# 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."

*For the Susquehanna Register.*

### The Indian Maiden's Lament.

Wail for the warrior fallen! wail for the chieftain slain!
I watch the winding war-path for his return, in vain;
Adario, the valiant, he will return no more,
And I am sad and lonely, by Susquehanna's shore.

The darling of his people, born of a princely line,
His form, so tall and manly, was like the mountain pine;
His arm was strong in battle; his stout heart knew no fear;
His feet upon the mountains were fleeter than the deer.

When by the silver river we wandered forth alone,
His voice was like sweet music, so soft and low its tone,
And the beaming of his dark eye as summer morn was mild;
But when against the foeman he spoke in councils wild,

His voice was like the wind-blast, the flashing of his eye
Was fiercer than the eagle's, the ruler of the sky.
Wail for the warrior fallen! wail for the chieftain slain!
I watch the winding war path for his return, in vain.

No more I'll greet his coming, the mist of morning through,
Across the sleeping river, in his graceful bark canoe.

No more I'll hear his footsteps, when fire flies glancing bright,
Their golden threads are weaving amid the pall of night—
When my sisters young are sleeping, and all around is still,
Save the voice of falling waters and the plaintive whippoorwill.

No more along the mountain shall he the chase pursue,
Known by his form majestic and heron plume of blue;
No more for me he'll gather the brown nuts in the wood;
Nor snare the cunning beaver, or ruffled pheasant's brood,

Nor cull by fount and streamlet, wild flow'rs all bright and fair,
To braid amid the tresses of my darkly flowing hair.

Wail for the warrior fallen! wail for the chieftain slain!
I watch the winding war-path for his return, in vain;
In the Spirit Land he dwelleth, he will return no more,
And I am sad and lonely, by Susquehanna's shore.

MONTROSE, February 5, 1853.

## A Tale of Norway.

### FEATS ON THE FIORD.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### Vogel Islet

Who was ever happier than Rolf, when abroad in his skiff, on one of the most glorious days of the year? He found his angling tolerably successful near home; but the further he went, the more the herrings abounded; and he therefore dropped down the fiord with the tide, fishing as he receded, till all home objects had disappeared. First, the farm-house, with its surrounding buildings, its green paddock, and shining white beach, was hidden behind the projecting rocks. Then Thor islet appeared to join with the nearest shore, from which its bushes of stunted birch seemed to spring. Then, as the skiff dropped lower and lower down, the interior mountains appeared to rise above the rocks which closed in the head of the fiord, and the snowy peak of Sulitelma stood up clear amidst the pale blue sky; the glaciers on its sides catching the sunlight on different points, and glittering so that the eye could scarcely endure to rest upon the mountain. When he came to the narrow part of the fiord, near the creek which had been the scene of Erica's exploit, Rolf laid aside his rod, with the bright hook that herrings so much admire, to guide his canoe through the currents caused by the approach of the rocks and contraction of the passage; and he then wished he had brought Erica with him, so lovely was the scene. Every crevice of the rocks, even where there seemed to be no soil, was tufted with bushes, every twig of which was bursting into the greenest leaf, while here and there a clump of dark pines overhung some busy cataract, which, itself overshadowed, sent forth its little clouds of spray, dancing and glittering in the sunlight. A pair of fishing eagles were perched on a high ledge of rock, screaming to the echoes, so that the dash of the currents was lost in the din. Rolf did wish that Erica was here when he thought how the color would have mounted into her cheek, and how her eye would have sparkled at such a scene.

Lower down it was scarcely less beautiful. The waters spread out again, to a double width. The rocks were, or appeared to be, lower; and now and then, in some space between rock and rock, a strip of brilliant green meadow lay open to the sunshine; and there were large flocks of fieldfares, flying round and round to exercise the newly-fledged young.—There were a few habitations scattered along the margin of the fiord; and two or three boats might be seen far off, with diminutive figures of men drawing their nets.

'I am glad I brought my net too,' thought Rolf. 'My rod has done good duty; but if I am coming upon a shoal, I will cast my net, and be home laden with fish before they think of looking for me.'

Happy would it have been if Rolf had cast his net where others were content to fish, and had given up all idea of going further than was necessary; but his boat was still dropping down towards the islet which he had fixed in his own mind as the limit of his trip; and the long solitary reach of the fiord which now lay between him and it was tempting both to the eye and the mind. It is difficult to turn back from the first summer day trip, in countries where summer is less beautiful than in Nordland; and on went Rolf, beyond the bound of prudence, as many have done before him. He soon found himself in a still and somewhat dreary region, where there was no motion but of the sea-birds which were leading their broods down to the shores of the fiords, and of the air which appeared to quiver before the eye, from evaporation caused by the heat of the sun. More slowly went the canoe here, as if to suit the quietness of the scene, and leisurely and softly did Rolf cast his net; and then steadily did he draw it in, so rich in fish, that when they lay in the bottom of the boat, that at once sank it deeper in the water and checked its speed by their weight.

Rolf then rested awhile, and looked ahead for Vogel islet, thinking that he could not now be very far from it. There it lay looming up in the heated atmosphere spreading as if in the air, just above the surface of the water, to which it appeared joined in the middle by a dark stem, as if it grew like a huge sea-flower. There is no end to the strange appearances presented in northern climates by an atmosphere so different from our own. Rolf gazed and gazed, as the island grew more like itself on his approach; and he was so occupied with it as not to look about him as he ought to have done, at such a distance from home. He was roused at length by a shout, and looked towards the point from which it came; and there, in a little harbor of the fiord, a recess which now actually lay behind him—between him and home—lay a vessel; and that vessel, he knew by a glance, was the pirate-schooner.

Of the schooner itself he had no fear; for there was so little wind that it could not have come out in time to annoy him; but there was the schooner's boat with five men in it—four rowing and one steering—already in full pursuit of him. He knew, by the general air and native dress of the man at the helm, that it was Hund; and he fancied he heard Hund's malicious voice in the shout which came rushing over the water from their boat to his.—How fast they seemed to come! How the spray from their oars glittered in the sun; and how their wake lengthened with every stroke! No spectator from the shore (if there had been any) could have doubted that the boat was in pursuit of the skiff, and would snap it up presently. Rolf saw that he had five determined foes, gaining on him every instant; and yet he was not alarmed. He had had reason for thinking himself safe near Vogel islet; and, calculating for a moment the time of the tide, he was quite at his ease. As he took his oars, he smiled at the hot haste of his pursuers, and at the thought of the amazement they would feel when he slipped through their fingers; and then he began to row.

Rolf did not over-heat himself with too much exertion. He permitted his foes to gain a little upon him, though he might have preserved the distance for as long as his strength could have held out against that of the four in the other boat. They ceased their shouting when they saw how quietly he took his danger. They really believed that he was not aware of being their object, and hoped to seize him suddenly, before he had time to resist.

When very near the islet, however, Rolf became more active; and his skiff disappeared behind its southern point while the enemy's boat was two furlongs off. The steersman looked for the reappearance of the canoe beyond the islet; but he looked in vain. He thought, and his companions agreed with him, that it was foolish of Rolf to land upon the islet, where they could lay their hands upon him in a moment; but they could only suppose he had done this, and prepared to do the same. They rowed quite round the islet; but, to their amazement, they could not only perceive no place to land at, but there was no trace of the canoe. It seemed to them as if those calm and clear waters had swallowed up the skiff and Rolf in a few minutes after they had lost sight of him. Hund thought the case was accounted for, when he recalled Niped's displeasure. A thrill ran through him as he said to himself that the spirits of the region had joined with him against Rolf and swallowed up almost before his eyes, the man he hated. He put his hands before his face, for a moment, while his comrades stared at him; then, thinking he must be under a delusion, he gazed earnestly over the waters, as far as he could see. They lay calm and bright; and there was certainly no kind of vessel on their surface, for miles round.

The rowers wondered, questioned, uttered shouts, spoke all together, and then looked at Hund in silence, struck by his countenance; and finished by rowing two or three times round the islet, slowly, and looking up its bare rocky sides, which rose like walls from the water; but nothing could they see or hear. When tired of their fruitless search they returned to the schooner, ready to report to the master that the fiord was enchanted.

Meantime, Rolf had heard every plash of their oars, and every tone of their voices, as they rowed round his place of refuge. He was not on the islet, but in it. This was such an island as Swein, the sea-king of former days took refuge in; and Rolf was only following his example. Long before, he had discovered a curious cleft in the rock, very narrow, and all but invisible at high water, even if a bush of dwarf ash and birch had not hung down over it. At high water, nothing larger than a bird could go in and out beneath the low arch; but there was a cavern within, whose sandy floor sloped up to some distance above high water mark. In this cavern was Rolf. He had thrust his little skiff between the walls of rock, crushing in its sides as he did so. The bushes drooped behind him, hanging naturally over the entrance, as before. Rolf pulled up his broken vessel upon the little sandy beach within the cave; saved a pile of his fish, and returned a good many to the water; and then sat down upon the sea-weeds to listen. There was no light but a little which found its way through the bushy screen, and up from the green water; and the sounds—the tones of the pirates' voices, and the plash of the waters against the rocky walls of his singular prison—came deadened and changed to his ear. Yet he heard enough to be aware how long his enemies remained, and when they were really gone.

It was a prison indeed, as Rolf reflected when he looked upon his broken skiff. He could not imagine how he was to get away; for his friends would never think of coming to look for him here; but he put off the consideration of this point for the present, and turned away from the image of Erica's distress when he should fail to return. He amused himself now with imagining Hund's disappointment, and the reports which would arise from it; and he found this so very entertaining that he laughed aloud; and then the echo of his laughter sounded so very merry that it set him to laughing again. This, in its turn, seemed to rouse the eider-ducks that thronged the island; and their clatter and commotion was so very great overhead, that any spectator might be excused for believing that Vogel islet was indeed bewitched.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A Summer Apartment.

'Humph! how little did the old sea-king think,' said Rolf to himself, as he surveyed his cave—'how little did Swein think, when he played this very trick, six hundred years ago, that it would save a poor farm-servant from being murdered, so many centuries after! Many thanks to my good grandmother for being so fond of that story! She taught it to me thoroughly before she died, and that is the reason of my being safe at this moment. I wish I had told the people at home that I had found this cave; for, as it is, they cannot but think me lost; and how Erica will bear it, I don't know.—And yet, if I had told them, Hund would have heard it; or, at least, Stiorna, and she would have managed to let him know. Perhaps it is best as it is, if only I can get back in time to save Erica's heart from breaking. But for her, I should not mind the rest being in a fright for a day or two. They are a little apt to fancy that the affairs of the farm go by nature—that the fields and the cattle take care of themselves. They treat me liberally enough; but they are not fully aware of the value of a man like me; and now they will learn. They will hardly know how to make enough of me when I go back. Oddo will be the first to see me. I think, however, I should let them hear my best song from a distance. Let me see—which song shall it be? It must be one which will strike Peder; for he will be the first to hear, as Oddo always is to see. Some of them will think it is a spirit mocking, and some that it is my ghost; and my master and madame will take it to be nothing but my own self. And then, in the doubt among all these, my poor Erica will faint away; and while they are throwing water upon her face, and putting some camphorated brandy in her mouth, I shall quietly step in among them, and grasp Peder's arm, and pull Oddo's hair, to show that it is myself; and when Erica opens her eyes, she shall see my face at its very merriest; so that she cannot possibly take me for a sad and solemn ghost. And the next thing will be——'

He stopped with a start, as his eyes fell upon his crushed boat, lying on its side, half in the water and half out.

'Ah!' thought he, in a changed mood—'this is all very fine—this planning how one pleasant thing will follow upon another; but I forgot the first thing of all. I must learn first how I am to get out.'

He turned his boat about and about, and shook his head over every bruise, hole, or crack that he found, till he finished with a nod of decision that nothing could be done with it. He was a good swimmer; but the nearest point of the shore was so far off that it would be all he could do to reach it when the waters were in their most favorable state. At present, they were so chilled with the melted snows that were pouring down from every steep along the fiord, that he doubted the safety of attempting to swim at all. What chance of release had he then?

If he could by any means climb upon the rocks, in whose recesses he was now hidden, he might possibly fall in with some fishing-boat which would fetch him off; but, besides that the pirates were more likely to see him than anybody else, he believed there was no way by which he could climb upon the islet. It had always been considered the exclusive property of the aquatic birds with which it swarmed, because its sides rose so abruptly from the water, so like the smooth stone walls of a lofty building, that there was no hold for foot or hand, and the summit seemed unattainable by anything that had not wings. Rolf remembered, however, having heard Peder say that when he was young, there might be seen hanging down one part of the precipice the remains of a birchen ladder, which must have been made and placed there by human hands. Rolf determined that he would try the point. He would wait till the tide was flowing in, as the waters from the open sea were somewhat less chilled than when returning from the head of the fiord; he would take the waters at their warmest, and try and try again to make footing upon the islet. Meantime, he would not trouble himself with thoughts of being a prisoner.

His cave was really a very pretty place. As its opening fronted the west, he found that even here there might be sunshine. The golden light which blesses the high and low places of the earth did not disdain to cheer and adorn even this humble chamber, which, at the bidding of nature, the waters had scooped out of the hard rock. Some hours after darkness had settled down on the lands of the tropics, and long after the stars had come out in the skies over English heads, this cave was at its brightest. As the sun drew near its setting, near the middle of the Nordland summer night, it levelled its golden rays through the cleft, and made the place far more brilliant than at noon. The projections of the rough rock caught the beam, during the few minutes that it stayed, and shone with a bright orange tint. The beach suddenly appeared of a more dazzling white, and the waters of a deeper green, while, by their motion, they cast quivering circles of reflected light upon the roof, which had before been invisible. Rolf took this brief opportunity to survey his abode carefully. He had supposed, from the pleasant freshness of the air, that the cave was lofty; and he now saw that the roof did indeed spring up to a vast height. He saw also that there was a great deal of drift-wood accumulated; and some of it thrown into such distant corners, as to prove that the waves could dash up to a much higher water-line, in stormy weather, than he supposed. No matter! He hoped to be gone before there were any more storms. Tired and sleepy as he was, so near midnight, he made an exertion, while there was plenty of light, to clear away the sea-weeds from a space on the sand where he must to-morrow make his fire, and broil his fish. The smell of the smallest quantity of burnt weed would be intolerable in so confined a place; so he cleared away every sprout of it, and laid some of the drift-wood on a spot above high-water mark; picking out the driest pieces he could find for kindling a flame.

When this was done, he could have found in his heart to pick up shells—so various and beautiful were those which strewed the floor of his cave; but the sunbeam was rapidly climbing the wall, and would presently be gone; so he let the shells lie till the next night, (if he should still be here,) and made haste to heap up a bed of fine dry sand in a corner; and here he lay down as the twilight darkened, and thought he had never rested on so soft a bed. He knew it was near high water; and he tried to keep awake, to ascertain how nearly the tide filled up the entrance; but he was too weary, and his couch was too comfortable for this. His eyes closed in spite of him; and he dreamed that he was broad awake watching the height of the tide. For this one night he could rest without any very painful thoughts of poor Erica; for she was prepared for his remaining out till the middle of the next day at least.

When he awoke in the morning, the scene was marvellously changed from that on which he had closed his eyes. His cave was so dim that he could scarcely distinguish its white floor from its rocky sides. The water was low, and the cleft therefore enlarged; so that he saw at once that now was the time for making his fire—now when there was the freest access of air. Yet he could not help pausing to admire what he saw. He could see now a long strip of the fiord—a perspective of waters and of shores, ending in a lofty peak still capped with snow, and glittering in the sunlight. The whole landscape was bathed in light, as warm as noon; for, though it was only six in the morning, the sun had been up for several hours. As Rolf gazed, and reckoned up the sum of what he saw, the many miles of water, and the long range of rocks, he felt for a moment, as if not yet secure from Hund—as if he must be easily visible while he saw so much. But it was not so, and Rolf smiled at his own momentary fear when he remembered how, as a child, he had tried to count the stars he could see at once through a hole pricked by a needle in a piece of paper, and how, for that matter, all that we ever see is through the little circle of the pupil of the eye. He smiled when he considered that while, from his recess, he could see the united navy of Norway and Denmark, if anchored in the fiord, his enemy could not see even his habitation, otherwise that by peeping under the bushes which overhung the cleft: and this only at low water. So he began to sing while rubbing together, with all his might, the dry sticks of fir with which his fire was to be kindled. First they smoked; and then, by a skilful breath of air, they blazed, and set fire to the heap; and by the time the herrings were ready for broiling, the cave was so filled with smoke that Rolf's singing was turned to coughing.

Some of the smoke hung in soot on the roof and walls of the cave, curling up so well at first that Rolf almost thought there must be some opening in the lofty roof which served as a chimney. But there was not; and some of the smoke came down again, issuing at last from the mouth of the cave. Rolf observed this; and, seeing the danger of his place of retreat being thus discovered, he made haste to finish his cookery, resolving that, if he had to remain there any length of time, he would always make his fire in the night. He presently threw water over the burning brands, and hoped that nothing had been seen of the process of preparing his breakfast.

The smoke had been seen, however, and by several people; but in such a way as to lead to no discovery of the cave.—From the schooner, Hund kept his eyes fixed on the islet, at every moment he had to spare. Either he was the murderer of his fellow servant, or the islet was bewitched; and if Rolf was under the protection and favor of the powers of the region, he, Hund, was out of favor and might expect bad consequences. Whichever might be the case, Hund was very uneasy and he could think of nothing but the islet, and look no other way. His companions had at first joked him about his luck in getting rid of his enemies; but, being themselves superstitious, they caught the infection of his uneasiness, and watched the spot almost as carefully as he.

As their vessel lay higher up in the fiord than the islet, they were on the opposite side from the crevice, and could not see from whence it issued. But they saw it in the form of a light cloud hanging over the place. Hund's eyes were fixed upon it, when one of his comrades touched him on the shoulder. Hund started.

'You see there,' said the man, pointing.

'To be sure I do. What else was I looking at?'

'Well, what is it?' inquired the man. 'Has your friend got a visitor—come a great way this morning? They say the mountain-sprite travels in mist. If so, it is now going. See, there it sails off—melts away. It is as like common smoke as anything that ever I saw. What say you to taking the boat, and trying again whether there is no place where your friend might not land, and be now making a fire among the birds' nests?'

'Nonsense,' cried Hund. 'What became of the skiff then?'

'True,' said the man; and shaking his head, passed on and spoke to the master.

In his own secret mind the master of the schooner did not quite like his present situation. The little harbor was well sheltered and hidden from the observation of the inhabitants of the upper part of the fiord; but, after hearing the words dropped by his crew, the master did not relish being stationed between the bewitched islet and the head of the fiord, where all the residents were, of course, enemies. He thought it would be wiser to have a foe only on the one hand, and an open sea on the other, even at the sacrifice of the best anchorage. As there was a light wind, enough to take his vessel down, he gave orders accordingly.

Slowly, and at some distance, the schooner passed the islet, and all on board crowded together to see what they could see. None—not even the master with his glass—saw anything remarkable; but all heard something. There was a faint muffled sound of knocks—blows such as were never heard in a mere haunt of sea-birds. It was evident that the birds were disturbed by it. They rose and fell, made short flights and came back again, fluttered and sometimes screamed so as to overpower all other sounds. But if they were quiet for a minute, the knock, knock, knock, was heard again, with great regularity, and every knock went to Hund's heart.

The fact was, that, after breakfast, Rolf soon became tired of having nothing to do. The water was so very cold, that he deferred till noon the attempt to swim round the islet. He again examined his boat, and though the injuries done seemed irreparable, he thought he had better try to mend his little craft than do nothing. After collecting from the wood in the cave all the nails that happened to be sticking from it, and all the pieces that were sound enough to patch a boat with, he made a stone serve him for a hammer, straightened his nails upon another stone, and tried to fasten on a piece of wood over a hole. It was discouraging work enough; but it helped to pass away the hours till the restless waves had passed their highest mark in the cave, when he would know that it was noon, and time for his expedition.

He sighed as he threw down his awkward new tools and pulled off his jacket, for his heart now began to grow very heavy. It was about time when Erica would be beginning to look for his return; and when or how he was ever to return, he became less able to imagine, the more he thought about it. As he fancied Erica gazing down the fiord from the gallery, or stealing out, hour after hour, to look forth from the beach, and only to be disappointed every time, till she would be obliged to give him quite up, and yield to despair, Rolf shed tears. It was the first time for some years—the first time since he had been a man; and when he saw his own tears fall on the sand, he was ashamed. He blushed, as if he had not been all alone, dashed away the drops, and threw himself into the water.

It was too cold by far for safe swimming. All the snows of Sulitelma could hardly have made the waters more chilly to the swimmer than they felt at the first plunge. But Rolf would not retreat for this reason. He thought of the sunshine outside, and of the free open view he should enjoy, dived beneath the almost closed entrance, and came up on the other side. The first thing he saw was the schooner, now lying below his island; and the next thing was a small boat between him and it, evidently making towards him. When convinced that Hund was one of the three men in it, he saw that he must go back, or make haste to finish his expedition. He made haste, swam round so close as to touch the warm rock in many places, and could not discover, any more than before, any trace of a footing by which a man might climb to the summit. There was a crevice or two however, from which vegetation hung, still left unsearched. He could not search them now; for he must make haste home.

The boat was indeed so near when he had reached the point he set out from, that he used every effort to conceal himself; and it seemed that he could only have escaped by the eyes of his enemies being fixed on the summit of the rock.—When once more in the cave, he rather enjoyed hearing them come nearer and nearer, so that the bushes which hung down between him and them shook with the wind of their oars, and dipped into the waves. He laughed silently when he heard one of them swear that he would not leave the spot till he had seen something upon which another rebuked his presumption. Presently, a voice which he knew to be Hund's called upon his name, at first gently, and then more and more loudly, as if taking courage at not being answered.

'I will wait till he rounds the point,' thought Rolf, 'and then give him such an answer as may send a guilty man away quicker than he came.'

He waited till they were on the opposite side, so that his voice might appear to come from the summit of the islet, and then began with the melancholy sound used to lure the plover on the moors. The men in the boat instantly observed that this was the same sound used when Erlingsen's boat was spirited away from them. It was rather singular that Rolf and Oddo should have used the same sound; but they probably chose it as the most mournful they knew. Rolf, however, did not stop there. He moaned louder and louder, till the sound resembled the bellowing of a tormented spirit enclosed in the rock: and the consequence was, as he had said, that his enemies retreated faster than they came. Never had they rowed more vigorously than now, fetching a large circuit, to keep at a safe distance from the spot, as they passed westward.

For the next few days, Rolf kept a close watch upon the proceedings of the pirates and saw enough of their thievery to be able to lay informations against them, if ever he should again make his way to a town or village, and see the face of a magistrate. He was glad of the interest and occupation thus afforded him—of even this slight hope of being useful; for he saw no more probability, than on the first day, of release from his prison. The worst of it was that the season for boating was nearly at an end. The inhabitants were day by day driving their cattle up the mountains, there to remain for the summer; and the heads of families remained in the farm-houses, almost alone, and little likely to put out so far into the fiord as to near him. So poor Rolf could only catch fish for his support, swim round and round his prison, and venture a little further on days when the water felt rather less cold than usual. To drive off thoughts of his poor distressed Erica, he sometimes hammered a little at his skiff; but it was too plain that no botching that he could perform in the cave would render the broken craft safe to float in.

One sunny day, when the tide was flowing in warmer than usual, Rolf amused himself with more evolutions in bathing than he had hitherto indulged in. He forgot his troubles and his foes in diving, floating, and swimming. As he dashed round a point of rock, he saw something and was certain he was seen. Hund appeared at least as much bewitched as the islet itself: for he could not keep away from it. He seemed irresistibly drawn to the scene of his guilt and terror. Here he was now, with one other man, in the schooner's smallest boat. Rolf had to determine in an instant what to do; for they were within a hundred yards, and Hund's starting eyes showed that he saw what he took for the ghost of his fellow-servant. Rolf raised himself as high as he could out of the water, throwing his arms above his head, fixed his eyes on Hund, uttered a shrill cry, and dived, hoping to rise to the surface at some point out of sight. Hund looked no more.—After one shriek of terror and remorse had burst from his white lips, he sank his head upon his knee, and let his comrade take all the trouble of rowing home again.

This vision decided Hund's proceedings. Half-crazed with remorse, he left the pirates that night. After long consideration where to go, he decided upon returning to Erlingsen's. He did not know to what extent they suspected him: he was pretty sure that they held no proofs against him. Nowhere else could he be sure of honest work—the first object with him now, in the midst of his remorse.—He felt irresistibly drawn towards poor Erica, now that no rival was there; and if, mixed with all these considerations, there were some thoughts of the situation of houseman being vacant, and needing much to be filled up, it is no wonder that such a mingling of motives took place in a mind so selfish as Hund's.

*(To be continued.)*

### Sensible to the Last.

It has long been observed by medical writers that death is frequently preceded by insanity, a fact which has occasioned the remark that it was not astonishing, for everybody knew that when folks get *madder* they were about to *dye*. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in the Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate; his relatives grounding their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be as well to premise that the presiding judge was not only very convivial but also very gallant.

'What were your husband's last words?' inquired the attorney.

The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down, replied, 'I'd rather not tell.'

'But indeed you must, ma'am. Your claim may be decided by it.'

Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

'He said, 'Kiss me, Polly, and open that other—bottle of champaigne.'

We know not whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried with all the enthusiasm of conviction, *Sensible* to the last—by Blackstone!'

There is another story of that ilk, which is none the worse for being Scotch.

An old man about to bid his last adieu to earth, had his friends called near, when he was desired by his wife to tell what debts were owing him.

'There's old Siddons owes me five shillings for mutton.'

'Och,' interjected the delighted helpmate, 'to see a man at this time o' day, and just gaun to close his last account, has the use o' his faculties—just say awa, Jamie.'

'Ay, and Roy, ten shillings for beef.'

'What a pleasant thing it is to see a man baith sensible to the last—baith mair—but nae to distress yourself!'

'An' Lane, a crown for a cow's hide.'

'Ay,' quoth the wife, 'sensible yet—well, James, what was it ye was gaun to say?'

'Nae mair,' quoth James; 'but I'se


awin Jack Thompson twa pound in balance o' a cow.'

'Hoot, toot,' quoth the wife, 'he is ravin', too—he's just ravin'; dinna mind any mair that he says!'


### Babes of Heaven.

BY MRS. DENISON.

There are some infants who seem destined for Heaven from their birth. Over these the mother may smile and weep, and watch the fragile beauty of brow and cheek in vain.

Old and learned doctors may stand beside their little couches, and count the quick-beating pulse; they cannot stay the steady footsteps of death—they cannot wave him back, that angel warder of Heaven. Something is written in the blue eyes, the gentle smile, that mortals may never interpret; for them the tiny head-stones stand in niches fresh from the graver's hands. For them the little marble urns are already sculptured, and sweet spots in burial grounds lie waiting. Clasp it ever so closely to the fond bosom, the favored immortal is ever in the hands of angels, and they will claim it.

I have known a few such children. I remember, as I write, a sweet sister, who came when the bird piped his first May song. For fifteen bright months she was spared to earth, but all who saw her gave ominous shakes of the head, and some said, even with tears, 'She will die.'

Of all infant singers, none heard I ever sing like her. From morning till night, from her twelfth month, her sweet clear voice rang through the house. And she was never taught this, nor paraded for her gift—but a friend coming in would be sure to hear 'Old Hundred' from the singing lips of a babe who might be clinging to the chairs in her first happy essay to walk. 'China,' and many of the ancient melodies, were as household words to that little creature—and every day at twilight, till nearly the day she died, she would sing herself to sleep, lisping these words:

'Life is the time to serve the Lord.'

Precious angel! her life was holy service. How happy she has been, these long years, up there—singing.

I had another little sister, who died at the same age. I remember a still, beautiful night, when I sat watching that beautiful face—the pale hands, the laboring chest. Her mother, wearied out, had fallen into a light slumber.

Suddenly, in that dying hour, the old tune of 'Sweet Home' rang out, clear, sweet, distinct. How can I describe the feeling that thrilled through all my veins, when looking at the little lips, pale and trembling, I saw them moving to the cadence of that cherished melody. There laid a babe, scarcely more than a year old, disease upon her, her temples whitening in death, singing a triumphal strain with a failing breath. No language can tell how indiscribably beautiful, yet how awful was the scene. She sang it through, to the last note—and her fragile form sank backward.

In the morning they were laying lightly and tenderly on her limbs the burial shroud.

I heard lately a little story, which for pathos could not be excelled.

A beautiful infant had been taught to say, (and it could say little else,) 'God will take care of baby.'

It was seized with sickness, and at a time when both parents were hardly convalescent from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die. Almost agonized, the mother prayed to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in gaining the apartment, but just as it was thought the babe had breathed its last.

The mother wept aloud; and once more, the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face—smiled, and moved its little lips.

They bent closer down.

'God will take care of baby.'

Sweet—consoling words!—they had hardly ceased when the angel-spirit was in Heaven.—*Olive Branch.*

A GOOD STORY.—A capital story is told of Judge Tappan, late a Senator in Congress, who is unfortunately cross-eyed.—A number of years ago he was Judge of a newly organized County Court in the eastern part of Ohio. In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court room, and the stable, a jail. One day during the session of the court, the Judge had occasion to severely reprimand two lawyers who were wrangling. An odd looking customer who sat in one corner, listening apparently with great satisfaction to the reproof, and presuming on old acquaintance and the Judge's well known good humor, sung out, 'Give it to them, old gimblet eyes!'

'Who was that?' inquired the Judge.

'It was this 'ere old hoss,' answered the chap, raising himself up.

'Sheriff,' observed the Judge, with great gravity, 'take that old horse and put him in the stable.'

☞ The following position is taken by The Shepherd of the Valley, a Roman Catholic paper of the West:—

"Heresy and unbelief are crimes; that is the whole of the matter; and in Christian countries, as Italy and Spain, for instance, where all the people are Catholics and where the Catholic religion is an essential part of the public law of the land, they will be punished as other crimes. Here the law does not take cognizance of them, because the law does not recognize the truth of the Catholic religion."

☞ England owns more than double the number of war steamships possessed by any other nation; there being in the British navy one hundred and forty-nine; in the French, sixty-eight; the Russian, thirty-two; and in the United States, fifteen.