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The Somerset Herald, Somerset, Pa.

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After the Burial.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor.

When sickness is sweet as a psalm.

At the hour it lolls so staid.

In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And, when over breakers is leeward.

The shattered surges are hurled.

It may keep our head to the tempest

With its grip on the base of the world.

But after the shipwreck, tell me

What held in the broken shrouds.

Still true to the broken hawser

Deep-down among sea weed and coral?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow—

When the helpless feet stretch out,

And find in the deeps of darkness

No footing so solid as doubt—

Then better one spur of memory,

One broken plank of the past,

That our human heart may cling to,

Though hopeless of shore at last.

To the spirit's splendid conjectures.

To the flesh's slighter beliefs.

It is better to be over, gradually

dispersed.

This incident was in itself very

trifling, and Sir John would prob-

ably have forgotten it within a week

had it not been for its strange conse-

quences. Whilst pushing and el-

lowing his way in the crowd it

was that some clever pickpocket

had robbed him of his lace hand-

kerchief. It is certainly very un-

pleasant to be robbed even of a val-

uable article; but in this case the

thief had obtained a valuable prize:

besides, there was for Sir John

Hawser the additional sting of hav-

ing been robbed by a man who had

been his friend, and who had prob-

ably happened in London; the pick-

pockets there were so clever that

of walking after his long journey by

coach and gondola, Sir John indulg-

ed his rambling propensities to the

full extent. Whilst he was standing

so a crowd collected in front of the

Ducal Palace. Naturally curious

and having nothing else to do, he

hastened to the spot, and allowed

his way to the center. By the red-

pillar of the balcony an usher was

watching out the scoundrel's un-

known felon, with all the pompous

circumlocutions so much in favor in

those days. The wretched prisoner

just brought out of a dark cell, seem-

ed scarcely to realize the scene, as

his eyes, gazed vacantly on the ex-

cited mob that surrounded the scaf-

fold on which he was standing.

The sentence having been read, the

prisoner was taken back to jail

where he was to undergo the term of

imprisonment to which he had just

been condemned; and the crowd,

after a while being over, gradu-

ally dispersed.

"This incident was in itself very

trifling, and Sir John would prob-

ably have forgotten it within a week

had it not been for its strange conse-

quences. Whilst pushing and el-

lowing his way in the crowd it

was that some clever pickpocket

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thief had obtained a valuable prize:

besides, there was for Sir John

Hawser the additional sting of hav-

ing been robbed by a man who had

been his friend, and who had prob-

ably happened in London; the pick-

pockets there were so clever that

prisoner of the Serenissima; resist-

ance is of no use!"

Even after these words, the im-

port of which he dimly guessed, Sir

John would have tried to stand at

least one blow for his life or for his

liberty; but the cloak in which he

had been wrapped up was so artisti-

cally and so securely fastened that

he could not move a muscle or utter

and he doggedly waited his fate. The

voices around him seemed to hold

a short conference, and then they

lifted him from the ground, and

carrying him a short distance, de-

posited him in what he felt to be

a gondola. The journey was not

long though to him it seemed to be

an age, and very soon the rocking

motion ceased. They evidently had

reached their destination. A few

seconds more and he was landed in

the same unceremonious manner.

After depriving him of his sword

and his pistols, his captors re-

leased him of the mantle, in which

he had been almost choked. He

found himself in a very small pas-

sage, dimly lighted and intensely

dark. The low ceiling, the strong

stone walls, the massive iron doors

that lined it, reminded him at once

of all that he had read about the

prisoners of Venice, and his heart

sank within him. Without, how-

ever, giving him much time for re-

flexion, or asking him any questions,

his captors opened one of the cells,

thrust him in and bolted the door.

As he was thus being taken to the

darkness, our friend groined around

until he found a stone bench, on

which he dropped, completely un-

managed by the horror of his posi-

tion. He had heard of prisoners being

kept in these state prisons for

months, even for years, without

light, with just enough of the con-

crete food to keep them alive, and

without the shadow of a judgment.

Others had been tried and executed

without their friends and their

relatives being allowed to see them.

Woe and grief, and the "Canal grande"

was to be his lot. Or was he to

linger in his cell until his youth,

his strength, and perhaps his mind

were gone; to be released only a

wreck of his former self, as a warn-

ing to others? There were many in

the prison who were broken, half-

broken, half-mad, shuffling about

everybody, who had once been the

leaders of fashion, of science, of po-

litics, until an anonymous note had

been slipped into the Lion's mouth

had caused their arrest, and their

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