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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From Dickens' Household Words.

How the Old Love Fared.

I.

One morning the sun shone gloriously from his blue home in the skies athwart a few pale clouds. Then its rays fell disheartened and cold on some two or three hundred yards of murky atmosphere, beneath which lay a "rising town."

The streets were somthing narrow, and the houses were curiously jammed, and had a permanently blackened look; but what they lacked in size and beauty they compensated for in number. Seafaring men stood talking in groups at the corners of the crossings. Every pair of trousers in the place was more or less daubed with tar; and some of those who were them were fine stalwart specimens of the Saxon race, with bullet-head, bull-dog neck, handsome sanguinent face, and crisp flaxen yellow curls. Small boys of five years old wore their fathers' sou'westers.

One jostled another as he passed along the streets; another young man was lounging up against one of the corners in a lazy fashion, inserting his toes in the gutter-drains, and holding on by projections not to be discerned by ordinary eyes. He fell more than once, and from a fair height too; but rose nothing daunted, and doggedly recommenced the ascent. They all wore a reckless, self-reliant air, and were, I suppose, of the proper stock to make British sailors. Even the less respectable of the women who were wrangling among the men, differed strangely from the faded worn-out objects who are daily placed before the magistrate in our London police courts. Their laughter was loud, their voices deep, their limbs massive. Very virile indeed they looked, and were.

Further on to the right, some stupendous works were in course of construction. Thews and sinews were to be seen there, such as only England produces, toiling doggedly and perpetually. Steam engines of various forms and uses were toiling also after their fashion—here to pump water in, and there to pump water out—besides those, there were men, horses dragging, and [illegible] if they were quite used to [illegible] and cared less about being [illegible]. They were of the sort of animals foreigners are so much smitten with when they see them, in the dray-carts in London, very carefully tended; many of them are gaily ornamented with ribbons, plaiting of hair, brass settings, and the like, according to the taste and ability of the man who looked after each particular horse. The works themselves were well worth an examination. The workers were pushing out groins and breastings which must have astonished the sea as they gradually forced it out of its old landmarks.

It happened more than once that it had in the night time arisen and revenged itself, and that in a few hours the labor of months had been swept away. But the next day saw men calmly setting to work to repair the damage with double care, and replace the wall with fourfold strength. More than a score of broad acres were already redeemed from the salt waters. Here and there might be observed thoughtful looking men standing, watching keenly and with contracted brows the progress of things.

Standing rather apart with folded arms and a profoundly discouraged air, a young gentleman was likewise gazing round him. He was broad-shouldered, rather under-sized, but not ill-made and muscular. He had full blue eyes, a quantity of hair of a tawny red, a large mouth, garnished with a set of capital teeth. Naturally his smile was constant, bright and jovial; but now it was considerably overcast. He walked up to one of the contractors with the air of a man who has made up his mind to a last effort.

"Then you do not see any prospect of employment for me, Mr. Langford?"

"No, I do not indeed, Sellon. You see, Renny manages it all, and he has the cash. That place would have just suited you, and you would have done the work far better than Renny's nephew. It's not the right man in the right place, Stephen. But the man is in the place, and right will not turn him out, while might keeps him in. I'm very sorry for it, Stephen, but it cannot be helped."

"Well, good-bye, then, Langford. I shall be at Wendon on Sunday." They shook hands and parted.

II.

It was Sunday in the old town of Wendon; and the cracked bell of a large church was clanging forth its invitation to the people to enter its opened doors. It was an old church—you might tell that, by its strange, high, lumbering pews, which no devout young Oxford curate had swept yet away. The windows were cobwebbed and dusty, with here and there a pane of stained glass in quaint pattern; these were distributed with perfect irregularity. These windows looked on to the backs of gloomy houses, and on to worn gravestones, where the forefathers of those who now stood there slept. Long, tangled, sickly grass twined about the gravestones; one or two were ornamented with marigolds and oyster-shells. Some trees of smoke-dried green slowly grew and slowly decayed by the side of the old church. The bell-ropes hung into the body of the building, and a stove reared its unsightly pipe in the centre, supported by iron bars, which radiated from it in every direction. The churchwardens were all ready seated—or rather, enthroned in canopied pews, and looked down with contempt natural to officials on the rest of the scanty congregation. They were substantial shoopkeepers, and had every right to do so. The pews at the side were of an extra height. Their seclusion sometimes promoted intense devotion—sometimes, great levity. A few school-girls sheltered their whisperings in these depths, and some aged and not very reputable or handsome looking old men in coifs and caps were seen sprinkled higher up.

Just before the confession, a pretty black-eyed girl glided down the aisle, with a rather conscience-stricken air, opened with some difficulty one of the doors, and hid herself immediately in the very highest pew; there she knelt down to say her short prayer. Within just as much time as suggested the idea that he had lingered outside in order not to appear together, Stephen Sellon entered and seated himself in the adjacent pew. The two behaved very well during the service, taking only stealthy, innocent glances at each other, and even these at long intervals; but when the sermon was read, and the benediction said, the girl remained a little longer than usual on her knees, and Stephen was waiting for her when she rose. They walked silently together out of church, and turned on to a broad walk shaded by trees, which bordered the river on which the town stood As they got further and further away from the departing congregation, Stephen, being an enterprising youth in all he undertook, possessed himself of her hand, and put his free under her bonnet in such a fashion that she could not choose but look at him, and he looked long, but not apparently making himself the happier for so doing, for at the conclusion he gave a great sigh.

"Margaret, my darling, I've no good news for you. I've been up to the dock works; but the place Langford hoped to give me is filled, and there's no chance of another opening. They don't want young, untried hands there, and of brains there is plenty and over. These are hard men, Margaret; they might have given me a trial."

"But, Stephen," said the girl, and her voice faltered a little as she spoke, "you know what you wish cannot be. I cannot leave my father, he is aging sadly. I think his poor eyes are growing dim, and now he would rather hear all his beautiful music played to him than do it himself, and my idea, Stephen, my great hope is, that I may be able to take his pupils for him."

"You would do it well, Margaret; you have a wonderful knack at managing people."

Margaret smiled, and in her smile there was a piquant mocking expression, which seemed like a gleam about her mouth. She became grave again.

"You see I shall have had a practice at nights and now I measure up his mistresses. If I can induce one or two families to let me take his place, that will do much. And then when he is so old he can work no longer, I can still support him as he has been accustomed to live. He has worked for me, it is fit that I should work for him."

"But if I could get work near, you need not leave him, Margaret; we could marry, and all live together."

"No, Stephen, we are too young to fetter ourselves with such uncertain prospects. Alone we may struggle, and if we fall we fall alone, and drag down no others; but were we married, and your employment so uncertain, cares would come on us more quickly than we could meet them. Believe me, we are best single.

There was no selfishness about the young fellow, and yet man like he could not forbear the answer, "Margaret, you think more of your father than you do of me. My young life—" he stopped abruptly.

"I should be no good wife to you, Stephen, if I failed as a daughter; so do not press me more, dear Stephen. God knows I am sorely tried already," and the pent up tears came at last.

Then Stephen inwardly called himself many frightful names, of which unmanly wretch and brute were the least severe; but he only said audibly:

"I know it, Margaret—forgive me, and the words were hardly out of his mouth, before he was forgiven, I suppose, for the hand was again placed confidently in his. He continued, "The worst is yet to come, Margaret; I have undertaken to work my way to India, and the captain has promised to get me engineering work as soon as we arrive. It is no degradation," he said stoutly. "I did hope to have begun higher up; but I've never shirked work, and I'll show that a gentleman can do as good a day's work as any one. I've toiled with dust, and dirt, and oil, and what not, and I'll do it again. I know my trade thoroughly, the lowest as well as the highest part of it; it's only to begin over again, and I'm young and strong."

"Yes, it's all true," said poor Margaret, and these few words were all she could say.

"I shall not forget you, Margaret; it may be twenty years before we meet again, but even then, I shall be yours only."

Margaret smiled, but this time it was a poor, wan, struggling smile. "I shall be old and faded then, Stephen."

"It does not matter," he returned, with a steady, loving gaze. "You may be old and faded, worn and shrivelled; but you will be more to me than any other woman."

Here they turned their steps back to the church.

"Well, Stephen, I bind you by no promise; we will follow the promptings of our own hearts. We have the world before us, and God to aid us," she said.

They walked on silently for a little time. "We must part now, dear Stephen."

"I sail to-morrow, Margaret.

They stood and gazed sadly on the gravestones; there seemed nothing but an atmosphere of dampness and decay around them, only the warm love and young hopes in their breasts; but these triumphed, even in the sorrow of the hour. He held her in his strong arms, for one last caress, and then released her. In another minute he was gone. And so they parted with wrung hearts, fearing, as many young lovers have feared, that the hour-glass of time, or the scythe of death, would stand between them in this life.

III.

Stephen Sellon pulled his hat over his eyes, and bent his steps towards the little inn, where his worldly goods were packed ready for transit, in a depressed and remorseful state of mind. He was miserable enough, and though he bit his lips and clenched his teeth, it was hard work to keep the tears from starting. It was in vain that he inwardly exhorted himself not to feel this wringing pain at his heart; that he repeated to himself, at first mentally, and afterwards aloud for greater effect, that hard wise saying of Queen Elizabeth, "Time will comfort us, and why not do for ourselves Time's office?" Nature, not manhood, was uppermost. His dinner was despatched, and then he lighted his pipe, crossed his legs, and gazed moodily into the fire. He folded his arms tightly across his chest thinking of her. Then he opened the window, and leant out with some romantic idea that the wind would waft her breath to him, or the same moon should look down on both. He had not naturally a genius for self torment, quite the reverse; but in love a man will do such things. In his mind's eye he beheld her as his wife; and, again, he saw her fretted and worn, struggling for her father with adverse circumstances, and sinking quietly, but surely, while his arm would be far from her.

Then an organ-boy added his mite of torture, and commenced Angiol d'amore, a song he had often heard Margaret sing, he turned away as if he had been stung. It suggested unfaithfulness, and he tried to recall her actual words. No vow had been given, though much had been implied. So, being driven from the window by the organ, he returned and faced his friend—the fire—watching ring after ring of pale blue smoke ascend, until he fell into a sort of a doze; then started up, looked at his watch, got his luggage together, and hurried off in time to catch the night-train for town.

He got into an empty second class carriage, placed his carpet-bag under his head, spread his plaid on the seat, stretched himself out at full length, and, tired in body and mind, fell asleep, and woke in London. The sharp morning air, the murky atmosphere, the huge pile of houses, broke on his eyes as he yawned and shivered with that uneasy, unwashed sensation which a night's travelling generally leaves. There was not more than time sufficed to swallow a cup of hot coffee, and reach the South Eastern terminus for the down-train to Folkstone.

Three days from that time Stephen was at Marseilles, and was engaged there as seaman's wages to work under the engineer in the Peninsular and an Oriental steamship Ava. It sailed, and he sped on his way; if his heart was heavy, his spirit was good; if his belief in Margaret's faithfulness was very considerable, his belief in his own was amazingly firm.

IV.

It was perhaps a dozen years after this that a lady, warmly clad in silks and furs, walked down the principal street of Wendon one winter's day. She carried a small roll of music under her cloak, and stopped at one of the large cloistered houses that flanked the cathedral in their well-bred gloom and stillness. She rang the bell and was quickly admitted into the drawing room. She opened her music, laid aside her wrappings, and revealed the face of Margaret Meriton. Full, gay, handsome and careless, with a bewitching drollery about the mouth, and a rather masterful eye. Presently the door was opened, and a tall and wilful looking girl, with a pair of flashing blue eyes, almost ran in. She would have embraced Margaret on the spot, but the latter drowned the effort in her significant way; she laid her hand on the young lady's shoulder, saying:

"Well, Cecile, how is the voice, and how have you progressed with the song?"

"O, Miss Meriton, papa says I am house, and that I have a cold; but let me try."

For myself, I think it an undoubted fact that school girls pay greater attention to lessons received from masters than from their own sex; and I make no question that, when the enlightened and platonic nature of the age admits of youths being instructed by female professors, the converse of the proposition will hold good. At the same time, there is another fact to be placed against this, as has always been the case with every fact since the world begun; and that is, that a woman of a certain age, who has self-control, and has cultivated her powers of fascination, can, if she chooses to do it, acquire an influence over young girls which almost amounts to idolatry on the one side, and against which even a lover can hardly hold his own. So Margaret Meriton, who liked to be charming, and was necessitated in her character as music teacher to eschew flirting, made herself particularly charming to her pupils, who all adored her after the fashion of young girls. We may also suppose, if we like, that she thought a little of poor Stephen, and for his sake did not wish to lose her skill in the art of being delightful for want of practice. So the two sat down and proceeded very amicably for some time. At last the fantasy seized Margaret that Miss Vereker should repeat a certain passage a given number of times, as a penalty for a falling short in the mode of performing it.

The young girl's spirit did not bear this burden very meekly; first her pride rose, then mortification did battle with pride, and lastly, the spirit of sullenness descended and utterly paralyzed Miss Vereker's vocal powers. A decided pause ensued. Margaret, smiling to herself as the altered intonation fell on her ear, turned round, and met such a blaze of indignation on the pretty face as (we are sorry to record it) made her smile a great deal more—then commenced the song herself. The refrain was,

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one word which, if believed,
Had blessed thy life with true believing."

She sang it deliciously, and in so doing forgot or seemed to forget her pupil, her home, and her father's people. The inexorable spirit of music spoke to her of other things, and, as her fingers wandered over the keys, her face grew very wistful, almost sad, and she no longer remembered even to tease Miss Vereker, who was affected like Saul, in so far that the mutinous demon was in some sort charmed out of her, and she was pondering how she might best descend from the pedestal of pride, and make submission to Margaret without losing her dignity. The song was finished, and both came back to realities. Margaret did not care about conquering herself, but was wondrously fond of conquering other people; so she devoted an instant to Miss Vereker, and having ascertained by an almost imperceptible glance that young lady's state of mind, she proceeded to apply the actual cautery. She took the song, and gave it to her, saying very sadly, "Until to-day I always sung that song with pleasure, Cecile, but you have joined to it a less pleasant memory; I hope you will like it better from this time than I shall;" and she bent over it, and wrote on the margin, Revolte. Cecile Vereker gave a convulsive gulp; but, before she could utter the words of contrition which hung on her lips, a youth of seventeen years, the fac simile of his sister, entered hastily. "May I see you home, Miss Meriton? I have stayed on purpose," he added, in a boyish, pleading manner.

Margaret was arranging her shawl round her shoulders, and she did this very deliberately, bending down her head, while an amused smile played about her lips. Meanwhile the boy eyed her as if he longed to assist he, but refrained, lest he should meet with a repulse. Possibly some memory of former rejections aided his apparent moderation. "No, I thank you, young George; a poor music mistress hardly needs an escort. Good night, Cecile."

The lad followed her to the door with a provoked look on his handsome young face. I dare say that young George grated on his ears. He returned to his sister, and regarded the fire. "She is too handsome to walk alone. I wish I were a man, Cis, and then I would marry her."

This new view made Cis deliberate a little. The result was, she, also. "That would be very nice, George, and then I need not take any more singing lessons of her—at least, unless I liked the songs particularly," she added, as her eye fell on the word Revolte.

Margaret gave two more lessons on the road, and then walked quickly home, and safely too, in spite of young George's fears.

Her father, a poor gentleman in the first instance, became poorer still; an amateur musician, he was reduced to make his pleasure minister to his necessity. His health, as we know, failed him more than his fortune; for as Margaret had said, so she had done, and in the matter of a daughter he was decidedly a much to be envied man. When she returned, he was sitting in his chair by the fire, thinking long of her; as the Scotch say, in her eyes he looked, each time she came back, more gentle, feeble, and shadowy than before. She busied herself about him buoyantly and pleasantly, as was her wont.

In quickly told tales like this there is no room, as there is no need, to detail the course of each day, which went to make up her life. Margaret Meriton was fast growing rich. I don't mean that she had amassed landed property, but she had for many years been liable to the income tax, (all English hearts will feel for her and with her in this respect.) Work was a law and necessity, but she did her work easily; it suited her, and her gains were sufficient to support her father in great comfort. She was, moreover, much liked by the families around; her unflagging gayety of spirit, her quick talent, and splendid voice, made her a welcome addition to every society. No tidings from Sellon had ever reached her—yet, in spite of it, she grew happier, handsomer, and stouter; she was not a weary because he came not; and, indeed, presented no semblance to the Marian of the Moated Grange.

Ten years from the time we last portrayed her she entered her fortieth year. It was a winter evening; there had been a driving shower of sleet and snow, with a keen, bitter north wind; the foot passengers in the street were whipped, blinded, and at last cowed by it, and retreated into their houses; the houseless poor beltook themselves to alleys and doorways for shelter. The skies were sullen and lowering, and a dense mass of pale gray to the northwest afforded every prospect of more rough weather. I do not think any one could be more comfortable or handsome than Margaret Meriton, as she sat making the hot coffee in the snug study, clad in rich garments of sober hue, as befitted her age and purse.

Her father was still alive, and was seated in the self-same chair. His head was very white, and quite bowed on his breast, and his long thin fingers beat time restlessly. She spoke only a few words to him now and then, and they were caressing, and such as might have been used to a child. At last she settled herself in her own lounging chair, cut open a new book, and was soon deep in it. Gradually the new book found its resting place on the floor, and Margaret reposed calmly. There was a rumbling of carriage wheels close to the house, and then a halt. But there was no magnetism in the air to warn Margaret of any one being near her, more than that gentle shadowy man whom she had tended for so many years. Then a foot step in the hall, and hand on the door. Even the seven sleepers awaked at last, and when the door opened Margaret started to her feet, fully prepared to deny that she had been otherwise than wide awake. She heard a deep voice say, "I know the way," and then came a face bronzed fiery red, full blue eyes, not altogether strange to Margaret—at least she had seen such in her dreams—a mass of hair, beard, moustache, and whiskers of hue which was pale only beside the face.

All this surmounted a figure huge in every way, but especially in breadth. Margaret stood wondering, and the figure stood wondering also. Like the Ancient Mariner, "he fixed her with his glittering eye," and as he performed this operation he drew off wrapping after wrapping, and at length stood confessed as Stephen Sellon, weighing at least sixteen stone. He was not a tall man, so appearances did not assist him on that score. Then the blue eyes danced with amusement, the white teeth showed themselves, and a hearty, full and sonorous laugh broke the ice.

"Margaret, do you not know me?" He stepped forward and kissed her, at first lightly on her cheeks, and then putting her back, with another glance and another laugh, he followed up that kiss with many others, and they came so fast and warm that Margaret had not really presence of mind to resist.

"I ascertained you were still Margaret Meriton, or you would not have seen me here to-night. Is this your father?

She led him up to the old man gently. "Speak tenderly to him, Stephen, he is quite childish now." Something in the subdued, womanly tone of Margaret's voice gave Stephen a choking sensation; however, he cleared his throat, and shook hands with Mr. Meriton.

The poor gentleman looked up, with his wan apprehensive smile. "You'll be kind to Margaret, sir, you'll be kind to her;" and then he rambled on incoherently.

Margaret had not forgotten how to blush, and at this random speech of her father's the blood rushed up in torrents to her hair roots, leaving a transient crimson on her throat and neck. Apparently this enchanted Stephen; he rubbed his hands, and arranged his tawny beard, and sat down, and watched Margaret as she poured out coffee for him, with the bright cheerful, trusting look of twenty years before.

"Ah, Margaret," he continued, laughingly, "I swore that were you faded, worn and weazen, I would still be true; but you have not fretted for me—you have not the assurance to pretend it. Am I absolved from my oath?"

Margaret raised her eyes with a malicious glance, signifying, *Et tu Brute!*

"Yes, I know," he added, surveying rather ruefully his own ample person. "We have both much to forgive." There was no explanation asked, for none was required, they both felt uncommonly happy.

Shall we leave them so? Ah, young lovers' would you believe it possible that that happy, handsome, comfortable looking woman is Margaret Meriton, who, a score of years before, was condemned to separation, uncertainty, and work for her daily bread; or that good man, so jovial, frank, and portly, should be the exiled lover. Take courage—"men die, and the worms eat them, but not for love." They had each done their duty, not sadly and sternly, but merrily and well, and their tree of love blossomed, though late in life. Perhaps one of the things we love best to see, is the gentle, grave beauty of some autumnal flower, which gladdens our eyes when the summer has fled, and the unkindly drip of the winter rain is at hand, and the sky is ashen gray, and our mother earth brown and lifeless.

Sensations in the Water.

A Mr. George, describing his sensation while in the water, says: "That verse, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' kept passing in and out of me—through me, rather, as if I had been the pipe of an organ. It did not come to me by my own volition, but somehow made me remember it. Another passenger describes his sensation in this wise: "I guess I had been about four hours in the water, and had floated away from the rest, when the waves ceased to make any noise, and I heard my mother say, 'Johny, did you eat sister's grapes?' I hadn't thought of it for twenty years at least. It had gone clear out of my mind. I had a sister that died of consumption more than thirty years ago, and when she was sick—I was a boy of eleven years or so—a neighbor had sent her some early hot-house grapes. Well, those grapes were left in a room where I was, and—I ought to have been skinned alive for it, little rascal that I was—I devoured them all. Mother came to me after I had gone to bed, when she could not find the fruit for sister to moisten her mouth with in the night, and said, "Johny, did you eat sister's grapes?" I did not add to the meanness of my conduct by telling a lie. I owned up, and my mother went away in tears, but without flogging me. It occasioned me a quaim of conscience for many a year after that; but, as I said, for twenty years at least I had not thought of it, till when I was floating about, benumbed with cold, I heard it as plain as ever I heard her voice in my life—I heard my mother say "Johny, did you eat sister's grapes?" I don't know how to account for it. It did not scare me though. I thought it was a presage of my death.

No Dread of Death. The New York *Times* says:

"We questioned nearly all the passengers of the Central America arrived yesterday by the Empire City, and received various replies. We found no one who would confess to dread a death *per se*. One thought of his family, friends, and struggled for life, for their sakes. Another wished to live that he might enjoy the treasure which he had stowed away on his person, and which would be saved if he was. A third, who had lost everything, wanted to begin life anew, and make his fortune over again. A species of fatalism consoled some. If their time was come it was come, and they saw their comrades in misfortune fall in their last struggle and sink, with scarcely a pang. One man told us he went to sleep in the water."

From the New York Independent.

The Swiss and French Memorials.

It has already been announced through *The Independent* that in addition to the memorial from Geneva on the subject of American slavery, memorials had been received from the Synod of the Canton Vaud, and from all the Protestant churches of France, upon different aspects of the same question. The publication of these memorials has been delayed in consequence of the absence from town of the parties to whose care they were addressed. We learn from the committees that both memorials will be laid before the public in a few days.

We take occasion here to correct an error of the Rev. Dr. Baird with regard to these documents. The *New York Observer* lately published a letter from Dr. Baird, in which that gentleman announces his determination to prevent any discussion on the subject of American slavery at the Berlin Conference! We give an extract:

"Just as I was about to leave Geneva, I learned with astonishment that a scheme has been concocted by which the subject of American slavery is to be forced into the Berlin Conference! And a distinguished gentleman of Geneva is to be the instrument for doing a work which our English friends would hardly dare to attempt themselves. Should this be done, I promise you, Messrs. Editors, such a chapter of facts as will surprise you and your readers. All such attempts will be resisted; that you may depend upon. Our German brethren have given no such item in the programme on which, and by which, they have invited their brethren from America. If American slavery is to come in, then I shall insist upon it that three or four other subjects shall come in, one of which shall be the preparation of a 'memorial' to the Queen of England, and appointment of a deputation to Lord Palmerston, 'On the enormous injury done to humanity by the conquest of India, with its 150,000,000 of inhabitants, by the English, and the conversion of that great country into one vast garden for the production of opium, which they are engaged in forcing on China, with its 350,000,000 of inhabitants, at the mouth of the cannon, thus producing incalculable evil to 500,000,000 human beings, and hindering the spread of the Gospel among one-half of the human race!" I, for one, shall insist that at least *this* subject shall be put by the side of American slavery, if our English brethren will force in the subject of slavery—notwithstanding that the Germans have from the outset refused to place it in the programme—employing no matter whom to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them.

"No stone has been left unturned by a certain party to stir up our evangelical brethren at Paris, Lyons, Geneva, Lausanne, and Vevay during the last several months, to address 'memorials' and 'letters' to our churches on the subject of slavery—just as if our American churches are not fully as likely to be acquainted with that subject as the brethren referred to. Of these four or five letters or memorials, I am not aware that more than *one* (that from Geneva) has been published in a single *Southern* paper, religious or secular, or any Northern paper that has much circulation in the South. And because the editors of the paper (the *Central Presbyterian*) that published that address ventured to comment upon it, and express their honest conviction that all such 'letters' must fail to do any good worth speaking of, in the part of the country for which it is professed they are intended, Count Gasparin takes them to task with all the zeal, and even fury, of a cavalier of the middle ages. Well, indeed, has it been remarked that our evangelical friends in Paris, Lyons, Geneva, Vevay—in other words, in France and Switzerland, without going further—have enough to do; they need not trouble themselves about our American slavery, which after all must be managed by our own people. But more of this at another time. R. B."

Of the tone of this letter we shall not suffer ourselves to speak; but its errors require correction. Dr. B. says: "Of these four or five letters or memorials, not more than one has been published in any *South ern* paper." Now the fact is that as yet only *one* of these memorials—that from Geneva—has been published *at all!* Those from Lausanne, and from Paris, Lyons, and all France, have just been received by the Committees intrusted with their publication, and are about to be issued from the press. Of the Geneva memorial *three thousand copies* have been sent by mail to influential persons at the South, and already a gentleman of South Carolina has attempted to reply to it in an article of six newspaper columns. It has been published entire at Richmond, and portions of it have reached the South through various channels.

We would suggest that the extreme sensitiveness which Dr. Baird's letter betrays at any allusion to slavery, the manner in which it speaks of Count Gasparin, the threat to match one sin by others, and to retaliate charges instead of accepting Christian counsel, and the boast that churches which enfold Col. Netherland and the Richmond Convention, can "manage" the evil of slavery without counsel from abroad—do not present the most favorable aspect of American Christianity to the evangelical Christians of Europe. We regret exceedingly to have to record such sentiments from the pen of one who has stood so high in the confidence of the churches at home and abroad. The letter must have been penned in a moment of inconsiderate haste. But if Dr. Baird means to carry the spirit of this letter into the meeting at Berlin, we are glad that Dr. *William Patton*, and other American divines of equal standing, are there to represent their countrymen.

A dog which had lost a whole litter, was seen the other day trying to poke a piece of crape through the handle of the door of a passenger shop.

Why is a lady pulling on her corsets like a man who drinks to drown his grief? Because in *solacing* herself, she is *getting tight*.

Adventure in the Tomb of David.

The following sketch, furnished by Miss Barclay, daughter of James T. Barclay, author of a forthcoming work, "The City of the Great King," gives an interesting account of her perilous adventure in gaining access to the *Tomb of David:*

"Early one morning, during the great Mohammedan feast of Rhamadan, I was called to the 'parley' room, to see my friend Moosa. This little fellow having become rather a frequent visitor, I was at first inclined to excuse myself, but remembering he had lately hinted at the possibility of my gaining an entrance into the Tomb of David, and in consideration, too, of the fact of being their feasting season, the everlasting finjan of coffee and douceur of sweetmeats—those otherwise indispensable marks of Turkish civility—might now be dispensed with, I concluded to make my appearance. On entering the room, my pleasing suspicions were confirmed by seeing him close the door and mysteriously place his forefinger on his lips, in token of profound secrecy. He laid his ponderous turban on the divan beside him, doffed his slippers, crossed his legs, and then disclosed the nature of his errand. In short, I was informed that his sister was ready for an adventure; and, as I was too, we were not long in reaching 'Turfendah,' (his sister,) who immediately commenced operations. My hair was taken down, and braided in scores of little plaits. A red cloth cap, with a blue silk tassel, was placed on my head, and around it a gauze turban, with gold tassels and embroidery. My robe and trowsers were of the finest Damascus silk, my girdle of cashmere, and tunic of light blue and embroidered in silver flowers. My hands were already dyed with 'henna,' having undergone this process on the occasion of a former adventure in the Mosque of Omer, and still retained the deep yellow hue; my skin was pretty deeply tanned, too, from a residence of several years under a burning Syrian sun, which was quite an addition to my Turkish appearance. The sheet, veil, and slippers came in due order; and having secreted my pencil and sketch-book in the folds of my girdle, we sallied forth accompanied by Turfendah's favorite slave.

"The reputed Tomb of David is just outside of Zion Gate; hard by the Cœnaculum and American cemetery. It is surrounded by an irregular pile of buildings, and surmounted by a dome and minaret. In the interior are some of the most grotesque architectural embellishments imaginable, on the capitals of some remains of the Crusaders' architecture. Just think of the frightful owl occupying the place of the classic acanthus and mythic lotus! We passed the several halls and corridors evidently of the style of the Quixotic era of the Crusaders' domination, before reaching the consecrated apartment, whose entrance is guarded by double iron doors. We found here an old derwish prostrate in prayer, on the cold stone floor. Not being privileged, as we, to enter the sacred precincts, he was content with gazing at the tomb through the iron bars; for it is a rare thing for even a Mussulman ecclesiastic to gain admittance—my companion and her family only enjoying this privilege, because they are very near relatives of the curator of the tomb. Our slave was despatched for the key, which she had no difficulty in obtaining, on the plea that her mistress wished to pray on the holy spot. But what was my consternation on seeing another slave return with her! I confess that I trembled, and was thinking I had best leave my awkward slippers behind, in case of retreat, as they would greatly impede my progress, and might thereby cause me to lose my head. She peered under my veil, asked who I was, and seemed satisfied with the careless reply of Turfendah, that I was merely a friend of hers from Stamboul. She invited us up stairs to see the old keeper's harem; and Dahudeah, (Moosa's little wife,) who is always glad to exchange the purgatory of a residence with her lord and master for a visit of a few days here; for I can testify from personal observation that the young effendi lords it over her in true oriental conjugal style. Turfendah regretted she could not accept her kind invitation, and, as she was so much exhausted from fasting, she would prefer deferring it to another time. The slave then left, to our mutual relief, and, having dismissed the old derwish, the doors were closed and doubly locked.

"The room is insignificant in its dimensions, but is furnished very gorgeously. The tomb is apparently an immense sarcophagus of rough stone, and is covered by green satin tapestry, richly embroidered with gold. To this a piece of black velvet is attached, with a few inscriptions from the Koran, embroidered also in gold. A satin canopy of red, blue, green and yellow stripes, hangs over the tomb, and another piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, covers a door in one end of the room, which they said leads to a cave underneath. Two tall silver candlesticks stand before this door, and a little lamp hangs in a window near it, which is kept constantly burning, and whose wick, though saturated with oil—and I dare say, a most nauseous dose—my devotional companion eagerly swallowed, muttering to herself a prayer with many a genuflaxion. She then, in addition to their usual forms of prayer, prostrated herself before the tomb, raised the covering, pressed her forehead to the stone, and then kissed it many times. The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the walls covered with blue porcelain, in floral figures. Having remained here an hour or more, and completed my sketch, we left, and great was my rejoicing when I found myself once more at home, out of danger, and still better, out of my awkward costume."

A barkeeper of Albany, N. Y., has made a bet of $50 that he can make twenty gin cocktails in one minute. The editor of the Savannah News says he can find a man in that place who will "bolt" gin cocktails by the hour faster than any barkeeper in creation can make them.