The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE,

—BY—

E. A. WESTON, ESQ.,

AT BROOKLYN, PA., MARCH, 12, 1859.

Man can't maintain his manhood by parts-n-r by proxy.

In the operation of a complicated machine, the defect of a wheel or a spring, tho' of minor importance in itself, deranges the entire effect. Man must be either an integer or a fraction; if the latter, he is lacking or incomplete. To produce a healthful, and vigorous, and perfect tree,—a tree that shall fulfil the purposes of its being, that shall ramify its roots and anchor them firmly in the earth, that shall send up its perpendicular trunk in conformity with the law of gravitation, that shall put forth its evenly balanced branches now on this side and then on that—a tree that shall gracefully yield to the breeze, and yet stand defiant of the raging wind and storm, that shall by its shade, its fragrance, and its protection, add to the comfort of beast, and bird, and man, that shall beautify the land with its foliage and flowers, and that shall yield its abundant and delicious fruit for the sustenance and gratification of animal life, and for the reproduction and multiplication of its own species,—to present such a tree, all the requirements of its growth must be complied with. It must have origin in a healthy germ, planted in a genial soil. All the constituents which its roots take in through their myriad of little mouths, must be supplied in due proportion and in proper form. It must have unrestricted access to the free air where its leaves breathe in the carbon that gives it stamina, and constitutes its solid portions. It must have, with no other aunt than that which nature has prescribed, the life-giving and mysterious influences of electricity and light. It must be watered by the rain and the dew. It must have its stated period of activity, and its regular rest and repose.

So does the perfection of man's character depend upon the harmonious development and sustenance of *all* his normal faculties and powers. True, one tree may be valued more for its fruit, another for its timber, another for its bark, and so on; and so of man, and his excellences. But 'twould be a futile task to attempt to produce either roots, or stem, or bark, or branches, or leaves, or flowers, or fruit without all the rest. So with man. In this utilitarian age, there is, perhaps, no need to urge the fact that our youthful education should be somewhat modified with reference to the employments in which we expect to engage. Nor is there necessity to say that "one thing at a time," is a proper rule;—that undivided attention and persistent, strenuous effort in one direction is the price of success in that direction. Yet the truth remains, that if you neglect either the bodily, the mental, the moral, or the social capacities of man, you have either gnarled and stunted the tree, have made it too heavy and disproportionate, have given it a ragged and denuded trunk, or have made it grow awry, with an ill-balanced, unsymmetrical, one-sided head. You have not the tower of strength and beauty and usefulness, which otherwise you might have had. Physical disease more or less deranges and enervates the mind, sours the disposition, and renders the temper in rose. Jaundiced eyes may give to objects other than material an unwonted hue. So, on the other hand, if the mind languishes, the body lacks energy. And moral aberration may involve the wreck of health and intellect. These aspects should be developed and progress together. Their sphere of action may have very different limits, but until those limits are respectively attained, their appropriate state is that of concordant progression. Nothing else accords with the moral gist of the universe around us. Nothing else accords with the necessities of our being. Without life, without intelligence, what superiority could we claim above the indurated rock that stands for ages the passive subject of inertia alone, contributing to the rebuffless disintegrating power of frost and rain, only now and then a particle of sand to fertilize the adjacent soil? And what are life and intellect and soul, without their exercise? What pleasure, what nobility would they confer! Above us, and around us, on every hand, we see the principle of harmonious progression illustrated and enforced. Nothing stands still. Everywhere stands out the word "onward." We are carried from night to day and from day to night at the rate of over 1000 miles per hour, and from season to season at the rate of 68,000 miles per hour. The exercise, undeviating gyration result from the operation of two immutable laws that work in harmony. By one of these the earth is securely held in its constant course by the power of attraction exerted by other worlds, while ours, in turn, performs a kindred office for the rest, and all for each! Should one refuse, what dire confusion might result! And from these cycles of progression others follow. In the darkness of night, all animate creation both vegetable and animal changes its action. Rest and sleep prepare for the coming day's activity. Spring and summer, autumn and winter bring about successive stages in the progress of the vegetable kingdom. Some, during these mutations, have sprung up, developed their beauties and perfections, and have finished the cycle of their existence. Others have completed but one cycle of the compound cycle of their being. The mustard seed has burst its little shell and by degrees has expanded its dimensions, till the birds may lodge it its branches. While the acorn has completed but one stage of the century's growth that shall make it the monarch of the forest. Matter assums one form, accomplishes our purpose or our circle of purposes, and then returns to the common mass of elements to perform another circle of progression. The vegetable world supports the animal, and the animal world affords sustenance for the vegetable. The exhaled breath of the animal is appropriated by the vegetable, and is again made pure for breathing. Water is evaporated from the ocean and the land, and the vapor and clouds fall in rain and dew to irrigate the ground and again form rills and streams and supply the source of evaporation. The heart, one of the constant miracles of life, sinks the vital currents through perpetual circles. The snake casts off his skin, the bee renews his coat. Each particle of our bodies, having accomplished its work, is exchanged for a new one. Atoms which were once arranged to decorate the Garden of Eden, may, perchance, be flourishing here in the vegetation of to-day. Like circling waves, enlarging from a central point so should man progress, but in never-ending cycles.

The luscious fruits, the grape, the peach, the apple, the pear, etc., each emanated from bitter, astringent, worthless, wild varieties of their kind. And they have not yet arrived at the terminus of their improvement, for their culture is constantly yet developing new excellencies. Most of our grains and esculent roots have sprung from a like origin. The corresponding thing is true of domestic animals.

'Tis nature's plan, the perfect wisdom of which none can doubt, that few things at first appear in the state of perfection which they afterward attain. This is true of individual productions, and often, also, of successive generations. And the duration of this period of progress from incipiency to maturity, indicates the term of after duration, so that "late ripe, late rotten," has passed into a prover. Ephemeral plants and animals begin, develope, and end their existence in a single hour, a single night, or day. Others advance through a single season; others, through a period of years. And as we know no limit to the progress of the mind, we thence infer its perpetuity.

Whatever speculations may be entertained as to whether man has, on the whole, advanced or retrograded since his first creation, there can be no doubt that progress is a law of his being, and if he has not advanced he *should* have advanced. Perhaps in some respects he has advanced, while in others he has made wry e than crab like progress. But the fault is his own. Yet, for ages past, it can but be admitted that the human race has gone forward. "The world does move." In proof, we have the fact that the utterance of the sentiment does not jeopardize the life of the utterer, as first it did. We see the sure decline of war, cruelty, bloodshed and carnivorosity; of idolatry and superstition and sanguinary religious rites; of tyranny, oppression and slavery. We are pointed with hope and encouragement to the fact that old errors are not, so much as formerly, regarded as venerable on account of their antiquity; while new fangled things are not implicitly received in consequence of their novelty; but the tendency increases to refer all to the test of truth and reason. The more general diseamination of physiological knowledge looks in the right direction. "Know thyself," may yet be obeyed and realized. Railroads, telegraphs, and steamships have vastly improved the social and commercial relations of mankind, while a cheap efficient press is diffusing an attainment and intelligence. The ameliorating influence of art and science and invention were never before so wide-spread. Labor-saving machinery adds to the leisure of the toiling millions. The practical, substantial, useful age of iron, has made its advent—the forerunner of the true "golden age." The truth that man derives his sustenance from the soil, and that he has a right (equally clear with that of the air and water, and sunlight,) to a sufficiency of soil for his support, and in only such a sufficiency—is being more firmly established.

The prevalence of common Schools, with efforts for their improvement, betokens good to humanity, politically, and generally;—politically, as it indicates the tendency of governments to foster knowledge and virtue as the best means of preventing the consequences of ignorance, vice and crime, and of securing the peace and good order of society;—and generally, as it implies a recognition of the *duty* of human improvement and elevation, and opens a way for its partial attainment. The promotion of agricultural and mechanic pursuits, is one step toward the best time predicted. Manual-labor Schools deserve a better success than that with which they meet. Pain and ill are being seen in their true light and character, as the penalties of violated law, conforming in their nature strictly to the nature of the transgression, and not as mysterious dispensations of Divine Providence, and ministered at random for the punishment of sin in general. This puts the evil, the cause, and the remedy, in such apparent and true connection, as to point most pregnantly to reformation. The social demands of man's nature are being placed upon their proper basis, as not composed of stoic, hermetical, or monastic austerity on one hand, nor of sheer conviviality on the other. The importance of the co-education of the sexes, and the beneficial healthful influence which their reciprocal intercourse and society exert upon each other, is quite generally admitted. The efforts of woman to enhance her qualifications, extend her usefulness, and elevate her level, is no bad omen.—But there are yet many formidable obstacles to be overcome before the symmetrical developments of all man's faculties can be attained, even among nations whose social, political, and general condition is most favorable. Prominent among these is the institution of caste in all its greater and less degrees. The assumption that one class should be manual-laborers, and should "stick to their business" incessantly, and that another class should follow unremittingly, intellectual employment, while another still pusillanimously and most ingloriously claims exemption from either, is reprehensible.

Every man should supply his physical necessities by his own muscular exertion, and every man should satisfy the mental requirements of his being, by his own mental labor. Of the same character is the practice of putting youth and childhood through an impetuous course of education, while in after years all mental training is to be wholly laid a side. Mental and muscular effort combined, return each other, and add efficiency to each; and at no period is this more important and necessary than during the early years of life. Study, work and play are all required by children. And the whole of life is far too short to explore the confines, even, of the fields of knowledge.—Then we have to encounter the enormous burdens laid upon us by the supposed requirements of health and comfort—the requirements of pride, custom, avarice and prescribed appetite, more than half of which are only curses, calamities, and scourges—wolves in sheep's clothing, to prey upon our happiness, health, and well-being.—Then we meet with the great moral argument—the great moral fallacy of the whip and the spur. It may be true that "necessity is the mother of invention." It may be true that adversity keeps a good school. Tyranny may make freemen. But when you sanction the principle of "doing evil that good may come," you have stepped over the brink and are rushing down the dangerous precipice. While the pressure is on, you may go ahead. But the further you move by external and foreign force, the more have you lessened the power of locomotion. Whatever exercise is proper, and right, and consonant with man's constitution, is pleasurable—is the source of delight. The true stimulus to action is the legitimate reward of that action. The stimulus to research and investigation, is the spontaneous satisfaction of knowing and understanding. 'Tis the benumbing and deadening of the power to understand that creates the supposed necessity for goads. The body requires food. But without the proper appetite food would prove injurious. Knowledge is the pabulum of the mind. When the mind asks bread, only see that a "stone" or a "scorpion" be not given it instead. Kindness is reformatory; *force* is for *defence*. But it must further be remembered that the productions of the hot-bed and forcing-house resemble nature's products in little else than name. There is a mystery in life which we cannot imitate nor explain. It is incomprehensible, like Deity whence it emanated.—Want of method may also be an impediment. "Order is heaven's first law." Throughout nature's domain, atom is joined to atom with the utmost regularity, to form the objects which we behold. The elements which enter into the composition of the earth's surface, and of everything upon it, are very few. The almost infinite and the pleasing variety in form, and texture, and color, and character, which we see around us, is due to diversity in molecular arrangement. Substances are often composed of the same elements and in the same proportions, and yet differ materially in their nature in consequence of a difference in the arrangement of their particles. Reverse the order of the most cogent mathematical demonstration and you render it confused and unintelligible. Without order and system nature's admirable and rigid economy would turn to prodigality.

Thus comes the false system of proxy. Says Dr. Franklin, "If you would have your business done, *go*; if not, send." The interchange of the products of labor, muscular and mental, accords with natural principles. But in this work of developing the energies and capacities with which mankind has been endowed, the great rule is, "do it yourself." Would you be independent, would you be a *man* as God ordained, work for yourself. Supply your own wants with the means which the Creator has placed at your disposal. Acquire wisdom and knowledge for yourself. Be good and true for yourself. Do not be compelled. Do not let others do it for you. Do it yourself. Profit by the counsel and experience and skilful instructions of others, but, "do it yourself." As you value your honor and your manhood, spurn the thought lackeys, promptors, and confessors. Do it yourself!

Dr. Deane's Revenge,

A Thrilling Story.

"It matters little, when, or how, I picked up this brief history. If I were to relate it in the order in which it reached me, I should commence in the middle, and when I had arrived at the conclusion, go back for a beginning. It is enough for me to say that some of its circumstances passed before my own eyes; for the remainder, I know them to have happened, and there are some persons yet living, who will remember them but too well.

"In the Borough High Street, near St. George's Church, and on the same side of the way, stands as most people know, the smallest of our debtors' prisons—the Marshalsea. Although in later times it has been a very different place from the sink of filth and dirt it once was, even its improved condition holds out but little temptation to the extravagant or consolation to the improvident. The condemned felon has as good a yard for air and exercise in Newgate, as the insolvent debtor in the Marshalsea Prison.

"It may be my fancy, or it may be that I cannot separate the place from the old recollections associated with it, but this part of London I cannot bear. The street is broad, the shops are spacious, the noise of passing vehicles, the footsteps of a perpetual stream of people—all the busy sounds of traffic, resound in it from morn to midnight, but the streets around me are mean and close; poverty and debauchery lie festering in the crowded alleys, want and misfortune are pent up in the narrow prison, an air of gloom and dreariness seems, in my eyes at least, to hang about the scene, and to impart to it a sickly and squalid hue.

"Many eyes, that have long since been closed in the grave, have looked round upon that scene lightly enough, when entering the gate of the Marshalsea Prison for the first time; for despair seldom comes with the first shock of misfortune. A man has confidence in untried friends, he remembers the many offers of service so freely made by his boon companions when he wanted them not; he has hope—the hope of happy experience—and however he may bend beneath the first shock, it springs up in his bosom, and flourishes there for a brief space, until it droops beneath the blight of disappointment and neglect. How soon have those same eyes deeply sunken in the head, glared from faces wasted with famine, and sallow from confinement, in days when it was no figure of speech to say that debtor rotted in prison, with no hope of release, and no prospect of liberty. The atrocity in its full extent, no longer exists, but there is enough of it left, to give rise to occurences that make the heart bleed.

"Twenty years ago, that pavement was worn with the footsteps of a mother and child, who, day by day, so surely as the morning came, presented themselves at the prison gate; often after a night of restless misery and anxious thoughts were they there, a full hour too soon and then the young mother turning meekly away, would lead the child to the old bridge, and raising him in her arms to show him the gl stening water, tinted with the light of the morning's sun, and stirring with all the bustling preparations for business and pleasure that the river presents at that early hour, endeavour to interest his thoughts in the objects before him. But she would quickly set him down, and hiding her f ce in her shawl, give vent to the tears that blinded her, for no expression of interest or amusement lighted up his thin and sickly face. His recollections were few enough, but they were all of one kind—all connected with the poverty and misery of his parents. Hour after hour, had he sat on his mother's knee, and with childish sympathy watched the tears that stole down her face, and then crept quietly away into some corner, and sobbed himself to sleep. The hard realities of the world, with many of its worst privations—hunger and thirst, and cold and want—had all come home to him from the first dawnings of reason; and though the form of childhood was there, its light heart, its merry laugh and sparkling eyes were wanting.

"The father and mother looked on upon this and upon each other with thoughts of agony they dared not breathe in words. The healthy strong made man who could have borne almost any fatigue of active exertion, was wasting beneath the close confinement and unhealthy atmosphere of a crowded prison. The slight and delicate woman was sinking beneath the combined effects of mental and bodily illness; the child's young heart was breaking.

"Winter came, and with it weeks of cold and heavy rain. The poor girl had removed to a wretched apartment close to the spot of her husband's imprisonment; and though the change had been rendered absolutely necessary by their increasing poverty, she was happier now for she was nearer him. For two months, she and her little companion watched the opening of the gate as usual. One day she failed to come, for the first time. Another morning arrived, she came alone. The child was dead.

"They little know, who coldly talk of the poor man's bereavements, and a happy release from pain to the departed, and a merciful release from expense to the survivor—they little know, I say, what the agony of those bereavements is. A silent look of affection and regard when all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort in the deepest affliction which no wealth could purchase, or power bestow. The child had sat at his parents' feet for hours together, with his little hands patiently folded in each other, and his thin wan face raised towards them. They had seen him pine away from day to day; and though his brief existence had been a joyous one, and he was now removed to that peace and rest which, child as he was, he had never known in this world, they were his parents, and his loss sunk deep upon their souls.

"It was plain to those who looked upon the mother's altered face, that death must soon close the scene of her adversity and trial. Her husband's fellow prisoners shrunk from obtruding on his grief and misery, and left him to himself alone, in the small room he had previously occupied in common with two companions. She shared it with him; and lingering on without pain, but without hope, her life ebbed slowly away.

"She had fainted one evening in her husband's arms, and he had borne her to the open window to revive her with the air, when the light of the moon falling full upon her face, showed him a change upon her features, which made him stagger beneath her weight like a helpless infant.

"'Set me down, George,' she said, faintly. He did so, and seating himself beside her, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"'It is very hard to leave you, George,' she said, 'but it's God's will, and you must bear it for my sake. Oh! how I thank him for having taken our boy! He is happy, and in heaven now. What would he have done here without his mother!'

"'You shall not die, Mary, you shall not die,' said the husband, starting up. He paced hurriedly to and fro, striking his head with his fist, then resenting himself beside her, and supporting her in his arms, added more calmly, 'Rouse yourself, my dear girl—pray, pray do. You will revive yet.'

"'Never again, George, never again,' said the dying woman. 'Let them lay me by my poor boy, now, but promise me, that if ever you leave this dreadful place, and should grow rich, you will have us removed to some quiet country church-yard, a long, long way off—very far from here, where we can rest in peace. Dear George, promise me you will.'

"'I do, I do,' said the man, throwing himself passionately on his knees before her. 'Speak to me, Mary, another word or look—but one—'

"He ceased to speak; for the arm that clasped his neck grew stiff and rigid. A deep sigh escaped from the wasted form before him; the lips moved, and a smile played upon the face but the lips were pallid, and the smile faded into a rigid and ghastly star. He was alone in the world.

"That night, in the silence and desolation of his miserable room, the wretched man knelt by the dead body of his wife, and called on God to witness a dreadful oath, that from that hour, he devoted himself to revenge her death and that of his child; that from henceforth to the last moment of his life, his whole energies should be directed to this one object; that his revenge should be protracted and terrible; that his hatred should be undying and unextinguishable, and should hunt its object through the world.

"The deepest despair, and passion scarcely human, had made such fierce ravages on his face and form, in that one night, that his companions in misfortune shrunk affrighted from him as he passed by. His eyes were bloodshot and heavy, his face deadly white, and his body bent as with age. He had bitten his under lip nearly through in the violence of his mental suffering, and the blood which had flowed from the wound had trickled down his chin, and stained his shirt and neckerchief. Nowder, or sound of complaint escaped him, but the unsettled look, and disordered haste with which he paced up and down the yard, denoted the fever which was burning within.

"It was necessary that his wife's body should be removed from the prison, without delay. He received the communication with perfect calmness, and acquiesced in the propriety. Nearly all the inmates of the prison had assembled to witness its removal; they fell back on either side when the widower appeared; he walked hurriedly forward, and stationed himself, alone, in a little railed area close to the lodge gate, from whence the crowd, with an instinctive feeling of delicacy, had retired. The rude coffin was borne slowly forward on men's shoulders. A dead silence pervaded the throng, broken only by the audible lamentations of the women, and the shuffling steps of the bearers on the stone pavement. They reached the spot where the bereaved husband stood; and stopped. He laid his hand upon the coffin, and mechanically adjusted the pall with which it was covered, and then motioned them onwards. The turnkeys in the prison lobby took off their hats as it passed through, and in another moment the heavy gate closed behind it. He looked vacantly upon the crowd and fell heavily to the ground.

Although for many weeks after this he was watched night and day, in the wildest ravings of fever, neither the consciousness of his loss, nor the recollection of the vow he had made ever left him for a moment. Scenes changed before his eyes, place succeeded place, and event followed event, in all the hurry of delirium; but they were all connected in some way with the great object of his mind. He was sailing over a boundless expanse of sea, with a blood-red sky above, and the angry waters lashed into fury beneath, boiling and eddying up on every side. There was another vessel before them, toiling and laboring in the howling storm; her canvass fluttering in ribands from the mast, and her deck thronged with figures who were lashed to the sides, over which huge waves every instant burst, sweeping away some devoted creatures into the fuming sea. Onward they bore, amidst the roaring mass of water, with a speed and force, which nothing could resist; and striking the stern of the foremost vessel, crushed her beneath their keel. From the huge whirlpool which the sinking wreck occasioned, arose a shriek so loud and shrill—the dead-cry of a hundred drowning wretches, blended into one fierce yell—that it rung far above the war-cry of the elements, and echoed, and re-echoed, till it seemed to pierce air, sky, and ocean. But what was that—that old gray head that rose above the water's surface, and with looks of agony, and screams for aid, buffeted with the wave? One look, and he had sprung from the vessels side, and with vigerous strokes were swimming towards it. He reached it, and was close upon it. They were *his* features. The old man saw him coming, and vainly strove to elude his grasp. But he clasped him tied, and dragged him beneath the water. Down, down with him fifty fathoms deep, his struggles grew fainter and fainter, until they wholly ceased. He was dead; he had killed him, and had kept his oath.

"He was traversing the scorching sands of a mighty desert, barefooted and alone. The sand chocked and blinded him; its fine thin grains entered into the very pores of his skin and stung him almost to madness. Gigantic masses of the same material, carried forward by the wind, and thone through by the burning sun, stalked in the distance like pillars of living fire. The bones of men, who had perished in the dreary waste, lay scattered at his feet; a fearful light fell on everything around, and so far as the eye could reach, nothing but objects of dread and horror presented themselves. Vainly striving to utter a cry of terror with his tongue cleaving to his mouth, he rushed madly forward. Armed with supernatural strength, he waded through the sand, until exhausted with fatigue and thirst, he fell senseless on the earth. What fragrant coolness revived him? what gushing sound was that? Water! It was indeed a well; and a clear, fresh stream was running at his feet. He drank deeply of it and throwing his aching limbs upon the bank, sunk into a delicious trance. The sound of approaching footsteps roused him. An old gray-headed man tottered forward to slake his burning thirst. It was *he* again. He wound his arms round the old man's body, and held him back. He struggled in powerful convulsions and shrieked for water—for but one drop of water to save his life; but he held the old man firmly, and watched his agonies with greedy eyes; and when his lifeless head fell forward on his bosom, he rolled the corpse from him with his foot.

"When the fever left him, and consciousness returned, he awoke to find himself rich and free, to hear that the parent who would have let him die in jail—*would!* who *had* let those who were far dearer to him than his own existence, die of want and the sickness of heart that medicine can never cure—had been found dead in his bed room. He had all the heart to leave his son a beggar, but proud even of his health and strength he had put off the act until too late, and now he might gnash his teeth in the other world, at the thought of the wealth, his remissness had left him behind. He woke to this, and he more. To recollect the purpose for which he lived, and to remember that his enemy was his wife's own father—the man who had cast him into prison, and who, when his daughter and her child sued at his feet for mercy, had spurned them from his door. Oh, how he cursed the weakness that prevented him from being up, and active, in his scheme of vengeance!

"He caused himself to be carried from the scene of his loss and misery, and conveyed to a quiet residence on the sea coast—not in the hope of recovering his peace of mind or happiness, for both were fled for ever; but to restore his prostrate energies, and meditate on his darling object. And here, some evil spirit cast in his way the opportunity for his first, most horrible revenge.

"It was summer time; and wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, he would issue from his solitary lodgings early in the evening, and wandering along a narrow path beneath the cliff, to a wild and lonely spot that had struck his fancy in his ramblings, seat himself on some fallen fragments of the rock, and burying his face in his hands, remain there for hours—sometimes till night had completely closed in, and the long shadows of the frowning cliffs above his head, cast a thick, black darkness on every object near him.

"He was seated here, one calm evening in his old position, now and then raising his head to watch the flight of a seagull, or carry his eye along the glorious crimson path, which, commencing in the middle of the ocean, seemed to lead to it's very verge where the sun was setting, when the profound silence of the spot was broken by a loud cry for help; he listened, doubtful of his having heard aright, when the cry was repeated with even greater vehemence than before, and starting to his feet, he hastened in the direction from whence it proceeded.

The tale told itself at once; some scattered garments lay on the beach; a human head was just visible above the waves at a little distance from the shore, and an old man, wringing his hands in agony, was running to and fro, shrieking for assistance. The invalid, whose strength was now sufficiently restored, threw off his coat, and rushed towards the sea, with the intention to plunge himself in, and to drage the drowning man ashore.

"'Fasten here, Sir, in God's name; help, help Sir, for the love of Heaven. He is my son, Sir, my only son,' said the old man, frantically, as he advanced to meet him. 'My only son, sir, and he is dying before his father's eyes.'

"At the first word the old man uttered, the stranger checked himself in his career, and folding his arms, stood perfectly motionless.

"'Great God!' exclaimed the old man, recoiling—'Heyling!'

"The stranger smiled and was silent.

"'Heyling!' said the old man, wildly, 'my boy, Heyling, my dear boy, look, look,' and gasping for breath, the miserable father pointed to the spot where the young man was struggling for life.

"'Hark!' said the old man—'he cries once more. He is alive yet: Heyling, save him, save him!'

"The stranger smiled again and remained immovable as a stone.

"'I have wronged you,' cried the old man, falling on his knees, and clasping his hands together—'be revenged; take my life, my all, cast me into the water at your feet, and, if human nature can repress a struggle, I will die without stirring hand or foot. Do it, Heyling, do it, but save my boy, he is so young, Heyling, so young to die.'

"'Listen,' said the stranger, grasping the old man firmly by the wrist—'I will have life for life, and here is ONE. *My* child died before his father's eyes, a far more agonizing and painful death than that young slanderer of his sister's worth is meeting while I speak. You laughed—laughed in your daughter's face, where death had already set his hand—at our suffering then. What think you of them now? See there, see there.'

"As the stranger spoke he pointed to the sea. A faint cry died away upon its surface, the last powerful struggle of the dying man agitated the rippling waves for a few seconds; and the spot where he had gone down met his early grave, was undistinguishable from the surrounding water.

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"Three years had elapsed, when a gentleman alighted from a private carriage at the door of a London attorney, then well known to the public as a man of no great nicety in his professional dealings, and requested a private interview on professional business of importance. Although evidently not past the prime of life, his face was pale, haggard, and dejected, and it did not require the most acute perception of the man of business to discover at a glance, that disease or suffering had done more to work a change in his appearance, than the mere hand of time could have accomplished in twice the period of his whole life.

"'I wish you to undertake some legal business for me,' said the stranger.

"The attorney bowed obsequiously, and glanced at a large packet which the gentleman carried in his hand. His visitor observed the look, and proceeded.

"'It is no common business,' said he; 'nor have these papers reached my hands without long trouble and great expense.'

"The attorney cast a still more anxious look at the packet; and his visitor, untying the string that bound it, disclosed a quantity of promisory notes, with some copies of deeds, and other documents.

"'Upon these papers,' said the client, 'the man whose name they bear, has raised, as you will see large sums of money, for years past. There was a tacit understanding between him and the men in whose hands they originally went—and from whom I have by degrees purchased the whole for trebles and quadruble their nominal value—that these loans should be from time to time renewed, until a given period had elapsed. He has sustained many losses of late; and these obligations accumulating on him at once, would crush him to the earth.'

"'The whole amount is some thousands of pounds,' said the attorney, looking over the papers.

"'It is,' said the client.

"'What are we to do,' enquired the man of business.

"'Do!' replied the client, with sudden vehemence—'Put every engine of the law in force, every trick that ingenuity can devise and rascality execute; fair means and foul; the open oppression of the law, aided by all the craft of its most ingenious practitioners. I would have him die a harrassing and lingering death. Ruin him, seize and sell his lands and goods, drive him from house and home, and drag him forth a beggar in his old age, to die in a common jail.'

"'But the costs, my dear sir, the costs of all this,' resumed the attorney, when he had recovered from his momentary surprise—'If the defendant be a man of straw, who is to pay the costs, sir?'

"'Name my sum,' said the stranger, his hand trembling so violently with excitement, that he could scarcely hold the pen he seized as he spoke—'any sum, and it is yours. Don't be afraid to own it, man. I shall not think it dear, if you gain my object.'

"The attorney named a large sum at hazard, as the advance he should require to secure himself against the possibility of loss; but more with the view of ascertaining how far his client was disposed to go, than with any idea that he would comply with the demand. The stranger wrote a check upon his banker and left him.

"The draft was duly honored, and the attorney finding that his client might be safely relied upon, commenced his work in earnest. For more than two years afterwards, Mr. Heyling would sit whole days together, in the office, poring over the papers as they accumulated, and reading again and again, his eyes gleaming with joy, the letters of remonstrance, the prayers for a little delay, the representation of the certain ruin in which the opposite party must be involved, that poured in, as suit after suit, and process after process, was commenced. To all applications for a brief indulgence, there was but one reply—the money must be paid. Land, house, furniture, each in its turn, was taken under some one of the numerous executions which were issued; and the old man himself would have been immured in prison had he not escaped the vigilance of the officers and fled.

"The implacable animosity of Heyling, so far from being satisfied by the success of his persecution, increased a hundred-fold with the ruin he inflicted. On being informed of the old man's flight his fury was unbounded. He gnashed his teeth with rage, tore his hair from his head, and assailed with horrid imprecations the men who had been intrusted with the writ. He was only restored to comparative calmness by repeated assurance of the certainty of discovering the fugitive. Agents were sent in quest of him in all directions; every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to, for the purpose of discovering his place of retreat; but it was all in vain. Half a year had passed over, and he was still undiscovered.

"At length, late one night, Heyling, of whom nothing had been seen for many weeks before, appeared at the attorney's private residence, and sent up word that a gentleman wished to see him instantly. Before the attorney, who had recognized his voice from above stairs, could order the servant to admit him, he had rushed up the staircase, and entered the drawing-room pale and breathless. Having closed the door to prevent being overheard, he sank into a chair, and said with a low voice—

"'Hush! I have found him at last.'

"'No!' said the attorney—'Well done, my dear sir; well done.'

"'He lies concealed in a wretched lodging in Camden Town,' said Heyling—'Perhaps it is as well, we did loose sight of him, for he has been living alone there, in the most abject poverty, all the time, and he is poor—very poor.'

"'Very good,' said the attorney—'You will have the caption made to-morrow of course.'

"'Yes,' replied Heyling. 'Stay! No! The next day. You are surprised at my wishing to postpone it,' he added, with a ghastly smile, 'but I had forgotten. The next day is an anniversary in his life; let it be done then.'

"'Very good,' said the attorney—'Will you write down directions for the officer?'

"'No. Let him meet me here at eight o'clock in the evening, and I will accompany him myself.'

They met on the appointed night, and, hiring a hackney coach, directed the driver to stop at the corner of the old Pancras road, at which stands the parish workhouse. By the time they alighted there, it was quite dark; and proceeding by the dead wall in front of the Veterinary Hospital, they entered a small by-street, which is, or was at that time called Little College St., and which, whatever it may be now, was in those days a desolate place enough, surrounded by little else than field and ditches.

"Having drawn the traveling-cap he had on half over his face, and muffled himself in his cloak, Heyling stopped before the meanest looking house in the street, and knocked gently at the door. It was at once opened by a woman, who dropped a courtesy of recognition; and Heyling, whispered the officer to remain below, crept gently up stairs, and, opening the front room, entered at once.

"The object of his search and unrelenting animosity, now a decrepid old man, was seated at a bare deal table, on which stood a miserable candle. He started on the entrance of the stranger and rose feebly to his feet.

"'What now, what now?' said the old man—'what fresh misery is this? What do you want here?'

"'A word with *you*,' replied Heyling. As he spoke he seated himself at the other end of the table, and throwing off his cloak and cap, disclosed his features.

"The old man seemed utterly deprived of the power of speech. He fell backward in his chair, and clasping his hands together, gazed on the apparition with a mingled look of abhorrence and fear.

"'This day six years,' said Heyling, 'I claimed the life you owed me for my child's. Besides the lifeless form of your daughter, old man, I swore to live a life of revenge. I have never swerved from my purpose for a moment's space, but if I had, one thought of her uncomplaining, suffering look, as she drooped away, or of the starving face of our innocent child, would have nerved me to my task. My first act of acquital you well remember; this is my last.'

"The old man shivered, and his hands dropped powerless by his side.

"'I leave England to-morrow,' said Heyling, after a moment's pause. 'To-night I consign you to the living death to which you devoted her—a hopeless prison—'

"He raised his eyes to the old man's countenance and paused. He lifted the light to his face, set it gently down, and left the apartment.

"'You had better see the old man,' he said to the woman, as he opened the door, and motioned the officer to follow him into the street—'I think he is ill.' The woman closed the door; ran hastily up stairs, and found him lifeless. He had died in a fit.

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"Beneath a plain grave-stone, in one of the most perceful and secluded church-yards in Kent, where wild flowers mingle with the grass, and the soft landscape around forms the fairest spot in the garden of England, lie the bones of the young mother and her gentle child. But the ashes of the father do not mingle with theirs, nor from that night forward, did the attorney ever gain the remotest clue to the subsequent history of his client."

The Power of Steam.

A pint of water may be evaporated by two ounces of coal. In its evaporation it swells, into two hundred and sixteen gallons, of steam, with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty seven tons a foot high. The steam thus produced has a pressure equal to that of common atmospheric air; and by allowing it to expand, by virtue of its elasticity a further mechanical force may be obtained, at least equal in amount to the former. A pint of water, therefore, and two ounces of common coal, are thus rendered capable of doing as much work as is equivalent to seventy-four tons raised a foot high. The circumstances under which the steam engine is worked on a railway are not favorably to the economy of fuel, nevertheless, a pound of coal burned in a locomotive engine will evaporate about five pints of water. In this evaporation they will exert a mechanical force sufficient to draw two tons weight on the railways a distance of one mile in two minutes. The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring 700 feet each way, and is 500 feet high, its weight being twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty millions of pounds. It is stated that in constructing this prodigious pile, 100,000 men were constantly employed for twenty years. Now, however, by means of steam, the materials of this pyramid could be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of about 480 tons of coal.

☞ If sorrow comes into thy he to drive it is easily done, and will one batch, like the away care and desp rifts in dark clouds, bline seen thr climes.