THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

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Poetical.

The Union.

BY FRANCIS DE HARE JANVIER.

The Union! The Union!
The hope of the free!
Howsoe'er we may differ,
In this we agree—
Our glorious banner;
No traitor shall mar,
By effacing a stripe,
Or destroying a star!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever.

The Union! The Union!
'Twas purchased with blood!
Side by side, to secure it,
Our forefather's stood—
From the North to the South,
Through the length of the land,
Ran the war cry which summoned
That patriot band!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
At Lexington, first,
Through the clouds of oppression,
Its radiance burst—
But, at Yorktown, rolled back
The last vapory crest,
And a bright constellation,
It blazed in the West!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
Its heavenly light
Cheers the hearts of the nations
Who grope in the night—
And, athwart the wide ocean,
Falls, gliding the tides,
A path to the country
Where Freedom abides!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
In God we repose!
We confide in the power
That vanquished our foes!
The God of our fathers—
Oh, still may He be
The strength of the Union,
The hope of the free!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever.

Miscellaneous.

"Umble."

We believe that every pronouncing dictionary of the English language gives *umble* as the proper and only pronunciation of humble. And our belief is, that for many generations all moderately educated people who spake the English language have so pronounced the word. But within a few recent years the custom of sounding the *h* has prevailed, and we now often hear it among people who are well educated. In the pulpit the error is not unusual, and even in the Episcopal service, where the proper pronunciations is provided for by the article *an*—as, "an humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart"—the *h* is made disagreeably prominent. The fact being thus familiar, one naturally looks for the reason; and, although it seems strange that so large an effect should flow from so trifling a cause, we believe the entire blame rests on Dickens, the novelist.

Dickens, it would seem, at some period in his educational training, ascertained that the "'am and heggs" and various kindred expressions of the English illiterati were cockneyisms; and reasoning with himself, he came to the bold conclusion that *humble*, like *ham, hear, hatchet*, etc., be longed to the list of words that required the *h* to be sounded. When, therefore, he undertook Uriah Heep, he naturally made him develope his cockneyism by the incessant mispronunciation of his favorite virtue. So far, so good; for, so far, Dickens merely exposed his own ignorance. But, whatever may have been the effect of his blunder among his own countrymen, a large number of his American readers apparently took it for granted that so great a man as Dickens could not be wrong in so simple a matter, and that therefore Uriah, and not Dickens, was the ignoramus in the premises. With this impression on their minds, they quietly made all possible haste out of Uriah's company, and perhaps took occasion to "lug in" the "humble" oftener than was necessary, to show, affirmatively, that they were "posted" in the usages of good society. We advise them to reconsider their action, and—so forth—to reinstate Uriah in their "distingtished consideration."—*N. Y. Post.*

Scene in a Sanctum.

[Enter a large strong man, with a long cow hide.]

'Is the editor in?'

'Yes.'

'You!'

'Yes.'

'I have come up to settle with you.'

'Well. (Editor draws a revolver) Go ahead.'

'I have taken your paper a year.'

'Well,' (capping a pistol.)

'An article in your last week's paper (editor cocks the pistol) convinced me that you need—'

'I deny your right to give it—therefore please be cautious, sir.'

'Give you what?'

'A thrushing!'

'Why, no, my dear sir, I came to pay my subscription in advance.'

Of course no further disturbance was necessary.

The Rescue.

A VERY CURIOUS STORY.

From "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life.

When about thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1829, he was first mate on a barque trading between Liverpool and St. Johns, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwart ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other, fronting the stairway, into the state-room. The desk in the state-room was in the for ward part of it, close to the door; so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin.

The mate absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out without looking around, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right. How is yours?" Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose; and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised his head and disclosed, to the astonished mate, the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but as he met the fixed gaze looking at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention. "Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one, that I know of."

"But there *is*, sir; there's a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without my orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate.—Then he looked up full in my face; and, if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Him! Whom?"

"God knows, sir. I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce.—A stranger and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but, if the truth must be told sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color; "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul to be found!

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did not I tell you that you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my house and family again!"

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.

"By ——," he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "*Steer to the Nor'west.*"

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain, in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and as a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last turning the slate over and pushing it towards Bruce, he said, "Write down; 'Steer to the Nor'west.'"

The mate complied; and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two hand-writings, said, "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came; and, at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said: "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity,—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul, beyond the crew and the officers, was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what the devil do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir, *I* saw the man write; *you* see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course nor'west. And, Mr. Bruce" he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look-out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after, they hove to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was staved, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her water, gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen, three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress, exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barque on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive."

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this gentleman."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate, with the side upon which the mysterious writing was not. "I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write 'Steer to the Nor'west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, did so, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him again with the other side up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he.—"I only wrote one of those. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir.—My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barque. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman," (pointing to the passenger,) "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more, he awoke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig; and, to my utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To him be all thanks for his goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," rejoined the other captain, "that the writing on the slate, let it have come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering at the time considerably South of West, and I altered my course to Nor'west, and had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barque I saw in my dream was coming to the rescue of us; but *how* that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added. "Every thing here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am sure that I never was in your vessel before. It is a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

The above narrative was communicated to me by Captain J. S. Clarke, of the schooner *Julia Hallock*,* who had it directly from Mr. Bruce himself. They sailed together for seventeen months, in the years 1836 and '37; so that Captain Clarke had the story from the mate about eight years after the occurrence. He has since lost sight of him, and does not know whether he is alive. All he has heard of him since they were shipmates is that he continued to trade to New Brunswick, that he became the master of the brig *Comet*, and that she was lost.

I asked Captain Clarke if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of a man he was.

"As truthful and straightforward a man," he replied, "as ever I met in all my life.—We were as intimate as brothers; and two men can't be together, shut up for seventeen months in the same ship, without getting to know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstances in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God and to another world. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie."

*In July, 1859. The *Julia Hallock* was then lying at the foot of Rutger's Slip, New York, and bound for St. Jago, in the island of Cuba. The captain allowed me to use his name, and to refer to him as evidence for the truth of what is here set down.

Ancient American Cities.

Evidences of an ancient civilization of a high order are constantly accumulated, as adventure carries our people into the Western wilds. The remains of ruined cities and vast piles of buildings are not confined to the area of Central America, but are found in New Mexico, and perhaps may be brought to light even further North.

An interesting article has recently been published by the Fort Smith *Times*, in regard to the ancient remains of the city of Quivera, situated in a level plain some ninety miles north-east of Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and about seventy from the high, isolated peak which the Mexicans call "The Captain," that we take the liberty of condensing for our antiquarian readers.

The plain upon which lie the massive relics of once gorgeous temples and magnificent halls slopes gradually eastward toward the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water, that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness.

The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loopholes, as though calculated for the use of weapons.

Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of a dark granite rock which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. At the present time the best tempered tools, in the hands of the most skillful workmen, could produce no impression on the surface. In one place a pile of ruins appeared to have been intended for three separate buildings, each about three hundred feet front, with the intervals between them occupying one thousand feet.

The middle building is constructed with great neatness and care of ponderous blocks of the material before mentioned, of a nearly cubical form, which, allowing 1500 ounces as the weight of a cubic foot, would be found to weigh more than three tons each, and could only have been transported from the distant quarry and placed in their present elevated position with prodigious labor. The walls of this building are at the present time from thirty to thirty-five feet in height, while the surface of the ground is strewn with huge masses of fallen blocks, which have probably been displaced from their former position by the action of some great disturbing agency, such as a volcanic eruption, which would lead to the conclusion that they arose to a great altitude. This temple as it may properly be termed is entirely destitute of any partition, or the appearance of their former existence, and appears to have been designed by its architects as a vast hall to be used for the performance of solemn religious rites, or the celebration of public feasts.

The pavement is hid from view by a confused mass of fallen building materials, among which are to be found fragments of carving in bas-relief, and fresco work of superior design and execution, which would justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hand as those of Thebes or Palmyra.

This series of buildings are all loop-holed in each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe designed for the use of archers.

The blocks of which these buildings are composed are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock.

The slight examination which has been made by the officers of the United States army indicate the presence here of objects of rare curiosity.

It is impossible, in looking upon the evidences of the residents in North America, in ages that are past, of a powerful and civilized race, to regret that they utter no voice to tell us of the causes that made it prosperous, and finally swept it away into utter oblivion. Whence came the builders of cities now dumb ruins, awakening our admiration of the art and power of a lost race, thwarting all efforts to penetrate the dark veil that shrouds their history? When Thebes and Palmyra were in their glory, we cannot but believe that in the depths of this American continent a people, brave in arms and skillful in arts, spread in mighty numbers from the neighborhood of the Northern Lakes to the Isthmus of Panama. Should any fortunate accident lift the obscurity that overwhelms this ancient race, America will doubtless be found as rich in the antique as Egypt or India.

The Turkish Sultan.

Frederika Bremer, in a recent magazine article, thus describes the Turkish Sultan:

"A little man in a dark coat, a dark red cap with a long black tassel on his head, and a pale, unpleasing countenance, comes down the steps, with as little dignity as a shopman. Can that really be the Sultan? Yes, it must be the Sultan, because the elderly military personages by his side reply with an expression of deep reverence to some remarks of the little man, and the stout lady with the children steps hastily forward into his path, as if she would stop his further advance. He starts, makes a half step backward, and contracts his eyebrows most threateningly. Yet he listens to what she has to say, but listens with a gloomy expression, and then casts an inquiring glance on his brother in law, the High Admiral.—He utters a few words of explanation, shrugging his shoulders, and then another word or two, which seem to say, 'What do I know about your husband?' motions the stout lady out of the way, and walks on to the shore, talking gaily with the gentlemen who attend him. He steps into the caique, from which the canopy has been removed; puts on his gloves, distorts his face in looking up at the sun, and in so doing exhibits his tobacco-stained teeth; while his plain, uninteresting countenance assumes a most disagreeable expression. This then, is the man who is called 'God's Shadow on the Earth,' and who rules with absolute sway over the lives and happiness of 35,000,000 of human beings. I have seen many crowned heads, but none who seem to me so devoid of dignity, so devoid of anything remarkable, as this 'Shadow of God on Earth.' Nevertheless, the throne must produce an effect either for good or for evil. Travelers who see Abdul Medjid only at public audiences, usually observe merely the lifeless, automatic character of his exterior. I now saw him under other circumstances. He was lively, and his countenance, although pale, indicated more youthful strength and health than I had been led to expect. 'That is,' I was told, 'because within the last few years he has drank something stronger than champaigne, and this has given him strength.—Besides, he was to-day in a good humor.—But he generally looks very gloomy.' For the rest, Abdul Medjid has the Turkish family features, the oval countenance, with somewhat prominent cheek bones, the nose broad at the nostrils and arched, the dark-brown, well-cut, but not large, eyes, and the finely-penciled eyebrows. They struck me as finest when contrasted with their threatening expression, and the countenance then appeared most significant. If they could contract with a grave earnestness, Abdul Medjid would be a man of high character. Naturally mild of disposition, a good son, good brother, unwilling, although a despot, to sign a death warrant, Abdul Medjid is not wanting in the softer feelings. That which he wants is real earnestness, real strength. So, at least, it seems to me. He does not throw himself seriously into anything, but lets all go as it may and will.—'Allah Kerim!'"

☞A lazy fop, standing by his brother's work bench, while the latter was sharpening a chisel, said, "John why do you work for a living? A fellow with your talents should not degrade himself by manual labor. I mean to get my living by my wits."

"Well, Frank, you can work with duller tools than I can."

Leap Year.

The year 1860 is "leap year," and consists of three hundred and sixty-six days, one day being added to the shortest month, February, which will therefore have twenty-nine days this year. Leap year occurs every fourth year, and is so called because it leaps over a day more than does any other year. It is also called bissextile—from the Latin word *bis*, twice, and *sextus*, sixth—meaning that the sixth of the calends of March (corresponding to the 24th of February) was reckoned twice every fourth year by the intercalation of a day.

The necessity of leap year arises from the fact that the solar year does not correspond exactly with the civil year, in consequence of its not ending exactly with a given day, but with a fraction of a day. If it were not for this arrangement, Christmas in the course of time would be in Midsummer and the fourth of July in the depth of Winter.

The true year consists of the time it takes for the earth to make one revolution round the sun, which is determined by its coming back to the same point in the zodiac from which it started, and this is accomplished in three hundred and sixty-five days and nearly six hours; but as the calendar must consist of complete days, these six hours are omitted, and in four years they make up a whole day, which one is added to the year, making what is called leap year. This, however, is not strictly correct; for it is ascertained by accurate calculations that a solar year is exactly 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 57.7 seconds; consequently, in putting on the six hours, we add 11 minutes, 12.4 seconds in four years. This in the course of 158½ years would amount to 24 hours, or a complete day. Every year, the number of which is divisible by four without a remainder, is a leap year, except the last day of the century, which is a leap year only when divisible by 400 without a remainder. Thus the year 1900 will not be a leap year.

The Roman year originally had but ten months, as may be seen in the meaning of he name December, which is "tenth month." March was the first month of the year in the time of Romulus, and December was the last month; but Numa Pompilius, who knew astronomy better, added January and February.

While Rome's great founder made the times his care,
Ten months he chose to constitute the year;
But Numas, better skilled in astral lore,
To Romulus' months adjoined two more.

The Egyptians were the first who approximated to the real length of the year, which they made to consist of three hundred and sixty days. Afterwards they added five days, as was done by Thales, one of the seven wise men of the Greeks. Jews, Syrians, Ethiopians, Romans, Persians, and Arabs, all had years of different lengths.

The day on which the year commences is also different in different countries, but in all it is held in great veneration. The Jewish historical year commences with the new moon, near the vernal equinox (March 22d), and the civil year with the new moon near the autumnal equinox. The Mahomedans begin their year on the day when the sun enters Aries; the Persians in the month which answers to our June; the Chinese and Indians with the first new moon which happens in March; and the Mexicans on the 23 I of February, at which time the verdure in that country begins to appear.—William the Conqueror, having been crowned on the first day of January, gave occasion to the English to begin their year on that day, in order to make it correspond with the most remarkable date in their history.

Though the historical years begin in England on the festival of the Circumscision, or the first day of January, on which day the German and Italian year begins, yet the civil or legal year did not commence till the day of the Annunciation of the Virgin, the 25th of March. The part of the year between those terms was usually expressed in both these ways: either 1843-9 or 184 8-9. But by the act altering the style, the civil year now begins with the first of January. The old style followed the Julian method of computing the year by the calender established by Julius Cæsar, in which every fourth year consists of 366 days and the other years of 365. This Julian arrangement of time makes, as we have seen, eleven minutes and some seconds in a year too much. Pope Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar by retrenching ten days in October, 1582, in order to bring back the vernal equinox to the same day as at the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. The Reformation was adopted by act of Parliament in Great Britain in 1751, by which eleven days in September, 1752, were retrenched, and the third day was reckoned the fourteenth. This mode of reckoning is called new style.

A Beautiful Story.

The Green Bay (Wisconsin) *Advocate* has a talented and accomplished lady correspondent, who signs *herself* "Long a coming." If she is as beautiful as some of her brilliant productions, we think she can bear the palm. Here is one of her last effusions, done up in rhyme, and a pretty little thing it is. It is entitled

THE MOCCASIN FLOWER.

'Twas just one hundred years ago, down on the Little Suamico, a maiden, on the yellow sands, was tearing, with her pretty hands, her long and glossy raven hair. It was a civilized despair; for though she knew not "Ovid's Art of Love," she had a human heart that loved with more than art; 'twas life—all that defines that one word wife; was gone and blotted from the world; the stars and moon to darkness hurled. Life ran, an ever wid'ning river, to seas where darkness hung forever. Flow on, thou careless Suamico, by golden sands forever flow; The honeysuckle blooming wild leans down—the little Indian child kneels down to kiss thy wave, beside the Indian warrior's grave, and there the bride walks with her lover, under the summer's leafy cover, under boughs of verdant trees that murmur in the evening breeze, nor flowers of one hundred years can equal now that maiden's tears, that fell a century ago, and sanctified the Suamico.

"But why should maidens thus despair?" she said, and smoothed her raven hair: "I'll follow in the pathless wind, and this dark river leave behind. Better die in love's endeavor, than sink in hopelessness forever."

The red stars gleam, the Whip-poor-will answers the owl, under the hill. The snakes are coiled in tangled swales: the woods seem full of human wails, and fiends fit for a maiden's head, and ghostly forms, from which she fled; and on the lake, the lonely loon floats by the lillies, where the moon casts shadows, from the tall dark trees, while, softer-footed than the breeze, she steals on in the hunter's track. The moon is gone—the night is black; she, when the east the morn turns gray, sinks on the hillside, far away. And there, beside the bubbling spring, where overhanging grapevines swing, she sees the young birds, in the nest, hide their heads in their mother's breast. Ah, birds have mates, each has a home, but love-lorn maids are doomed to roam. But when morn pours its golden flood, she finds a trace of fresh-shed blood—a broken arrow from his quiver, for whom she wept beside the river. Love lent her wings—away she flew, through noon-day heat till evening dew, and all the night, till morn again. Alas, for stony-hearted men! Love follows them, with bleeding feet, through pathless woods, and in the street—forgives what cannot be forgiven, and goes plead man's cause in heaven. Her moccasins are gone; the maid sinks down where sun and shadow braid a carpet in the noon-day hours; the crimson drops are on the flowers; and tears are in the violet's eyes, and in the scented air the sighs, the lost faint gusts, the fitful breath of life has blown her on to death. In the happy hunting ground above, she found eternity of love. And now, where'er the maiden trod, the moccasin peeps through the sod. And Indians says "they grew as large as any maiden's shoe," and they, by Indian maids, were worn, when other moccasins were torn. Flow on, thou ceaseless Suamico, by golden sands forever flow. Take the songs the wild birds sing; take these flowers that I fling; I would your murmuring waters bore some sorrows from this fragrant shore, that those who mourn upon thy sands, for hearts grown cold in stranger-lands, might see the rainbow in the sky—might see the heart of hope float by, might hail it in their deep distress, and on it float to happiness."

Human Life.

Human life is one prolonged series of *compensation*.

"Great offices will have
Great talents, and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That fits him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

Literature is one of the channels by which those compensations are supplied. In Homer, it is Minerva who conceals the wrinkles of Ulysses; so, among men, we observe wisdom covering the defects of the body, and education imparting a charm to the intellect, which turns the eye aside from the manner gifts of Nature. The rents and the ungracefulness of the common garments of humanity are covered, in some degree at least, by the beautiful girdle of literature.

Bishop Garnett, among the hints which he specifies towards the formation of an *idea* of God, reckons the *perception* which we have of a desire to make our persons wiser and better. "I felt," says Burns, "some strivings of ambition, but they were the blind groping of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cell." Who would not rejoice to pour the sunshine upon those benighted eyes, to take the captive of ignorance by the hand, to lead him into the green landscapes of religion and literature, to reflect his feelings in the clear waters of philosophic intelligence, and, amid all the lovely scenery of the imagination, to fill his mind with the sublime assurance that—

"His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer."

Sightless Animals.

It is well known that several animals belonging to the many different classes which inhabit the caves of Syria and Kentucky are blind. In some of the crabs the foot-stalk for the eye remains though the eye is gone, the sand for the telescope is there, though the telescope with its glasses has been lost. As it is difficult to imagine that eyes though useless could be in any way injurious to animals living in darkness, I attributed their loss wholly to disuse. In one of the blind animals, namely, the cave rat, the eyes are of immense size; and Professor Silliman thought that it regained, after living some days in the light some slight power of vision. In the same manner as in Madeira the wings of some of the insects have been enlarged, and the wings of others have been reduced by natural selection aided by the use and disuse, so in the case of the cave rat, natural selection seems to have increased the size of the eyes; whereas with all the other inhabitants of the caves, disuse by itself seems to have done its work.—*On the Origin of Species.*