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Poetical.

GRANT AT CHATTANOOGA.

BY JAMES B. EVERHART.

There went up a wail of sorrow
From all the loyal land—
There went up a shout of triumph
From every rebel band—
For the banks of Chickamauga
Beheld our smitten host,
And the banks of Chickamauga
Made good the rebel boast.

And treads through all our cities
Was staggered by the blow,
And down, with its torn banner, fell
The nation's credit low.
In the market and the warehouse,
The pulpit and the press,
In the parlor and the highways,
Was seen the sore distress.

Good men beyond the ocean,
The poor of every soil,
And the negro, like a culprit,
Chained to his daily toil,
Felt, each, the dire disaster—
Feared, each, a darker hour—
Feared, all, this cursed prestige
Of fell barbaric power.

Now many a brave heart trembled;
Many a weak one sighed:
Many a prayer was offered up
To turn the battle's tide;
Will our God forsake His children,
And turn away His face?
Will the cause of truth go under,
And crime usurp its place!

Will the fields of so much glory,
Will all the martyrs slain,
Will our history and altars
And all our hopes be vain?
Oh! for a sign in heaven,
Such as the Kaiser saw—
Oh! for some gifted hero,
His conquering sword to draw!

So some doubted and debated,
And marveled and deplored—
With unswerving faith some waited
The justice of the Lord.
Soon, brighter than the morning fire
His stately steps are seen—
Chariots, blazing with His ire,
Amongst the clouds careen!

Now! GRANT girds on his armor,
And leads his legions forth—
For in the fray that comes to-day
Jehovah's with the North!
And he bids his trusty captains,
That at the signal peal,
Their ranks shall scale, through iron hail,
The mountain sides with steel.

The columns, swiftly formed in line,
Move gally o'er the field,
As if they know the haughty foe
Is sure to fly or yield.
And, Rebels, now look to your works,
See that your aim be true,
For Grant commands those loyal bands,
And this is no review.

Full force the mighty struggle swells;
Death roars from every gun,
While through a flood of human blood
The rifle-pits are won.
Our forces follow up the step,
Loud shouting as they go,
Nor heed the shot that, thick and hot,
Come crashing fast below.

And when they gain the crested ridge
The clouds beneath them lie,
And down afar it seems a war
Of demons in the sky.
Round them rolls the sulphurous smoke
That follows ball and bomb,
While thunders boom, as if the doom
Of all the earth had come.

They reach the very last redoubt,
Hell yawns at every fire;
Midst sword and lead, o'er piles of dead,
The rebel hordes retire;
And routed, scattered, and dismayed,
Far flee these lords of slaves,
While flashing bright, from every height,
The flag of freedom waves!

All honor, then, to all our men,
To leaders and to guard,
Who bared their life in mortal strife,
Or who kept wat h and ward;
And praises to the Lord of Hosts,
Whom n tions must obey,
That He did bide, all by our side,
On Chattanooga's day!

Let holy tears bedew the graves
Of those who fell in fight;
Let marble stones, above their bones,
Salute the morning light;
Let history write in golden books;
Let bards with song enshrine;
Let women chant the name of Grant
And the glory of the Line!

Miscellaneous.

For the Herald.

PETER THE GREAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE, BY E. E. H.

Livonia, the most beautiful and fertile province of the north, had heretofore belonged to the chevaliers of the Teutonic order: The Russians, Poles and Swedes had disputed its possession. Sweden had held possession of it for nearly a hundred years, and it was at last solemnly ceded to her by the peace of Oliva. The late king Charles XI, in his severities toward his subjects, had not spared the Livonians; he had deprived them of their privileges, and of a part of their patrimony. Patkul, unhappily celebrated afterwards by his tragic death, was deputed by the Livonian nobility to carry to the throne the complaints of the province; he made to his chief a respectful speech, but brave and full of that manly eloquence which brings calamity when it is joined to boldness.—But kings too often regard these public speeches only as vain ceremonies, which it is the custom to endure without paying them any attention.

Charles XI, dissimulated, when he would not abandon himself to the transports of his rage, struck gently on the shoulder of Patkul: "You have spoken for your country brave man," said he to him: "I honor you for it, continue."—But, a few days afterwards he was declared guilty of high treason, and as such, condemned to death. Patkul, who had concealed himself, took to flight; he carried into Poland his resentments. He was afterwards admitted into the presence of King Augustus, when Charles XI was dead; but the sentence of Patkul and his indignation still remained. He represented to the Polish Monarch the facilities for the conquest of Livonia; the people desperate, ready to throw off the yoke of Sweden, and a young king unable to defend himself. These icitements were well received by Prince already tempted to this conquest. Augustus, at his coronation having promised to use his efforts to recover the provinces that Poland had lost, he thought by his irruption in Livonia, to please the republic and to strengthen his power, but he deceived himself in these two conclusions which seemed so probable. All was soon ready for a sudden invasion, without deigning a resort, at the beginning, to the vain formalities of a declaration of war and of manifestos. The cloud thickened at the same time on the side of Muscovy.—The Monarch who governed it, merits attention of posterity.

Peter Alexiowitz, Czar of Russia had already rendered himself redoubtable by the battle he had gained over the Turks in 1697, and by the capture of Azof, which opened to him the Empire of the Black Sea; but it was by more wonderful actions than victories, that he sought for the name of Great.

Muscovy or Russia, embraces the northern part of Asia and of Europe, and from the frontiers of China it extends over a space of fifteen hundred leagues, to the confines of Poland and Sweden. But this immense country was hardly known in Europe before the time of the Czar Peter. The Muscovities, were less civilized than the Mexicans when they were discovered by Cortez; born all of them slaves of masters as barbarous as themselves, they remained in ignorance of all the arts, and in that insensibilitly which smothers all industry. An ancient law, sacred among them, forbade them leaving their own country without the permission of their patriarch. This law, made to deprive them of opportunities of knowing their bondage, was pleasing to a nation which, in the depth of its ignorance and misery, disdained all commerce with foreign nations.

The era of the Muscovites began with the creation of the world; they count 1207 years to the beginning of the last century, without assigning any reason for this date. The first day of their year comes on the thirteenth of our month of September. They allege as a reason for this, that it was probable God created the world in Autumn, in the season when the fruits of the earth are in their maturity Thus the only appearances of knowledge which they had, were gross errors. No one among them doubted that the Autumn of Muscovy could be the spring of another country in an opposite climate — They were even ignorant of use of figures; they used small balls, threaded on an iron wire; there was no other method of counting, in all their receiving offices, and in the treasury of the Czar. Their religion was, and is still, that of the Christian Greeks, but it is intermingled with superstitions, to which they were as much more strongly attached as they were extravagant, and as their yoke constraining. Few of the Muscovities dared to eat a pigeon, because the Holy Spirit was pictured in the form of a dove. They observed regularly four Lents in the year, and in the times of abstinence they could not nourish themselves with either egg or milk. God and Saint Nichlas were the objects of their worship, and immediately after them, the Czar and the patriarch The authority of the latter was as boundless as their ignorance; he pronounced sentences of death, and inflicted the most cruel punishments, without having any appeal from his tribunal. He rode on horseback twice a year, followed by all his clergy in ceremony; and the people prostrated themselves in the streets, as the Turks do before their Grand Lama. Confession was practised, but only in the case of the greatest crimes; then absolution seemed to them to be necessary, but not repentance. They believed themselves pure before God with the benediction of their "papas." Thus they passed without remorse from the confessional to theft and homicide; and that which to other christians is a restraint, was to them an encouragement to sin. They are scrupulous against drinking milk during the fast; but the heads of families, the priests, the women and the girls intoxicate themselves with brandy during the whole festival. They dispute however concerning their religion, as in other countries; their greatest dispute was whether or not, the laymen should make the sign of the cross with two, or with three fingers. A certain Jacob Nursuff, under the preceding reign had excited a sedition in Astracen. on the subject of this same dispute.

The Czar, in his vast empire had many other subjects who were not Christians. The Tartars who inhabited the western coast of the Caspian sea, and of the Sea of Azoff, were Mahometans; the Siberians, the Ostiagues, the Samoiedes, who were in the direction of the Frozen Sea, were savages, of whom some were idolated and others had not even the knowledge of a God. and indeed the Swedes, taken among them as prisoners, were more contented with their manners than with these of the ancient Muscovites.

Peter Alexiowitz had received an education which tended to increase the barbarity of this part of the world His nature made him love strangers before he knew how far they could be of any use to him. Le Fort, as has already been said, was the principal instrument he used, in after days, to change the face of Muscovy. His powerful genius, which a barbarous education had not been able to contract, developed itself almost immediately. He resolved to be a man, to command men, and to establish a new nation. Very many princes had before him, renounced crowns, through distaste for the weight of business, but no one had ceased to be king, in order to learn better how to reign; it was this that Peter the Great did.

He left Russia, in 1698, having reigned but two years, and went to Holland, disguised under a common name, as if he had been a servant of that same Le Fort, whom he had sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to the states general. Arriving at Amsterdam, he wrote his name in the list of the carpenters of the admiralty of the Indies, and worked in the dock-yard just as the other carpenters did. During the intervals of his labor, he learned those branches of mathematics which would be useful for a prince-fortifications, navigation and the art of forming plans. He entered the shops of the workmen, examined all their manufactures and allowed nothing to escape his observation. From thence he went to England, where he perfected himself in the science of constructing vessels, he returned to Holland and saw every thing which he could turn to the advantage of his country. At last after two years of travels and voyages, he repaired to Russia, taking with him the arts of Europe. Artisans of all kinds followed him there in a crowd. Then could be seen for the first time, large Russian vessels on the Black Sea, in the Baltic, and on the Ocean. Buildings of regular and noble architecture were erected in the midst of Muscovite huts. He established colleges, academies, printing houses and libraries; the cities were policed, the garments and costumes were changed gradually, although with difficulty, and the Muscovites learned by degrees what society was Their superstitions even, were abolished; the dignity of the patriarch was extinct; the Czar declared himself the head of their religion; and this last undertaking, which would have cost a less absolute ryler, his throne and head, succeeded almost without opposition, and assured him the success of all his other new measures.

After having abased an ignorant and barbarous clergy, he dared endeavor to instruct it, and by this even, he risked making it formidable. But he believed himself too powerful to fear this. He had made them teach philosophy and theology in the few cloisters which remained, but it is true that this theology had a tinge of the savage times in which Peter had left his country. A man, worthy of belief, assured me that he had assisted at a public discussion, where the question was whether smoking tobacco was a sin. The respondent in the argument, held that it was permitted to get intoxicated on brandy, but not to smoke, because the most Holy Scripture says that which cometh from the mouth of a man defileth him, but that which entereth therein defileth him not."

The monks were not satisfied with the reform. Scarcely had the Czar established printing houses, before they used them to decry him. They asserted that he was the Antichrist; their proofs were that he removed the beards from loving men, and that dissections of the dead were made in his academy. But [illegible] who wished to make his fortune, refuted this book, and showed that Peter was not the Antichrist, because the number 666 was not in his name. The author of the libel was was broken on the wheel, and the author of the refutation was made Bishop of Regan.

The Czar had not only subjected the church to the state, for an example to the Turkish Sultans, but, much more politic, he had destroyed a militia similar to that of the janissaries: and that which the Ottomans attempted in vain to do, he accomplished in a short time He dispersed the Muscovite janissaries called "strelitz" who held the Czars in tutelage.

This militia, more formidable to its masters than to its neighbors, was composed of about thirty thousand infantry, the half of whom remained at Moscow, and the rest were scattered along the frontiers. A strelitz had only four "roubles" a year as pay, but the privileges, or their abuses of them, amply compensated for it. Peter, at first, formed a company of strangers, in which he enrolled himself, and did not disdain to begin as a drummer boy and to perform his duties as such; so much was the nation in need of examples! He was promoted by degrees. He raised little by little, new regiments, and at last; feeling himself master of disciplined troops, he disbanded the strelitz, who dared not disobey. The cavalry was about the same as the cavalry of Poland, and as the French was when France was only an assembly of fiefs. The Russian gentlemen mounted themselves at their own expense, and fought without discipline sometimes with no other arms than a sabre or a quiver.

They were incapable of being commanded, and therefore incapable of conquering.

Peter the Great taught them to obey, by his example and by punishments; for he served as a soldier and a subaltern, and as Czar, he punished severely the "boyars" that is to say, the gentlemen who claimed that the privilege of nobility was to serve the state only when they wished. He established a regular body to serve as artillery, and took from the churches five hundred bells, to make cannons. He formed also a body of dragoons, a militia most suitable to the Muscovites. Muscovy has to-day (in 1738) thirty regiments of dragoons, each numbering a thousand men, well maintained. It was he who raised the hussars in Russia. At last he had even a school of engineers, in a country where no one before him knew even the elements of geometry. He was himself a good engineer; but above all he excelled in the marine arts. An excellent captain of a vessel, an able Pilot, a good Sailor, an adroit carpenter, he was much more estimable in these arts because he was born with an extreme fear of water. When young, he could not pass over a bridge without trembling; he had to have his carriage windows closed. Courage and genius conquered, in him, this mechanical defect.

He built a beautiful port near Azope, at the mouth of the Tana's; he wished to keep galleys there; and in the course of time, believing that these long flat and light vessels would do well in the Baltic Sea, he built more than three hundred of them in his favorite city of Petersburg.

The finances of the Czar were in fact of little account in proportion to the immensity of his states. He never had twenty-four millions of revenue, counting the "Marc" as about fifty livres, as we do to-day, but may not do to morrow. The richest man there is the one who does the greatest actions. Tis not the scarcity of money, but that of men and minds, that renders an Empire weak.

The Russian nation is not numerous although its women are fruitful and its men robust. Peter himself in policing his states had unfortunately contributed to their depopulation. Frequent recruitings for wars, a long time unfortunate, nations transplanted from the shores of the Caspian Sea to these of the Baltic consumed in their labors, destroyed by maladies, three fourths of the children dying in Muscovy, of the small-pox, more dangerous in this climate than in any other, and the last the calamitous issues of a nation so long a time savage and barbarous even in its civilization, are the causes why this large part of the continent has yet such vast deserts. There were in Russia, in the year 1727 five hundred thousand families of gentlemen, ten hundred thousand lawyers, a little more than five millions of citizens and peasants, paying a species of tax, six hundred thousand in the provinces conquered under the Swedes the Cossacks of Ukraine, the Tartars, vessels of Muscovy did not amount to more than two millions. In fine there were not in this immense country more than fourteen millions of men, that is to say, a little less than two-thirds the population of France.

The Czar Peter, in changing the manners, laws, militia and face of the country, wished to make it also famous for commerce, which is at the same time, both the wealth of a nation and the advantage of the whole world. He undertook to make Russia the center of negotiation between Asia and Europe; he wished to join by canals, of which he drew a plan, the Divina, the Volga and the Tanais, and to open new roads from the Baltic to the Euxine and Caspian Seas, and from these two seas to the Northern Ocean.

The port of Archangel, closed up by ice nine months out of the year, and the access of which required a long and dangerous circuit, did not appear to him to be sufficiently commodious, and he designed from the year 1700 to build on the Baltic Sea, a port which would be the magazine of the North and the Capital of his Empire. He has built in a wild place the imperial city of Petersburg, which contains to day sixty thousand houses; where is formed a brilliant court, and where delicate pleasures are known. He has built the port of Constradt on the Neva, St. Croix on the frontiers of Persia admiralties at Astracan and Azoph, arsenals and hospitals.

He made all his houses small and with bad taste, but he lavished magnificence and grandeur on his public edifices.

He has compelled the young nobility of his country to travel, to instruct themselves, and to bring back to Russia, foreign manners. I have seen young Russians full of spirit and knowledge. 'Tis thus that one man has changed the greatest Empire of the world. It is shocking that this reformer lacked humanity, the greatest virtue of mankind. Brutality in his pleasures, ferocity in his manners, barbarity in his revenges, blending with so many virtues.

He polished his states, and was himself a savage. He had with his own hands been the executor of his sentences on criminals and in a debauch at a table he showed his adroitness in cutting off heads. There were rulers in Africa who poured out the blood of their subjects with their own hands, but these monarchs were considered as barbarians. The death of a son, whom it was necessary either to punish or to disinherit, would have rendered the memory of Peter odious, had not the good he accomplished for his subjects, almost pardoned his cruelty to his own blood. Such was the Czar Peter.

It is not men of might that we want, but men who use their might—men who work with zeal and energy at whatever they set themselves to do. It is not the strong "Samsons" and the big "Goliahs" that do the most good; but lads, like David. Earnest, active, and strong of purpose; doing one thing at a time, but doing that thing well.

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Got!" said the boy; "why, he gets tight as a brick!"

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

[From Our Daily Fare.]

BY HORACE GREELY.

I

O God! our way through darkness leads,
But thine is living light;
Teach us to feel that Day succeeds
To each slow-wearing Night:
Make us to know, though Pain and Woe
Beset our mortal lives,
That I'll at last in death lies low,
And only God survives.

II

Too long th'oppressor's iron heel
The rapidly brow has pressed;
Too oft the tyrant's murd'rous steel
Has pierced the guiltless breast;
Yet in our souls the seed shall lie,
Till Thou shalt bid it thrive,
Of steadfast faith that Wrong shall die,
And only Right survive.

III

We walk in shadow; thickest walls
Do man from man divide;
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls,
Our holiest aims decide:
Yet though foil Craft, with fiendish thought
Its subtle web contrives,
Still Reason's textures shrink to naught,
And only Truth survives.

IV.

Wrath clouds our sky; War lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain:
Each monstrous birth o'er-spreads the earth
In Hate's dark train:
Yet still we trust in God the Just,
Still keep our faith alive,
That, neath Thine eye, all Hate shall die,
And only Love survive.

THE DOCTORS FORTUNE.

On his door there was a fine polished plate, inscribed.

MR. JAMES WOODFIELD,
Surgeon

When he first came to this small country town—this is to say, when he first settled there as a professional man—he had been in the habit of passing in and out of the door often, and of looking with some pride at the brass; for he was a young man, only just beginning life, and it was very possible that the shining plate pointed to a future in the distance resplendant with as bright a lustre as its own. Somehow, unfortunately, that furure still continued to shine in the distance, and the days and weeks and months that began to drag rather heavily over the young surgeon seemed to bring it no nearer to him. It was very odd. He had been told on all sides what a promising opening there was in Hollowleigh for a surgeon; he had congratulated himself that the absence of M. D. after his name was of no consequence—a mere sound, often unsought by the greatest men. And, besides, there was already a physician of old standing in Hollowleigh.

But the most provoking part of the affair was that Mr. James Woodfield had scarcely had time to settle in his new house before this Dr. Heath, seeming suddenly to discover that his then residence did not suit him, had actually fixed upon the large and handsome house exactly opposite to that shining new brass plate. It was no use for James to shake his fist at the doctor's carriage from behind the window curtains; of no use for him to wish there had been a school opposite, an asylum, anything, in fact, but that commodious residence with its lawn stretching down to the river on the opposite side, which had proved so attractive the physician.

"I chose this end of the town on purpose," muttered James, grinning at the obnoxious wagons which brought the doctor's furniture, "because he lived the other, and now he has actually followed me here. "Well, I suppose there's room enough for both; at any rate, it cannot be worse with me than it has been, for, except a poverty stricken old woman or two, no patient has troubled me."

And then he went to sit at the table of his little study and be miserable, which was of no use either. But the fact was, his eyes, glancing from time to time through the window, caught sight of the corner of some luxurious couch or chair peeping from under its cover; of massive picture frames and costly mirrors. And he could not help reverting to certain golden visions of his own, whose brightness had faded by this time, and left them before him the pale ghost of what they once were. Then, that carriage of the doctor's was the very thing he had indulged himself in picturing as fit for—somebody. And as the thought recurred him, he sighed bitterly, for the time when that somebody might be the ruling genius of his house—even this little den—seemed so far off as to be almost mythical

But he did not tell her so. He held a certain philosophy, that cheerful letters were better than sad and grumbling ones; and even, with those obnoxious wagons before the window, he, having no prescriptions to write, and nothing particular to do, had actually drawn pens and paper toward him for the purpose of writing to her.

Well, he couldn't help it. Nothing would come this time but the beginning "My own dear little Margaret"—such a long beginning, that it lost, in fact, all the shapeliness common to beginnings.—But, for all that, we must feel severally guilty concerning those two adjectives, even though our Margaret may have exceeded the average height of woman.

Having written so far, however, Mr. Woodfield's ink dried in his pen. He could not keep his eyes from the window; and the luxurious carriage had just driven up with a lady in it—two ladies; the doctor's wife and daughter, he supposed.—Try his utmost he could not help giving way to forboding too dismal for Margaret's eye to read; he could not think of any possible good accruing to him from the doctor's invasion—as he called it—but only harm.

If Dr. Heath had stayed where he was, a few of the people at this end of the town might have had recourse to the new surgeon; but now, of course, all the neighborhood, as well as his old patients, would run after the great physician, who was rich and famous, and did not care about their patronage.

"The way of the world," muttered James, after the fashion of disappointed young philosophers—"the way of the world!"

And then he saw Mr. Percival Heath the doctor's only son, ride up to the door on a horse, which drew him, in spite of himself to the window, and made his eyes glisten.

"A splendid animal!" soliloquized the surgeon, who kept no horse—pretty well, as he thought, bitterly, if he could keep himself. "That's the sort of thing I should like now; make perfect action first race, and a fine-looking fellow enough on him, too I wonder if Mr Percival goes in for the profession. Perhaps he'll be good enough to take the house next to mine."

And James, returning to his writing materials, put them away hastily.

In general Margaret got her letter about once a week, as regular as the country paper came out, and he got his answer as punctually, but she must wait another post this time. To day he could not write to her, and it was with a certain grimness of sarcasm that he thought she would put it down to his being so busily engaged with his patients that he had no time to write. No time! That was the greatest evil. He had too much time, and did not know what to do with it.

He had established a slight acquaintance with many of the town people, and, among others, with Mr. Percival Heath, whom he liked, but with whom he could not, perhaps, under the circumstances, have much in common, since a struggling man has little sympathy to spare for a favorite of fortune. And he was wont to think that on all at young fellow everything smiled, insomuch that it was a marvel to find him so little spoiled and so full of life and energy. Mr. Woodfield wondered too, sometimes, as he looked at the large house opposite, if its inmates ever thought of him in his struggles and unfulfilled hopes. Why should they? He was nothing to them. Dr. Heath had a perfect right to take the house if he chose. Possibly, indeed, if he had remained at the other end of the town, it would have made but little difference to James.—Everybody would have gone to him just the same; for why should people consult a young, untried surgeon in preference to a well-known physician, who, moreover, on certain days, gave consultation gratis to those who could not afford his fees?

Dr. Heath had done this for [illegible] and the act of a young surgeon's rash appearance in the town was no reason for the discontinuance of a charity. He began to think it was a mistake to come to Hollowleigh; nevertheless, the thing was done, and he must make the best of it.

It was more than a year, it was nearly two years, since the polish of that plate had caused so complacent an expression on James Woodfield's face; and he was still, to use a significant phrase, struggling to keep his head above water. His friends, too, if he had possessed any near enough to examine his personal appearance, might have observed that there was a slight tendency about the corners of his mouth to curve downwards, and altogether a want of elasticity about he man very different from his buoyant air of two years ago. Such friends as he had, however, were either unobservant or not sufficiently interested in him to trouble themselves about his looks, and he went on his way drearily, with such hope as he could summon up to help him. He had gone so far as to confess that the whole affair was a decided failure. He was at times miserably depressed and anxious, almost ready to give up altogether; but, if he did that, what was to become of him? A portion of his small capital was gone already; was he to throw the other after it? He might try and try, and yet have no more chance than that unlucky fly in the window had of eventually escaping the bloated spider on the watch for him.

And, of course, as he looked at the fly and the web, his eyes travelled, as they always did, with a persistency which astonished himself, to that house opposite; and he saw the carriage, which was the ideal of his visions in that department, drive up and deposit the ladies of Dr. Heath's Family; three ladies this time, and the third, who was a visitor, report had decided to be Mr. Percival's fiancee.

Then he saw Mr. Percival himself ride up as usual, and noticed that his one hand was bound up in a handkerchief.—He wondered idly what that was for, and then, as he watched the young man assisting the ladies from the carriage, and marked how he lingered beside that third one, who did not yet belong to the family, he was conscious of a feeling so nearly akin to envy that he took himself to task at once for it.

"You are developing into a surly brute, James Woodfield," he said; a selfish cynic; who would snarl at another's happiness because your own is—ah, well, I where is it, and when will the good time come?"

After all, though Dr. Heath's removal had done him no good, yet it had furnished him considerable occupation, speculation, and some amusement. As it grew darker that night he took his usual position, with his elbows on the window sash, to watch the arrival of the Doctor's guests, for there was a dinner party at the opposite house, and he saw among the arrivals magnates whose patronage would have made the heart of the young surgeon glad, while in a professional point of view, Dr. Heath cared very little, if at all, for them.

But the doctor's reception rooms faced the lawn, so that, after the arrivals were over, and he had counted some dozen of ladies in that gossamer attire which needs to be made fire proof, and as many gentlemen looking mournful in funeral suits, there was nothing for him to do but to watch the flickering lamp outside or turn to the interior of his little room. He chose the latter alternative, and as he turned he became aware of Master Cadger caressing the door handle and seemingly waiting his pleasure.

"What do you want, you rascal? Why don't you—"

"Knock, sir?" interposed Master Cadger briskly. "Did, sir, if you please; couldn't make you hear. It's only a party, as has been telling me he's going away."

By a peculiar jerk of his thumb Master Cadger appeared to intimate that "he" was Dr. Heath. At least so James understood it.

"Dr. Heath! Going away!"

"Yes, sir. Leastways he's going to foreign parts, and can't come back not in a day exactly, you know."

"Well," said Mr. Woodfield, collecting himself, "what has that to do with me?"

Nothing, sir. It's only as [illegible] party's alwa s doctoring, and was a [illegible] case she might be took sudden, an [illegible] to be had. I told her you wou[illegible] home, unless, to be sure, some of [illegible] country patients sent for you."

"That will do," said James. "You can go."

It is not to be denied that Mr Woodfield a heart did beat with a spectral hope. If the doctor was going abroad might there not be a chance for him? It seemed only reasonable to suppose there would, since, if the people were ill, a new doctor must be better than none.

The fates were surely in league against James Woodfield. No sooner was his hope conceived than a rude hand dashed it to the ground. Dr. Heath would leave a deputy behind him.

Mr. Percival Heath was walking down the Hollowleigh road toward the town. He walked slowly, for he had an unusual sense of discomfort, which he could neither shake off nor analyze. It weighed upon him with a very heavy oppression; it was like nothing that he could think of so much as terror—vague, unreasoning, but strong terror, springing from no cause that he could discover, and pointing to no result. He could not make it out. He had thought to shake it off in the open air, but it seemed to get worse instead of better, so he turned back toward home. Was he going to be ill? He had been blessed hitherto with such vigorous health that he knew nothing about illness.

He raised the hand which had been bound up and on which there appeared a slight scar, to his forehead confusedly. As he did so he reached a point in the road were the river, running parallel with it, became suddenly visible by the lowering of the roadside bank.

Mr. Percival started back with a pang of desperate misery. He could not bear the sight of that water; he was afraid of of it.

Behind him came two men with some dogs, and he was afraid of them also; afraid of the men, but more so of the dogs; and more than all he dreaded that gurgling water. He was horribly afraid of it.

He stood still and put his hand up again to his forehead, and his eye caught the little scar. A cold perspiration broke over him, and a single ejaculation passed his lips—

"Good God!"

It was no irreverent outburst lightly spoken. It was—no one, however, could possibly tell all that those two horror-stricken words were meant to express, for a ghastly suspicion had broken upon Mr. Percival's mind—a suspicion that a fate more horrible than anything he could conceive hung over him.

That little scar had been left by the bite of a dog. It was a fortnight now since, in pity to a screaming child he had attempted to drive a dog from his path, and the dog had snapped at him and passed on. He remembered now that the dog had been killed; and that some idle rumor about his being mad had floated for a day or two. Such rumors, however, being common, of course he had never once thought of it a second time, never even experienced a sensation of uneasiness until now. But now—

He was a strong-wil[illegible] To get home quietly, if p[illegible] down this horrible dread, a[illegible] heel were upon it, and wal[illegible] men, and that was what he set[illegible] do. Already the air around him [illegible] stinct with mad, lurid eyes and sh[illegible] jaws, and he scarcely knew as he [illegible] up the street, whether it was the [illegible] that were bearing down heavily upo[illegible] or his own fancies that made them [illegible] to do so. He got into the house and [illegible] ed his servant. He spoke to the mes[illegible] calmly as he could, and gave him a message. It was fruitless. Dr. Heath's deputy had gone out; time of return uncertain.

"William," said Mr. Percival, "I'm afraid the dog that bit me was mad. Go across and fetch Woodfield. Tell him what I say, and not a word to any one else. Be quick."

Mr. James Woodfield was in the little room called by courtesy his study. He had been there pretty nearly all day, not having spirits, perhaps, to get out. By a singular coincidence the subject [illegible] been studying, and which had rous[illegible] siderable interest in his mind, was a[illegible] that had been performed in India of case of hydrophobia. He had made himself pretty well master of the details, and it was a certain psychological feature [illegible] occupied him when, after the customary knock, Master Cadger ushered in Dr. Heath's servant.

"Beg pardon, sir. Party wouldn't wait; must see you directly."

The rest of Master Cadger's [illegible] which was irrelevant, was [illegible] surgery, while Mr. Percival [illegible] lay before the doctor in his [illegible]

Mr Woodfield was sensible of a thrill through all his nerves as he [illegible] and a single phrase out of [illegible] which he had been reading kept repeating itself like an echo in his brain.

Without a word he followed the man across the street into the hall, where he had seen so many gossamer robed ladies and black coated gentlemen, up the wide semi-circular staircase, which might almost have swallowed up his whole house, and into young Heath's room.

Mr. Percival sat on the bed in his shirt sleeves, and he was trembling all over, and shrank back with an expression of terror as the doctor entered. Mr. Woodfield turned and looked full into the servant's face.

"You'll do," he said. "Come in and sit down there, out of sight, till I want you."

Then he turned the key [illegible] door and went forward. He [illegible] have risen with the occasion out of [illegible] despondency into a man of iron nerves and indisputable [illegible]

"Woodfield," [illegible] ing at him with [illegible] shoe, "you see I [illegible] own sake.

[illegible] never [illegible] Mr [illegible] fascinat[illegible]

"Listen to [illegible] his hand on the [illegible] still looking at hi[illegible] eye. "There is n[illegible] mad. You are st[illegible] have never been [illegible] in any way with [illegible]

"No."

"Then there i[illegible] rus will have less chance, and my treatment more. Are you capable of following what I say?"

"Yes."

"Then listen. I know that you are energetic and strong-minded. Exert your will. Exert it first to believe that all you think you see or feel is, in fact, delusion; exert it, above all, to keep as quiet as possible. The will may be overrated, as well as underrated; but it is [illegible] ment of immense powe[illegible] you are giving way [illegible] your eyes on mine. [illegible] already. I am going [illegible]

"Doctor," said the [illegible] know the dog was mad [illegible] thing, and I will have [illegible] you. Swear to kill if y[illegible]

James responded: "[illegible] about to use are certain [illegible] cure."

"Did they ever cure?"

"Yes."

"Sir," said the ser[illegible] en, "you have bled in [illegible]

"No," replied James, [illegible] about the lips, "only to death."

In fact, the young man [illegible] as a corpse, and colorless; faintest dimness was visible which the man held to b[illegible]

"Will he ever get r[illegible] r it, sir."

"I hope so."

"Oughtn't he be bound?"

"No," said James, sharply. [illegible] here when he comes [illegible] himself.

Mr. Woodfield w[illegible] long. He stayed [illegible] ments as was absolutely [illegible] go over once again the [illegible] which, by what he conceived [illegible] strange a chance he had [illegible] when the servant followed [illegible] went back.

It was night, and [illegible] he had watched the [illegible] often shone up[illegible] stairs. In the [illegible] the rustling of a li[illegible] den appearance beside [illegible] little creature whom [illegible] but only as a distan[illegible] white hands grasping restraint.

It was that little [illegible] girl who was to b[illegible] wife and she was [illegible] Probably she had [illegible] nature of his [illegible]

(Con[illegible])