

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, September 1, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

LATENT LIFE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Though never shown by word or deed
Within us lies some germ of power,
As lies unguessed, within the seed,
The latent flower.

And under every common sense
That doth its daily use fulfill,
There lies another, more intense,
And heauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined
The soul is but the counterfeit
Of that which shall be, more refined,
And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs
Enfolds a light more warm and clear,
Music but intimates the songs
We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss
Which love to its expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis
Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
Hopes, impulses, that fade and die,
Are but the layers peeled away
From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow
These rough and ugly masks we wear,
I think that we shall be as now,
Only more fair.

And he who makes his love to be
Always around me, sure and calm,
Sees what is possible to me,
Not what I am.

Selected Tale.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN!

A Scottish maiden! What a pleasant vision do not these words call up. Who that has ever kept his twelfth of August on the northern moors could fail to be reminded by them of some bright-eyed Highland lassie whom he has met at early dawn of day crossing the mountain stream barefoot, with her plaid thrown over her fair hair, and her clear voice singing out an old sweet ballad of her native land, or happily, if he had an *entree* to the homes of the Scottish aristocracy, they will bring before him some yet fairer picture of a pure pale face, where eyes of a blue, tender as the morning sky, spoke of a noble and truthful soul within, and he has learnt to love the race that once had such deadly feuds with his Saxon ancestry, because of the "glamour" cast around him by the golden-haired daughters of the land.

But very different is the real picture of that Scottish maiden of whom we are about to speak; nor was she any vision of the fancy, but a terrible reality, whom all men knew and feared throughout broad Scotland, two hundred years ago. A dark and stern lady was she truly, and one who brooked no rivals—for they whom she had once embraced were never clasped to mortal heart again; and the lovers whom she pillowed on her bosom, slept a sleep that knew no waking. Few there were, even of the bravest, who did not shudder somewhat as they saw her keeping her unchanging watch through storm and sunshine, beneath the shadow of old St. Giles, the principal church of the Northern capital; and oftentimes, when they saw how the ground beneath her feet was stained with blood, they muttered curses on the "loathly maiden," that had done to death so many a gallant Scot. Yet to some this ghastly lady (which was none other than the public guillotine) appeared to have attractions, such as a bright-eyed damsel would have envied; for it is recorded of the noble Marquis of Argyle, the last who died in her embrace, when our story commences, that he ran eagerly up the steps, and exclaimed as he laid his head on the block; "This is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed." This saying of his was often cited, and the world wondered what hidden pang had so darkened life for the gallant noble, whose homage was courted by the fairest ladies, that he should die with words of such bitter meaning on his lips; but when some few years later, the maiden pressed with her cold hand the throat of him who proved to be her latest victim, the strange and tragic circumstances of his death obliterated all recollections of the Marquis and his dying words.

It happened singularly enough, however, that these two, the Lord of Argyle, and Kenelm Hamilton who succeeded him on the block, had been in life the dearest enemies; and by a peculiar chain of circumstances, which we shall now proceed to detail, the death of the one caused that of the other.

It was about a month after the execution of the Marquis that Hamilton, whose race, so closely allied to the Kings of Scotland, was even prouder than Argyle's, found himself, compelled by political business, to pass a night in the little town of Inverary, close to which stood the magnificent castle of the same name, which had been the heritage of the dead rival.

Never, perhaps, did any one approach that beautiful spot with greater ill-will than Kenelm Hamilton; he was a young man of a peculiarly fiery and impetuous disposition, of whom it was often said that his love and his hatred were alike to be dreaded, so ardent and passionate was he in either; he was the second son of that noble family of Hamiltons, between whom and the Argyles there had been a deadly feud for many generations past. Never, however, had it burnt more fiercely than in the time of which we write, when the families had been represented by the Marquis who had just been compelled to lay his lofty head at the maiden's feet, and Kenelm, with his wild and angry temper; for his elder brother

er was an idiot, who bore the family title, but lacked the wit to defend their honor when assailed. Deep had been the hate between Argyle and Hamilton, which the new-shed blood of the former had not availed to quench; for, in addition to the old clan feud, there was a private quarrel between them which had fearfully embittered their traditional hatred.—The Marquis of Argyle had been betrothed almost from boyhood to his cousin, the lady Ellen Graham, and although their engagement had been a matter of family arrangement, he loved her well and truly; not so the lady, however. She had not been consulted when she was bound, while yet a child, to the Marquis, and with the true feminine spirit of contradiction, she resolved to choose for herself, and accepted the addresses of Kenelm Hamilton, who, by some unlucky chance, had fallen in love with his rival's bride. Their wedding was even now fixed to take place in a few months, and this circumstance no doubt, explained the last words of Argyle, which were destined to be the means of one day bringing his enemy to the arms of this same cruel maiden, whom he himself had embraced with so much fervor. And now the recollection of that last bloody scene was, doubtless, heavy on the heart of Hamilton as he rode down the path which led to Inverary Castle and the little village that lay at its foot. It was a cold and gloomy winter night; the darkness was intense, and the wild north wind went shrieking and howling through the pass as if it bore upon its wings the souls of those who had expired in some great agony, while the dark Scotch firs stood up like specters among the bleak gray rocks. Truly it was an evening on which the stoniest heart might gladly seek a shelter, and Hamilton was fain, though sorely against his will, to rest for the night in the domain of his enemies. This had been no part of his intention when he set out on his journey; he had then been accompanied by two of his retainers, and he designed to have passed at a little distance from Inverary early in the day, and to have lodged for the night in a castle at some distance, and belonging to a kinsman of his own; but, unhappily that morning one of his guides had been thrown from his horse and injured so severely that his life was despaired of. Some hours were spent in conveying the wounded man to a resting place; and Hamilton, whose mission admitted of no delay, was obliged to leave him in charge of his comrade and push on his road, although the short December day was already closing in when he started again.

He rode on as rapidly as he could, but the darkness soon became so impenetrable that he repeatedly lost his way; and when at last, the lights of Inverary gleamed through the driving mist and rain, he felt that it had become a matter of necessity that he should rest there for the night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

In these turbulent times, when every man's hand was against his fellow, there would have been considerable risk in Hamilton venturing into Inverary, and especially this particular Hamilton, had he been known; but Kenelm trusted that the darkness of the night would prevent his being seen by any but the landlord of the inn where he meant to sleep, to whom he was personally unknown, and who would not be likely to suspect that a solitary horseman, unattended by a single retainer, could bear so proud a name.

In this supposition he was proved to have judged rightly. Kenelm rode unmolested and unobserved through the little town, and the streets of which were, in fact, almost deserted; as the tempestuous weather had driven all the inhabitants into their houses, and he saw, to his great satisfaction, that even the door of the inn was shut—a sufficient proof that no guests were expected at the "Argyle Arms" that night. The Landlord, a Campbell, of course, and as sturdy a Scot as one could wish to see, himself came to the door to welcome the stranger, and after sending his tired horse to the stable, he ushered him into a huge stone kitchen, briefly remarking that he must be content with such cheer as the family provisions could afford for that little expected any visitors on a night so "mecanny."

Hamilton assured him he was not disposed to be fastidious and having thrown off his dripping mantle and dismounted himself of his heavy riding-boots, he sat down on the oaken settee opposite the huge fire-place; while Campbell went out to see that the horse was attended to.

Left to himself, Kenelm began to look around him, and he was much struck by the scene which presented itself within the room. The huge fire-place, which was filled up with wood, sent a bright and ruddy glow over the whole room, and lighted up with a brilliant glare the figure of a young woman, who sat at one corner of the ample hearth, and who was the only other occupant of the apartment besides himself. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of this girl, which riveted Hamilton's gaze in spite of himself.—She sat perfectly motionless, excepting for the rapid movement of her fingers, which she was employing in knitting; her plaid thrown back from her head left her pale face exposed to view, which was marked by a singularly vacant expression. This was caused in part, no doubt, by the fixed stare of her large blue eyes which never moved in their sockets nor brightened with a sparkle of life; it was evident that she was stone-blind, while there lurked certain lines round the thin compressed lips which seem to indicate that she had all the acuteness, amounting almost to cunning, which often characterizes persons thus afflicted.

The countenance was far from beautiful—scarcely even pleasing—yet it impressed Hamilton with a sense of power such as we often feel and yet can not define in the presence of persons unknown to us. She gave no signs of being conscious of his presence, but he felt she was aware that he was in the room; and as he continued to watch her sitting there in her strong impassiveness, an indefinable feeling of shrinking and dread took possession of him, for which he could not account. He had been struck by the implacable "maiden" who

had taken Argyle's young life might have been fitly represented by this weird damsel who sat there so like a blind inexorable fate weaving a web of inevitable doom.

The gallant knights of those times who feared neither death nor danger, were greatly prone to superstition; and Hamiltons, hot-blooded and impetuous as he was, proved no exception to the rule. He was, therefore, heartily glad when the inn-keeper returned and broke the ominous silence which had so oppressed him.

"Here, Elspeth," said Campbell, addressing the figure in the broad Scotch of those days which we will not attempt to reproduce, "Here's a gentleman, cold and hungry, come and see what you can find for his supper."

Hamilton listened anxiously for the sound of her voice, feeling as if it would be a relief to hear her speak, but she never opened her lips; she rose up, however, at once, and began to move about in a strange mechanical manner, her blindness becoming more apparent as she guided herself by the touch, while the staring glassy eyes seemed to him absolutely ghastly as she passed near him. She placed some oatmeal cakes and dried fish on the table, along with a jug of whiskey, and then returned to her place by the fire, where she sat immovably as before.

"Is that your daughter?" said Hamilton to the inn-keeper, as he invited him to draw near and eat.

"My only child; and blind from her birth," was the reply, uttered almost with sternness, as if the subject was painful. "Elspeth's not like other folks, and you had better take no heed of her."

Hamilton took the hint and said no more, while he applied himself to the rude fare set before him with a keen-set appetite. Nor did he spare the whiskey, which was wonderfully cheering after his wet ride; and when he had finished his repast he felt, as he said, like a new man altogether. Filling his glass again he invited Campbell to join him, and the two began to converse together on the events of the day. Kenelm sat with his back to the blind girl, and as she never moved or spoke, he soon forgot her presence altogether, and had well-nigh forgotten also the necessity of concealing his name and lineage from these retainers of his foes, when he was startled in a sudden remembrance of his position. Alluding to some political event, he mentioned that he had been at Holyrood the day before.

"Ye come from Edinburgh, then," said the inn-keeper, kindling with a sudden fierceness, and clenching his fist, he struck it on the table with a violent blow, exclaiming: "Curses on the bloody city!—the city of murderers! and may the fire from heaven come down upon it and consume it!"

"Amen," said a deep, stern voice, almost at Kenelm's ear, and he started involuntarily as he saw that it had come from the blind woman's lips. Something, too, in the sudden passion of the Campbell had stirred the angry blood within himself, and whilst an involuntary instinct told him what train of thought had thus fired the retainer of Argyle, he had much ado to hide his own antagonistic feelings.

"You speak sharply, Master Campbell," he said, at last. "The capital of Scotland is held to you in truth."

"Ay," said the Highlander, his brow growing red with suppressed rage; "but why should I curse the senseless stones, though they were stained with the blood of the noble Lord Argyle. Rather let me curse his enemies, who drove him to the death—his bitter foes, who made his life so dark to him that he was fain to break some petty law that he might die—Curses, then, I say, upon the traitor Hamilton, who stole his bride."

"Amen," the deep voice answered, but this time Kenelm heard it not; his fiery passions were aroused beyond control; he forgot all but that he had been called a traitor, and starting to his feet, he advanced on the Campbell, saying:

"Man, know you to whom you are speaking?"

"I neither know nor care," said the inn-keeper rising, also. "But I say yet more; not only curses upon him, the traitor, but upon her, his lady light-of-love, who would have brought a stain upon Argyle's time-honored house had she become his bride."

This was too much. In another moment Hamilton's dirk was gleaming in his hand.—"Villain, unsay that word," he thundered out; "she is as pure as driven snow."

"His lady light-of-love," repeated the Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had closed with him ere the words had well passed his lips—one fierce struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground as his assailant plunged the dagger into his breast up to the very hilt: "Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat." One deep groan—one strong convulsion of the stalwart limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion cooled in the presence of death. The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man he had been talking to so amicably but a few moments before, was lying there murdered by his own hand. But suddenly as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden upturned towards him as she knelt on the ground by her dead father, towards whom she had crept with a step so steady that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white ghastly face; but as he receded she crept towards him on her knees and laid her hand, which had stepped in her father's blood, on his, till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low stifled voice: "You have murdered him, and you shall die for it. None saw the murder, for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape; the vengeance of Heaven will track you out one day." Then flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed—"My father, O my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have rang upon the ears of every person in

the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself; he must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse; the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted the horse without saddle or bridle, and the clattering of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of Justice was as stern as it was summary; and he felt well assured that the present Marquis of Argyle, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest till he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under cover of a fir wood, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in fact, that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not identify him; and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him, except her dead father himself. He was now not very far from the house of his kinsman, where originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent so fatally in the inn at Inverary had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the time when we would, according to his ordinary style of traveling, had reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin and the next morning his servant joined him, having left his comrade doing well; so that no doubt was for a moment entertained that he had ever deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact did become known, it created a sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case—a murder committed by an unknown assassin in presence of one sole witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing the murderer, was even in days of bloodshed, a striking event, and the mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyle, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed, being stimulated to unusual activity in the search, by the suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons.—This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim; which Elspeth detailed word for word, but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation the search was given over; but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice, and the Lord of Argyle declared that if ever in his lifetime the assassin was discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the interval ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household, after the good old fashion of those times, which recognized a claim on the part of all the helpless and afflicted of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark foreboding which never left him day or night. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he was the first man he had ever murdered; and the first whose life he had taken otherwise than in honorable warfare and already the unfailing retribution of actual crime had commenced in the deep secret of his heart. Whenever he went, alone or in crowds, from the hour when the low solemn warning of the blind girl came to him as he stood with his feet dabbling in the blood of her father, he heard that voice ringing in his ear, and telling him that vengeance would surely find him yet, and the sleepless justice of the Invisible track him out when least he looked for it. Not even the joy-bells, on his wedding morning, could drown that ominous whisper in his soul, nor the sweet tones of the Lady Ellen, while she murmured her bridal vows. Still was it sounding there, when the feeble cry of his first-born spoke of new ties to make life sweet; and later still, he heard it through the firing of the salutes that greeted him as ambassador on a foreign shore. Years passed on, most of which were spent at one of the continental courts; and when at last, he returned, with his wife and family to Edinburgh, the murder of the inn-keeper had not been thought of by any one for a long time past.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the Scottish capital, Hamilton was walking along the most fashionable part of the old town where the houses of the nobility were chiefly to be found when his attention was attracted by a fray, which was going on in the streets between two young men. Such a sight was by no means uncommon in those days; but the fury of the lady was so great that it was evident some serious mischief would ensue if they were not separated. Hamilton, whose rank in the city entitled him to interfere, at once rushed in between them, calling to them in a loud voice to desist immediately from further quarrelling, and with a firm grasp of his strong hands on the shoulder of each he sent them reeling to the opposite sides of the street.

The affair had collected a considerable crowd and Hamilton's rank and position were well known amongst them, so that they all made

way for him as he turned to resume his walk. One moment he stood there in all his proud prosperity, receiving the homage of the people as his right, and scarce bending his lofty head in acknowledgment of it—the sunshine of a bright summer sky streaming down upon his noble and commanding form seemed but to try the brilliancy of his worldly prospects.—One moment he stood thus, and the next the vengeance that had so long tracked his steps unseen laid hold upon him with a deadly grasp and the sun of Hamilton's career sunk down to set in blood. A shriek so thrilling and intense that it seemed to pierce his very heart, suddenly rang through the air, and all eyes, as well as his own, were turned to the spot from whence it appeared to have arisen—and there a sight presented itself which caused the stately Hamilton to grow pale and tremble like a child. On the highest step of the stone stair which led to the door of the Marquis of Argyle's town residence, a tall, haggard-looking woman was standing—her arms were outstretched towards Hamilton, and her eyes, whose glassy vacancy showed that they were sightless, seemed to glare upon him with a horrible triumph as she shrieked out in tones that were heard far and near:

"Seize him! seize that man whoever he may be—he is the murderer of my father! I know him by his voice!"

Many of Argyle's retainers were among the crowd, and the Marquis himself had been drawn to the window by the noise of the quarrel.—All knew Elspeth Campbell, the blind woman and remembered her father's mysterious murder—all could testify to the acuteness of her sense of hearing, and the repeated expression of her longing desire that she might hear the voice of the assassin, so long sought in vain, for she remembered the full rich tones that had called on her father to unsay his words, one instant before he fell a corpse, and she felt certain she could know them again if she could but once hear the murderer speak; and now, after the lapse of all these years, the well-known voice had struck her ear, and again and again she screamed out: "Seize him! I know he is my father's murderer!"

In another moment Argyle was confronting Hamilton, too thankful to have such a charge established against his ancient enemy. The people crowded round, and if any had been disposed to doubt the blind woman's recognition, Hamilton's own awestruck conscience set a seal upon his truth, for he attempted no defense, but kept his appalled look still fixed upon the blind woman's ghastly face; he let his hands fall at his side and exclaimed: "It is the hand of God, and I am lost!"

He spoke truly; he was lost indeed. Argyle speedily brought him to justice. The blind woman's evidence was unquestionable nor did he attempt to controvert it; it was as if the very blood of the murdered man had risen up to cry for vengeance; and all men deemed it a righteous sentence which doomed him to the scaffold.

Not many days after the bright morning when he stood as it seemed, on the pinnacle of fortune with admiring crowds around him, he found himself again the centre of a large assembly, the object of interest to all. The deadly maiden had been prepared to receive another victim, and at her feet the noble Lady Ellen Hamilton sat weeping bitter tears, as she saw the lover of her youth, the husband of her riper years, led up to die.

They let him pause one moment to take leave of her. "My Ellen, do not weep," he said, "this is but the work of God's unsleeping justice. I ever knew that I must die for that rash deed. The blind woman's voice has haunted me through all these years, as it seems mine has haunted her. She told me vengeance would overtake me, and it has come—merciful it is that it meets me on the scaffold and not in the fires of hell!" He kissed her pale lips and passed on.

Still nearer to the fatal maiden stood the blind woman, who had murdered him as surely as had killed her father. He laid his hand on hers; "Elspeth, you are avenged," he said; "I am about to die. Now, let your hatred pass away, and pray for me."

"I will," she answered, and the tears fell from her sightless eyes, as he passed on to suffer.

In another instant the maiden had done her work, and the last of her victims lay slaughtered in her terrible embrace.

The instrument of death thus strangely named was never used again. It was superseded by the more modern fashion of executing criminals, and it may now be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, with the dark stains yet corroding on the fatal knife, which were left there by the blood of him who in very deed and truth was brought to justice by the signal retribution we have recorded.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are highly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas; and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorite. A due respect for woman leads to respectful action toward them—and respectful is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest.—Adison.

Love is neither crime nor folly.—Unrequited love may be inexpedient, and she may be weak who indulges it, but there was never a heart in which true love had dwelt that was not purified and made noble by its influence. The sin and crime in the world, ordinarily ascribed to love, should be ascribed to the absence of it.

BETWEEN WHICH.—"Of all the agonies in life, that which is the most harrowing and poignant, which for the time annihilates reason and leaves one whole organization one lacerated mangled heart, is the conviction that we have been deceived where we have placed all the trust of love."

The lost Darling.

Dimpled white hands folded peacefully across the still bosom, bright eyes closed in their last slumber, the soft air stealing in at the half open window, raising the silken hair from the calm, pure brow, all life-like, so mockingly life-like that you turn away and cry out bitterly from the depths of your poor, anguish-stricken heart as you realize that those pale lips will lip your name no more, those soft eyes smile no again upon you, and that those clinging arms will never again be clasped around your neck, nor the fair young head be pillowed upon your bosom. The little chair vacant, the cradle, the crib; a little hut with wreaths of faded flowers, hanging against the wall, tiny worn shoes just before the little one threw them carelessly in its last play, all useless now, for the darling, your darling, lies pale, still and cold. The house is still now; no sound of pattering footsteps, no innocent prattle, no singing laughter. There is noise in the street, but to your poor, suffering heart it seems insupportable. The young and fair pass gaily by your window, and their light laugh rings out upon the air, while you press your hands over your teardimmed eyes, and strive to forget,—forget only to your heartstone this great affliction has brought sorrow—forget that while you are weeping, the busy world will go on as usual, and laugh, jest, and plan, buy and sell, lose and gain as ever; forget, ay, you strive to forget all save the one great crushing grief that has trampled down upon your quivering heart-strings.

Forget! ah yes, you do forget that the little waxen form before you is but the casket that once enshrined a jewel and that jewel you called your own was lost to you, and is now set in the diadem of Calvary's meek and holy sufferer of the King of kings; you forget that the tender lamb your frail hands could have guarded but poorly is safe from life's wearying tempests; you forget in your blind grief that your darling is an angel and instead of toiling and sinning, perhaps, through many years, it wears the robe and crown that only the blood-washed may ever wear. Aye, you forget all this as you look upon your sweet, withered blossom, and cry out in your wild bitter anguish, "Oh gaze upon the dark clouds that enshroud you, and forget the 'silver lining' and the bow of promise. Say to the lone mother, joy to thee! press a last fond kiss upon the pale lips and murmur thankfully, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' Housed from life's storms, free from life's perils, no rugged steps, no path of thorns, no sin, no temptations; safe! and an angel! Ah, little darling, thou art not lost, only gone first to the mansion of the blessed, and we should not weep for thee. Thou hast passed through death's cold river before us, and art safe, while we are left to battle with self and sin, to fight and conquer ere we wear a robe and crown like thine. Ah, little darling, joy to thee!"

MARY A. KEABLES.

TALENT, TACT, PERSEVERANCE.—Those three qualities help men forward to well-deserved wealth and enduring honors. David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, was a plowman; Roger Sherman, a boot and shoe maker; George Bruce, the wealthy type-founder, who has generously helped forward many a poor but deserving brother of the press, a poor printer boy; as were also Horace Greeley, James Harper, Thurlow Weed, and Simon Cameron of the United States Senate; the able and eloquent Senator for Ohio, Corwin began life driving a team between Columbus and Cincinnati. Thomas Ewbank was bred a plumber; John Fitch, who invented the steamboat, and exhibited its operation, was a native of Connecticut, and died poor and neglected as did the ingenious Oliver Evans. Amos and Abbot Lawrence, the munificent patrons of the useful arts, once (though not recently) walked down from Vermont to Boston, with scarce a cent in their pockets, and hardly any shoes on their feet. Andrew H. Mickle, tobaccoist, a former Mayor of New York, never inherited a cent of fortune; and Mayor Brady won his way to wealth by skill as a mechanic and prudence as a man of business. Sixteen years before the gallant but unassuming General Brown was Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, he was teaching a small Quaker school. Cicero, the greatest of all Roman Orators, was of very humble origin—yet his eloquence confounded the traitor Cataline, and made Julius Caesar tremble, though in the plenitude of his power.

IMAGINATION.—A lady entered a dry goods store, and desired to see several pieces of muslin. On being told that the price was \$3, she exclaimed, "How very high!" "They're cheap enough, if you'll only imagine so," was the reply of a snily clerk; and the lady ordered a piece to be wrapped up for her, took it up, and was walking out the store, when the clerk ran after her and said, "Madame, you have not paid me." "Oh yes, I have, if you'll only imagine so," she archly replied.

What the world calls avarice is oftentimes no more than compulsory and penuriousness is better than a wasteful extravagance.—A just man, being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death, than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

A bankrupt, on being condoled with for his embarrassment, replied, "Oh, I am not at all embarrassed; it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

A few days since, a "wee bit of a boy" astonished his mother. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get another house-keeper; I've got tired seein' you round!"

OPEN your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency. The flower which opens to receive the dew, shuts against rain.