THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

THE CHAMOIS.

The Chamois on his native hills
In fearless freedom leaps;
He loves the gush of Alpine rills
'Mong wild, adventurous steeps,
And shrinks not, though the storm be high
And thundering avalanche is nigh.

But in the valleys bright with flowers
Lead him with gentlest hand,
He pines, within their richest bowers,
For his lost mountain land,
And longs to breathe its upper air
And climb its crags: his home is there!

So they whom adverse fortunes rear
Amid the storms of Life,
Draw vigor from such atmosphere,
And strengthen in the strife,
Till danger is a cherished name,
And sought as freedom is, and fame.

Souls gifted with this generous dower,
A mould so stern and high,
Would faint 'neath luxury's gilded bower
And enervating sky:
Theirs the wild joy from strife that flows:
They dread no suffering but repose!

MONTROSE, PA. A. L. F.

Selected Miscellany.

THE CAVALRY OFFICER.

The period of Napoleon's career, when at its zenith, is full of romantic adventures as connected with the history of the officers who served under the great captain. He was quick to observe merit, and prompt to reward it, and this it was that made his followers so devoted to him, and so anxious to distinguish themselves by prowess in battle, and strict soldierly conduct in the Emperor's service.

Colonel Eugene Merville was an attache of Napoleon's staff. He was a soldier in the true sense of the word—devoted to his profession, as brave as a lion. Though very handsome, and a fine bearing, he was of humble birth—a mere child of the camp, and had followed the drum and bugle from boyhood. Every step in the way of promotion had been won by the stroke of his sabre; and his promotion from Major of cavalry was for a gallant deed which transpired on the battle field, beneath the Emperor's own eye. Murat, that prince of cavalry officers, loved him like a brother, and taught him all that his own good taste and natural instinct had not led him to acquire before.

It was the carnival season in Paris, and Merville found himself at the French Opera House. Better adapted in his taste to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor, and joins but seldom in the giddy waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully, and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing, convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door, where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame, wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment—the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful, and captivating.

"Ah, lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so graceful a form as you possess."

'You would, perhaps, be disappointed.'

'No, I am sure not!'

'Are you so very confident?'

'Yes, I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' said the domino. 'Have you never heard of the Irish poet, Moore's story of the veiled Prophet of Khorassen—how, when he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one? How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled Prophet of Khorassan?'

'Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary,' replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it had never felt before; he was already in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery, but permits him to hand her to her carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and tho' he throws himself upon his fleetest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French Colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusement, avoids his military companions, and in short, is miserable as a lover can well be thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel on foot, a figure, muffled to the very ears, stopped him.

'Well, monsieur, what would you with me?' asked the soldier.

'You would know the name of the white domino?' was the reply.

'I would, indeed,' replied the officer, hastily. 'How can it be done?'

'Follow me.'

'To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her.'

'But you must be blindfolded.'

'Very well.'

'Step into the vehicle.'

'I am in your hands.'

And away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion. 'This may be a trick,' reasoned Eugene Merville, 'but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre and can take care of myself.' But there was no cause for fear, since he soon found the vehicle stopped, and he was led blindfolded into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the domino, just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall on his knees and tell her how much he had thought of her since their separation, that his tho'ts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so most gallantly and sincerely.

'Shall I believe all you say?'

'Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me.'

'Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say.'

'Talk on forever, lady. Your voice is music to heart and ears.'

'Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?'

'Yes, were you to go to the very alter masked!' he replied.

'Then I will test you.'

'How, lady?'

'For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as Heaven shall spare my life."

'Oh, cruel suspense!'

'You demur?'

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfill your injunctions as I promised.'

'If, at the expiration of a year, you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this *half*-ring,' she continued, 'and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours.'

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips, bade her adieu. He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither, nor could, by any possible means, discover where he had been; his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months rolled on. Col. Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time that Napoleon is planning to marry the Arch Duchess, Maria Louisa. The young Colonel is handsome, manly, and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart was not made of stone; the fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino, had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldoff, and in spite of his vows she captivates, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion; and the distance that he maintains! The truth was, that his sense of honor was so great, that though he felt he really loved the young Baroness, and even that she returned his affection, still he had given his word and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes in place of his good angel—his evil genius!

Well, time rolls on; he is to return in a few days; it is once more the carnival season, and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and what wonder fills his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him, in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not fancy?

'I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise,' she said, laying her hand lightly on his arm.

'Is this a reality or a dream?' asked the amazed soldier.

'Come, follow me, and you shall see it is a reality,' continued the mask pleasantly.

'I will.'

'Have you been faithful to your promise?' asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

'Most truly in act, but alas! I fear not in heart.'

'Indeed!'

'It is true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her.'

'And who is this that you thus love?'

'I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?'

'Most religiously.'

'It is the Baroness Von Waldrof,' he said, with a sigh.

'And you really love her?'

'Alas! only too dearly,' said the soldier, sadly.

'Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?'

'Here it is," said Merville.

'Then I too, keep my promise,' said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Waldroff!

'Ah, it was the sympathy of true love that attracted me, after all,' exclaimed the young soldier, as he pressed her to his heart.

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the Arch Duchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once General of Division.

A TALE OF THE PAST.

The Merchant's Daughter and the Judge.

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odor, was to the senses as soft thoughts to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasps, which would now be considered an invaluable black letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visiters, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

'The saints have you in their keeping?' said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

'The dear Madonna bless you!' ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

'And now,' said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, 'that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?'

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied—

'I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank.'

'Of England!' hastily responded the merchant, 'Of England! of heretic England!' He crossed himself devoutly, and started back, as if afraid of contamination.

'I may not deny my home and country,' replied the soldier, mild but firmly.

'But I shall incur the Church's censure for barboring thee!' exclaimed the merchant; 'thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!'

'Then let me forth,' replied the soldier, 'you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of Heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need!'

'Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel; and, besides, England was once the brightest jewel in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of the holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee?'

'Even so,' replied the soldier; 'but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by.'

'The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold,' replied the merchant hastily; 'but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay and eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him; and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but now, I bethink me, thou wert reading—what were thy studies?'

The brow of the soldier clouded, he hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolution, replied—

'In the din of the battle this book was my breast-plate, in the hour of sickness my best balm,' and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

'Holy saints!' exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back, as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the laymen—'then thou art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon the land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine!—upon my house and home. But thou shalt forth! I will not harbor thee! I shall deliver thee over to the Church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child!—away from him!'

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun, as he passed majestically on to shine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man, as he sat, bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his revery.

'You are thinking of your own far-off home,' said the Italian girl; 'how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!'

'There is such a home,' replied the soldier.

'Ah!' replied Emilia, 'but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer.'

The soldier smiled and sighed.

'You guess why I am here to-night,' resumed the Italian girl. 'I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and therefore you smile; and you just breathe one little sigh, because you leave this bright sun—and me.'

'Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to the power of your implacable Church?'

Emilia crossed herself. 'No, no—go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me, when I begged it from him with kisses and tears. Go, and be happy, and forget us.'

'Never!' exclaimed the soldier, earnestly—'never! And you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with.'

'I shall see you no more!' said the young Italian, 'and what shall make me happy when you are gone!' I have been happy while you were here, and yet we meet very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you, covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flower to freshen your sick pillow. And while you were insensible, in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber, and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care.—And when you revived, you smiled at my flower—and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me!'

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them!

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then, with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his foot-steps till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

'Thou art sad, dear daughter,' said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countried expanse through the city of London to Westminster—'Thou art sad, dear daughter.'

'Nay, my father,' replied the maiden, 'I would not be so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—'

'Thy heart is sad, thou wouldst say—'

'Nay, I meant it not.'

'I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England.'

'Hush! dear father, hush!—the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude!'

'They are running madly to some revelry.'

'Let us leave their path, then,' said the girl; 'it suits not our fallen fortune, or our dishonorable faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry.'

'Well, and if it be so,' replied the father, 'haply the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and the lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! Not one care-worn brow! Thou mayst catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream.'

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost pennyless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver and gold, and merchandise. The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with gold and purple, came on, laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies. 'The king! the king! long live the king!' He came—Henry the Eighth came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendor, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the Pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the ficticious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and foreign aspect of the girl had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that, to a limited circle, the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course, the English colors triumphed over the papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amid the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the Pope, dressed in his pontificial robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips—

'Oh! monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!' sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh! sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which one endeavored to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came, with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming, as it does, with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles; the once black hair was more nearly bleached; the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title as head of the Church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he made Lord Cromwell vicar-general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favor with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage and love, to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, poor, unknowing and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over the earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places. A crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passions in the judges, as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake with even passionate desire; and the pile and the stake were given with unrelenting cruelty.

At length, there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as age; the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the Pope as a true son of the Church—denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his own doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness, the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush—fresh attendants thronged the court.

'Room for Lord Cromwell!' Room for Lord Cromwell!' And the vicar-general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insigna of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence and he made a gesture of approbation.—A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl, as Lord Cromwell entered.—She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet when the vicar-general gave his assent the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the very accent of despair, rang through that court, and, where it met the human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. The sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear, his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking apparently to himself—

'From Italy, a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance—to England, to reclaim an old indebtment.'

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter.—

'Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birth-place?'

'We are Tuscans,' replied the merchant, 'of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it to this unhappy girl.'

'To both, or to neither!' exclaimed the girl, 'we live or die together!'

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly; at a sign from him the proper officer declared the court adjourned—the sufferers were hurried back to their cells, some went whither they would—others, whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light gleamed from a chink of the prison-walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, stupor, a lethargy bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison-floor, her face pale, as if ready for the grave, the large tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant, leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet, could it be?—that his judge—Lord Cromwell the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciation on his lips, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

'Awake, gentle girl, awake!' said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia. 'Let me hear thy voice once more, as it sounded in mine ear in other days.'

The gentle accents fell too light to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings, and confusion, formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of—

'Emilia! Emilia! awake and behold our Judge!'

'Nay, nay, not thus roughly,' said Lord Cromwell; but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

'Look on me Emilia!' said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradual shades of doubt, of wonder, of recoguition, came struggling over her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amazement, she exclaimed—

'It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest.'

'Even so,' said Lord Cromwell, 'even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death, as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew, and rich in fragrance, which thou didst lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbed with agony of pain upon it, fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm: and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here—and how hast thou been welcomed! To a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou, and thy father, and share it.'

An hour—who dare prophesy its events! At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison; at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

From the State Register.

Shakers and their Worship.

At the distance of about one half mile from the village of the Shakers in Canterbury, N. H., there is to be seen in a pasture, far from any public road, a marble stone, in height about seven feet, which was brought from Lebanon, N. Y., the head quarters of the Shakers, about six years since, and erected by special command of Heaven, as an object of worship by the holy anointed elders of this novel sect and their deluded followers. The devotion around this stone consists of kneeling, tumbling, wailing, singing, dancing and other antics too numerous to mention, which so forcibly reminded the spectator of the worship of the Hindoos, that he can hardly persuade himself that he is in America.

The Shakers of Lebanon have their 'holy mountain' situated about two miles from their principal village, up to which they make a formal pilgrimage once a year, to worship after their fashion. They go up in 'families,' each family comprising one of the three distinct 'orders' into which the 'community' is divided. The 'holy place' is located upon the top of one of the highest peaks of the picturesque and far famed 'Berkshire Hills,' and commands one of the most charming semi-mountain views we ever beheld. In one direction, the Catskill Mountains are seen towering to the clouds; and with a glass in a clear day the Hudson River may be seen for thirty or forty miles of its course below Albany. Lebanon Springs, and all their vicinage of nearly unequalled pastoral scenery, are spread out at the foot of the hill towards the west. Eastwardly lies in full view the beautiful village of Pittsfield, one of the rural gems of Massachusetts—encircled with its fine farms, and dotted with large, bright spots, which a closer inspection show to be lakes, or 'ponds' as they call them 'over there.'—Beyond, tower the mountains in the vicinity of Williamstown, North Adams, and other villages in that region. Towards the south-west lies a portion of the valley of the Housatonic, and at several points the river, here scarcely larger than a respectable mill stream, sparkles in the sun, as it flows on its course towards Long Island Sound.

Such is, in brief, the splendid scene spread out before the beholder, as he stands within the sacred enclosure of a strange superstition, upon the top of the Shakers' 'holy mountain.' A space of about an acre is encompassed with a handsome board fence, and is covered with grass, which is taken care of as sedulously as if it occupied the centre of some gentleman's fine park, in front of his lordly mansion, and where all the world might see it. On the east side of the enclosure stands a plain frame building, about forty feet long and perhaps fifteen feet wide, one story high, and having two entrances in front. This is occupied by the Shakers during a portion of the time devoted to their annual pilgrimage to the place. Towards the southwest corner of the lot, and nearly opposite this structure, is a small oblong enclosure, the earth of which is raised about a foot above the surface. In the centre of this there formerly stood erect a marble slab, the inscription upon which commemorated the discomfiture and burial of no less a personage than the Devil himself, who was driven to this spot by Mother Ann, the great foundress of Shakerism, and its canonized Saint, and who, being fairly cornered, was effectually exercised into the very bowels of the 'everlasting hills,' where, so far as the Shakers are concerned, he has remained ever since, and has 'ceased from troubling.' (We wish we could say as much for some other 'communities' we 'wot of.')

The stone was broken off near the ground, several years since by some sacrilegious vandals, and has never been re-erected. The visitors can only see where it was, by what remains of it in the ground.

It is to commemorate this great occurrence in their 'strange eventful history,' that the Shakers annually gather upon this hill-top for worship, and curious and inexpressible are their ceremonies on that occasion. They consist mainly, however, in a sort of polking about the Devil's Sepulchre, mingled with the oddest singing ever heard in such a strange place, and all manner of antics, gesturing and grimaces, expressive, no doubt, of infinite joy over the final discomfiture of his Satanic Majesty.

The Father of William A. Graham.

The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, by B. J. Lossing, (No. 25, page 598-9,) contains the following interesting notice of Joseph Graham, father of the Whig candidate for Vice President.

Captain Joseph Graham was an excellent specimen of those young men of Carolina who flocked to the army fighting for independence. He was born in Pennsylvania, on the thirteenth of October, 1759, and at the age of seven years accompanied his widowed mother to North Carolina. He was educated at Queen's Museum, in Charlotte, and was a spectator at the famous convention, held there in May, 1775. In May, 1778, at the age of nineteen, young Graham enlisted in the fourth regiment of North Carolina regular troops, under Colonel Archibald Lyle. Marching northward, his commander received instructions to return to Carolina, and Graham went home on furlough. He was called into active service in the autumn of that year, and accompanied General Rutherford to the banks of the Savannah, soon after the defeat of General Ashe at Brier Creek. He was with General Lincoln while maneuvering against Prevost, and was in the severe battle at Stono, in June, 1779. A fever prostrated him, and he returned home. While plowing, in the field, he heard of the fall of Charleston and defeat of Bufford at the Waxhaw, and, like Cincinnatus, he left the furrow to engage in public duties. He was appointed adjutant of the Mecklenburg regiment. He was engaged in active service for some time, and fought the enemy with Major Davis, at Charlotte, in the autumn of 1780. In that engagement he was cut down and severely wounded by a British dragoon. He received six sabre and three bullet wounds. These confined him in the hospital for two months. When recovered, he raised a company of mounted riflemen, and, with his fifty men, disputed the passage of the British army at Cowen's Ford. With his company, and some troops from Rowan, he surprised and captured a British guard at Hart's Mill, only a mile and a half from headquarters at Hillsborough, and the next day was with Lee when Pyle was defeated. He was engaged in active service all that summer, and in September was appointed a major, and, with a pretty strong force, proceeded toward Wilmington to rescue Governor Burke, who had been abducted from Hillsborough by Fanning, a noted Tory and his associates. South of Fayetteville encountered a band of Tories, and, after a severe skirmish defeated them. His force was only one hundred and thirty six, that of the Tories was six hundred. It was a brilliant achievement. He was engaged in two or three other military enterprises soon afterward, when the surrender of Cornwallis caused a cessation of hostilities at the South. With this campaign, Major Graham's revolutionary career closed. In the course of four years (at the end of which he was only twenty three years of age) he had commanded in fifteen engagements, and was greatly beloved by his companions.

Major Graham was elected the first sheriff of Mecklenburg, after the close of the war, and, in 1787, married a daughter of John Davidson, one of the members of the famous Mecklenburg Convention. By her he had twelve children, the youngest of whom, the Honorable William A.