#### BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

#### "I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."-SHAKS.

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### Gettysbyrg, Pa., Momdar, October 19, 1935.

# **WHOLE NO. 288.**

AN'TI MASONIC.

From the Lancaster Examiner & Herald.

Mr. Stevens' Remarks.

a County meeting of the friends of JOSEPH RITSER

#### THE GARLAND. -"With sweetest flowers carich'd, From various gardens cull'd with care."

a stranger a little states wy device state & the

note!

ou, Catharine?"

dent admination.

parted in disgust.

weet face, isn't it?"

lic actually look.

"I guess he thinks you are crazy; standing be

I wo young girls passed them at the moment

"Oh, what is this? 72--Mary and Martha-

"Lovely! whit's that she's got on? horrid ins't

"No-but Fred MacDonald said there was the

"Dear! so there is! oh, I met a Pole to-day!

"Mercy! I know two very well. Elegant crea-

"Yes indeed-what's this? 74-Joan of Arc-

"Horrid! come, let's go-I don't see as there

what's she? how she looks! she's chained! do

such splendid moustaches! you can't imagine!"

tures! nothing in the world to be seen but their

it? Oh! have you read Pilgrims of the Rhine?"

weetest story in it about a fox and a cat!"

fore one picture an hour together."

"Ves."

oice.

before."

D IS MY NEIGHBOR. bor? It is he whom thou wer to aid and bless, Whose aching heart or burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor, Whose eye with want is dim,

Whose hunger sends from door to door: Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man, Whose years are at their brim, Bent low with sickness, cares and pain: Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Fis the heart bereft Of every earthly goin; Widow and orphan, helpless left: Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave. Fettered in thought and limb. Who o hopes are all beyond the grave: Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form Less favored than thine own, Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm, Thy brother, or thy son. Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by:

Porhaps thou canst redeem The breaking heart from misery: Go share thy lot with him.

THE REPOSITORY.

TALE OF ERROR.

On one of the very clear afternoons of May of with shoulders of two yards width, and two little bonnets between them; from which proceeded in their back parlor after dunner. The cloth had two little voices, whence nature had long ago debeen removed. Mr. Felton lighted a segar, as was his wont, and closed his eyes to enjoy more perfectly the tranquil sensation that stole over him. The nurse brought in a bright eyed infant, and placed him in the arms of the blooming mother. The warm wind blew through the opened window and lifted the child's curls; then a little more rough-My, till the tender frame shuddered - and then, vicforious over the zephyr, the mimic man lifted his

voice, and crowed long and loudly. The glad mother took him to the rocking-chair in which his fathor sat, and bending over, placed eyes! Oh, the sweetest suile they have! don't the rosp-bud lips upon the still closed eyes. Mr. you think them divine?" Felton smiled, without opening them. He knew he was very happy; but he was not a man of words, and his wife was accustomed, and contenyou know any thing about it?" ted, to read in a smile, all that her heart needed.

"No--rather a low thing, I fancy. See the The folding doors opened into the front parlor; straw all about." and sitting by the closed blind, was a young lady, bending over a little table. Now and then, she s a creature hero one knows-let's go to the Arraised a pair of blue eyes, fixed them for a moment, tist's Gallery." upon the group in the other room, and then resamed her occupation.

Mr. Felton finished his segar, and rose to de part.

"Oh-I forgot: here are your tickets." "And cannot you go with us?"

"No: business first-the Messenger will be in to-day and I must be on the ground, to see her."

"Well-then,-good byo." Mr. Felton took his way to Long warf; his wife

rang for the nurse, showered kisses on the cherub face as it vanished, and then went into the other

parlor. "What a piece of work is man, Kate:- or rather, what a piece of *business*, is man! I was in hopes outh, when the expressive smile had subsided,

she looked at the surpassing loveliness of the war- ) and although the gentleman contradicted reveral "That will I, with the greatest pleasure," an- | very glad, that she could associate with this impresrior victim; "Can any thing be more perfect? I of Catharino's favorite opinions, and maintained swered Mr. Smith. And it was all settled. two or three that she did not agree to at all, she, Felton looked extremely pleased: Mrs. Felton declare, this picture thrills mo, like a trumpetthought him very, very agreeable, and wondered smiled mischievously at Catharine: and Catha-"Don't you think her eves are rather fierce?" nore than ever, who he could be.

"Perhaps they would be, but for the softening, Mrs. Felton said. "Shall we go now? It is two ant an addition to their party, felt rather uncomredeeming roundness of the cheek-and the fe 'clock." mining grace of the form :- but how full of soul

"Is it possible?" answered Catharine, looking Smith. Very foolish of her, to be snie: but some "Anere is an ior one, an non-and a man, ne a about the gallery, for the first time, and seeing how or other, he had struck her imagination. Her plied, "for three, half an hour, of course." "Then our time must be very nearly expired." it is! how spirited the attitude! and how melanit nearly empty. Mrs. Felton looked at her comcholy the contrast between what she is dreaming of, and what she is! Oh! I hope she will keep the panion-but as none of the three were acquainted, Mr. Smith, with his ugly face-but his face was illusion! if she could die now! at the head of the there was no hope of an introduction-and the gen- [ no longer ugly: and Catharine remembered, how army, with the war cry ringing in her ear!" lloman bowed and departed.

"Have you seen most of the pictures. Kate, to-

Mrs. Felton passed on to look at a portrait, and Catharine remained, entranced by the beauty of day7 the picture, and recalling all the poble and morn "Just as many as I had before I came." "You are a strange child. Who was it yo were talking with when I spoke to you?; ful associations it excited, till the tears fell fast over her face. As she wiped them from her cheel and half smiled at her own enthusiasm, she look. "I don't know his name," said Catharine, and ed again at the picture, and started to see the same she colored slightly, without imagining why. Mrs. Felton was looking at a French muslin, high look beaming out of the durgeon. Its haugh ty glance remained, and the stern "avencez! which hung at a shop window, and did not notice eemed bursting from the quivering and open lip. her embarrassment.

Mrs. Felton touched her arm; and she started When they reached Chosnut Street, it was half again as if from sleep, "Have you been standing here, ever since I left Dinner had been waiting some past two o'clock time, and Mr. Felton had come as near to being audibly vexed as he over did, at their long delay. He was reading a newspaper, as they came in, and

"What a strange girl you are! Why, I have read aloud: nade the whole circuit of the gallery. Who is "A new combatant has appeared in the arena. that behind us?" continued Mrs. Felton in a low The young member from A-----has astonished oven his friends. His sudden outpouring yester-Catharine turned her head, and saw a gentleday, in the house, of eloquent remonstrance a man extended at full length, on one of the seats, gainst the late proceedings of the administration, und leaning his head on his hand. He looked up, the indignant force of his arguments and the cutas she turned, and mot her glane with one of evi ing sarcasin with which he adduced some illusrations of the conduct of the collar men, altogeth-"I don't know, who it is .-- I never saw him

or marked him out as destined to a high rank as an orator und statesman, and a terror to some evil doers we could name." "The member from A----"said Mrs. Felton

why that is your friend Tagfoot Waddle, is it not?' "Yes-and I am a little surprised at his break ng out in this way: he was a dull scholar in col lege I remeinher."

"Tagfoot Waddle!" exclaimed Catharine, "you re joking! there can't be such a name!" "Indeed there can," replied her brother "and

he may be thankful he had not got the whole." "The whole! I hope there is no more to it?" "Yes there was-the original name was Bunt imes, on my return from the South. He was the miles. oddest being, I believe that ever lived."

"Well, I don't understand now," said Cathaine, "how Tagfoot came to be harnessed to all this cuphonious set of names?"

"Money, Katie: money does every thing you Old Bunting was rich as a Jew-and he mon were actively employed in unfolding and drycnow. left to his sistor's eldest son, the protty sum of \$20,000, on condition of his changing the very decent name of John Russel, to the very indecent one of Tay foot Waddle."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Catha They passed on, and down the stairs. Catharine indignantiv, "and could he yield to a ine looked after them. A smile lingered on her temptation so paltry-and make himself ridicu lip, when she met, again, the eye of the gentlelous for life! And how does he look? though you nan, who had been so long prone behind her. He need not tell me, I know how Tagfoot Waddle oo smiled, as if he understood what she thought. must look; Tagfoot Waddle!" repeated Catharing over and over; and the more she repeated it, the There is something very captivating in such a smile, and Catharine looked again, not to see nore unaccountable it appeared, that any person whether she had ever seen him before, but how he of common sense should have required the assumption of such a name, and doubtly so, that The survey was not very satisfactory. He was any body could be found willing to take it.

a small man, and his dress of dark cloth, made him "I ought to tell you, Kate," said Mr. Felton, ook almost diminutive. His features strong and "that Waddle had a motive beyond money, for sharp. Black eyes, piercing enough of them. exposing himself to so much ridicule. His mothselves, were shaded by an habitual frown; and his er and sister are placed in comfortable circum-

Mr rine herself, though she was very glad of so pleasfortable. She was not quite at ease, with Mr. "Is it possible?" answered Catharine, looking Smith. Very foolish of her, to be sme: but some

Kennthliczm Banner.

imagination was always playing truant. This for asserting that Mr .---- neither stammered nor squinted, though he was notoriously given to both practices. People do change so on acquaintance.

She listened to Mr. Smith, who was talking with Mr. Felton and another gentleman, on some political subject, and she was proud of the good sense he showed, and the energy and strength with which he defended his opinions. There was nothing ornamented or laborious in his mannor of speaking, but it was manly and forcible, and

Catharine was proud of him. Already her face flushed with satisfaction. She had begun to identify his success with her own happiness. The

"Why is that flag hung out?" sho asked. Smith

go along side, as the sailors sav? "Oh, no. that vessel is more than two miles off

"Is it possible it is so far off? and it looks near!' As Catharino spoke, a boat manned by eight rowers, shot up to the side of the steam boat, and Capt. Croft stepped on deck. Introductions .... a pologies-compluments, flowed----baggago lower-

ed, and in five minutes the boat was bounding over the water like a spirit. The exhibitarating motion of a swift boat, contrasted with the monotonous, rolling, half-sicken-

ing one of the vessel they had been in was delightful, and when they found themselves at the ing--old Waddle Bunting of Philadelphu: uncle side of Capt. Croft's vessel, Catharme could hard-to the young member. I visited him several ly believe it possible that they had come two

> "Welcome, ladies, to the good schooner Mary Ann,"said Capt. Croft, when they reached the deck, crowded with men, bales of wet duck, and machinery, and the masts hung with thousands of yards of duck, drying in the sun; while twenty

ing the remainder. "Not exactly in a fit condition for ladies, to be sure, but she makes her own apology: now let me give you some refreshments; and then I propose hat you improve this fine afternoon, to make you descent. I have been down twice to-day, and the water is perfectly quiet: the ground swell above o be sure, but you don't feel that after you are a

fathom or two below." "Then why not go immediately?" said Mr. Fel. wa, who had dronk a glass of wine, and was al-ways prompt' "I see no need of delay." "None in the world. We are not sure of to

morrow----and even to-day----the wind may rise which case you could not go down." "Why?" said Catharine, "is it dangerous?"

"No ..... not dangerons, .... but you would find it npleasent, if the water was agitated. It is perfectly still now."

sion of the sublime, that of sympathy with whom she felt a great and increasing interest. Alto-gether the feeling was worth all the trouble of gaining it. It is so seldom that one has the opportunit offeeling really sublime. At length Mr. Smith brok the silence, by asking the man, how long it would be "There is air for one, an hour and a half," he re-

"Within five minutes," said the man, taking out his watch. "Shall I sign to rise?" As he spoke, a grating loud sound, like that of some she had laughed at a lady of her acquaintance heavy body falling across the top of the bell, startled them all. "What can it be? how it shook us!"

The man hesitated-looked anxiously out at the

bull's eye, and then said, "It is a cable chain how the confounded thing has got out here, I can't guess - but here 'tis, that's plain. I'll sign to raise, if you like."

all means But the signal was not obeyed. It was repeated. "The distress signal "

"I've made it twice, sir." "What is the matter?, what shall we do!" cried

Catharine, in great alarm. "Be calm-- be quiet," said Mr. Smith, holding her firmly with one arm, while with the other he clasped a large iron hook which hung from the side of the wachine. "What is the reason they don't answer you, do you think?" "The d-d thing has got afoul of the bell- and they machine.

can't move us;" replied the man, in evident and painful anxiety. "And the air will last but a short time." said Mr.

Catharine, in an agony of fear, the vainly tried to

"I shall dive! and if I get up, I'll send you word," "I shall dive! and it get up, it is send you word, said the bell-man; and suiting the action to the word, he was out of sight in a moment. Here then they were; exposed to almost inevitable death. Catha-rine looked at her companion, but she could not tell what were his emotions: his face was nearly hidden by the thick vapor, that rolled up to the top of the bell. She began to feel a sense of sufficiention, and she here them have the and mainfully is if every hereath breathed hardly and painfully, as if every breath would be her last. Then the thought of all she left above, and in her own green, swiny home, came over her-and the terrible death, she must die!--it was too dreadful. She tried to speak, but she could not utter a word. Her companion at length broke silence. "If he has got safely up, we shall very soon be re-

lieved-if you can be ca Catharine was quieted by the resolute tone of her companion, and she found she could breathe and even

speak. "Is there any danger but he will get up? I thought he could not help rising-shall not we too, go the same way if we are not relieved soon?" "I hope very much he will reach the surface in sofut..."

"And you fear-?" "And you fear-?" "I fear-that he may hit against the vessel. For "I fear-that he may hit against the vessel. For I would not expose you to such a chance that reason, I would not expose you to such a chance if it is possible to escape it. But you are very calm -you bear it nobly!" The air was now almost exhausted. Catharine

heard Mr. Smith say; "I dare not wait longer, let me bind this handkerchief round your arm and fasten it to my own-and now hold your breath?"—he put one

"Thank God! we are rising!" exclaimed both the sufferers at once, as a quick grating sound showed that the chain was removed, and the bell rose rapidly to the surface. It was but a minute, and the cheers of the men above came on their cars: "A lade in the bell voet cheerily!" sum the

"A lady in the bell! yco! cheerily!" sung the er approached the sounds, in heavenly beauty. A moment more, and the fresh air of the upper world

rushed in. They are safe. The revulsion of feeling, was too much for the ex-hausted Catharine, and she fainted as she was lifted

into the boat. When she came to her senses, the first object she saw was the bell man lying on the deck; his head bound with a handkerchief, stained with blood:-and the next was her companion in danger and safely, anx-ionsly bending over her. A thousand thoughts rushed through her brain in an instant. But for him she must certainly flave died. She would have fainted, but for his courage—or she would have followed the bell-man in the impatient fear of delay: his courage -his composure had saved her life; and with a feel-ing of overpowering gratitude, she clasped his hands, and thanked him, as well as her gushing tears would let her.

held in Lancaster on the 19th Sept. 1830. MR. PRESIDENT:-In venturing to say & few words on the interesting subject which engages the attention of this meeting, I do it with real diffidence, knowing that I speak in the presence. of those who are as thoroughly acquainted with the subject as I possibly can be; and whose de-

termination to persevere needs no incitement and could receive no strength from any remarks of mine. The intelligent citizens of Lancaster county were amongst the first to perceive the evils of masonry, and to form a determined or ganized resistance to them; and through all the vicissitudes of success and defeat, have they maintained the calmest equanimity and the most unshaken firmness, thereby showing to all that their conduct was the result of sincere convic-

tion. Before you, it would be a useless waste of time to attempt to unfold the revolting principles of the iniquitous institution. Those who would desire correct information and sound views on that subject, would do well to draw upon the intelligent yeomanry of Lancaster. You have maintained a steady and an onward course, while neighboring counties who started with flowing sails and a prosperons breeze, have "Oh what can we do! what can we do!" exclaimed unfortunately tacked about, shortened sail, or run upon the shouls and quicksands of time-serving compromise which obstruct the trant, and prove fatal to timid, vascillating and unskilfal pilots. But now, when you have manfully weathered the storm, and are about entering a secure and permanent harbor, it may not be unprofitable, nor uninteresting, briefly to roview

the difficulties which you have overcome, and the danger which you have conquered. When the freemen of America first ventured to doubt the utility of secret societies and in-

quire into the truth of the allegations made against them, the members of the fraternity, from the wise man and the enlightened statesman. down to the drivelling bigot, seemed to be transported with an unearthly rage, and to recoil with horror at so sacrilegious a deed! Although it was permitted freely to scrutinize the principles, the conduct and the motives of all civil and religious communities; of judges, of governors and of presidents; yet it was deemed a presumptuous and an unholy thing to lift the veil of this privileged order! They arrogated to themselves higher privileges, immunities and righter and had wrought themselves into the belief that they possessed superior "LIGHT," and were men of higher and better mould, than the common mass of their fellow citizens. They had revelled in the fond delusion until there was but few,

even of the wiscat of them however sane in other things, who did not same lettroug in this. So long and in such sweet felte adding and antitual vanity, had they worn the showns, the damas the mitres, and the jewels of this mitnery of kinge, and aristucrats, that they had fencied them unalienable rights, far above the rade touch of untitled freement instead of spawning by & suggestions of inquiring minds, they treated the inquirers as impertinent intermeddlers, in things which were above them; and attempted to deter

from investigation by bitter denunciations and personal vengeance. Although the impression of things past soon fades from the mind and becomes dim, yet there are many among you who will never cease to remember the foul slanders and malignant calumnics which were indiscriminately poured forth by this banded brotherhood against all those who first ventured to condemn and denounce the principles of the Order. In faithful obedience to the spirit and precepts of this chartered conspiracy, they attempted to destroy their characters and "DENANGE THEIR BUSINESS!" No charge was too foul; no epithet too harsh; and no motives too impure to fasten." as far as persevering and concerted wickedness could effect it, upon the spotless characters of Adams, Everett, Granger, Rush and a hundred others who had the patriotism and the nerve to apeak of this Institution as freemen should ever speak to fellow freemen. I well remember that for this alone, in your own city, the servile and licentious press crased not, day nor night, to pour forth its filthy stresm of rancorous falseboods, upon the head of one of the ablest men, and most disinterested patriots of the common wealth, who is a resident among you. So absolute was the power of Masonry over the whole press of the Union, that it implicitly obeyed its mandates, whether issued for the moral destruction of their fellow citizens or for the concealment of crime. So interested or so intimidated was it, that it preserved the silence of the grave in relation to one of the most interesting and momentous transactions and periods of our own history. When it was proclaimed to an astonished people, that an all-pervading conspiracy existed among them directed against their equal rights, property, reputation and lives; and that in strict accordance with its principels, a fellow being -an American citizen-had been deprived of life against every principle of PUBLIC law; and so powerful was its organization-so thoroughly did it control witnesses and jurors, that the KNOWN murderers trampled upon the forms of law, and bid defiance to justice, scarcely a single portion of the old press noticed the fact, or published the allegation or the proof. While that same press published with avidity every case of outrage or murder prompted by individual depravity, however high or influential were the culprit, it concealed one of tenfold more awful and alarming import, with all its attendant train of protesting perjuries! So far as personal sympathies were concerned, the murder of Morgan was but an ordinary case, and would ere this have sunk into the black oblivion of crime, and ceased to be a matter of comment. But when that event was proved to be the deliberate result of chartered and organized iniquity, extending from pole to pole, and from the rising to the setting sun, how basely deprayed, or how criminally timid must that press be which for a single moment could conceal it from the people! I am well aware of the risques they would have incurred by an opposite course. I am not ignorant of the nower or the disposition of the ladge to inflict punlishment on all who exercise the rights of freemen against its interests. But when the well being of your country is in danger, should they be allowed or excused on account of pecuniary interest, personal popularity, or loss of patronage? That is the plea of the unprincipled das-tard, who carns his daily bread by daily shame? I pray you, sir, let not this language be thought uncalled for, harsh or uncourtenin. I would not, unnecessarily, wound the feelings of the humblest human being. But I cannot tore in measured terms of those treacheronic for nels, who stand on the watch towers of Monty and suffer the citadel to be taken without rais-ing one cry, or striking one patriotic flow I know there are many honest men who think the evils of Masonry exaggeratory and yet they have never taken the trouble to read the outle

symptoms were alarming. Thank fortune! his name is not Tagfoot Waddle. Smith, though a very common name, was bearable. There were James and Horace Smith from England-names to be proud of. It might be refined into Smythe; It might be worse.

"It is a signal, I believe, to Capt. Croft," replied Mr. Smith; "do you not see his vessel off there to the lofi?" "Yes, I do-it is but a little way off-shall we

the captain of the boat will send us there."

Mr. Felton would be able to go to the Gallery with us, to day -but you see how it is-business,-busincar,-all the time."

"And yet you are very happy?" quoried Miss Felton, with an arch smile. "Yes,-very,-very. I don't say that I could

not be more so, if it would please your brother to spend one hour out of the twenty-lour, in conversation, or in affording himself rational entertain mont .- but-"

"But-"husbands are as God pleases," as the French woman said, and so you are very wisely happy as you are."

Yes, and so you would be, Catharine."

"Never." "Which is to say, you know nothing about it."

"Which is to say, I don't know myself;" answerod Miss Felton."

"Which is to say the truth."

"Now don't suppose, I am to be persuaded in this way, out of my common sense, my dear. Bo-cause you have been deceived in yourself, and have functed you were romatic, without cause, that is no reason I should fall into the same error.<sup>3</sup> "Very excellent sense, Kate-which will be

proved nonsense in good time."

"Who-or how?"

"Experience."

"The old argument of married people!-as if one could not judge as well what is necessary for one's happiness at my age as they ever can!

"We shall see. What is this?" said Mrs. Felton, taking up the sketch, that was lying on the table. "Our charming selves, as I live!" This, of Mr. Felton is very good-but you had only to make perfect beauty, you know, and you could not help getting a likeness. You have wisely avoided my face, I see-and this sketch of th darling, with his little hands stretched out, is ad mirable:---after all, Catharine, you have a taste for domestic pictures. I am sure you will come round by and by, and it will be my turn to take the poncil. Here, let me try. Tilburna in white stain-but you don't affect splendor:-in white linon, then: the great unknown: what concil can portray him?-perfect beauty-grace-wit-ac. implishments! chivalric, imaginative, poetical, noble, proud, and with a name beginning with a Fitz---and ending with a what? Kate---what end-

ing is worthy of such a beginning?" 'Laugh on, if you will. But I have good sense still on my side. Tusto, or habit of thought, or whatever you please to call it; romanco if yo choose-whatever it is--I should never, I could never, he happy unless that tuste was satisfied, though all the world else were perfectly settled

that I was a fool, and the great unknown every thing that was desirable in "an establishment."

As Catharine spoke, she rose from her seat, in the earnestness of her feelings. At sixteen, girls are apt to be in carnest, and Miss Folton joined to an unsophisticated contempt of the ways and means generally employed to procure an establishment, a comance, quite as unsophisticated. - It was not the weak offspring of a novel turned brain, but the healthy result of natural feeling. She was were I a painter-I would not resign the flush wrong in her applications.

Mrs. Felton did not reply to her last remark. She often heard her express the same sentiments: so she only smiled. .

"What do you say then to our going now to the gallery! such a continual rain-rain-as we have had! we may as well improve this pleasant after noon. What say you, Kate,-yea or nay?" Yea, verily.

"Then it is an unanimous vote."

Mrs. Felton and Catharine stood delightedly gazing at the picture of "Joan of Arc in prison. The gallery was dark and cool. A few person only remained, of the crowd which had filled i through the earlier part of the day. "Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured Catharine as

was compressed and straight. There was a charm about his face, as there is about every face, how over unfortunate: and the charm of his, was the vou.' smile that played like summer lightning, over the rloom of his marked features.

Catharine wondered she had never seen him before, and then, all at once, the illusion so common to imaginative persons, came over her and she remembered, that she had seen him before and in the same place,---a long time ago. But when? Just then, the stranger rose from his seat and walked to the upper end of the gallery; and, Catharine felt quite certain that he would stop be ore a particular picture. And he did.

"It is very strange," said she to Mrs. Felton, "but I am perfectly confident that I have seen that person before: only what puzzles me, is that t must have been in this same gallery, and just as

we are standing now:-for my memory of him, s not only akin to the present, but absolutely iden. ified with it. . I feel as if I must have been look ing at this picture, long ago-and as if this man, were a shadow of former time-I remember him -and now he will turn and go out--now do you doubt that I have the second sight?"

"I don't doubt you are losing your senses: so let Aiken, at five, and it wants but a quarter to that ime.

"Is it possible? and I have seen but one picture. "You would see but one picture now, if we were to stay till midnight. But we will come again."

The next day, it rained-and the next;-and he first time it did not rain, Catharine proposed o Mrs. Felton, that they should go early, very

carly to the Atheneum Gallery. When they entered, a gentleman who stood before the "Joan of Are," stopped aside; and Catha rine was glad of an opportunity to gaze once more, on the boautiful features, that had haunted her like a presence, since her former visit. She look ed at the picture, till gradually the scene before hor of degradution and suffering, faded away, and another came over her eyes. Yet the principal figure remained. There was a crowd and many cries. But the cries were executions, and the crowd were bloodthirsty and superstitious wrotch es. There was a public market place and a mil

lion of heads—and a stake—and a far off ory of "sorcery!" "witchcraft!" Then the flames curl ed about the form of the heroine-but the proud glory of the face was unblenched. The eye shot forth the glance of command, and the pale cheek was fixed and stern, as when the pulses beat to ictory.

As a new burst of flame, seemed to curl around the light form of the victim, Catharine started and shuddered.

"This is indeed, the true triumph of art," said a low voice at her side. "To be able to call up such pictures to the fancy,--to enthrall--to subdueto pale the check, with the reality of the horrors it images-this is worth being a painter for! and right in her principle, but she was opt to be of pleasure or pain it may be, that a picture brings up troin the heart, for loud plaudits eternally."

The person that spoke was the same that had attracted Catharine's attention, the day she had been before at the gallery. She suspected he was an artist:-and yet he had said, "if I were a painter," implying that he was not one. She replied o his remark; and he smiled and repeated hers, with the pleasant preface of, "as you just now, truly observed"--(it is so pleasant to find that me's sentences, at sixteen, ure worth repeating, by a dark, stern looking man!) and Catharine hought when he talked and smiled, he looked almost handsome. They had talked of painters and mintings-and then of scenery-and then of picturesque scenery on Connecticut river-and then

of Bellows Falls in particular-finally of several persons whom they discovered they both knew; party.

stances by his means, and his younger is at Cambridge." "But I thought you said he was at college wild

"Yes, he was. His uncle paid his college ex-Another thing—whatever people may think, he is not in much danger from their ridicule. They vould be daring, indeed, who would insult John chine. The seat will hold but three. Will you Russell,-Tagfoot thought he be-and you see he | go Srst Catharine?" asked Mr. Felton. is making a figure in the House, in spite of his

"Yes'-replied Catherine, musingly-'and how did you say he looked? red haired, I guess: since he has such a fiery temper-and eyes that look every way: as if they would say: "Does any body dare to insult Tagfoot Wuddle, member from

"It is a pity to spoil such a picture" said Mr. Felton, "so I will not contradict you."

"And you?" "I never beheld him," replied Mrs. Felton. And Catharine could not persuade her brother to enlighten her any farther.

A month after this conversation, Mr. Folton with his wife and sister were pacing the deck of is go too: you promised, you know, too meet Mrs. a steam boat which was bound for Portland. The sky was as blue as the smooth wave; and the air bracing and cool. A gentleman who stood near the companion

vay looked towards them and Mr. Felton imme

diately went to him. "Who is that?" said Mrs. Folton,"my husband come to know him very well,-they are shaking which captain Croft spoke, to the unpleasant conhands, I can't imagine who it can be."

"But I can," said Catharine, laughing and blushing, for she at once saw it was the incognito of the gallery. Mr. Felton now came towards them, and in-

roduced his companion. "Mr. Smith-an old held his hand for her to step on, and she sprang riend of mine." "Smith," thought Mrs Felton, "I wonder if

e is one of the Exeter Smiths?" "Smith!" thought Catharine, "what a name! And they both curtseyed and smiled' as sweet.

as it his name had not been Smith. Mr Smith seemed pleased to recognise the intelligent face of Miss Felton, and alluded to their

neeting in the gallery; thence the transition was casy to many subjects they had discussed at that time, and Catharine thought he had lost none of is powers of making himself agreeable. "Do you go on to Portland?"

him, without any hesitation, that they were to stop in York harbor; go on board Capt. Croft's vessel, the schooner Mary Ann; that Capt. Croft was a particular friend of theirs; and that then and there, they were to visit "Dom-Daniel's cay

ern in the depths of the ocean."

"How! what do you mean?"

"I wish we may make it out a more romantic xpedition, than I four we shall. Capt. Croft has a diving bell on board, with which he is exploring the wreck of sunken glories, in the shape of white wax, bales of duck, and other gems of the ocean; and Mrs. Felton and myself intend to find out the latest sleeve-patterns for sea-fairies, and leave our card at some of the country seats and coral groves, one hears of. It is at least a perfectly safe curiosity-there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended. Capt. Croft tells us; or

my sister and myself were both too arrant cowards to tempt our destiny in this way.'

Mr. Folton approached them, and asked Mr Smith if he stopped at Portsmouth. "If you had asked me that question half an

our ago," he replied, "I should have said yes: now I have a great inclination to say no."

"Then Miss Felton has enlightened you, as to our projected tour? I wish you would join our

Capt. Croft gave orders to the men who stood at the other end of the ship, and in a few momen's the diving bell slid out from the deck, and stood over the water, about three feet above the surface. "Who shall go first?" was the question.

"Why not all go together?" "Oh that is not possible. Only two can go, at time, besides the bell-man who directs the ma-

"Yes----" said Catharine with a shudder the thought of it; "there is no danger, you say?"

"Not the least in the world. You see those cords from above, where the men are, which go into the bell? those are the signal ropes; and the man inside will direct the motion, up or down, one way or the other, by pulling them. So you see the machine is perfectly manageable."

"And suppose a shark walks in?" "Oh; you must take your chance. If you will go to shark's domains, you must expect him to call

upon you." Mr. Smith seked Catharine if she would accept his eccort, and Catharine was very willing to ac-

"Take a glass of of wine," said Mrs. Felton. But Catharine had grown very brave, and said it was quite unnecessary. She was equal to it. Cant. Croft told her she had better tie a hand.

kerchief about her head. "The compression of the air, when you first go down, is unpleasant; it is like water poured into your cars." Catharine recollected her escort; and she thought she should prefer the unpleasant sensation of sciousness of her own appearance, with her head bound up as if it was broken: and she declined. A small boat was now lowered, and Catharine was hunded into it. It passed round to the bell: under it: then the bell was lowered a little. Mr. Smith into the seat. The man followed and Mr. Smith They were all in their places, and the boat floated

out. from beneath. The signal was given, and the men above cheered long and loadly. The water pressed up into the bell. till itnearly touched their feet, & the air became as hot as a furnace. Catharine closed her eyes. There was a rushing in her ears like the sound of many waters, and then a sensation of something tight round her head like an iron band She had no idea of time, till she felt herself supported by her companion, and him say

"Are you faint, Miss Felton?" "Not at all, now," she answered; and she started at the strange sound of her own voice. "How far down are we?" said Mr. Smith to the

bell-man. "Six-ten-about eighty feet, sir." "And the bell is still."

Catharine looked at her companion's face. It was

eadly pale. "You are faint, surely?" "Not in the least," replied Mr. Smith, casting his eye towards the lights at the top of the bell, "it is the reflection of the green water-you too look very

Through these lights, Catharine could see the fish float quicily by, and below them on the bottom, lay a large shining flounder as motionless and as aritocratic as might be.

"Poets do not tell the truth after all," said Mr. Smith, "where are the "purple nullet and gold fish," and "the sea-flower with its leaves of blue?" alas alns!"

"Shall I move the bell ma'am?" asked the man. "Why?"

"Only to show the facility with which it can be nanaged," replied Mr. Smith. "Raise it a little.? The man pulled one of the ropes, and the bell rose.

"Now to the right." "Now to the left." And the obedient machine moved in the directions

"Now let us be perfectly still," said Catharine, "I indicated. want to feel that we are really under the "deep, deep

There was silence. Her companion held her hand, and a quick pressure of it, showed that he understood covered with flower the feelings that subdued her. Catharine was glad, the barron crags.

t her. "Do not thank me," he replied smiling, and yet as the summathised in her enthusiasm. "I could have if he sympathised in her enthusiasm. done nothing, but for your own calmness and energy -and the efforts of this brave fellow here."

—and the efforts of this brave fellow here." "Yes," said Mr. Felton, "we could not irongine why you did not come up—the men felt the signals, and had put on more purchase, but had no idea of the entunglement, when what should appear above water, but this glorious fellow—his head broke—blood pour-ing out— and he ready to drop with exhaustion; how-ever he would'nt faint, till he had got out, "Cable chain over bell!" and then he sank away in an in-stant. Had'nt if hear for that you were room Lean chain over beth?" and incen he sand away in an in-stant. Had'nt it been for that you were gone, I can tell you; my dear, give Kate some of that wine.---Well, Waddle, you've had a taste of the brine! I fan-cy you'll not be in a hurry to go again!" "Mr. Smith!" was all that Catharine could utter. He answered her look of astonishment. "I believe your brother did not intend the denounce-ment to hannen out a co some howaver he must thenk

ment to happen quite so soon-however he must thank himself. And now, since it has happened, he wil perhaps explain to noe, as well as to you, why he wished me to drop my own name for the one I have so patiently borne. I have been quite passive under it, so far, but will now resume my lawful cognomon of Waddle."

As he spoke he drew himself up with so much dig-nity that Catharine did not laugh. Somehow or oth-er, she did hot feel at all in a laughing mood. And er, she did not feel at all in a laughing mood. And so-this man-the incognito of the gallery-the com-panion of her danger-"the member from A----" this man-who, with all his want of beauty, grace, man-ner,--any thing that she could have thought captivat-ing bad intersetud her more than you more he had ner,—any thing that she could have thought captivat-ing,—had interested her more than any man she had ever seen; this man, was Tagloot Waddle! What could be done? he never would change it again." A-last she had no rich uncles, like old Bunting, to tempt him back to his old name! Oh, if it were his old nan Tagfoot! what could be done! What could be done?" She looked up at Mr. Felton. He was smiling: so was Mrs. Felton; and with such mischievous and ex-pressive smiles, that Catharine could only billsh to the tips of her lingers, and fx her eyes on the green water. water. She envired the placid wave, which contrast-ed so strongly with her own tempest tost mind. Once more she turned over in her thoughts, the possibility of being "Mrs. Tagfoot Waddle;" and this time she glaured at Mr Tagfoot Waddle; He stood a little a-glaured at Mr Tagfoot Waddle; He stood a little apart from the others, and an expression of gravity, al

most of melancholy, rested on his peculiar features It touched Catharine to the heart. How sad it mus It touched Catharine to the heart. How sad it mus be, to bear such a name? to bear it too alone? Proba bly he would never wish; would never *dare* to ask any body to share it with him. She would red if he ever would. She beran to fear he would not After all, what's in a name?" And Catharine was thinking how much "experience" had done towards c. using some of her opinions, when Mr. Felton spoke, and she started, for she thought her cars had deceived her. No: the had heard very plainly, as was evi dent from the response. Mr. Felton had said;

"Did yon bring Mrs Waddle with you to Boston And he replied, that Mrs Waddle's health was in different, and the care of her children detained her "Then there was a Mrs. Tagfoot Waddle! and a number of little Waddles!"

> There is a jewel that no Indian mine can buy, No chemic art can counterfeit, It makes men rich in greatest poverty, Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold, The homely whistle to sweet muse's strain;

Seldom it comes to few from Heaven sent, That much is little--all in nought-CONTERY.

that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity: and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort, as in the works of nature the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in

CONTENTMENT.

In the condition of men, it frequently happens