

# THE REPERTORY.

"To please the taste and cheer the mind."

## STANZAS.

"Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!"

In vain! in vain!—those blighting words,  
How sadly on the heart they fall!  
Like croaking of ill-boding birds,  
Turning its sweet delights to gall.  
One voice rings ever in the ear,  
One thought is swelling in the brain;  
From youth to old, from year to year,  
That all but toilsome life is vain.

Oh, love hath many a graceful flower,  
And hate has many an evil eye,  
And fear full many a promised dowry,  
And hope has many a death to die.  
Joy hath his night of revel—care  
Its season of distrust and pain,  
Sorrow her wreath, of verdure bare,  
And these—*are they not all in vain!*

All that philosophy hath taught,  
All that the mind aspires to know,  
That heaven-led genius ever caught,  
Of beautiful above, below—  
All that the earth-bound soul would seek  
Of worldly spoil and worldly gain,  
That fiction paints or truth can speak—  
In vain!—*how are they all in vain!*

As he who nightly searched the skies  
For the lost Pleiad, turned away,  
With fainting heart and aching eyes,  
Unblest, unlighted by its ray—  
So man through life is doomed to crave  
Some good he never can attain,  
His destined goal—an unsought grave,  
His epitaph—*"Life, life is vain!"*

## HENRY ST. CLAIR.

A PRIZE TALE—BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Henry St. Clair!—How at the mention of that name, a thousand dreams of friendship and youth—and of the early and beautiful associations which linger like invisible spirits around us, to be called into view only by the magical influence of memory, are awakened! How does the glance of retrospection go back to the dim images of the past—from the banquet-hall and the pleasant festival, down to the silent and unbroken solitude of the tomb.

We were as brothers in childhood—St. Clair and myself,—brothers too in the dawning of manhood: and a more ingenious and high-minded friend I never knew. Yet he was strangely proud—not of the world's gifts—wealth, family and learning—but of his intellectual power—of the great gift of mind he possessed—the ardent and lofty spirit which shone out in his every action. And he might well be proud of such gifts. I never knew a finer mind. It was as the embodied spirit of poetry itself—the beautiful home of high and glorious aspirations.

Henry St. Clair was never at heart a Christian. He never enjoyed the visitations of that pure and blessed influence, which comes into the silence and loneliness of the human bosom, to build up anew the broken altars of its faith, and revive the drooping flowers of its desolated affections. He loved the works of the great God with the love of an enthusiast. But beyond the visible and outward forms—the passing magnificence of the heavens—the beauty and grandeur of the earth, and the illimitable world of waters, his vision never extended. His spirit never over-looked the clouds which surrounded it, to catch a glimpse of the better and more beautiful land.

I need not tell the story of my friend's young years. It was nothing to distinguish it from a thousand others; it is the brief and sunny biography of one upon whose pathway the sunshine of happiness rested, unshadowed by a passing cloud. We were happy in our friendship,—but the time of manhood came; and we were parted by our different interests, and by the opposite tendency of circumstances peculiar to each other.

It was a night of autumn—a cold and starless evening—I remember it with painful distinctness, although year after year has mingled with eternity,—that I had occasion to pass in my way homeward, through one of the darkest and loneliest alleys of my native city. Anxious to reach my dwelling, I was hurrying eagerly forward, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the arm; and a voice close in my ear whispered hoarsely—*"Stop—**or you are a dead man!**"*

I turned suddenly. I heard the cocking of a pistol,—and saw by a faint gleam from a neighboring window, the tall figure of a man holding a weapon at my breast.

I knew not what prompted me to resistance—I was totally unarmed, and altogether unacquainted with the struggle of mortal jeopardy. But I did not resist—and, one instant I saw my assailant in the posture I have described, the next, he was disarmed and writhing beneath me. It seemed as if an infant's strength could have subdued him.

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, as I held his own pistol to his bosom, "what is your object? Are you a common night-rover—or bear you aught of private malice towards Roger Allston?"

"Allston!—Roger Allston!" repeated the wretch beneath me, in a voice which sounded like a shriek, as he struggled half upright even against the threatening pistol. "Great God! has it come to this? Hell has no pang like this meeting!—Shoot!"—he exclaimed, and there was a dreadful earnestness in his manner, which sent the hot blood of indignation cold and ice-like upon my heart. "Shoot!—you were once my friend—in mercy kill me!"

A horrible suspicion flashed over my mind—I felt a sudden sickness at my heart—and the pistol fell from my hand.

"Whoever you may be," I said, "and whatever may have been your motive in attacking me, I would not stain my hands with your blood. Go—and repent of your crimes."

"You do not know me," said the robber, as with some difficulty he regained his feet, "even you have forgotten me. Even you refuse the only mercy man can now render me—the mercy of death—of utter annihilation!"

Actuated by a sudden and half defined impulse, I caught the stranger's arm, and hurried him towards the light of a street lamp. It fell upon his ghastly and death-like features, and on his attenuated form, and ragged apparel. Breathless and eagerly I gazed upon him, until he trembled beneath the scrutiny. I pressed my hand against my brow, for I felt my brain whirl like the coming on of delirium. I could not be mistaken. The guilty wretch before me was the friend of my youth—one whose memory I had cherished as the holiest legacy of the past. It was Henry St. Clair. Yes—it was St. Clair!—but how changed since last we had communion with each other! Where was the look of intelligence, and the visible seat of intellect—the beauty of person and mind? Gone—and gone forever—to give place to the loathsomeness of a depraved and brutal appetite—to the vile tokens of a disengaged sensuality, and the deformity of disease.

"Well may you shudder," said St. Clair, "I am fit only for the companions of demons; but you cannot long be cursed by my presence. I have not tasted food for many days; hunger drove me to attempt your robbery, but I feel that I am a dying man. No human power can save me,—and if there be a God, even He cannot save me from myself—from the undying horrors of remorse."

Shocked by his words, and still more by the increasing ghastliness of his countenance. I led the wretched man to my dwelling, and after conveying him to bed, and administering a cordial to his fevered lips, I ordered a physician to be called. But it was too late; the hand of death was upon him. He motioned me to his bed-side after the physician had departed; he strove to speak, but the words died upon his lips. He then drew from his bosom a sealed letter addressed to myself. It was his last effort. He started half upright in his bed—uttered one groan of horror and mortal suffering; and sunk back, still and ghastly, upon his pillow. He was dead.

I followed the remains of my unhappy friend to the narrow place appointed for all the living—the damp and cold church-yard. I breathed to no one the secret of his name and guilt. I left it to slumber with him.

I now referred to the paper which had been handed me by the dying man. With a trembling hand I broke the seal of the envelope, and read the following addressed to myself:

"If this letter ever reaches you, do not seek to find its unhappy writer. He is beyond the reach of your noble generosity—a guilty and a dying man. I do not seek for life. There is no hope for my future existence,—and death—dark, and terrible, and mysterious as it may seem, is less to be dreaded than the awful realities with which I am surrounded.

"I have little strength to tell you the story of my fall. Let me be brief. You know how we parted from each other. You know the lofty hopes and towering feelings of ambition, which urged me from your society—from the enjoyment of that friendship, the memory of which has ever since lingered like an upbraiding spirit at my side. I arrived at my place of destination; and aided by the introductory epistles of my friends and the influence of my family, I was at once received into the first and most fashionable circles of the city.

"I never possessed those principles of virtue and moral dignity, the effect of which has been so conspicuous in your own character. Amidst the flatteries and attentions of those around me, and in the exciting pursuit of pleasure, the kindly voice of admonition was unheard; and I became the gayest of the gay—a leader in every scene of fashionable dissipation. The principles of my new companions were those of infidelity, and I embraced them with my whole soul. You know my former disposition to doubt—that doubt was now changed into a settled unbelief, and a bitter hatred towards all which I had once been taught to believe sacred and holy.

"Yet amidst the baleful principles which I had imbibed, one honorable feeling still lingered in my bosom, like a beautiful angel in the companionship of demons.—There was one being, a young and lovely creature, at whose shrine all the deep affections of my heart were poured out, in the sincerity of early love. She was indeed a beautiful girl—a being to bow down to and worship—pure and high-thoughted as the sainted ones of paradise, but confiding and artless as a child. She possessed every advantage of outward beauty—but it was not that which gathered about her as with a spell, the hearts of all who knew her. It was the light of her beautiful mind, which lent the deep witching of soul to her fine countenance—flashing in her dark eye, and playing like sunshine on her lip, and crossing her fair forehead with an intellectual halo.

"Allston! I look back to that spring-time of love even at this awful crisis of my destiny, with a strange feeling of joy. It is the only green spot in the wilderness of the past—an oasis in the desert of being. She loved me Allston—and a heart more precious than the gems of the east, was given up to a wretch unworthy of its slightest regard.

"Hitherto pride rather than principle had kept me above the lowest degradation of sensual indulgence. But for one fatal error I might have been united to the lovely being of my affections; and oh! if sinless purity and persuasive love could have had power over a mind darkened and perverted as my own, I might have been reclaimed from the pathway of ruin—I might have been happy.

"But that fatal error came; and came too in the abhorrent shape of loathsome drunkenness. I shall never in time, or eternity forget that scene; it is engraved on my memory in letters of fire. It comes up before me like a terrible dream—but it is a dream of reality. It dashed from my lips the cup of happiness, and fixed forever the dark aspect of my destiny.

"I had been very gay for there had been happy spirits around me; and I drank freely and fearlessly for the first time. There is something horrible in the first sensations of drunkenness. For relief, I drank still deeper—and I was a drunkard, I was delirious, I was happy. I left the inebriated assembly, and directed my steps, not to my lodgings, but to the home of her, whom I loved—my, adored above all others. Judge of her surprise and consternation when I entered with a flushed countenance and unsteady tread! She was reading to her aged parents, when with an idiot's grimace I approached her. She started from her seat—one glance told her the fatal truth; and she shrunk from me—aye, from me to whom her vows were pledged and her young affections given—with fear, with loathing, and undisguised abhorrence. Irritated at her conduct, I approached her rudely, and snatched from her hand the book she had been reading. I cast it into the flames, which rose brightly from the hearth. It was the volume which you call sacred. I saw the smoke of its consuming go upward like a sacrifice to the demon of intemperance, and there, even there, by that Christian fire-side, I cursed the book and its author.

"The scene which followed beggars description. The shriek of my betrothed—her falling down into a state of insensibility—the tears of maternal anguish—the horror depicted on the countenance of the old man—all these throng even now confusedly over my memory. I staggered to the door. The reception I had met with, and the excitement there produced, had obliterated in some measure the effect of intoxication; and reason began to assume its empire. The full round moon, was up in the heavens—and the stars—how fair, how passing beautiful they shone down at that hour! I had loved to look upon the stars—those bright and blessed evidences of a holy

and all-pervading intelligence; but that night their grandeur and their exceeding purity came like a curse to my weary vision. I could have seen those beautiful lights extinguished, and the dark night-cloud sweeping over the fair face of the sky, and have smiled with grim satisfaction, for the change would have been in unison with my feelings.

"Allston! I have visited, in the tearless agony which mocks at consolation, the grave of my betrothed. She died of a broken heart. From that moment, all is dark and hateful, and loathsome, in my history. I am reduced to poverty—I am bowing to disease—I am without a friend. I have no longer the means of subsistence; and starvation may yet anticipate the fatal termination of the disease which is preying upon me."

Such is the tale of the once gifted and noble St. Clair. Let the awful lesson it teaches sink deep in the hearts of the young and ardent in spirit.

## RELIGIOUS.

[Published by request.]

### LONGING FOR HOME.

Oh land of rest for thee I sigh,  
When will the moment come—  
When I shall lay my armour by,  
And dwell in peace at Home!

No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome;  
This world's a wilderness of woe—  
This world is not my Home.

To Jesus Christ, I sought for rest,  
He bade me cease to roam;  
And fly for succor to his breast,  
And He'd conduct me Home.

I would at once have quit this place,  
Where foes with fury roam;  
But ah! my passport was not sealed,  
I could not yet go Home.

When by affliction sharply tried,  
I view the gaping tomb;  
Although I dread death's chilling tide,  
Yet still I sigh for Home.

Weary of wandering round and round,  
This vale of sin and gloom;  
I long to quit this unhalloved ground,  
And dwell with Christ at Home.

### BISHOP JEBB'S CONVERSION.

By the bye, I have a curious and not uninteresting anecdote to tell you about Leland's "Advantage and Necessity of Revelation." Mr. T. H. H.—was the rector of it to me, in the year 1820. "When very young," said he, "I unhappily had access to a circulating library, stored with German novels and other infidel publications. The consequence was that I became a thorough-paced unbeliever; still, however, continued diligent in business, and to the utmost of my powers, supporting, by my exertions a scrivener, and laborious literary drudge, a family of young and helpless orphan brothers and sisters of mine. Forced, prematurely, to break off my school studies at Christ's Hospital, that I might earn a livelihood for myself and them, I still snatched an hour when I could, for classical reading; and one day I met, and took up Leland on the Advantage and Necessity of the Christian religion. My object in doing so was any thing but religious. I wished, in fact, merely to read the Latin and Greek quotations scattered over the book. Some passages, however, from one of the fathers struck my eye. I read them, and suddenly asked myself, What if Christianity were after all to prove true? Ay, what would then become of me?—I was thus led to examine the book, and, by the blessing of God, as I had read myself into infidelity, so I was enabled to read myself out of it. I then, at intervals stolen from sleep and labor, went through a long course of biblical study."—*Bishop Jebb.*

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

If, like the meek and lowly Immanuel, the Genius of Sabbath Schools particularly delights in doing good to those whose sources of other happiness are few, or dried up—if, like him, it sheds its most benignant smile where fortune has thrown her withering frown—if, like him, it sends the almoners of its bounty most frequently to the humble dwelling of the poor, and speaks, like him, with tenderest accents to ears that most seldom listen to the voice of kindness—like him, also, it does not confine its attentions to these. While it esteems it no demeaning condescension to visit the lowly abode, the log cabin, or the thatched cottage, it does not, on the other hand, consider itself guilty of an arrogant or intrusive aspiration, if, in its errands of mercy, it seeks an entrance to the most lordly mansion. It yearns to embrace all within the sphere of its hallowed influence. It would

elevate the humble, without a possibility of degrading the most exalted in character or in station. It assumes the task of instructing the illiterate and the untaught, and professes, at the same time, to add a higher grace to those of more accomplished attainments. It teaches the fortunate favoured few of its young assemblies how to improve their prosperity aright, and to the sorrow-stricken children of affliction, its kind language is.

"Look up, ye sad ones! 'Tis your Father's house,  
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are."

In short, it flies abroad over our world, a loving angel, stooping here and there to bless the young (and in blessing the young to bless the old) of every family that will receive its blessing. So that it cannot fail to appear, from this epitome of the Sabbath School to profit the most divers branches of the vast fraternity of man—the rich and the poor, the lofty and the low, the joyful and the disconsolate, the followed and the forsaken—that it deserves to be classed among the most efficacious means of universal happiness that have been employed,—*Baptist Register.*

*Effects of the Bible.*—I was travelling about four years ago in a remote district in Bengal and I came to the house of a gentleman belonging to Portugal. I found him reading the Scriptures in Bengalee to seventy or eighty people, men, women, and children, of that country, who were all very attentive. This gentleman told me that he had been led to employ some of his leisure moments in this way. "And to-morrow," said he, "as you pass my farm, mention my name and they will procure you a bed, and you will then see the effects of reading the Scriptures." The next day I called at his estate, where I saw one hundred men, women, and children, who had all become converts to Christianity within three or four years. I inquired how they found themselves; they appeared delighted, and thought it a happy thing for them that Europeans had translated the Scripture, that they may read in their own tongue the wonderful work of God. I had some intercourse also with an official person in that district, and I mention it because some persons tell you that nothing is done by the missionaries. I asked the Magistrate what was the conduct of these Christians, and he said:—"There is something in them that does excite astonishment; the inhabitants of this district are particularly known as being so litigious and troublesome, that they have scarcely any matter but what they bring into a court of justice. But during three or four years not one of these people have brought a cause against any one, or any against them." I mention this to show that christianity will produce in all countries, peace and happiness, to those who know the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus.

## AMUSEING.

Two Lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,  
Shook hands, although they wrangled hard before.  
Zouals, (twas the client who was cast) pray  
how  
Can you be friends, who were such foes just now?

You fool, cried one, we lawyers, though so keen,  
Like slicers, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.

A COMPARISON.—Sir Geoffry Kneller being informed by his servant that Mr. Jarvis, the painter, was coming up the avenue in his carriage, to visit him; said—"If his horses can't draw no better than himself he won't be here this week."

NECK AND HEELS.—A young man named Neck (say the Charlotte Journal) has recently been married to a Miss Heels. Miss Heels went "Neck or nothing."

A TAX EVADED.—At the time of a tax upon beeches in England, the following appeared:

"This tax upon your beeches," exclaimed an old cit,  
Pray, how do you relish, friend Sisy?  
"Very well," answered Father "the minister's bit  
My wife wears the beeches, not I."

Dr. M.—being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. up Broadway, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack, "for, to tell the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own pills."

As an Irishman was leading a horse the other day, the animal broke from him and ran. Some passengers planted themselves in the road to stop him, which Paddy ob serving, and fearing they would scare the horse, cried, "By the powers, now, be aisy if ye stop the baste ye'll only be makin' him rin the faster!"