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"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.

National Ode.

BY JULIUS TYLER.

We sing the noble deeds our sires have done,
The deathless laurels they have bravely won,
Achievements written on the glorious page
That tells the annals of a former age.
Their bright example tells its tale,
As far as thought or truth prevail,
Or reason holds her throne.
To suffering millions far away,
It sends a bright and cheering ray,
A token of a better day
Than *they* have ever known.

Roll back the ceaseless tide of time,
The flow of passing years!
A scene more wondrous and sublime
Than ever marked a foreign clime,
In bold relief appears.
Oh! could we trace our nation from its birth,
The wonder and the pride of every eye,
The envy of the mighty ones of earth,
The terror of the haughty and the high,
Would need an angel's pen to trace the line,
There to delineate her form divine;
It were an angel's task the whole to say,
And paint her rising glories with the noontide ray.

Scarcely four centuries have rolled
Their changing cycles o'er the earth,
Since first a band of Spaniards bold
Left the fair land that gave them birth.
They came not as the messengers of love,
Bearing to men glad tidings from above;
A band of bold adventurers they came,
Their chief desire to win themselves a name,
To seek for wealth in foreign climes unknown,
And there to rear a despot's coruel throne.
It was no hallowed thought in every breast,
That prompted them to seek the distant west,
To peril life, the raging storm to brave,
In their frail barks upon the billowy wave.

Yet 'twas a mighty deed,
To buffet winds and rolling seas,
To prove their vessels' speed,
Where ne'er before the sail had caught the breeze.
Tossed on the billows of the deep,
Whose changing motions never sleep,
Pitching beneath an unknown sky,
No friendly shore to meet the eye,
Their leader cheered them on;
And when they felt the danger nigh
His aid was not withdrawn.
Dauntless and brave, his cheering tone
Removes their doubts and fears;
He points out wealth to be their own,
And hope for future years.
Sleepless and watchful on the deck,
He longs to see the land,
Until at last, a little speck
Reveals the wished-for strand.

How leap their hearts with sudden joy,
What feelings do their thoughts employ,
What rapture lights up every eye,
When in the distance they decry
The doubly welcome shore,
When saw they hills and forests lie
Where gentle rivers pour.
In fancy now they bask in fortune's smile,
And revel on the wealth obtained by guile;
In fancy fortune shows them sums untold,
They feast their eyes on heaps of shining gold,
They gratify unhallowed lust for power,
And every fancy of the passing hour.
'Twas an unhappy day
For that enchanting isle,
When first the Spanish pennon gay
Was planted on its soil.
With unsuspicious fear and awe,
The simple native Indians saw;
Alas! for them sad woes await;
Their love will soon be turned to hate.

The drama changes. Years pass swiftly on,
And all who stood upon that isle are gone.
Some take their rest beneath Atlantic's waves,
And some on battle fields found bloody graves.
Again a frail bark, on the mighty deep,
Breasts the wild storms that o'er its waters sweep;
Again a little band of heroes bold
Struggle with woe and misery untold.
They left a land of wealth, and pride, and power
To combat evil in affliction's hour;
They left a land where science holds her seat,
A spot of darkest ignorance to greet;
They left a land of gardens and of plains,
To seek a place where desolation reigns;
Where lofty mountains meet the wondering eye,
And rugged rocks the power of man defy.
They left a people skilled in art,
To face the terrors of a foe
More nimble than the timid hart,
Impetuous as the torrent's flow.
The stormy billows round them roar,
They leave their home, their native shore;
They hear the tempest's voice;
Yet still, their true hearts undismayed,
Of heaving ocean not afraid,
They look above to heaven for aid,
And make that heaven their choice.

What sought they o'er the raging wave!
What lured them from their native strand,
To seek far off a foreign land,
And find, alas! a pilgrim's grave!
Sought they for gold and jewels bright,
Upon that rocky coast?
For diamonds, radiant with light,
To be a monarch's boast?
'Twas none of these: they sought a place
Where they might find an ample space
To serve their Maker, God—
Refuge from persecution's power,
A spot to meet Death's trying hour,
And lie beneath the sod.
They sought a home where mind might aye be free,
Where they might rear a fane to Liberty,
Where each might claim that right, of all the best,
To speak and act without a lord's behest.

On speed they o'er the deep,
That persecuted band;
They ride where wild waves troubled leap,
To seek a distant land.
Cold sweeps the dreary wind along,
Falls thick and fast the driving sleet,
Yet still unvaried is their song— [greet
With hymns of solemn praise the wintry storms they
Though wearied and benumbed with cold,
And struggling hard with woes untold,
No food regrets their bosoms heave,
For the fair country, which they leave;
No useless teardrop fills their eyes,
No bosom rends the air with sighs;
For higher aims their noble hearts inspire;
To God they elevate the pure desire;
To him, of every hope and joy the spring,
They bow the knee untaught to bow to earthly king.

The scene is changed again. That little band
Who boldly landed on that barren strand,
Who braved the driving sleet, the winter's snow,
The terrors of a bold and savage foe,
Have spread abroad, until they now have grown
The terror of the despot and his throne.
Yet what availed it that they left their home,
O'er distant seas and foreign lands to roam,
To find a home in countries far away
From British monarchs and despotic sway!
What booted it that they had suffered all
That could a a band of pilgrims e'er befall,
The perils and the woes of land and sea,
To plant in western climes a refuge for the free!
Still the oppressor's haughty sway
Is over them, though far away;
His iron yoke they still must wear,
And all his heaped-up insults bear,
Submit themselves to flagrant wrong,
Endure the insults of the strong,
Be trodden 'neath his feet;
Else they must rouse to arms again,
Assert the dignity of men,
The proud oppressor meet,
Avenge their wrongs and vindicate their cause,
And proudly triumph over hated laws.

There is no hesitation there,
No clamor or delay;
Each wished his country's wrongs to share,
Her summons to obey;
Each noble heart beat higher then
With patriotic love;
And all who owned the name of men,
Felt in their souls that spring again,
Which finds a source above.
Resistance to the hated sway
Of tyrants and of kings,
This spurred them onward to the fray.
'Tis this that can with trifles play
And laugh at little things.
To arms! to arms! they nobly cry;
To arms! the despot holds the land;
Rouse! make each proud oppressor fly,
The kingly tyrant's power withstand.
It was no maiden's play to meet the power
Of mighty Britain in her strongest hour;
No easy work their self-sought task confers,
To combat singly 'gainst an arm like hers;
Yet shrank they not, when heard 'twas duty's call
In Freedom's ranks to stand, or bravely fall.

In Freedom's hallowed hall,
Behold a brighter scene!
Her votaries obey her call,
And at her voice convene.
Stern resolution stands
Upon each manly brow;
They join their hearts, they join their hands
In firm agreement now.
Hark! through the hall what solemn stillness reigns
The question there is liberty or chains;
To be insulted by each haughty peer,
To bear in silence every scoffing jeer,
Or manfully resist that kingly power,
Though clouds of war and storms of battle lower.
On the decision of that day
Rested a nation's fate:
There is no room for weak delay,
No room for long debate.
A few there are who yet would bow
And cringe to insolence;
But most are firm and dauntless now,
Resolved the mighty to o'erthrow,
And make a brave defence.

Ah! millions saw them when they rose;
Their noble Declaration goes
To every people, every shore,
Where Freedom's voice ne'er reached before;
And never shall its words decay,
Till heaven and earth shall pass away,
Till sun and stars themselves shall fade,
And nature be in ruins laid.

And now a mighty people bless,
The day that gave it birth,
A people whom no lords oppress,
The favored ones of earth.
They spread abroad o'er all the land
Which once their fathers trod,
And where, a tried and faithful band,
Their hearts' blood stained the sod,
They spread to countries then unknown,
To lands uncultured and alone,
Far in the distant west,
Where once the savage beast might stray,
And men more savage still than they,
Oft in the cruel ambush lay.

Our glorious land! bright western star!
The nations view thee from afar;
They see thee now with wondering eyes—
That didst from small beginning rise—
The glad asylum of the sore oppressed,
The hope of earth, the pride of all the west.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Thy bounds extensive spread,
United still forevermore,
Beneath one common head.
No royal tyrant holds his sway
Upon his kingly throne,
Nor are the feeble made a prey
Of pride too powerful grown.

But how shall we maintain
This dear and blood-bought right!
How save our Union from the reign
Of anarchy's dark night!
Let Education's power
Be felt o'er all our land,
And like an adamantine tower,
She shall forever stand.
Let the young mind to early thought be trained,
And it can never be enslaved or chained;
Let it with noble aims and views be taught
To soar aloft upon the wings of thought;
Then, though all nations be baptised in gore,
And strong convulsions shake each distant shore,
Her fabric firm shall rest on solid rock,
And with undinching front shall brave the dreadful shock.

A BRIDAL THEFT.—A girl named Harriet Brown, an operative in the mills at Manchester, who was to have been married on Thursday, prepared for the occasion by stealing a gingham dress and two skirts from two of the other operatives. She had the dress on when she was arrested. She plead guilty, and was fined $5 and costs, which her "intended" paid, but intimated that the matrimonial knot would go untied for some time.

[From the Baltimore Weekly Sun.]

PAUL!

BY EDITH MAY.

The farm-gate clanged upon the last departing footsteps, and the house was all quiet now. Paul sat in the roomy parlor, his table drawn close to the hearth, paper and pencil before him, and his spaniel, Rosa, dozing upon his knees. He sketched rapidly, completing nothing, and passing, without pause for thought, from one subject to another. The paper was soon filled with outlined pictures—marshes, dark, grassy, and full of pools bristling with dead trees, where tiny, malicious imps sat astride upon the lazy floating timber, and brandishing aloft their dancing torches; lakes, with naiad heads blooming through the water lilies; harps hung upon trees, that wild flying figures brushing with their garments in passing; and last, a woman's head and bust. This he dwelt upon. The face was regular; the hair swept behind the ears and knotted low upon the neck. Over the perfect half moon of the forehead he drew a crescent, and slung a bow and quiver across the shoulder. It was Diana, but he wrote beneath it—Elinor.

Now he lifted his head and glanced toward the uncurtained window, where a full autumn moon showered in rays that looked almost green in contrast with the firelight—now watched the shadows of a broad pair of antlers hung above the door, widened and embracing all the room, and shrinking back like the feelers of a snail. Now he drew through his fingers the long ears of his favorite, Rosa. His hands and wrists were thin, and as he sat erect listening to a sound without, you could see that his figure was wasted and almost deformed. He had brown hair, soft and curling, and his eyes were a very light blue, rather fine and peculiar in their expression.

A gun was fired without. That must be Edward. The day's hunt was over, and he would come in and change his hunting coat and heavy boots, and be off with the rest to the merry-making—the rustic ball. Yes—he prince of them all, the best hunter, the best rider, the boldest, the strongest!—how they would welcome him, and *she too!* Oh for strength to go there and face them all, and at least not give her up without a struggle! What contem ptible folly!

And in came the elder brother, his hounds with him. They stretched themselves upon the hearth, their tawny ears sweeping the carpet, their liquid pensive eyes fixed upon the blaze. Rosa stirred upon his master's knee and neared closer.

Not a word was exchanged by the brothers. Edward stood—his forehead resting upon his right arm, that lay along the mantle-shelf—pushing the brands back and forth with the toe of his rough boot. Then he lifted his head and contemptuously watched Paul, who, pencil in hand, worked at the unfinished outlines.

He paced the room, paused by the window and looked out into the moonlight, drummed with his fingers upon the pane, and then sauntered back to his place by the chimney. Rosa, meanwhile had jumped from her master's knee, and lay between the fore paws of one of the hounds, rolling on her back and biting playfully at his muzzle. He bore it with the dignity of a powerful animal—his head raised, his steady eyes bent upon the fire. 'Little beast!' said Edward kicking her away. Paul whistled her from the room, closed the door quietly and returned.

He glanced over the table he had left, on the floor beneath, and walked again toward the door. He was looking for his paper. 'Here it is,' said Edward. Paul took it from his hands. The Diana was torn off, and Edward stood laughing and watching him. 'Give it back,' said Paul He never looked up, nor frowned, nor was there anything threatening in his voice. 'No indeed,' said Edward, 'I shall value it. It's a capital likeness, though why you have perched a moon over her head is more than I can tell. A rose would have been much more natural for I've often dressed her hair with flowers myself. But I am an ignorant fellow, only good at hunting, and wrestling, and riding, and no genius.' 'That's very true,' said Paul, 'but I will have my drawing, if you please.' 'I'll show it to Nell first,' said Edward, with an angry look; 'it would'nt be fair not to do that, and she'll like to see it.' 'Take care Edward.' 'Don't be a fool, Paul! We have played that game before. Keep your hands quiet or I'll hold them for you.' 'Go your way, Edward, and I'll go mine—give me back my own.' 'Your own? What are you doing with her picture—Nell's! Keep off! Do you wish me to snap your miserable body across *my* knee?' He was making for the door, when Paul leaped up and seized him with both hands by the throat. He clung there for a minute only; the strong man had untwisted his feeble hold and bent his yielding arms behind him. He held him so for a few moments, decisively, and then, with a slight blow upon the cheek, and a fling sent him reeling to the floor, and passed from the room, shutting the door noisily.

Paul did not move. He heard the boards creak under his brother's tread in the room overhead; he heard him descend, open the hall door, go out, and swing the farm gate after. He scarcely noticed. The roar of a cataract was in his ears, and the floor seemed heaving like an ocean. Every click of the great clock upon the mantleshelf was like the blow of a hatchet upon his brain. He had played that game before. Aye, when they were boys; when Edward wrung the necks of his pet doves; flung to the poinders his little tame squirrel, that favorite rose tree; oppressed, reviled, ridiculed him. But when they reached manhood the younger brother's contemptuous endurance imposed upon the elder. He was ashamed of violence. But he was not ashamed to parade before the sickly youth his fine person, his remarkable physical strength; to crush him with these advantages; to presume upon his father's partiality, his sister's proud admiration. *She* was gone to whom Paul had crept in his boyhood; in whose garments he had not been ashamed to hide his face and weep—the plain mother immersed in her homely household cares, yet cherishing the youngest and frailest, standing between him and Edward's spite, hoarding her little spare money to buy him luxuries. There was another, too, who came to his bedside, bearing the odor of woods and fields in her cool garments; who brought him the early spring flowers; who knelt beside him when he drew, watching his pencil; who told him beautiful wild Irish legends, who sang him sweet Irish ballads. Her name was Elinor. Once, he remembered, when he had painted the pictures in Edward's fairy book, she had stood between him and the wrath to come, taking upon herself with more generosity than truth, the full measure of blame. She loved Edward too. She followed him when he went out with his gun and dogs; she rode the wildest of the colts with him, and they were sometimes gone all day, riding or walking. He carried her in his arms across the brooks, unless her humor was to ford them barefoot; and when her wild black tresses fell glistening about her shoulders, he was free to tuck them up again. All this like a dream, kept swinging in and out of Paul's giddy brain. Presently he heard a scratch and a short bark at the door, and as he dreamily arose and opened it the blood came back to his face and temples. Rosa was fawning upon him, upon him, but he did not notice her. Again he hung upon Edward's throat—again his arms were bent behind him. He felt again the blow upon his cheek, and stamped so suddenly and loudly that the hounds started growling from the hearth they slept by. He left the room and his slow step sounded up the staircase. He came down soon, cloaked and capped, and stepping without passed in the broad moonlight down the open road. He left this soon for a by-path that ran close along the brink of a small stream. Thistles clambered the bank above, and the wind that blew through them, sent the little white witches dancing in the moonlight before him. It had been a warm autumn. The fern tufts were still blended green and yellow. The red and gold of the maple and beech lay vivid along his path, but some of these still held their summer verdure. How dark the hills—how dark the sky—how dark stood up before the sky. How black and keen the shadows. How like a silver river that mist which wound along the hollows.

The lapping and rippling of the water, and the flap of the night wind against his forehead quieted him. He was not often out at this hour. His old odd fancies overtook him, and he walked on conversing with them, and imagining the jagged stumps, and rocks, and bushes into all kinds of fantastic apparitions. Soon the tree tops met above him, the way grew rough, and he stumbled in the dark over logs and out-spread clutching roots. It was long before he came out into the open night. He stopped at the edge of the wood and looked down the valley.—Straight ahead a red light was glimmering. It shone from a farm house some distance beyond. He dragged his limbs very languidly along the path that led to it, passed stealthily into the yard and beneath the lighted window. It was quite low, and folding his arms up on the sill he looked in. Yes, Edward was there. Neither he nor Elinor had gone to the merry-making. They sat together before a table on which the light was burning. she had some coarse sewing in her hands, but they dropped constantly idle into her lap, for Elinor managed the rough farm colts, that she could ride and break, more skillfully by far than her needle. Edward was still in his hunting coat. He knew well how handsome he looked in that. The strap of the game-bag lay like a soldier's sash across his broad chest, and the bright handle of a hunting knife gleamed in his bosom. Two or three brace of a pheasants lay in a glossy heap beside him. He was leaning forward, and the light fell transversely across his curled hair and golden brown beard, that grew profusely upon his upper lip. Those eyes of his that could glare fury upon Paul,—and fiendish is the rage of a blue eye—how changed they were! He was restless, as usual, even there. He rose and paced the room, paused by the hearth and turned over with his boot the burning logs; paused by Elinor, smoothing down her black locks with his hand, and then came back to his old place again. At last he took something from his bosom and laid it before her. It was a torn scrap of paper, and Elinor bent her head a long while over it, but Edward leaned back in his chair and laughed—a loud, insulting laugh—as if he had known that Paul was near to him. He held out his hand for it, but Elinor shook her head.—when he tried to force open her fingers—she only laughed at that; but when he caught her in his arms, and swearing he would have the worth of it, kissed her, her quick Irish blood mounted to her face, and drawing back a little, and lifting her hand, she struck him with its open palm across the mouth. It was a slight blow, but he staggered back. She caught up the light and slipped into another room, locking the door and leaving him to feel his way out as best as he might.

He came out swearing, and Paul fled before him as speedily as he could, but his brother heard the footsteps and followed fast. He kept among the shadows on the roadside. The old fear of Edward was on him, and he glanced this way and that as he hurried, for a hiding place, but there was none, and he almost ran until he gained the wood. Just then Edward saw him in the moonlight, and shouted. Through the wood they went, the leaves crackling under their feet, Paul stumbling, falling and rising. Once he asked himself what *could* Edward do, and half resolved to stop and face him. But fear plucked him on, at the sound of the fast coming footsteps. He felt like a child flying from his boy tyrant. His knees were bending under him, and he could now hear Edward's heavy breathing. They came to an open space.

The brook passed there. A log bridge, mossy and with weeds growing in the crevices, lay across it. The banks on either side sloped down, green and spring like, and the moon shone brightly on the water. On the near side of the brook was a rich bed of fern, verdant as in summer. It was here that Paul felt his brother's hand upon his shoulders. 'You eaves-dropper,' said Edward panting, not with fatigue, but with shame and rage. He held Paul by the arm and shook him violently. 'Keep off!' said Paul fiercely. 'What, you've not had enough of it? You pitiful scoundrel! It was like you to do it—it was like you, Paul, listening at the farm window,' and he set his heel upon Paul's foot and ground it into the sod in his exasperation. 'Go lie among the snakes in the brook,' he said, catching him in his arms; 'I'll hold you under the water till you pray for pardon.' And now there was a struggle. Twisting in each others arms, bending backward and forward from side to side, nearer the brook, nearer, their feet denting the fresh sod, they wrestled in perfect silence, save now and then an oath from Edward or a deep groan from Paul. Edward's foot plashed into the brook's edge, and he dragged his brother irresistibly with him, and bent him backwards towards the water. It was then that the moonlight leapt upon the handle of the hunting knife thrust into Edward's bosom, Paul saw it, and just as his foot slipped beneath him, seized it and struck with both hands, and the brother's fell heavily back upon the sod.

Paul staggered to his feet. All provocations were forgotten now. 'Edward!' he shouted. 'Great God! Edward!' He stooped. The knife was buried almost to the hilt. As he laid his hand upon it he unclosed his eyes. 'Wait,' he said, 'until I have spoken—murderer!' Paul shuddered and stood up.—'Oh, don't say that, Edward, dear brother! Almighty God, help us!' His brother had fallen into the thick bed of fern, and the fern leaves rose fluttering and beckoning around him. One hand rested upon the hilt of the knife in his bosom, and the other was lifted slowly.—'You have waylaid and murdered me like an assassin, as you are,' he continued, drawing his breath hard. 'You came out for that to-night,—you know you did—and you are going to stow me away in some cranny in the wood. But mind, Paul, you'll be found out yet, though there be only one of these fern leaves left to bear witness against you.' The lifted arm fell stiffly, back, and while Paul stood over him in dizzy terror, he died.

Oh, Cain, behold thy brother! Oh miserable man! What if when youth and health rose high, he did oppress thee? What if he had plucked at thy very being? Are the beautiful to die for such as thee? The curly heap that has nestled against thy mother's bosom, that thy father's hand has pressed in benediction! Down fratricide, with thy face to the earth!

And so he fell, headlong; then sudden rose, and crept beside the dead and questioned the mute pulses. Then moaned and wept. Then rose, dashing his frantic arms aloft, and screaming, 'Edward! Edward!' till he was hoarse, and sick, and giddy. Then he sank stupidly down, hiding his face in his hands, trying to recall the whole miserable evening, and saying again and again, Edward's dying words—as if there was any danger of forgetting them! Hide him in some cranny of the woods! Oh, no! The day, should find them together. He thought of hearing the first step, the cry of terror, the breathless questioning, the shout of 'murder—murder!' and he felt the strong hand laid upon his collar. How they would throng around him with horror and disbelief painted upon their faces. Elinor too,—he went on through all the endless, horrid details, should he draw the knife from that bloody bosom, and cut his soul loose from all this misery! Oh, eternal God, he feared you more than the worlds scorn and hate, and shameful punishment. 'Oh, Edward—Edward!—Dearest brother! Is it possible? Can it be possible? Help me, great God—oh, help me, help me!' His limbs were getting numb and chill, and a horrid drowsiness crept over him. He rested his forehead upon his knees, clasping his arms around them. When he looked up sometime after, the stars were poling overhead. The moon had gone down long ago.

Then his resolution began to waver.—Then he started at every rustle in the leaves, and was fain to put off the fatal hour of discovery. Then he walked about irresolute, and stood upon the bridge, looking up the path both ways, and listend. He grew desperate as the dawn advanced, and horror of the cri me fast gave way to fear of detection. What if he were to hide the body a little while, *and then go home and think?* It would be easier to give himself up to the magistrate than to be dragged before him by the hooting crowd. And so at last he resolved, and taking the corpse beneath the shoulders, he half carried, half dragged it through the wood. Midway down a ravine, choked up with thorns and low bushes, he drew it to the mouth of a small cave, or rather deep cleft. He laid he body within, composing the limbs, and heaping dried leaves beneath the head. Then he drew down the eyelids, and placed a small flat stone on each. Well he knew how those blank blue eyes would haunt him if he did not. He piled rocks against the entrance, scattered dead leaves over them, and locked the clasping brambles across. Then home.

No one met him on the road. The house was quiet. He found his way to his own room, up the grape trellis and over the kitchen roof. Then he put away his damp clothes, softly closed the shutters, drew the covering of his bed around him, and—worn out, paralysed, mind and body—*slept*. This was his salvation.

It was noon when he was awakened by his sister Margaret. She came to ask him if he was ill, and if he would take a cup of tea. He said "No." Then she asked if Edward had returned the evening before. "Yes, and had gone out again. It was strange he did not come back." He turned from her, and the heavy sleep again fell upon him. Thirsty and burning hot he awoke the second time. It was evening: he dressed hastily and went down stairs. Margaret and her father were at the supper table. He sat down with them and drank greedily of the tea his sister poured for him.—There was a loud ringing, or rather tolling in his ears, and he moved and spoke like one in a dream, his own voice sounding strange and far away. They were getting very uneasy about Edward, doubly so since they had found his gun standing behind his chamber door. He was not hunting, then. Where could he be? "Where, in God's name!" said the old man at last. They looked over his clothes. All was as usual—not an article had been taken. They sent one of the men to Elinor, and learned that he had been with her the day before. They would wait till the next morning, and then, if he should still be missing, rouse the country and search for him.

Miserable night! it came again. He kept a light burning and paced his room, back and forth, back and forth—then stopped and thought how that might fell against him. There was a phial of laudanum upon his table. He dropped it mechanically but without counting, drank, and crept to bed. But the opiate only startled his morbid mind into action.—Thought upon thought rushed through his brain. From the tumult of his agony with the terrible and the sad came absurd, degrading fancies, that he strove to put away from him, and for which he hated himself. He began to count the ticking of his watch, and, a little while after, started with the consciousness that he had let go, he knew not how or when, of that cable, and was drifted out into sea of anguish and mad tortured fancies.—Now faces approached him and withdrew, serpents whirled flaming through the air, Strange heraldic devices, green, crimson, and gold, were blazoned upon the darkness; and with these lighting him, he went down into the Hades, the terrible Hell of Sleep. He was near the brink of a great cataract, clinging to a slight plant that loosened in the rocks it grew between. Just beyond him, pawing, pawing against the swift current, was a cat, an animal he had ever held in great aversion, her green, glassy eyes wild with fear and rage. He watched the reed lest it should break, and he watched her lest she should reach him and sink her extended claws into his garments. Then he passed before the wide kitchen hearth, lighted by a roaring fire, and lo, a semicircle of skeletons, in ridiculous, grotesque attitudes, were ranged in the low-backed wooden chairs around it, with glass in hand, carousing. But the most terrible of all was a dream that he had of a mighty noise—simply that—a sound so tremendous, so overpowering, that it seemed to fill the universe. It was the first crash of the thunderbolt *continued*, increasing, not diminishing; a dreadful volume, an atmosphere of pealing sound, above, below, everywhere. He burst away from his intolerable torture all bathed in icy sweat and breathless. He thought once that he walked through the wood by moonlight, the fern leaves beckoning and fluttering around him all the way, and that he drew that body from its secret nook and bore it home and laid it in the midst of them, and said, "'Twas I, I did it." A great stone seemed rolled from his heart, and he woke laughing hysterically. And so over and over again till morning.

They went out early to search the wood. He could not stay at home. No, he must follow and watch them. When they came to the bridge Elinor stood beyond. Her garments trailed over the bed of fern where her lover had lain.—Could she stand there and not feel it?—Could she look at those beckoning leaves—the wind blew them all towards the ravine and thither, like fingers; they seemed pointing—could she look and not understand their mystic language? He kept beside her. He was most afraid of her. Up the piled rocks she clomb and peered between their crevices; into the hollow she dropped from the steep banks above, loose stones and broken twiggs clattering after her. She went down that very cave. Rosa put her nose to the crevices and scratched and snuffed. It was a ground squirrel, no doubt, that she was after. The hounds were in another part of the wood.

It was evening. Splashes of sunshine lay fading upon tree trunks and upon the brown floor of the wood. Darkness seemed welling from the earth, filling the clifts between the hills and all deep places. The air was full of mist, and from wasting leaf and weed arose the sickly odor peculiar to an autumn night—the odor of death and decay. Elinor knelt upon the mossy rocks and looked into the ravine. The hope that had hitherto shone fitfully within her eyes was extinguished. And now the eager, active nature that had labored in her service, turned upon her. With shrieks, moans and cries she flung herself upon the earth.—She scoffed at the name of hope. No, he was gone—*gone*—oh, word of terror and anguish. Paul groaned too. He had acted his part all day with strange calmness and hardiness, the dullness of the opiate still resting upon his senses, but at her first sharp cry they started up watchful and aghast. "Paul," she said, rising and grasping him by the wrist and he shrank from her, "my very soul tells me he is dead, and look you, I do not waste my breath in praying that God will send him back smiling and living. I only ask, I only pray," vehemently raising her arms and stretching them towards heaven, "that I may look upon him once more. Grant it! grant it!" clasping her hands and wringing them hard. "Be compassionate, God! Yes, I must see him once more! Yes, we parted in anger. Oh, Edward, Edward, I say, rise up—come, for I cannot bear it!" She stamped upon the hollow ground. Shall the earth yawn and give up her secret? "Oh, come away, Elinor, This is a fearful place, and the accursed night is upon us!"

What a sweet October afternoon, and what a gentle, peaceful landscape. Here stood the old farm house in which we first saw Paul; but another dwelling has replaced it. The country around has replaced it. The country around has changed its character. The roads are wide and smooth, the meadows like velvet, and only a few groves stand on the once thickly wooded hills. Under these the cattle are grazing. "The cattle on a thousand hills." For the innumerable hills stand shouldering each other, and making a giant ring around the valley. On the green before the house children are playing with a spaniel that looks much like Rosa, but Rosa must be dead, long ago. Their mother sits on the low piazza and watches them with her hands dropped upon the work in her lap. An old habit, Elinor! Time has dealt with you more harshly than with him who sits yonder in his arm chair just within the door. He has a book in his hand, but he is not reading. He is writing—no, sketching upon a blank leaf. It is something he has sketched a thousand times before. A brook, a log bridge crossing it and lying close to the water; a bed of fern, long, narrow, and shaped almost like a coffin. When this is finished he rubs it out and hastily glances around him.

How he has prospered. He has flourished like the green bay tree. Wife, children, wealth and honors are his. You think God has rewarded him strangely for his evil deed. Ask him. Has he ever lifted the cup or the viand to his lip, has he ever lain down to his nightly rest or risen to his daily labor forgetful?—Ask him if a blow and a curse from Edward would not be sweeter than the love of children. His eyes are languid, and thoughtful but no guilt is written on his brow. Remorse has fed upon his heart, and not eaten its way outward.

The children and their mother went in.—One little girl had been making wreaths of autumn flowers, and she shook the fragments from her apron upon the grass. Paul kept his place though Elinor called to him to beware of the chill wind that was rising. Mighty clouds came up from behind the hills and sat upon them like a circle of black robed and masked inquisitors. The bare vines creaked and jostled in the lattice above him.

He bent his face upon his hands, thinking. Never had guilt weighed heavier upon his conscience. These sobbing autumn winds ever doubled his habitual sadness, and now there came an almost human wail out of the wood—that wood—it was his and he left it standing. Not a tree had been felled. It was his children's play ground, and they walked through it daily on their way to school. At first he had stretched forth his hand to pluck back all those whose steps turned towards it, but time brought security. Thinking of this led his thoughts to the day when Elinor and he searched all its mazes together. How much had happened since then. If, when Edward lay dead at his feet, some one endowed with supernatural powers had stepped near and shown him all the future how he would have scorned prophet and prophesy. That lonely night when, glowing with penitence and generous resolve, he expected the law's penalty, he little thought that morning would find him, poor criminal, dragging his brother's body through the wood and quaking with fear lest some one should draw nigh ere he had secreted the dumb eloquent witness of his crime. How had he dared to wed Edward's affianced wife! Not until year after year had passed, bringing the old wish and reconciling him to its presence. Not by word or look, it is true, had he tried to win her, but she had always loved him next to Edward, and when Edward had been dead many years and her heart was fairly his, Paul had not strength enough to repulse it. He had at first looked upon a marriage with Elinor as one of life's impossibilities, so impossible that to resolve against it would be absurd; then he did resolve and then the daily besieging of small temptations overcame his resolution.

What is it the wind blow across the piazza towards him? Something light and capricious that whirls and waltzes in the air, advancing and retreating and finally fluttering to his feet. It lies there, green and graceful the cour plume of an elf. He thrusts it out with his boot and it flies back again. He stoops, lifts it with a shiver,—the wind blows so coldly now—carries it some distance and throws it far off on the lawn. He does not know that it is at his heels when he turns.—It drifts before him when he steps upon the piazza, and lies between him and his threshhold.

Did he believe it a token from the dead, the accuser come at last! Why it was only a green fern leaf that his little Nell had shaken from her apron, and that a perverse wind had flung after him.

"Though there be only one of these fern leaves to bear witness against you."

He sat down upon the low piazza step trembling and wiping away the drops collected upon his forehead and quivering upper lip. All nature seemed manned against him. He was getting weary of the heavy cross he had taken upon his shoulders. Could a human being bear its weight for a little while, so that he might lose no more than a short a space of time breathe and think freely.