of the prisoners knew how to mow; and he seldom, if ever, had any convicts who did know how.

This statement goes to show the healthful influence of agriculture upon morals, and the elementary character of those who engage in it. It is evident, for this reason, as well as many others, that it would be well if more of our young men choose the occupation of a farmer, instead of going to the cities, where fine clothes and "false gentility" allure them, and where so many are caught in the net of vice, and hurried to destruction. The farmer's life is the most independent of all, and it may be the happiest. It is the most healthful to the body, and it is not strange that so large a proportion of the youth who should learn to carry on their father's farms, forsake it for the drudgery and slavery of the counting room. The farmer is young, true, gentleman.

MY OWN THOUGHTS.

Oh, would this crushed and beating heart
Could cease to struggle and be still;
Long has it served, and been a mark
For the world's scorn and vulgar will,
Let now it break; I'll bear no more
'Twas overburdened long before.

Oh tell me not! Let me not hear
The scorn they showered upon thy name—
For oft his whispered in mine ear,
And thrills to madness my poor brain,
And there are times at which I crave
The dread, dark mystery of the grave!

And must it ever be as now?
And am I never to be free
From slander's tongue and envy's vow?
Ah! is there no sweet charity
Dwells in the earth-born here below—
That thus they smile upon the blow?

Which struck a young girl to the dust—
And dash'd it forever from her breast—
The dreams of bliss she long had nursed—
And bade them all disperse, depart—
Have they no pity for the fate
Of one thus made so desolate?

They do not know! They cannot feel
How deep the wounds their slight words make—
Wounds which, once given, cannot heal,
Or ease the sensitive bosom's ache.
But ah, it is my lot to bear
Of this world's ills a heavy share. F. M.

The Great Serpent, Adams County, Ohio.

Probably the most extraordinary earthwork thus far discovered at the West is the Great Serpent.—It is situated on Brush Creek at a point known as "Three Forks," on Entry 1,013, near the north line of Adams county, Ohio. No plan or description has hitherto been published nor does the fact of its existence appear to be known beyond the secluded vicinity in which it occurs. The notice first received by the authors of these researches, was exceedingly vague and indefinite, and led to the conclusion that it was a work of defence, with bastions at regular intervals; a feature so extraordinary as to induce a visit; which resulted in the discovery here presented. The true character of the work was apparent on the first inspection.

It is situated upon a high crescent-form hill or spur of land, rising 150 feet above the level of Brush Creek, which washes its base. The side of the hill next the stream presents a perpendicular wall of rock, while the other subsides rapidly, through it is not so steep as to preclude cultivation. The top of the hill is not level but slightly convex, and presents a very even surface, 150 feet wide by 1,000 long, measuring from its extremity to the point where it connects with the table land. Conforming to the curve of the hill, and occupying its very summit, is the serpent, its head resting near the point, and its body winding back for 700 feet in graceful undulations, terminating in a triple coil at the tail. The entire length if extended, would be not less than 1,000 feet. The accompanying plan, laid down from accurate survey can alone give an adequate conception of the outline of the work, which is clearly and boldly defined, the embankment being upward of 5 feet in height, by 30 feet base at the centre of the body, diminishing somewhat toward the head and tail. The neck of the serpent is stretched out and slightly curved, and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which rests partially within the distended jaws. This oval is formed by an embankment of earth, without any possible opening, four feet in height, and is perfectly regular in outline, its transverse and conjugate diameter being 16 and 80 feet respectively. The ground within the oval is slightly elevated; a small circular elevation of white stones much buried once existed in its centre; but they have been thrown down and scattered by some ignorant visitor, and the prevailing impression probably that gold was hidden beneath them. The point of the hill, within which this egg-shaped figure rests seems to have been artificially cut to conform, 10 feet wide, and somewhat inclining inward, all around it.

Upon either side of the serpent's head extend two small triangular elevations ten or twelve feet over. They are not high, and although too distinct to be overlooked, and yet too much obliterated to be satisfactorily traced. Besides a platform or level oval terrace, and a large mound in the centre of the isthmus connecting the hill with the table land beyond, there are no other remains, excepting a few mounds, within six or eight miles; none, perhaps, nearer than the entrenched hill in Highland county, thirteen miles distant. There are a number of works lower down on Brush Creek, toward its mouth; but their character is not known. The point on which this effigy occurs, commands an extensive prospect, overlooking the "bottoms" at the junction of the three principal tributaries of the creek. The alluvial terraces are here quite extensive, and it is a matter of surprise that no works occur upon them.

This serpent, separate or in combination with the circle, egg, or globe, has been a predominant symbol among many of the primitive nations. It prevailed in Egypt, Greece, and Assyria, and entered widely into the superstitions of the Celts the Hindoos, and the Chinese. It even penetrated into America, and was conspicuous in the mythology of the ancient Mexicans among whom its significance does not seem to have differed materially from that which it possessed in the Old World. The fact that ancient Celts, and perhaps other nations of the all continent, erected temple structures in the form of the serpent, is one of high interest. Of this description is the great temple of Abydos, in England in many respects the most imposing ancient monument of the British Islands.

It is impossible, in this connection, to trace the analogies which the Ohio structure exhibits to the serpent temple of England, or to point out the extent to which the symbol was applied in America, an investigation fraught with the greatest interest both in respect to the light which it reflects upon the primitive superstitions of, remotely separated people, and especially upon the origin of the American race.