

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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An Amusing Story.

TOM CROSBY'S
GREAT DEED OF MAGIC.

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TOM Crosby was a cobbler—or at least, so his neighbors called him—though he was in fact, one of the best shoemakers in the country. He often had to turn applicant away empty handed; for he had always more work on his hand than he could attend to. Tom's cottage was near the centre of the village, and his little shop was close by it, and from morning till night the merry music of his lapstone rang out upon the air. Tom was a steady, industrious man, and everybody liked him. He was always kind, always good natured, full of fun and anecdote, and above all else he was one of those rare persons who spend their leisure moments in looking after their own business. Tom was now forty years of age, and though he had always worked hard and steady, yet he had not accumulated much property. He owned the small house and the shop, together with some four acres of land, which lay back of the buildings, upon which he raised a goodly store of fruit and vegetables. Besides this he had some one or two hundred dollars laid safely away in a saving bank to serve him on a rainy day.

"Yes, Hannah, you only want back that old spirit of contentment."

"There it is again, Tom Crosby. Because I would hold my head up a little higher in the world, and be somebody than I am not contented! Mercy on me would you have a soul contented to see everybody else getting up, and me be obliged to dig and burrow here?"

"But who is getting up, Hannah?"

"Who? Why—there's Sarah Brown, that was now, Sarah Wilkins; just look at her. She was where I was once, but now she has her coach and servants, and dresses in silks and satins. And then look at Thompson, and Cowley, and Nathans. All of 'em building new houses, and keeping their horses and servants. Look at them I say—and then look at us."

"But, my love, where shall I find money to do such things?"

"Find it where other folks find it. Shut up your little nasty shop, and go into some business more promising. How do other folks find money I'd like to know?"

"But other folks have a faculty which I have not," said Tom, in an earnest, argumentative tone. "I have found perfect happiness in my little shop; and in my neat, and comfortable home. Health has been secured to us; our children are blessings; plenty was always ours, and no man or woman can dun you or me for debt. Other folks may be happy with their great houses, and their servants, and their parties, but such things are not suited to us. Ah, Hannah, you could never be so happy as you have been were you to have Sarah Wilkins' place. She may like it, but you would not."

"Don't tell me, Tom Crosby. Don't you suppose I know what I should like? I say it galls me to think that I'm never going to get above this kind of life. Others, who are no better than we are, have money enough—"

"And don't we have enough, Hannah? Don't we have everything we want?"

"No, we don't. Look at Wilkins. See how his wife dresses, and how proudly she holds her head when she goes into the meeting. Only just think how she nods at me, but never speaks. I declare, Tom it's too bad."

"And yet, my love, Mr. Wilkins came to me yesterday, and wanted to borrow a hundred dollars."

Mrs. Crosby opened her eyes, but before she could make any reply, somebody rapped at the door. Tom answered the summons, and the caller was a boy, who had come after a pair of new boots.

"Boots!" uttered Mrs. Crosby to herself after her husband had gone to the shop. "Boots! Mercy!—shall I ever escape that degrading sound?"

Mrs. Crosby was an excellent wife, and one of the best mothers, and no one could have kept the humble cottage looking more neat and tidy, than she did. The little front room always presented the same spotless purity of floor and wainscot, and the white curtains never had a spot or wrinkle. The kitchen was more flustered, but never dirty, while even the ground floor of the wood-shed was kept swept and clean. The excellent couple had four children. Young Tom was thirteen, and helped his father some in the shop when school didn't keep. Willie was ten; Lizzie five, and Effie only two. Tom named his first child himself. Mrs. C., had selected a very pretty name, but her husband was determined

that he should be a "young Tom," and the wife gave in; but the rest of the children she named herself, and we can see that her tastes differed somewhat from Tom's. He had wanted to call the second boy Peter in honor of his grandfather; and then he suggested the name of Hannah for the first girl; but his "plebeian" (such was the term Mrs. C. used,) names were not quite up to the mark. But these children were good. They were in fact the best children in the neighborhood, for their father took great pains in the formation of their characters, and their mother felt no greater pride than to have them appear well.

People pointed to Tom Crosby as a pattern of happiness and peace; and yet he was not always happy. An evil genius had crept into his house—into his home—and he was growing more and more unhappy every day; for Tom had never been happy. The pain or disquiet of a single individual in his family was sure to upset his own cup of joy.

Now the truth is, the sweet angel of content, which had for so long a time kept guard over Tom's household, had flown away, and another spirit had come in, Mrs. Crosby had become discontented and unhappy. She had allowed the spirit of envy to gain possession of her soul, and from the moment she let the demon in, all her peace of mind was gone.

"Tom Crosby," she said, after the children had gone to bed, one evening, "what's the use of living so?"

"Living how?" uttered Tom, shaking the ashes from his pipe, and putting it away.

"Why—living as we do now. Plodding along year after year, in this same old trap. I declare, I'm almost fit to go crazy when I think of it."

"But Hannah, I thought you used to be very happy here."

"And so I did; but what does that signify? Because I was happy when I was a child, does that prove that I should always want to be a child? I used to be happy here when I thought we were on a road to something better. I didn't think when you married me, that I was to live stuck down here in this place, and that I was to grow old and die with the everlasting thumpety thump of your old hammer dingling in my ears."

"But what would you have Hannah? The husband asked, with the tone and expression of pain.

"What?" uttered the woman energetically. "Why—I'd have some higher place in the world than a mere cobbler's wife!"

"Ah, Hannah, we were once the happiest couple in town, and you were then on only what you are now. You only want what you lost."

"Lost, Mr. Crosby?"

This simple scene will show somewhat of the state of mind into which Mrs. C. had fallen. She had not always been thus, though she had always held little ideas of pride which her husband had never felt. But about two years previous to the opening of our story, Mr. Albert Wilkins had moved into town, and brought with him for a wife one who had been Hannah's schoolmate in times gone by. Mrs. W. not only made much show of her wealth, but she also slighted her old friends, and this worked upon the feelings of the more humble female. Mrs. C. began to envy the wealthy woman, and from this spring numberless consequences. It was some time before she really thought of aiming at such show herself, but the idea gradually came over her, and then she began to reflect upon her husband's position, and she was not long in making up her mind that he might have been wealthy had he tried.

It was in vain that Tom urged the expenses of his children, in vain that he pleaded his own inability, and in vain that he urged the joys of contentment. The evil genius had gained possession of his wife's soul, and he could not exercise it by any argument or persuasion. Hannah became unhappy and miserable, and even her own children failed to give her joy.

One day Tom was in his shop all alone, and he was weeping. He had just been to the house, and another "scene" had transpired. He had come back to his little shop, and with his hands clasped, and his eyes turned heavenward, he had prayed that God would move his wife's heart with sweet content once more. Hardly had he uttered this prayer, when the door of his shop opened, and a man entered.—This was no less a personage than John Newton, an old schoolmaster of Tom's upon whom fortune had smiled most bounteously. He had lived in a neighboring town—in a large and thriving village, and had amassed great wealth without marring his heart. He seldom saw Tom now, but when he did meet him, his greeting was as warm and genial as ever.

"What, Tom!" uttered Newton, as he

saw the poor cobbler's gloomy tearful face; "what is that for now?"

"Nothing," was Tom's answer.

But Newton was not to be put off thus, and after considerable questioning Tom revealed the secret. He knew if he had a noble friend on earth John Newton was that friend, and he told all. Forsome time after he had done, Newton remained thoughtful and silent; but at length a bright gleam rested upon his face.

"Tom," he said, "Hannah doesn't dream of the thousand and one cares from which she is free, and to which wealth would subject her."

"Ay, that's it, Jack," the cobbler cried.—"That's it. She don't know how much she has to enjoy. She's got her head turned."

"But I think we can turn it back again."

"Eh?"

"We can turn it again, I say. By my soul, Tom, I have never offered money—because I knew you had enough—but I can give you something now. I will take my wife and children out of the way for a while, and you shall have the use of my house, plate, servants, dresses and all. Eh, how's that?" Tom Crosby opened his eyes, and as soon as he could comprehend matters fully, he sat down by the side of his friend, and they talked over an hour.

"I say it's of no use, Tom, I'd just as lief die as live so. What's the use of poking along this way?"

"Well, Hannah, you sha'n't live so any more. You needn't look so surprised, for I mean just what I say. I've got the power and I can use it. I've found the Philosopher's stone."

"The what, Tom?" cried Hannah.

"The Philosopher's Stone."

"But what's that?"

"Why, it's something that gives the owner power to be rich right off. I've a mind to I can wake up to-morrow morning with you and I both in a palace surrounded by riches."

Mrs. Crosby was slow to believe this, but at length Tom convinced her. Yet she wanted to see the stone. The cobbler took a small leather bag from his pocket, and drew from it a round white stone nearly covered with strange characters. The hieroglyphics upon the last point of skepticism in Hannah's mind and she believed.

Shortly afterwards they sat down to supper. Mrs. Crosby did not observe her husband when he put a suspicious looking powder in the tureen, nor did she notice that her husband drank only milk and water. She drank her tea—more than usual and then arose. But somehow or other she forgot to clear away the table. She sat down in her chair, and ere long fell asleep.

Hannah Crosby awoke and looked around. She was not sure that she was awake. She leaped out upon the soft carpet and rubbed her eyes.

"Tom! Tom! for mercy's sake do wake up!"

Mr. Crosby arose to a sitting posture and looked at his wife. They were in a large room; floor was covered with a carpet of downy softness; the walls glittered with gold and flowers; the ceiling painted sumptuously; the furniture of the most costly kind, and the bed itself a very marvel of wondrous extravagance.

"For mercy's sake, Tom, where are we?"

"Why, in our palace, to be sure. Don't you remember what I told you last night? But come to bed now."

"Are ye crazy, Tom Crosby? Aren't the sun up?"

"What have we got to do with the sun? By-and-by I shall arise, and then your servants will come in and help you dress."

"Servants! help me dress? Why, Tom Crosby what do you mean?"

"Why, you wouldn't expose yourself to your own servants would ye? Hereafter you must never get up till your servants come. They'll laugh at you if you do."

Shortly afterwards Tom arose, and dressed himself, and then spoke to his wife.—She looked at him, and started upright.

"Tom Crosby, is that you?"

"Who else should it be?"

"Mercy's sake! O Jerusalem!"

And no wonder she was astonished, for never before had she seen Tom Crosby look like that. His pants were of black broadcloth, his vest of white satin, his shirt bosom of the finest linen sparkling with diamonds, and his dressing gown of Genoa velvet.

Mr. Crosby went out, and his wife was left alone. She had just got out of bed to look around, when she heard footsteps, and in a moment she was in bed again.—Three stout girls entered the chamber and approached the bed.

"Will our mistress be pleased to arise?" asked the foremost one.

The poor woman remembered what her husband had said about the servants helping her dress, and at once arose.

At breakfast half a dozen servants waited on the table. Mrs. Crosby longed to speak to her husband, but she dared not before so many. Her cup was filled with coffee, and she drank it. It was much stronger than she was used to drinking, but so finely was it fixed that she loved it, and she allowed the girl who waited upon the table to fix her four cups.

After breakfast, Mrs. Crosby was conducted over part of the house, and to her it seemed as though all the wealth of all the world must have been collected and spent in furnishing the place. The heavy gilt framed pictures, and mirrors, the statues, the carpets, the gold and silver ornaments, the servants—all, appeared to her in bewildering profusion.

At length she got an opportunity to speak to her husband.

"Tom," she whispered, "I shall die! Lord! a mercy! I shall!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said the husband.

"O h h. They've laced me up so tight I can't breathe."

"—ah! For mercy's sake Hannah, don't speak so. Why what will people say to see a fashionable woman with such a large waist as you have. Did you ever notice Sarah Wilkins' waist? Don't you remember how small and delicate it is?"

"Yes, I do remember, Tom; and haven't I told you a thousand times that she was lacing herself to death?"

"Whew! Why, Hannah, what has got into your head? What have we got to do with health? We have stepped at once into fashionable life, and we must stick it out. Now if you have any regard for your reputation, you won't let your servants see any of your ignorance."

The idea of her servants' seemed to set all right for a time. But by and by a new idea came.

"Tom," she said, "where are our children?"

"Oh, they're safe."

"But where?"

"Well, Tom and Willie have gone out to a boarding school, and Lizzie and Effie are in the nursery with their governess."

"Their governess! what d'ye mean, Tom Crosby? Aren't I to have the governing of my own children?"

"Are you crazy, Hannah? Would you trouble yourself about your children? Why I never heard such a thing. You'd lose your stand in fashionable society in a moment if they should find you fussing with your own children. You should have servants to take care of them."

Dinner came at 4 o'clock. Mrs. Crosby was indignant at such heathenish ideas, but when she learned that all fashionable people kept the same hours she was somewhat reconciled.

"We are to have company for supper," said Mr. Crosby.

"Supper! Have we got to eat again before we go to bed?"

"Eat again. Why, you wouldn't go without your supper? Our friends, who have heard of our arrival are coming in."

About 8 o'clock Mr. Newton and his wife arrived, and with them came three couples more, all in the secret.

"Isn't that Effie crying?" uttered Mrs. Crosby, as the distinct wailing of a child sounded upon the air.

"John," spoke Mr. Crosby to one of the servants, "go and tell the nurse to stop that noise."

"No, no," cried the startled woman—the mother starting up now—"I'll go myself, poor, dear thing. She shall see her mamma, so she shall."

But Tom sprang forward and caught his wife by the arm.

"For heaven's sake!" he whispered in her ear, "you'll ruin us. Don't let such things move you."

"But how can I, Tom? My soul, how can I? Only think—our own little Effie—only a baby." Tom I

"Mrs. Crosby," spoke Mrs. Newton, who saw the turn affairs had taken, "will you allow me, taking her to a seat, 'you have a child, have you? Ah, an infant? How I pity poor people who have to attend to their own children. Such plagues. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Crosby said yes; but she knew she spoke falsely.

"What a miserable idea that is," continued Mrs. Newton, "which suppose that mothers must be fastened down to their children. However, poor people can't help it, I suppose?"

And yet Mrs. Crosby heard her little darling sob and cry, and her heart seemed racking with pain; but she durst not interfere now.

At length supper was announced. It was eleven o'clock. Mrs. Crosby ate

considerable cake and confectionary, and at the end she had to drink wine with five different persons. Her position was painful because it was so unnatural. Not one moment of peace and comfort could she find, but instead thereof, it was one continual scene of trial and trouble. But bedtime came—at two o'clock—and for awhile the martyr felt relieved. But it was only for a moment, for upon finding herself alone with her husband, she remembered that her heart ached, and that her limbs were weary.

"By the powers, Hannah," uttered Tom "isn't this nice? 'Taint much like cobbling boots and shoes, is it? O, how fine! Doesn't it seem as though we were born for it?"

The wife was silent for some moments, but she spoke at length, and in a low, subdued tone:

"Tom, where is little Effie?"

"With the nurse, to be sure."

"O, do go and bring her to me. Do—that's a good—"

"—Bah! Somebody may hear you Hannah. You know what Mrs. Newton said to-night. She's the next richest to us of anybody in the country."

The poor woman laid her head upon the pillow with a groan.

"Isn't it nice?" uttered Tom, in a chuckling tone. "By the big hokey, Hannah, only think how we'll live."

"But 'twont be always like this, Tom?"

"No, no—rather guess 'twont. Why we haven't begun yet. Just wait till folks get acquainted with us and begin to come from the cities to see us. And then when we begin to give our great parties. Won't it be nice?"

But Hannah made no reply and ere long she fell asleep; but she did not rest. On the next morning Tom was up and off before his wife awoke. The first consciousness she felt was rough shaking by the shoulders, and on looking up, she saw her servants. She arose at their bidding, but she had not been long on her feet when she sank back, for head ached, her limbs were weary. But she finally allowed herself to be dressed, and soon afterwards she met her husband at the breakfast table.—She looked at the face of the marble cased clock on the mantle, and saw that it was eleven o'clock. She was upon the point of speaking to her husband about it, but the presence of the servants prevented.

After breakfast, when Mrs. Crosby thought of going to bed again she received an invitation to visit Mrs. Newton.

"I can't see said."

"But urged the husband, 'we must go.—Sir John is one of the most important men in the country. We are in for it, Hannah and we must stick it out. Remember, you have urged it."

"But—but, Tom, I didn't expect—"

"Didn't expect what? Did you suppose that those who had wealth and high station enjoyed the same ease and quiet that the peaceful cobbler owned? By the powers, Hannah, you mustn't fail now! You filled your own station well; you have a new one to fill now and you must come up to the mark. Sir John will expect us."

"Sir John?"

"Yes."

"Sir John had a very noble sound, and that was a little calming to the poor woman's feeling. However, at four o'clock the carriage was at the door, and when Mrs. Crosby saw it she forgot her pains for a while. The horses were coal black and harnessed almost wholly in silence.—Away the aristocratic couple were whirled to a noble mansion, which Mrs. Newman had engaged for the occasion, the real owner of which was introduced to Mrs. C. as a friend."

The rest of the day, and the night, were passed just about the same as on the previous day, and Mrs. Crosby had an opportunity to see that all rich people must live alike. She had to take wine at supper, and the clock was upon the stroke of four in the morning when she reached her own mansion. She had been laughed at by the servants for her awkwardness—she had been sneered at by a young, consumptive miss because she could not play euche, and the whole company had giggled at her funny remarks touching some butter which chanced to be on the table.

On the next morning—or towards noon—when she awoke, she found her servants about her as before. She asked them to send her husband to her; but they could not think of such a thing. She simply sprang out of bed and caught a chair, and told them to do as they pleased.—They left the chamber, and shortly afterwards Tom Crosby made his appearance.

"Tom," the wife groaned, "I can't stand this—indeed I can't."

"Why, Hannah, are ye crazy! Would ye give up all your wealth?"

"No, no, I'd like to keep the money, but—but—O, my head!"

"Keep the money! And what would you keep it for? We had money enough before for the station we then held; and all you used to want was to make a show like Mrs. Wilkins. Surely you wouldn't go back into your old home, and have to take care of your own children, and do your own cooking, and find your own eggs in the hay, and have to go to bed every night at nine or ten o'clock. Why, you're crazy, Hannah."

"And is it that stone that keeps us here, now, Tom?"

"Yes. But you see I've guarded against any such danger, for I've put the Philosopher's Stone in a place where nobody'll ever think of looking for it."

"Where is it, Tom?"

"I've hung the bag right up in our chimney, here."

"That is a good place," said Mrs. C. and after this she proceeded to dress herself, making her husband wait till she had finished, so that 'them pesky servants would not come nigh her any more."

Breakfast was eaten, as usual, and after awhile, three ladies called, and sent up their cards. Mrs. Crosby would have refused, but her husband overcame her objections. So the ladies called in, and Mrs. Crosby was once more 'on nettles."

At five o'clock, they left, and shortly afterwards, Mrs. Crosby stole away to her chamber. Tom had been watching her, and he stole after her, and watched her movements through the key-hole. She first threw herself upon the bed, and there she lay some time. Next, she arose and went to the fire place. She removed the gaudy screen, and then reached up and took down the little leather bag. She took out the stone and placed it upon the hearth. Within the fire place stood a pair of small silver audions, and with one of these Mrs. C. deliberately smashed the stone to atoms. With a peculiar chuckle Tom hastened below, and attended himself to preparing his wife's tea.—The meal to be eaten was denominated dinner, but when Mrs. Crosby came down she distinctly said 'supper!"

She could eat but very little, but she drank freely of the tea, and within half an hour afterwards, she felt so sleepy that she could not keep her eyes opened, and she went to bed, despite her husband's urgent arguments to contrary. Of course she was not long in falling asleep and slept soundly too.

"Tom! Tom!" cried Mrs. Crosby, when she awoke. Tom! Tom! For mercy's sake look. Jehosaphat and Jerusalem!"

The sun was shining brightly in at a little vine clad window, and the old cat was purring cozily upon the foot of the bed. The enraptured woman turned her eyes to the little crib that stood by the bedside, and there laid her darling Effie fast asleep.

"Goodness gracious!" said Tom starting up, "somebody's stolen our stone! Our magic stone is gone!"

"Ho, ho! 'Twas I that did it!" the wife shouted, leaping from her bed, and dancing about on the painted floor.

With that, she opened the door of the little bed room, where, in the cot bed lay young Tom and Willie, and in the trundle bed Lizzie was sleeping.

Tom was up by this time, and he professed to be greatly alarmed.

"Alas! Our wealth is gone!"

"Then let it go!" retorted Hannah. For my part I've had enough of it. O, Tom, doesn't this place look grand?"

"But how long will it be before you will be moaning after carriages and silks once more!"

"Never! never!"

At this moment Effie awoke up, and gave a cry of joy as she saw 'mamma."

Mrs. Crosby, as soon as she could collect her senses, began to think she had only been dreaming, but when she heard Tom and Willie talking about the new school, and saw how the dust had collected about the windows, she feared it was after all a reality. But by and by, she heard a bell ring, and when she found that it was really Sunday she knew that her past experience had been a substantial thing of real life, for it was on Wednesday that she had first seen the magic stone. And then her headache and other bodily pain yet remained to admonish her of the misery she had suffered.

It was over two years before Mrs. Crosby discovered the secret of that three day's experience she had had in 'high life,' and even then discovered it by accidentally overhearing a conversation between her husband and Mr. Newton. Until then she had firmly believed that she owed the experience to a deed of magic. She now realized the many blessings she had enjoyed, and no more gave way to discontent.

Select Miscellany.

For the Curious.
Zufrieden sein—ist grosse Kunst,
Zufrieden scheine—blosser Dunst,
Zufrieden werden—grosas Glueck,
Zufrieden bleiben ein Meisterstück!

The Lesson's of Life.

Great calamities teach us much we had never seen from common level of life. A flood, a famine, a conflagration, or some great desolation, shows how much goodness there is upon the surface of everyday life; how many generous feelings and kindly sympathies, and points of union and practical fellowship, lie below the differences and political opinion, and religious faith, and the prejudices and antagonisms of party and sect—shows us, that beneath all these, the noblest elements of our human nature still live, and wait only the impulse of occasion, to spring into life and action, and to discover to us how much more there is in man to honor and love, than the ordinary aspects of life led us to suppose. The world, after all, in many things, is better than we take it to be.

Romance and Reality.

The San'lusky Register narrates the following affecting story:

In the Lunatic Asylum at Columbia is a pair of insane lovers. Mental anxiety of a peculiar character is supposed to have deranged the intellect of the young man, who was sent to the Asylum some time ago, cured, it was hoped permanently, and sent home. While at home he fell deeply in love with a young girl, who returned his devotion, and they became tenderly attached to each other. But unhappy, the manly returned upon the young man; he was separated from the object of his love and sent back the Asylum. Left to herself, to muse upon her bereavement, and the sad destiny of her lover, the mind of the girl became also affected, almost as it might seem, from sympathy—and it was not long before she, too, was immured within the walls which sheltered him. They are both there now. Occasionally they seem to have recovered their reason, and are permitted to hold interviews with one another. In one of these the poor girl begged her lover to marry her, but he replied with a melancholy, real enough to bring tears from the listeners—"You know that we cannot be married. E'en we are unfit for that happiness—poor, unfortunate creatures that we are!"

The Frozen Dead.

The scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice of the grand St. Bernard—a solemn extraordinary interest, indeed—is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travelers are deposited.—There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the death angel, with its instruments of frost and snow stiffened them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaved in confusion. But around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and, in this air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling.—There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love.—The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms—careful in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest.

"The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricanes wound them both up in one white shroud and buried them there.—There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black but the unbroken white teeth, firmly set and closed, granting from the fleshless jaws: it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you, from the process of the sepulchre as if it would tell you of a death struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten; and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveler. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just light enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of material love and death. That little child hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death—no one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.—Wandering of a Pilgrim.