

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XV.—NO. 49.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, May 19, 1855.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,  
And less for battle-fields and glory;  
If, with human hearts, a name  
Seemed better than in song and story;  
If men, instead of nursing pride,  
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;  
If more to guide,  
On Love to guide,  
The world would be the better for it.  
If men dealt less in stocks and lands,  
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;  
If love's work had more willing hands  
To link this world to the eternal;  
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,  
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;  
If "yours" and "mine"  
Would once combine,  
The world would be the better for it.  
If more would get the play of Life,  
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;  
If history would sheath its knife  
Till good became more universal;  
If custom, gray with ages grown,  
Had fewer blind men to adore it;  
If truth alone,  
In Truth alone,  
The world would be the better for it.  
If men were less in little things,  
And more in all their dealings;  
If hearts had fewer rusted strings  
To isolate their kindly feelings;  
If men, when wrong beats down the Right,  
Would strike together and restore it;  
If Right made Might  
In every fight,  
The world would be the better for it.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Congregational Singing.

[The following views on the subject of "Congregational Singing," were written at the suggestion of Prof. Bradbury, in reply to an article in the New-York Recorder & Register, advocating the disbanding of choirs.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the columns of your paper of the 14th of March, there is a communication entitled "Congregational Singing," which, while it contains much that is good, and depicts in truthful colors an evil which we all deplore, hints in no very ambiguous terms at a remedy for the disease, which will not meet with the same degree of approval in all quarters. The writer, in the course of his remarks on the necessity of congregational worship, seems to think that the first great step is to disband the choirs. This is evident from such explanations as the following:—"We do not believe in the American method of choirs."—"The old upshot, to some extent, begotten of a mental surrender of singing duties to choir experts, would die into a new, and strange, and blessed enthusiasm," &c., &c. This is evidently the opinion of the writer, that the sooner choirs are dispensed with the better. From this view we utterly dissent.

And at the outset, we would remark that we see no necessity, in advocating congregational music, to preach a crusade against choirs. In preaching up the one, we see not the remotest occasion to preach down the other. We will give our full acquiescence to all that the writer says in his advocacy of worshippers taking a more general interest in the music of the sanctuary. Nay, we wish from our heart, that all would unite with one voice in praising and glorifying God—but how is the end attained by an indiscriminate attack upon choir organizations, when the fault lies with the people themselves? There is, indeed, room for vast improvement both on the part of choirs, and also we must say it, on the part of congregations, in the better understanding of the mutual relations in which they stand to each other, and of the duties incumbent on each—but with all their faults, how would we get along without choirs? The experiment, to say the least, would be a hazardous one. What little proficiency we have gained in music, we owe to those whose skill must ever make them leaders in public worship; and this is as it should be. There must be leaders, proficient in every science and art, (those who from their natural gifts and unremitting toil have risen above the ordinary level,) or that science will either stand still or take a retrograde movement. Music has become popularized, and why?—it has become the delight of the million, and how?—because the million have been taught, and have sung, without instruction or guidance? No, but because a few men eminently qualified, have devoted their time and labors to this important subject. They have brought their labors to bear on those who are in some degree skilled in music. These in their turn instruct and influence others—and thus in a short time the whole mass will imbibe a pure and proper taste. Musical Conventions are already working wonders in this respect. But more of this hereafter.

The great end is to establish the voices of the people who frequent the sanctuary in public worship. How can this end be most effectually attained? This is the point. Not, indeed, by assuming that all are instructed, for this will be found to be a most lamentable mistake. Not, indeed, by making the people teachers, but by teaching the people. But how can they be taught, unless there are some to teach them? how can they really know what good music is, unless they hear good music? and how can a congregation derive more benefit than by listening to and receiving instructions from those who are themselves skilled in music under the guidance of a skillful chorister? There is nothing wrong in this, unless the choir wish to monopolize all the singing. But surely an array would not wish to destroy its captains because they came in for a little more of the glory, or now and then became a little too ambitious of display. Suicidal policy this. We need not burn down the barn to get rid of the

rats—and in avoiding Scylla let us not fall into Charybdis.

Our object should be not so much to fritter away a proper taste for music till there is no substance and sweetness in it, but to seek to introduce everywhere an appreciation of good music. It is not necessary that it should be shorn of its undoubted claims to make it acceptable with the many, and if we may venture our opinion, the true secret of ultimate success in this good work, is not to bring down music to the level of the people, but to bring up the people to the standard of good music. This can be done. It is, we are convinced, the true policy. Let another course be pursued, and what will be the consequence? Assume that all are now fully qualified to sing, and that there is no further need of the services of our choirs, and it is not apparent, that music must remain year in and year out at the same low level, and this sudden enthusiasm die of very weakness. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not decrying music for the million. Only while it is sought to be rendered popular, let not the claims of pure and proper taste be sacrificed, or the reformation, if such it can be called, will be but temporary. It is in this as it is in other sciences. There should be an adaptation to all; there should be ample provision for proficiency, and abundant scope and encouragement furnished for those who are likely to excel. For instance, in mathematics, we would have every scholar acquainted with its elements—at the same time, we cannot expect every individual to master all its difficulties. This were absurd. But while there is something for all to learn, there is abundant encouragement for those who aim at being masters. There must be this encouragement for the few, while the claims of the many are not neglected; otherwise there will be but little emulation, little desire to make advancement, and the science itself (whatsoever it is) must suffer at the hands of its friends. Now what can be more calculated to foster a correct musical taste—to lead out, i. e. to cultivate the capabilities of the young, than the presence in a congregation of a good choir, who meet together and practice together. The musical talents of a congregation are thus brought to act in concert—and certainly, "in union there is strength."

"But the choir will not sing old tunes—they have a music of their own." We do not pretend to write a syllable in extenuation of many of these manifest evils. But have choirs been found to be incorrigible? We think not. We think that if the proper means are used, the evil will soon be remedied. Only let us give them a fair trial, and tell them in a spirit of kindness that we would like to see this thing and that thing a little different, and we have no doubt of the result. The members of choirs are not a new species of animal. They have, we think, hearts and consciences.

It is too true that the performance in many of our churches is a mere performance—that we might as well give a shilling or two and attend a regular artistic display. This is all too true. But let us seek to remedy what is wrong in the right way, otherwise the remedy may be worse than the disease. Choirs, we have endeavored to show, are the true conservators of musical taste. They have their place, only let them thoroughly understand their duties. It is not their place to do all the singing, and no chorister (if he is a man of sense) would say it. It is their peculiar province to lead, and a church may as well attempt to get along without ministers, or an army without captains, or a Sunday school without a band of faithful persons skilled in teaching, as a congregation to do without its band of singers. All should be taught to join in the public worship; but surely there must be some qualified to lead. Thus two most desirable ends are reached—the union of all voices in sacred song; and adequate provision for skill and excellence and proficiency. And so far from it being the fact, in our humble judgment, that "the choir system does not encourage the timid to persevere," it seems to be the very thing to draw out the latent capabilities of the young, to furnish a motive for exertion, and a stimulus to continued effort. As a general rule, what is not worth the striving for is not worth the keeping.

"But the tunes! The tunes! When will our choir sing something that we can understand?" This is the language that is heard from a thousand lips. It expresses a sad deficiency—and choirs, if they are wise, should be alive and adequate to the facts of the case, and we believe they are adequate to the emergency—at least we see no reason why they cannot be. This call for congregational music is a good sign. It shows that the people are waking up to the real value of music as a part of the public worship of God. It evidences the fact that there is a growing appreciation of the importance of this branch of public education. Only let singers and choristers discern the signs of the times, prove themselves adequate to their task, and lead in this movement, and all will be right. We have no fears of the result, when discerning and conscientious men are at the helm. If either of these attributes are wanting, we have.

We are not in favor of disbanding choirs simply because they love to sing what nobody else can. At times this must be the case.—This was the case in the Jewish Church, where persons skilled in music were expressly appointed by God to conduct His praises, while the vast assembly joined in the full chorus. We cannot improve upon Divine Wisdom. Nor are we willing to dispense with the well-sung anthem, the plaintive duet, or the soul-stirring solos. And on the other hand, we cannot dispense with the grand old chorals like Old Hundred, which seem to make the congregation lift up their hearts in praise, and open their mouths with one consent, music or no music. We should not wish to deprive the congregation of their part in the worship of our common God. They naturally crave it. They are dull and disappointed if everything is artistic and beyond their reach. And thus it should be—it is an evidence of a jaundiced taste, were they to rest satisfied with simply listening. Worshippers go to church not to listen, but to worship. They go to unite in common prayer, and

in common praise. The minister does not say, "Listen to me while I pray," or "Listen to the choir while they perform such and such a piece of music," but "Let us pray"—"Let us sing." How vain and weak, then, for a choir to sing continually new tunes. As well might the minister preach in Hebrew, or pray in Latin, as for a choir to be forever singing in an unknown tune for its own glorification. What then is to be done? Disband choirs? No—not so. Let them be brought to realize their proper office. It is not to monopolize all the singing, but to lead in the public worship—to draw forth the devotion, and also the vocal expression of the whole congregation.

Now the difficulty lies in a nut-shell. There must be a part for the choir to perform, and as long as human nature remains what it is, to perform alone. This is needed to encourage them—at least in voluntary choirs. The motive is not to display—but a real desire to influence others by the power of good music. And without choirs is thus indulged in what may be termed "choir pieces," they may as well cease to exist, or at least cease to meet for the purpose of improvement—for improvement there will be none; everything will remain at a dead level. Thus, choir performance will be no hindrance to devotion; (for who does not love to hear a choir sweetly chant an opening hymn?) at the same time it will be a real help to good music.

Let choirs be indulged in this thing, just as we indulge in a dessert of peaches and cream after a dinner of roast beef—not as the staple, but as something we are not willing to dispense with, and there will be no difficulty. We will hear no more of this censure against choirs.—And just as a hungry man looks despairingly at the removal of the cloth when he knows that nothing comes after, so can we imagine a man who has a relish for music, when this movement of doubtful expediency has been achieved, looking despairingly up into the organ loft, and sighing that with so much of music for the million, there could not possibly have been saved a choice bit of select music for his peculiar taste.

I must now close this extended communication. I close not because I have run out of matter, but because I do not wish to tire the patience of those who honor my remarks with their attention. I will hint in my next at some of the methods by which this most desirable thing—"congregational worship"—may be attained.

There is one fact to which allusion must be made, amid the incessant grumbling we hear about "new tunes." We are apt to lose sight of the fact that many of our best tunes were, a few years ago, entirely new. We cling to them now with great tenacity; we will not give them up; but perhaps, we forget the day and the hour when they first saw the light, how one said with a significant shrug, "New tunes again!"

Let congregations be careful not to be quick in censuring, for many of those tunes which carry such exquisite delight to the heart, were a few months ago to them entirely new; and let choirs also listen to a word of advice. Introduce new tunes by all means; introduce them, however, gradually. Introduce them one at a time, just as you would introduce a number of friends to an acquaintance—not two or three at a time—not all at a time, so that your friend would not know them again if he were to see them the next day. Let the congregation become somewhat familiar with one tune before you sound forth the melody of another.

A few weeks since the lovers of music in our village were cheered with the presence of Mr. Bradbury, the well known and accomplished teacher of vocal music. The writer of this article attended the exercises of the Musical Convention in the morning, when special attention was paid to the subject of Parish Psalmody. On one of these mornings the whole subject of choirs, their difficulties, their duties, their dangers, and the relation in which they stand to a congregation came up, and was discussed by Mr. B. in a practical lecture which commended itself at once to the sound sense and Christian principle of every one who heard it. We have no intention to flatter, but let such views be disseminated and acted upon throughout the country, and a brighter day will dawn upon our churches. We may refer to this subject again; but if we do not, we here give in our testimony to the great utility of these Conventions when conducted by able and conscientious men skilled in music, and not wanting in grace, to the cause of sacred music.

TOWANDA, March 30, 1855.

—A lady of our acquaintance has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl.

"Biddy," said she one evening, "we must have some sausages for tea this evening; I expect company."

"Yes, ma'am."

Tea time arrived, with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired.

"And sure they're in the tay-pot, mam—Didn't you tell me we must have them for tay?"

—The surest way to fill a private apartment whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or a sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription:—"No admittance." No person ever read that prohibition over an entrance, without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

—Bites!—The following sell came off a few days since not many miles from where we now sit:—

Two gentlemen fishing—sharp boy appears—Boy—"Well, sir, git any bites?" Gent.—(unconscious—"lots of 'em."

Boy—"Y-a-a-s—under your hat?"

—The strongest kind of a hint—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would not go on his little finger.

## Selected Tale.

### THE WIDOW'S TALE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

They advised me not to marry him. They told me he was wild—unprincipled—bad; but I did not care for what they said. I loved him and disbelieved them. I never thought about his goodness—I only knew that he was beautiful and gifted beyond all that I had ever met within our narrow society. I loved him, with no passing school girl's fancy, but with my whole heart, my whole soul. I had no life, no joy, no hope without him, and Heaven would have been no Heaven to me if he had not been there. I say all this, simply to show what a madness of devotion mine was.

My dear mother was very kind to me throughout. She had loved my father, I believe, almost to the same extent; so that she could sympathize with me even while discouraging. She told me I was wrong and foolish, and that I should repent; but I kissed away the painful lines between her eyes, and made her smile when I tried to prove to her that love was better than prudence. So we married, not so much without the consent as against the wishes of my family; and even that wish withheld in sorrow and in love. I remember all this now, and see the true proportions of everything; then I was blinded by my passions, and understood nothing.

We went away to our pretty, bright home, in one of the neighborhoods of London, near a park. We lived there for many months—in a state of intoxication rather than in a state of earthly happiness, and he was happy too, then—for I am sure he was innocent, and I know he loved me. Oh, dreams—dreams!

I did not know my husband's profession. He was always busy, and often absent; but he never told me what he did. There had been no settlements either when I married. He said had a conscientious scruple against them; that they were insulting to a man's honor, and degrading to any husband. This was one of the reasons why, at home, they did not wish me to marry him. But I was glad to be able to show him how I trusted him, by meeting his wishes, and refusing on my account, to accept the legal protection of settlements. It was such a pride to me to sacrifice all to him. Thus, I knew nothing of his real life—his pursuits or his fortunes. I never asked him any questions, as much from the indifference of everything but his love as from a wife's blindness of trust. When he came home at night, sometimes very gay, singing opera songs and calling me his little Medora, as he used when in good humor, I was gay too, and grateful. And when he came home moody and irritable—which he used to do, often, after we had been married about three months, once even threatening to strike me, with that fearful glare in his eyes I remember so well, and used to see so often afterwards—then I was patient and silent, and never attempted even to take his hand or kiss his forehead when he bade me be still and not interrupt him. He was my law and his approbation the sunshine of my life; so that my very obedience was selfish; for my only joy was to see him happy, and my only duty to obey him.

My sister came to visit us. My husband had seen very little of her before our marriage, for she had often been at home when he was with us down at Hurst Farm—that was the name of my dear mother's place—and I had always fancied they had not liked even the little they had seen of each other. Ellen was never loud or importunate in her opposition. I knew that she did not like the marriage, but she did not interfere. I remember quite well the only time she spoke openly to me on the subject—how she flung herself at my knees, with a passion very rare in her, beseeching me to pause and reflect as if I had sold myself to my ruin when I promised to be Harry's wife. How she prayed! Poor Ellen! I can see her now, with her heavy, uncured hair falling on her neck as she knelt, half addressed, her large eyes full of agony and supplication, like a martyred saint praying. Poor Ellen! I thought her prejudice then; and this unspoken injustice has lain like a heavy crime on my heart ever since; for I know I judged her wrongfully, and that I was ungrateful for her love.

She came to see us. This was about a year and a half after I married. She was more beautiful than ever, but somewhat sterner, as well as sadder. She was tall, strong in person and dignified in manner. There was certain manly character, in her beauty, as well as in her mind, that made one respect, and fear her too, a little. I do not mean that she was masculine, or hard, or coarse; she was a true woman in grace and gentleness; but she was braver than women in general. She had more self-reliance, was more resolute and steadfast, and was more active and powerful in the body.

My husband was very kind to her. He paid her great attention; and sometimes I half perceived that he liked her—he used to look at her so often; but with such a strange expression in his eyes! I never could quite make it out, whether it was love or hate.—Certainly, after she came, his manner changed towards me. I was not jealous. I did not suspect this change from any small feeling of wounded self-love, or from any envy of my sister; but I saw it—I felt it in my heart—yet without connecting it with Ellen in any way. I knew that he no longer loved her; at least not with the same kind of love. I used to be surprised at Ellen's conduct to him. She was more than cold; she was passionately rude and unkind; not so much when I was there as when I was away. For I used to hear her speak in those deep indignant tones that are worse to bear than the harshest scream of passion; and sometimes I used to hear hard words—be, speaking at the first soft and pleadingly, often to end in a terrible burst of anger and imprecation. I could not understand why they quarrelled. There was a mystery between them I did know of; and I did not like to ask them, for I was afraid of them both—as much afraid of Ellen as my husband—and I felt like a reed between them—as if I should have

been crushed beneath any storm I might chance to wake up. So I was silent—suffering alone, and bearing a cheerful face as far as I could.

Ellen wanted me to return home with her. Soon after she came, and soon after I heard the first dispute between them, she urged me to go back to Hurst Farm—at once, and for a long time. Weak as I am by nature, it has always been a marvel to me since, how strong I was where my love for my husband was concerned. It seemed impossible for me to yield to any pressure against him. I believe now that a very angel could not have turned me from him!

At last she said to me in a low voice—"Mary this is madness!—it is almost sinful! Can you not see—can you not hear?" And then she stopped, and would say no more, though I urged her to tell me what she meant. For this terrible mystery begun to weigh on me painfully, and for all that I trembled so much to fathom it, I had begun to feel that any truth would be better than such a life of dread. I seemed to be living among shadows; my very husband and sister not real, for their real lives were hidden from me. But I was too timid to insist on an explanation and so things went on in their old way.

In one respect only, changing still more painfully, still more markedly—in my husband's conduct to me. He was like another creature altogether to me now, he was so altered. He seldom spoke to me at all, and he never spoke kindly. All that I did annoyed him, and once (the little widow covered her face with her hands and shuddered) he spurned me with his foot and cursed me, one night in our room when I knelt weeping before him, supplicating him for pity's sake to tell me how I had offended him. But I said to myself that he was tired, annoyed, and that it was irritating to see a woman's tears; and so I excused him, as often times before, and went on loving him all the same—God forgive me for my idolatry!

Things had been very bad of late between Ellen and my husband. But the character of their discord was changed. Instead of reproaching they watched each other incessantly. They put me in mind of fencers—my husband on the defensive.

"Mary," said my sister to me suddenly, coming to the sofa where I was sitting embroidering my poor father's cap. "What does your Harry do in life?—What is his profession?" She fixed her eyes on me earnestly.

"I do not know, darling," I answered vaguely. "He has no profession that I know of."

"But what fortune has he, then? Did he not tell you what his income was, and how obtained when he married? To us, he said only that he had so much a year—a thousand a year; and he would say no more. But has he not been more explicit with you?"

"No," I answered, considering; for indeed, I had never thought of this. I had trusted so blindly to him in everything, that it would have seemed to me a profound insult to have even asked of affairs.

"No," he never told me anything about his fortune, Ellen. He gives me money when I want it, and is always generous. He seems to have plenty; whenever it is asked for he has it by him, and gives me even more than I require."

Still her eyes kept looking at me in that strange manner.

"And is this all you know?"

"Yes—all. What more should I wish to know—is he not the husband, and has he not absolute right for everything. I have no business to interfere."

The words sounded harsher now than they did then, for I spoke lovingly. Ellen touched the little cap I held.

"Does not this make you anxious?" she said. "Can you not fear as a mother, even while you love as a wife?"

"Fear, darling! Why? What should I fear, or whom? What is there, Ellen, on your heart?"

I then added passionately—

"Tell me, at once; for I know that you have some terrible secret concealed from me; and I would rather know anything—whatever it may be—than live on longer in this kind of suspense and anguish! Is it too much for me to bear, Ellen?"

She took my hands.

"Have you strength?" she said earnestly. "Could you really bear the truth?"

Then seeing my distress, for I had fallen into a kind of hysterical fit—I was very delicate then—she shook her head in despair, and letting my hands fall heavily on my lap, said in undertone:

"No, no! she is too weak—too childish!"

Then she went up stairs abruptly, and I heard her walking about her own room for nearly an hour after in a long steady step.

I have often thought that, had she told me then, and taken me to her heart—her strong, brave, noble heart—I could have derived courage from it, and could have borne the terrible truth I was forced to know afterwards. But the strong are so impatient with us! They leave us too soon—their own strength revolts at our weakness; so we are often left, broken in this weakness, for want of a little patience and sympathy.

Harry came in a short time after Ellen had left me.

"What has she been saying?" he cried, passionately.

His eyes were wild and bloodshot; his beautiful black hair flung all in disorder about his face.

And then he seemed to think he had said too much; for he came and kissed me, and said he loved me. But for the first time in our married life, his kisses did not soothe me, nor did I believe his assurances.

All that night I heard Ellen walking steadily and unresting through her room. She never slackened her pace—she never stopped—she never even hurried; but the same slow measured tread went on; the firm foot, yet light, falling as if to music, her very step the same mixture of manliness and womanhood as her character.

After this burst of passion, Harry's tenderness was to me unbounded; as if he wished to make up for some wrong. I need not say how soon I forgave him, nor how soon I loved him again. All my love came back in one full-bellied tide; and the current of my being set towards him again as before. If he had asked me for my life then, as his mere fancy to destroy, I would have given it to him. I would have laid down and died, if he had wished to see the flowers grow over my grave.

My husband and Ellen grew more estranged as his affection seemed to return to me. His manner to her was defying; hers to him contemptuous. I heard her call him villain once, in the gardens below the windows; at which he laughed—his wicked laugh, and said, "tell her and see if she believes you."

I was sitting in the window working—it was a cold, damp day in the late Autumn, when the chillings of November are just beginning, those fogs with the frost in them, that steal in to one's very heart. It was a day when a visible blight is in the air, when death is abroad everywhere, and suffering and crime. I was alone in the drawing room. Ellen was up stairs, and my husband, as I believed, in the city. But I have remembered since, that I heard the hall door softly opened, and a footstep stole quietly by the drawing room up stairs. The evening was just beginning to close in—dull, gray, and ghost-like; the dying daylight melting into the long shadows, that stalked like wandering ghosts about which I dreamed such fond dreams, and wore such large hopes of happiness; and as I sat, while the evening fell heavily about me, a dread presentiment, a consciousness of ill, that made me tremble as if in agony—angry at myself, though, for my folly. But it was reality. It was no hysterical sinking of the spirit that I felt; no mere nervousness or cowardice; a knowledge, presence, a power, a warning word, a spirit's cry, that had swept by me as the fearful evil marched on to its conclusion.

I heard a faint scream up stairs. It was so faint I could scarcely distinguish it from a sudden rush of wind through an opening door, or the chirp of a mouse behind the wainscot.—Presently I heard the same sound again; and then a dull muffled noise overhead, as some one walking heavily, or dragging a heavy weight across the floor. I sat petrified by fear. A nameless agony was upon me that deprived me of all power of action. I thought of Harry and I thought of Ellen in an inextricable cipher of misery and agony; but I could not have defined a line in my own mind; I could not have explained what it was that I feared. I only knew that it was a sorrow to come, and sin. I listened, but all was silent again; once only I thought I heard a low moan, and once a muttering voice—which I knew to have been my husband's, speaking passionately to himself.

And then his voice swept stormily through the house, crying wildly, "Mary, Mary! Quick here! Your sister Ellen!"

I ran up stairs. It seems to me now, that I almost flew. I saw Ellen lying on the floor of her own room, just inside the door; her feet towards the door of my husband's study, which was immediately opposite her room. She was fainting, at least I thought so then. We raised her up between us; my husband trembling more than I; and I unfastened her gown and threw water on her face, and pushed back her hair; but she did not revive. I told Harry to go for a doctor. A horrid thought was stealing over me; but he lingered, as I fancied unaccountably and cruelly, though I twice asked him to go. Then I thought that perhaps he was too much overcome; so I went to him and said, "She will soon be better, Harry," cheerfully, to cheer him. But I felt in my heart she was no more.

At last, after many urgent entreaties, and after the servants had come up, clustering in a frightened way around the bed—but he sent them away again immediately—he put on his hat, and went out, soon returning with a strange man, not our doctor. This man was rude and coarse, and ordered me aside, as I stood bathing my sister's face, and pulled her arm and hand roughly to see how dead they fell, and stooped down close to her lips—I thought he even touched them—all in a violent and insolent way, that shocked and bewildered me. My husband stood in the shadow ghastly pale, but not interfering.

It was too true, what the strange man had said so coarsely. She was dead. Yes; the creature that an hour ago had been so full of life, so beautiful, so resolute, and young, was now a stiffening corpse, inanimate and dead, without life and without hope. Oh! that word had set my brain on fire! Dead! here, in my house, under my roof—dead so mysteriously, so strangely—why? How? It was a fearful dream, it was no truth that lay there. I was in a nightmare; I was not sane; and thinking how ghastly it was, I fainted softly on the bed, no one knowing, till some time after, that I had fallen and was not praying. When I recovered I was in my own room, alone. Crawling feebly to my sister's door, I found that she had been washed and dressed, and was now laid out on her bed. It struck me that all had been done in strange haste; Harry telling me the servants had done it while I fainted.—I knew afterwards that he had told them that it was I, and that I would have no help. The mystery of it all was soon to be unraveled.

One thing I was decided on—to watch by my sister this night. It was in vain that my husband opposed me; in vain that he coaxed me with angry threats. Something of my sister's nature seemed to have passed into me; and unless he had prevented me by force, no