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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

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THE HAUNTED SCHOONER.

A FRESH WATER SKETCH.

BY GEORGE S. RAYMOND.

It is many years ago—so far back on my life voyage that I have forgotten the precise year in which the somewhat peculiar and withal very strange at first, but extremely simple in the end, circumstances, or rather several circumstances combined occurred, of which I am about to relate the particulars. It is all so vividly impressed on my mind, that were I to live a hundred years yet, it would still remain in my memory as fresh as though the events were but a single month gone by.

I was but a boy then in years, although I was a man in stature and nautical experience, for I could haul the weather gearing of a six hundred ton ship in a gale of wind as quick as any man of her whole crew; and I had made two voyages as chief mate, one to India and one to the north of Europe; when I learned that much better wages were paid on the western lakes than at sea, and that a steady young man, capable of commanding a vessel, could almost always get one within two or three years on Lake Erie or Ontario, which was more than he could hope to do at sea, unless he had money or influential friends; and as I had neither of these, I determined to quit the sea and try my fortunes on the lakes.

Sackett's Harbor was the nearest port, and as I had been informed that it was about the best place short of Buffalo to get a berth, there being usually a good many vessels laid up there every winter, I shaped my course for that place, and after several adventures of slight interest to any one except myself, I had arrived within five miles of my journey's end, when the old-fashioned lumbering stage sleigh in which I was the only passenger, got stuck fast in a huge snow-drift that completely blocked up the road.

It was a bitter cold freezing night, and I suffered more during the half hour that I was engaged in assisting the driver to extricate his team than I had ever done in the most severe winter's gale on the coast of America.

We had passed a comfortable looking log house a few hundred yards back, and as it was found impossible to proceed, we decided to turn back (a very sage conclusion, by the way,) and seek shelter for ourselves and the poor horses, till morning.

We were met at the door by a fine stout-looking young fellow, who having heard our request, bade us welcome and insisted upon our entering the house and getting ourselves warm, while he disposed of the horses.

There was little urging necessary, for we were both more than half frozen, and we were soon seated before a bright, blazing wood fire, while a fine, noble-looking woman, of perhaps forty, and a fair rosy-cheeked girl of sixteen, whose features were so like those of the elder female that it needed no one to tell me they were mother and daughter, set about preparing supper, which, by the time we were thoroughly warmed and the young man had returned from the barn, was placed upon the table, to which as soon as our boy-host had divested himself of a stout, serviceable pea-jacket and sou'wester, we sat down, and never before or since have I partaken of a meal that relished as well as did that plain, substantial supper, of which everything except the tea was produced on the little farm where it was eaten.

The stage driver was acquainted with the family, to whom he had introduced me so far as he could without knowing himself who I was, any further than that I was a sailor bound from Boston to Sackett's Harbor. But on the other hand, the introduction was more definite, as I learned that the lady was a widow, named Spencer, and that the noble-looking young fellow, together with the beautiful girl, were her children, Wharton and Lovina Spencer; the first, a stout, manly fellow of nineteen, and a sailor withal, and the latter two years younger, and as fair and beautiful a creature as I had ever seen.

There is ever a species of natural freemasonry existing among sailors unknown to landsmen, which draws out their kindred sympathies, and makes them acquainted with each other oftener at the first meeting, and under circumstances where men of any other profession or occupation would remain entire strangers.

So it was with young Spencer and myself that night, and long before supper was ended, we were conversing as sociably as though we had known each other for years.

Nor was the acquaintance confined to us alone, for Mrs. Spencer and Lovina mingled their conversation with ours, so that within an hour from the time I entered the house, I was quite as much at home among my new friends as if I had known them for years, and I did not regret the circumstance which had turned us back.

The stage driver retired to bed soon after supper; but I remained in conversation with the family till long past midnight, during which time I had learned from the widow and her son much of their history for some five years past, which in substance was briefly this:—

Mrs. Spencer's husband had been for many years the commander of a vessel on a lake, and at the time of his death, not quite five years back, he was the sole owner of a fine schooner which he had launched some three months previously.

Capt. Spencer's brother, a merchant residing at Sackett's Harbor, was appointed executor and administrator of the estate, and within three weeks after his brother's death, Mr. John Spencer produced claims against the estate to an amount far exceeding the value of the schooner, together with a valuable farm situated on the bay-shore about four miles from Sackett's both of which the merchant took possession of, turning the widow and her two fatherless children out from their comfortable home, penniless upon the cold charities of the world.

But Mrs. Spencer was not friendless, for many of the masters of vessels and more of the common sailors, who had known Capt. Spencer, put their heads and their mites together, and after purchasing forty acres of land, they procured the materials for a house and barn, and then turning out *en masse* with many of the citizens and neighboring farmers, they put up the two buildings, cleared some eight acres of land, and after having provided provisions amply sufficient for a year's consumption, they installed the widow and her children in their new home, where they were quite as comfortable as they had been in that from which they were driven by the avarice and fraud of their unjust relative.

Wharton told me in conclusion, that the schooner, which his uncle still owned, had been haunted ever since about six months after he took possession of her.

"Haunted!" I inquired, in astonishment; "how is she haunted, or what with?"

"O, we don't know that," replied the young man; "that's what puzzles everybody; but haunted she most certainly is, and with the most strange noises, too that I ever heard.

"About six months after my uncle got her, he changed her rig, by taking out her long masts and putting in shorter ones, making her a top-sail schooner instead of a fore-and-after, as she was before; and ever since that she has been haunted. He can never get any one, either captain, officers or men, to go in her more than two or three months at a time, on account of the dreadful noises, and last season he was obliged to lay her up altogether, as he could get no one to go in her at any price. He would sell her if he could, but nobody will buy her, for she is known all about Lake Ontario as the 'haunted schooner,' and people fear her."

"Do you think I could get her?" I inquired, after I had heard Wharton's account.

"Get her! Yes, and double wages, too, if you'll go in her."

"Then I'm in luck," I replied, "for I will most certainly go in the vessel if I can get the chance."

"And will you give me a mate's berth, sir?" he inquired, after a moment's pause.

"Provided I get the schooner—yes."

"Thank you, sir, and now I'll tell you what I wish you would do. It'll be more than a month yet before it's time to fit out, and you may as well stay here with us as to live among strangers in the village. To-morrow morning I will go with you to Sackett's, when you can make your bargain with my uncle, and then come back here with me, where you shall be welcome to such fare as we have till it's time to fit out the schooner."

Mrs. Spencer and Lovina joined their entreaties to those of Wharton, and my own inclinations disposing me to accept the kind invitation, I consented to the young man's proposal, and retired to rest, a member of a family whom till that evening I had never before heard of.

After breakfast on the following morning, we assisted the driver in getting his team through the snow-barrier, and in less than an hour after, Wharton Spencer and myself stood on the Wharf at Sackett's Harbor, examining the haunted vessel, which I found to be a stout, fine looking craft of about one hundred and forty tons, and from what I could see of her as she lay there frozen in solid, she seemed to be a very pretty modelled schooner, with nothing of the unreal or supernatural in her appearance, and I made up my mind at once that, provided I could get the command of her, I would weather out one season in her in spite of all the strange noises in creation.

When we left the wharf, Wharton pointed out to me the residence of his uncle, which I entered alone, and when I came out again two hours afterwards, it was as commander of the Haunted Schooner Swallow, with a salary very nearly double that of any other captain on Lake Ontario.

It was a bargain of necessity on both sides. Mr. John Spencer had given me the command of his vessel and extra pay, because he could get no one to go in her at any price; and I had taken her because I could not get a master's berth anywhere else.

At the village hotel, I found Wharton, in conversation with a handsome young fellow, whom he introduced to me as his cousin, Mr. John Spencer, Jr., with whom I was much pleased; and after spending an hour with the two cousins, during which time I informed them of my appointment to the command of the haunted schooner, learned a great many things in return from my new acquaintances; and among them the fact that Mr. John Spencer, Jr., was in love with his pretty cousin Lovina, and that his very amiable father had forbidden him to visit her, or think of her as his wife, under the penalty of being turned out of doors and disinherited forever.

I did not offer any advice in the premises at the time, but determined in my own mind, that I would do so at a fitting opportunity, and having partaken of some refreshments, Wharton and I set out for home, promising to meet John every few days at the hotel till the schooner was ready to sail.

Spring came at length; the ice broke up, navigation was again open, and on a calm, beautiful day in the latter part of March, Wharton and myself commenced operations on board the Swallow, fitting her out for the business of the sailing season.

Three days of fine pleasant weather passed off, and in all that time not a sound indicative of the supernatural had been heard about the vessel. I had ransacked her all over, fore and aft, below and aloft, the hold, forecastle and cabin, and for all that I could discover, she was as free from ghosts and evil spirits as any craft I had ever been in.

Two nights we had slept together in the cabin without having heard the slightest unaccountable sound, and I was beginning to think, as I lay there in my bunk about ten o'clock of the third night, that the haunting had all been a matter of imagination, or that the goblins had all perished by hunger and frost, shut up there alone during the long cold winter—when all at once I was startled, and I must admit a good deal frightened, by a strange, peculiar noise, which appeared to come through the bulkhead from the hold, and seemed to fill the whole cabin until the air vibrated, as it will under the deep bass tones of a violin, in a close, still room.

At first, the sound was a low monotonous moan or wail, different from anything I have ever heard, so that I cannot describe it by comparison; but if it was like anything human, it was the faint, long-drawn-out moan of a dying infant, extorted by the last terrible death agony.

For a few—perhaps five minutes, it continued, when it ceased, and a moment afterwards there burst forth, a wild fierce shriek, so shrill, so full of horror, that my hair seemed to stand on end, and my blood chilled curdling back to my heart.

The shriek died away in a mournful, dirge-like cadence, and was followed by a succession of quick nervous cries, imitating very nearly the sharp, yelping bark, of a pack of half-famished wolves, when close upon their prey.

Then there followed a piercing whistle, a chirping as of small birds, croaking of frogs, hisses, and a hundred other strange noises that no combination of letters can represent, nor any comparison give an idea of it; at one moment separately, and the next altogether, and mingling with low sweet strains of dulcet music, as of the gentle zephyr's breath stealing softly over the finer wires of the Æolian harp.

And thus it was, all throughout the night, shrieks and whistles and moans, with a thousand strange, hideous noises; while without, the night was pitchy dark, the rain poured down in a perfect deluge, and the wind howled in wild, fitful gusts, and shrieked back to the goblin voices in the hold from the rigging, and altogether it was a night of horror such as I had never experienced before, and I determined to abandon the haunted craft with the coming dawn to any one who chose to take her; for I had said a hundred times to myself, "I will not go in this demon-haunted schooner."

But I grew familiar with the sounds at last, and when day-light came, I was ready to laugh at my coward fears, and said to Wharton, who seemed to take it very coolly:—

"So long as we are haunted by invisible beings, we need not fear them. They cannot harm us, and we shall get used to their infernal mad howling after awhile."

The noises continued all throughout the day and succeeding night, but much fainter than they had been at first, and when we got under weigh the following morning, and rounded Ship-house Point, they suddenly ceased entirely as we squared away dead ahead before the wind out of the bay. In the afternoon, however, after we had got out into the open lake, the wind veered round to the westward, and the moment we braced up, and hauled aft the sheets, the invisible spirits began their unearthly din again, and kept it up without a moment's intermission for two whole days and nights, until the wind flew around to the eastward once more when they became quiet in an instant; whereupon I came to the conclusion that they were species of flying demons, vexed at and totally opposed to head winds.

Thus it went on till we anchored on the Canada side, near the head of the lake, where we were to load with staves for the river St. Lawrence. Whenever the winds came ahead, the fiends were out in their wrath, and the moment it came fair all was quiet.

While we were taking in our cargo, we made a discovery which puzzled us exceedingly. We lay to anchor, riding, of course, head to wind all the time, and during the eight days that we were loading, not a single strange noise was heard. It seemed most unreasonable to us, that spirits who would howl and scream so at a head wind when we were underweigh, should remain perfectly quiet with a head wind when we were to an anchor.

When we got underweigh with our hold full of staves, the spirits began their antics again, but in a very different tone from that with which they had saluted us when the schooner was light. There was no longer any wild, thrilling shrieks, mournful wales, fierce barks, and loud whistles; but in their stead, we were greeted with a suppressed wheezing noise, like that given forth by an overtasked ox whose bow chokes him.

We had many a hearty laugh during our three day's passage, at the poor devils, witches, ghosts, or whatever they were, puffing and wheezing away there in the hold among the staves, as though they were just at the point of death from suffocation. At last, we fairly pitied the miserable things, and it was a relief to us when the schooner swung head to windward at her anchor in the harbor of French Creek, and they once more became quiet.

More than five months passed away, and Wharton and myself having failed to trace the strange noises to any natural causes, were reluctantly compelled at last to admit that the Swallow was a haunted craft.

But we had become so accustomed to our invisible serenaders, that they rather amused us than otherwise, and we slept just as soundly amid their discordant din as we should have done on board any other craft, or on shore.

The stave trade being done for the season, we ran over to Genesee River, and loaded with wheat in bulk for Sackett's Harbor, where we arrived about the middle of September, and we had remarked that during the whole time that the cargo had been in the vessel, a period of more than two weeks, there had not occurred a single repetion of the noises.

I had remembered the old-time legend of the maiden's pacifying the outrageous "Demon of the Hartz Mountain," with an offering of wheat, and I thought that perhaps the demons of the Swallow, being relatives of the "Brocken Devil," had been at last "laid" by a whole cargo; or what seemed quite as probable, they might have been all smothered outright by the very material which had been used to appease the wrath of their illustrious ancestor.

But I was mistaken; or, if they had been really smothered, they came to life again remarkably quick after the cargo was out, and that night, after the schooner was discharged, they held old revel there in the hold fiercer than anything I had ever heard, even exceeding their first grand demonstration in the spring. We were laying alongside the wharf, in the very birth we had occupied during the winter, and I happened to think that perhaps the goblins were holding a grand jubilee carousal in honor of myself for bringing them home once more.

It was a wild, tempestuous night, and I was entirely alone; the crew having gone ashore to a dance, and Wharton to visit his mother and sister, so I had the weird music all to myself, and although I was no longer afraid of anything, yet I was lonesome there with those strange, hideous, gibbering noises all about me, and I was in no wise sorry when daylight came once more.

Directly after sunrise, a clerk in the store of my owner came down to the vessel, and after informing me that Mr. Spencer was lying quite ill at a farm which he owned at Stoney Island, some twelve miles outside the harbor, he put into my hand an open letter which he had received the evening previous from Mr. Spencer, in which he requested him to send the schooner Swaroff over to the island immediately upon her arrival, for the purpose of bringing himself and several head of cattle from the farm, down to Sackett's Harbor.

"Why, this is not the ——," I commenced, as my eye caught the name of Swaroff, another schooner owned by Mr. Spencer, and which I was expecting in every hour from Kingston.

But I checked myself, as a sudden thought flashed upon my brain, and merely remarking to the clerk that I would be off as soon as I could get my crew aboard, I passed up the wharf, and within ten minutes a carriage was despatched from the livery stable after Wharton and his sister, with most positive instuctions to the driver to go and come like Jehu, and not spare the horses.

I called first upon a shrewd young lawyer, whom I invited to take a short cruise with me over to the island in the afternoon, and then set out to find young John, and communicate to him a scheme which had just been launched in my brain, full rigged, without one moment of study or plotting on my part.

I found him at home, and alone with his youngest sister, a sweet, lovely girl of eighteen, who loved her handsome Cousin Wharton quite as devotedly as Lovina did her brother; but all intercourse between her and Wharton had been interdicted by her stern, hard-hearted parent, and the little beauty was in raptures when I proposed a plan by which it seemed she as well as her brother and cousins, might easily work to windward of all parental head-winds, and steer for Port Matrimony, under Rear Admiral Hymen, with the blue swallow-tailed pennant of Cupid flying at the "main" of their hearts.

Long before noon, we were all assembled on board the schooner—John and Wharton Spencer, their sisters, Lawyer Bates, and two wealthy, influential citizens whom I had invited to accompany us on our excursion.

We left the wharf at noon, and having got out clear of the western point of the harbor, the schooner was kept off square before the strong easterly breeze, wing and wing, and away in the direction of the Island she sped, with a flight scarcely less rapid than the swift bird whose name she bore.

Among the schooner's crew was a man named Kendrick, a reckless, dare-devil sort of a fellow, who feared nothing human or supernatural, and who, as I had discovered some time previously, possessed the most perfect ventriloqual powers I had ever heard. This man I determined to make use of in my scheme, and having called him aft, I made known to him my wishes, and gave him the requisite instructions, which he promised to obey to the letter.

In little over an hour from the time we left Sackett's Harbor, we were to anchor close in with the island, near Mr. Spencer's farm house, which stood a little way back from the beach.

Directing my friends to remain out of sight in the cabin, I landed with the crew, and went directly to the house, were I found Mr. Spencer barely able to crawl about, having had a severe attack of cholera-morbus, from which he was just beginning to recover.

He was much astonished at my being there, as he had not seen the schooner, and when I informed that as the Swaroff had not arrived, I had run over with the Swallow to carry him down to Sackett's, he refused at first to go in her; but when I assured him that all was quiet on board, the spirits gone on a holiday, and promised I would get under weigh before night, he at length consented to go, and I set about getting our honored passengers off and on board, which, as we had only a small scow capable of carrying only one at a time, and then having them all to hoist in on deck, became rather a tedious job; and it was very nearly sundown when the last scow was landed on deck, Mr. Spencer assisted in over the side, the windlass manned, and the vessel ready to be off.

Leaving Wharton to get the schooner under weigh, I first went into the cabin, where, finding my friends all snugly stowed away in two after state-rooms, I returned to the deck for the purpose of assisting my invalid owner below.

He was quite feeble, at first considerably agitated, but after listening for several minutes, and hearing no sound but the "clink" of the chains in the iron hauser pipes, and the "slip-slap" of the palls as the windlass went round heaving home the anchor, he became more composed, and invited me to a seat beside him on the transom locker, he had just commenced a conversation something about his farm, the cows on deck, and how narrowly he had escaped death—when the anchor broke ground, her head paid off, the sails filled away, she heeled down on the starboard tack, and the next moment there came from the hold a wild, awful shriek, followed by moans, howls, subdued cries of anguish, and a hundred other strange, unearthly noises, more hideous than anything I had yet heard on board the demon-haunted craft.

For a few moments the conscience-cursed old man sat there silent, and quivering with mortal terror, and then he gasped in a husky voice:

"Wha—what—what's that? My God! what is it? You to—told me—they—they—were all go—gone?"

"Well, sir, I thought they were," I replied, striving to look frightened.

For fifteen minutes the horrid din continued, and all the time the old man lay there flat on his face, shutting out the light with his fear-palsied hands, and then all at once starting up, he glared about him for a moment, and again he shouted:

"O Heaven! what is it?"

"Does not your own conscience tell you what it is, John Spencer?" came in a hollow, measured voice, apparently from a closet in the forward part of the cabin.

"Quick! fly to that closet! See who it is. There's some one in there!" screamed the old man, pointing toward the locker, and sinking down again upon the cushion.

"No, sir; there's no one here," I replied, flinging back the closet door so as to reveal the whole interior.

"My God! what shall I do?" exclaimed the trembling merchant.

"Make restitution to the widow and the fatherless for the wrong you have done them," spoke the same ghostly voice, coming this time from the floor beneath our feet.

"I will! O, I will!" gasped the merchant, in a hoarse whisper.

"Give your daughter Harriet to your nephew as his wife," came the voice—this time from the rudder, coming directly behind us.

"Yes—O, yes, I will! screamed the old man.

"Consent to your son's marriage with my child, his cousin Lovina;" and now the voice came from a small drawer in the table before us.

I do consent," and as the words trembled upon the old man's lip, the larboard state-room door swung open, and forth from the apartment came his son, with his arm about the waist of his cousin Lovina, and after them stepped forth the two merchants whom I had invited to be of the party. From the starboard side came the old man's daughter, supported by the young lawyer, and at the same moment Wharton joined the group gathered about the fear-convicted merchant, who confessed there before them all, the wrong he had done his brother's widow and children, promised to make full and immediate restitution, and gave his consent to a union between the young people.

The lawyer had taken down every word faithfully, and when the old man ceased to speak, he was about to read it aloud, but he was interrupted by the strange voice issuing from a large water pitcher on the table:

"Do all that I have commanded, John Spencer, and I will trouble you no more."

"I will—so help me God!" cried the merchant, and leaving the group to themselves I went on deck to look out for the schooner, which I found past Horse Island Light, and heading up for the entrance to the harbor, where we arrived twenty minutes later; and that night I was detained until twelve o'clock at the residence of John Spencer, for the purpose of witnessing certain legal documents drawn up by Lawyer Bates, in the shape of deeds, bills of sale, etc., by means of which the merchant conveyed back to his brother's widow a certain valuable farm, four miles from town, and to Wharton Spencer the ownership of the "Haunted Schooner."

As I stepped on board the vessel the next morning, I found the goblins at their revels in the hold, and Kendrick, the man who had so successfully acted his part as a ventriloquist the evening previous, standing there on the quarter deck, with a whisp of oakum in his hand, and laughing ready to burst.

"What in the name of deck-lights and down-hauls are you lauging at, Kendrick?" I asked.

"Captain," he said, "will you help me a minute?" and without waiting for my answer, he unhooked the main throat halyards, and hooking them into a sling which he had ready knotted, he seated himself in it, and requested me to hoist him aloft.

"Belay!" he sung out when I had him about half-way up the mainmast.

"Do you see this, Cap'n?" he asked, a moment after I got him made fast, and as I looked aloft, I saw him thrusting his fingers into a black knot-hole on the after-side of the mast.

"Yes, I see—what of it?"

"Why, that's the Devil's Blow Hole, now just see how I'll stop his music;" and as he thrust the whisp of oakum into the hole, the noises in the vessel's hold ceased.

I dragged off one of the hatches, and leaping down into the hold, I found on the after-squares of the masts, four or five long rents, one of which I could thrust my hand into, while the others were much less, one being so fine that a blade of a stout case knife would scarcely enter.

The whole witch mystery was at once apparent. When the schooner was underweigh and hauled to the wind, a strong current of air was driven towards the luff of the sail, and of course into the knot-hole, and the mast being entirely hollow, it was driven downwards and out through the vent in the hold, while the ten thousands slivers and splinter along the sides of the checks, caused the air to vibrate in as many different ways as there were splinters.

When the schooner lay head to the wind to an anchor, no air entered the hole, and of course, all was quiet; so when we were going before the wind with the main boom wide, off, the current went out the after leech of the sail, and the hole was becalmed; but when she lay stern to port, with no sail set, the wind blew square into the Devil's Blow Hole, as Kendrick called it.

Kendrick informed me that he had found out the mystery within a month after he had joined the schooner, as he was scraping the mast one day; but he knew of the owner's rascality towards the widow, so he kept the discovery a secret, hoping to turn it to good account some day, in favor of Mrs. Spencer and her two children.

I revealed the secret to John and Wharton that afternoon, but advised them to say nothing about it until after they were married, and as the two weddings were to take place within ten days, they acted upon my advice, and kept the secret close within their own breasts.

On the very day after the double wedding we put a new mainmast into the Swallow, and always after that she was as quiet, well-behaved a craft as any other on Ontario. But somehow her bad name always clung to her, and there are many persons still living who remember the Swallow, and who believe she was a haunted craft, as firmly as they do the truths of Christianity.

BEAUTY.

THERE is beauty in the Spring-time,
When the violets awake,
And the wild-birds' mellow chime
Sounds o'er mountain, vale, and lake;
There is beauty in the fountain,
Sparkling in its silvery foam—
Oh! I'm greeted with the beautiful
Where'er I chance to roam.

In Summer there is beauty,
When all Nature's decked in green,
And joy, and life, and beauty,
In everything is seen.
Beauty in the floating clouds,
Sailing through the azure sky—
Oh! I'm greeted with the beautiful,
Where'er I rest my eye.

There is beauty in the wild wood,
Where bloom the Summer flowers,
That has charmed my early childhood,
And brought many happy hours;
There is beauty in the meadow,
And in the shady grove—
Oh! I'm greeted with the beautiful,
Where'er I chance to rove.

Oh! yes, and there is beauty
In Autumn's golden days,
Reminding one of duty,
In many, many ways:
There is beauty in the Winter,
When the fields are robed in snow—
Oh! I'm greeted with the beautiful,
Where'er I chance to go.

Most beautiful is Nature,
In all her varied forms,
Whether placid every feature,
Or grand amid the storm;
This world is filled with beauty,
Sparkling beauty, bright and fair—
Oh! I'm greeted with the beautiful,
'Tis smiling every where!

EAST FRANKLIN, Feb., 1860. ZELIE MARIA.

THE NECESSITY OF LABOR.—The notion is false that genius can secure its aims without labor. All the great minds who have left their marks upon the history of the world's progress, have paid for their success and notoriety by the price of unremitting toil and labor. Napoleon Bonaparte worked hard and incessantly, and has been known to exhaust the energies of several secretaries at one time. Charles XII of Sweeden, frequently tired out all his officers. The Duke of Wellington was the hardest working man in the Peninsula; from his youth, applied himself with such indefatigable application to the study of letters, that it occasioned weakness of sight and ultimate blindness. The labor of Sir Walter Scott is evident in the number of his literary productions, and it is apparent to every reader that the immense masses of general information which abound throughout his multitudinous works, can only have been acquired by dint of many years' hard study. Byron was in the habit of reading even at his meals. Luther made it a rule to translate a verse of the Bible every day. This soon brought him to the completion of his labors, and it was a matter of astonishment to Europe, that in the multiplicity of his other labors, besides travelling, he could find the time to prepare such a surprising work. Newton and Locke pursued their studies with tireless efforts, and Pope sought retirement so that he might pursue his literary operations without interruption and distraction. Industry is essential to all; by forming the habit of doing something useful every day, a man increases his own amount of happiness, and enlarges that of others about him. Many a one, by a judicious use of the odd moments, those little vacancies in everyday life which occur to all, have rendered themselves famous among their fellows. Nature is preserved in its proper working condition by constant exertion, and man, to keep in a healthy condition of mind and body, must exert his mental and physical faculties; the constant employment of the first will give them strength of character, so that it is capable of thinking on any subject at any time, and by active bodily exertion he preserves his health, fortune, and worldly position. The Marquis of Spinola once asked Sir Horace Vere "of what his brother died." "He died, sir," replied Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do." "Alas! sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

☞ NO DANGER.—"Pompey," said a darkey, coming up to a similar specimen of animated nature, the other day, "I wants to propose to you a question, which hab of late dislocated my understanding."

"Well, Snowball, what am de knowledge you would have dis learned niggah impart to your benighted mental imagination; for I spaciate on beauties of de workin' substance inside de cranium, which takes off de superfluency from de mind, and leave de head frenoxious—"

"N-o! N-o! Pompey, 'taint dat, at all. I'll tell yer, now, if you'll be still."

"Make hurry, for dis nig am in a haste."

"Wall, 'tis dis:—'Spose I marries a yallar gal, and lubs her berry much; and some day I gets sick, and die, and goes to Heaben, and arter a while anoder greasy nigger cums 'long and marries my old woman, and lubs her too; now I wants to know, arter dey both die and go to Heaben, where I am, which ob de toder is to hab my wench?"

Pompy stood thoughtfully for a moment, then looking Snowball in the face, and reverently shaking his head, replied—

"My friend, if your wife and her man go to de good land, you need hab no fears, for you won't be dar to pick any muss!"

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—Don't sit down to your crochet work or embroidery unless you have first mended that hole in your stockings. No use crowding it under the heel of your shoe—rags, like murder, will out; and they speak with terribly loud voices and at inconvenient seasons, sometimes.

Don't undertake to write skim-milk poetry when you feel a little disposed towards enthusiasm. Go and do a kind action or speak an encouraging word to somebody. Depend upon it, you'll be better satisfied afterwards.

LEGEND OF THE FOUNTAIN.

So the young count narrated a myth of one of his progenitors,—he might have lived a century ago, or a thousand years, or before the Christian epoch, for anything that Donatello knew to the contrary,—who had made acquaintance with a fair creature belonging to this fountain. Whether woman or sprite was a mystery, as was all else about her, except that her life and soul were somehow interfused throughout the gushing water. She was a fresh, cool, dewy thing, sunny and shadowy, full of pleasant little mischiefs, fitful and changeable with the whim of the moment but yet as constant as her native stream, which kept the same gush and flow forever, while marble crumbled over and around it. The fountain woman loved the youth,—a knight, as Donatello called him,—for, according to the legend, his race was akin to hers. At least, whether kin or no, there had been friendship and sympathy of old betwixt an ancestor of his, with furry ears, and the long-lived lady of the fountain. And, after all those ages, she was still as young as a May morning, and as frolicsome as a bird upon a tree, or a breeze that makes merry with the leaves.

She taught him how to call her from her pebbly source, and they spent many a happy hour together, more especially in the fervor of the summer days. For often as he sat waiting for her by the margin of the spring, she would suddenly fall down around him in a shower of sunny raindrops, with a rainbow glancing thro' them, and forthwith gather herself up into the likeness of a beautiful girl, laughing—or was it the warble of the rill over the pebbles?—to see the youth's amazement.

Thus, kind maiden that she was, the atmosphere became deliciously cool and fragrant for this favored knight; and, furthermore, when he knelt down to drink out of the spring, nothing was more common than for a pair of rosy lips to come up out of it's little depths, and touch his mouth with the thrill of a sweet, cool, dewy kiss!

"It is a delightful story for the hot noon of your Tuscan summer," observed the sculptor at this point. "But the deportment of the watery lady must have had a most chilling influence in midwinter. Her lover would find it, very literally, a cold reception!"

"I suppose," said Donatello, rather sulkily, "you are making fun of the story.—But I see nothing laughable in the thing itself, nor in what you say about it."

He went on to relate that for a long while the knight found infinite pleasure and comfort in the friendship of the fountain nymph. In his merriest hours, she gladdened him with her sportive humor. If ever he was annoyed with earthly trouble, she laid her moist hand upon his brow, and charmed the fret and fever quite away.

But one day—one fatal noontide—the young knight came rushing with hasty and irregular steps to the accustomed fountain. He called the nymph; but—no doubt because there was something unusual and frightful in his tone—she did not appear, nor answer him. He flung himself down, and washed his hands and bathed his feverish brow in the cool, pure water. And then there was a sound of woe; it might have been a woman's voice; it might have been only the sighing of the brook over the pebbles. The water shrank away from the youth's hands, and left his brow as dry and feverish as before.

Donatello here came to a dead pause.

"Why did the water shrink from this unhappy knight?" inquired the sculptor.

"Because he had tried to wash off a blood-stain!" said the young count, in a horror-stricken whisper. "The guilty man had polluted the pure water. The nymph might have comforted him in sorrow, but could not cleanse his conscience of a crime."

"And did he never behold her more?" asked Kenyon.

"Never but once," replied his friend. "He never beheld her blessed face but once again, and then there was a blood stain on the poor nymph's brow; it was the stain his guilt had left in the fountain where he tried to wash it off. He mourned for her his whole life long, and employed the best sculptor of the time to carve this statue of the nymph from his description of her aspect. But, though my ancestor would fain have had the image wear her happiest look, the artist, unlike yourself, was so impressed with the mournfulness of the story, that in spite of his best efforts, he made her forlorn, and forever weeping, as you see."

Kenyon found a certain charm in this legend. Whether so intended or not, he understood it as an apologue, typifying the soothing and genial effects of an habitual intercourse with nature, in all ordinary cares and griefs; while on the other hand, her mild influence falls short in their effect upon the ruder passions, and are altogether powerless in the dread fever fit or deadly chill of guilt.

GOOD—AND PERFECTLY TRUE.—The Rock Island Argus relates a good story of a discussion between a Democrat and a Republican at that place a few days ago. The Democrat contended for the superiority of the white race over that of the negro. The Republican claimed that, naturally the negro race was fully equal to the white race, and cited as an instance the great abilities and talents of Scipio Africanus! The Democrat replied that Scipio Africanus was a Roman, and therefore could not be used to support his position. The Republican, as he thought, triumphantly declared that he was an African for his name was Africanus! This was a clincher, of course, and the Democrat gracefully yielded—but he had a sly twinkle in his eye, which caused some of the bystanders to hold their sides.

AN officer was lately sent to Springfield to summon a Mrs. Thayer, alias Burnett to attend court. He returned saying that he had summoned Mrs. Thayer, but "Alias Burnett" could not be found.

☞ Mrs. Dawdie says that one of her boys knows nothing, and another don't The question is, which knows the most?