

The Middlebury Weekly

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIP PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

VOLUME XIII.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1849.

NUMBER 42.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT, EDITOR.

TERMS OF VOLUME XIII.

Village subscribers, - - - \$2.00
Mail subscribers, within the State, - - - \$1.50
If not paid within the year, - - - \$1.75
Mail subscribers out of the State, - - - \$2.00
Individuals and Companies who take at the office, \$1.50, or \$1.75 if not paid within the year.
Those who take of Postriders, - - - \$2.00
If not paid at the end of the year, - - - \$2.25
No papers discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. No contract with, or payment made to Carriers, cash, keeping, or otherwise, allowed, except assented to by the proprietor.
All communications must be addressed to the Editor, Post Paid.

V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress street, Boston, is authorized to transact business for this paper.

JUSTUS COBB, PUBLISHER,
BY WHOM ALL KINDS OF BOOK AND JOB PRINTING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.



AGRICULTURAL.

From the Plow, the Loom and the Anvil.
VERMONT AND MARYLAND HUSBANDRY COMPARED.

In the preceding number we expressed the apprehension that we might not have time for this comparison; nor can we make it now, except in some strong points of view, which, we are aware, must leave it very incomplete. Enough, however, may be suggested to set the reader to thinking; and that, let us tell him, is half the battle gained in a contest between error and truth. In fact, the great difficulty, according to our observation, in the way of meliorating the condition and character of the American farmer, is to get him to think. If you could, would you see him, for example, go even three times, instead of three thousand times, through his own gate, that either strikes the ground and drags before it reaches halfway to the post, or else falls with such force against it that you may hear the dreadful concussion a mile off? Would you see him losing fifty dollars worth of time in a year in pulling down and putting up bars to say nothing of occasional destruction to his crop when they are not put up? Would you see him stooping to the pommel of his saddle for seven years to avoid a limb of a tree, in his daily ride, that one stroke of a hatchet would remove? No; you cannot get him to think! But enough of that. The two States that we are going to compare, in some points of view, differ somewhat in their agricultural pursuits and economy, and the results to which they have conducted these two old sisters of the Republic.

In Vermont winter lasts, and cattle and sheep are fed, five months in the year, sheep at a cost per head per annum, as we have often been told, of what would actually fetch from \$1 to \$1.15, while in Maryland they are rarely if ever fed, except when the snow covers the ground, (which does not average a week in a year,) when they are scattered on the snow, some corn-blades, or perhaps sheaf oats. And, with all these disadvantages, the Vermont farmer has the advantage of strong upon cattle, and sheep, and wool, and hay, and potatoes, and milk, and butter, and cheese, &c., content to let the Marylander beat him in horses, (the most precarious and expensive investment that can be made in animal flesh or power,) and in wheat and corn, rye, and tobacco, all of which the earth yields by bushels and pounds, instead of tons; and which, at last, are all sold away off the farm, yielding no return to the land that produced them.—Let us follow the comparison more exactly on some points indicative of the sources that go to produce increase of population, and political power, and appreciation of land, and the contrary.

Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Wool.
Vermont, 62,082	244,341	1,681,819	3,699,223
Maryland, 92,229	255,714	1,072,222	4,650,911

Now, what is the lesson in the political economy of the plow that this view of these States teaches? Does it not go to show that wise States, that not made subservient to the colonial policy of other countries by the subservient policy of their own, will keep the loom and the anvil near to the plow? where nature, if left alone, would place them as naturally as she places the country mill near to the corn-house. And what, reader, is the effect of a course of husbandry that does keep them together, and enables the farmer to consume on the lands the products of the land?—Why, the effect is just this: that, as here we see, Vermont wearing her garments of snow five months in the year, in 1790 became a basis population of only 85,416, and runs up in fifty years to 291,948; while Maryland, the favored of Providence, starting at the same time with a population of 319,128, has gone in the same period up to only 470,000—the former doubling her man capital more than three times over, the latter not half doubling hers once!

In Vermont their manufactories have given rise to ten towns within her 13,000 square miles, with populations ranging from 2,000 to 10,000. In Maryland there are but four such in the compass of 11,000 square miles. In Vermont the farmer sells potatoes and mutton, in Maryland wheat and tobacco! wheat averaging throughout the State not more than seven or eight bushels!

So says the veteran J. S. SKINNER, at whose feet we would gladly sit to take lessons upon so many subjects connected with rural industry. But alas his life has been spent among slaveholders, and even he has apparently failed to learn—certainly he fails to teach as the lesson deserves—the great secret of the difference between Vermont and Maryland. The soil of Vermont has been the property of no slaveholder and has been tilled by no slave since she became a State. We thrive, and our towns become populous, not because of our limited manufactories chiefly, but because each one cultivates his own acres with his own hands, and those of his intelligent and vigorous sons; who understand so well the how, the where, and the when, that a single blow by one of them will bring as much to pass as half a dozen blows by a Maryland slave.—Vermont Agriculturist.

MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Literary American.

LIZZIE CARLTON.

She bound a heavy fold of pride
Upon her lily forehead;
It only served its pain to hide,
It could not give it rest.

Then she took off the sad disguise,
And laid her kind in kisses;
And hid her low angel kissed her eyes,
And gave her soul release.

'And you will not grieve, Lizzie, should we become to each other as strangers?'

'I have said it; even this I can endure.'

'But you will be sorrowful, and the charms of your life will have departed; have you not often said I was all the world to you, Lizzie?'

'Yes, Charles, but I am not selfish, and I hope to hear that you are happy. It was a fond and foolish dream that we were destined for one another; Providence, is pointing out to you a separate path. My lot is cast here; you lie in other climes and in another home. I can endure this, Charles, and you will soon learn to consider it best that we now part.'

'But Lizzie, you speak as of a sacrifice when you say you can endure; will you be happy when I am gone, and smile as brightly, and sing as you used when first we met?'

'Do not ask me, Charles; God only knows, but I will try.'

'And—Lizzie—will another be to you as I have been?'

For the first time Lizzie started and strange fire came into her mournful eyes. She had never herself for the interview, but for this she was not prepared. How could he ask her this, in that bitter moment of separation—she who had been jealous if another only touched her hands in days gone by! Was it pride now working in Lizzie's heart, that made the color rush to her pale cheek, and raised the burning heat until her glance met his with something almost like defiance? Poor Lizzie!

'That question, Charles, I will not answer.'

To do Charles Ashford justice, his was not a bad letter; but he understood not the passionate nature of hers. His College days had been passed in the society of Lizzie's, and thus had the intimacy commenced, and ripened, on her part, into the deepest affection. He too loved, but not as Lizzie loved; he loved her, because as the most cherished and admired of all the beauties in her native village, it was gratifying to be first in favor. The natural vanity of man's heart was flattered, when the preference of Lizzie Carlton was displayed for him without the shadow of concealment. All that knew her saw this preference; for Lizzie, though she might have been a sad coquette, disdained to play a part so foreign to her nature; she was too proud to seem to throw away upon the many, what she hoped would be a precious gift to one. This should have bound her lover closer to her side; but as it so frequently the result, it only made him more exacting while his confidence was not increased.

There are (thanks to Almighty kindness) there are generous hearts in whom the knowledge of affection wakens only a more full return; but they are few, and we should not pass sentence harshly upon those which are weak. Let it satisfy us that by the greater number are so. Charles Ashford had not a bad heart, but it was far from being perfect, and we will not say that he loved Lizzie better for her fondness. He had received a summons home, on the expiration of his term, and would not probably return. This was to be their last meeting ere his departure. We have seen that he was not indifferent to Lizzie's welfare, but it was too evident that he wished her to forget him. The luxury of his own spirit, and the thousand smiles awaiting him from many lustrous eyes under his native heaven, would, he knew, be more to him than the endearments of the simple girl beside him; yet he felt for Lizzie, and would have gladly believed she would find consolation.

All this had not been exactly realized by Lizzie, till the moment when the question which we have recorded fell upon her ear with startling clearness. She could not tell then duly estimate the lightness of his attachment, and the mere kind wish that prompted his anxiety respecting her future. Now, she knew and felt it all, and at the instant indignation reigned supreme. She had given the fullness of intense devotion; she had received only kindness and her love was unappreciated. She felt alone now. She did not ask his sympathy; she would not mistify him.

'Lizzie, is it possible? and you love another even now?'

Her altered manner had had its effect: Charles believed that she could really transfer, and had already begun to transfer her affection to another subject. He even thought he knew the person; for there was one who had sought long and openly, though with hopelessly, the hand of Lizzy Carlton.

'Well, Lizzy, may you be happy. I could even now remind you of the fickleness of woman; but I will not be ungenerous. I will be no obstacle, Lizzie, in the way for your loving Edward Leslie.'

Lizzie turned away, and laughed outright; and, strange to say, her companion only wondered that she laughed at such a time.

They trifled the moments away until they separated. Some lingerings of old affection seemed to remain on the part of Charles, but Lizzie had become actually heartless in her gaiety—a spectator of no very deep discrimination would have supposed, on witnessing their last farewell. And thus they parted.

There was a brilliant little evening party at Clara Howard's, and Lizzie Carlton was the guest of the dancers. Clara was her friend, and it may be she understood, what others were slower to perceive, the forced character of Lizzie's amation. Youngly she looked from time to time on that anxious face so bright with smiles, and shuddered painfully at the contrast it presented to its usual serenity. Most of the company present knew of her former attachment to Charles, and that they had lately parted; but under what circumstances it seemed difficult to discover. Many were the shrewd conjectures; but most of those who looked on Lizzie's animated face believed that she was tired of her childish love, and glad that Charles was gone. Some asserted that he was to return, but in that case, who could account for her strange delight? Even a temporary absence, did she really love him, must cast some slight shadow over her happiness; and then, too, Lizzy was usually quiet, in grief and in joy. It was very certain she was an object of interest that evening.

There was one who watched her more intently than the rest, and with more than an idle curiosity. Edward Leslie could not be indifferent to the remarks he heard; and there was something in his heart which made him willing to believe that the parting of Lizzie and Charles was a final one. More than this; he was determined to know. Lizzie believed him her friend, and had always been candid with him.

They had been dancing together; Lizzie was fatigued; he drew her to a cool recess where the open window admitted the fresh air. His manner, was kind, and this she appeared to feel.

'I am very tired,' she said, 'let me sit here, where none will seek me; go back to the company, Edward; I will stay here alone.'

'No, Lizzie, that I cannot allow; suffer me to remain with you while you stay. I think you are not well to night; you have danced too long.'

'Edward, do they think I am not well? and Lizzie raised her lovely eyes imploringly to his.

'Do not tell me I seem ill.'

'Are you not well, Lizzie? you who are so candid—tell me, are you not very happy?'

'Edward you are my friend—I shall never be well or happy more! Now leave me.'

'The look she gave him was full of pain. It was enough.'

'I will not mention it to you again, Lizzie.'

'Thank you. Go now.'

It was over then, and Lizzie wore the same quiet look again, but from that time her bloom faded.

Within Charles Ashford's splendid habitation there was a resident. A loverly young bride never smiled than she who now sat there in his ancestral halls, so brilliant in her youthful bloom. He had brought her to his home, to the home of his parents, they opened their arms to receive her and blessed her. Henceforth his Meta was to be the sunlight of the little sphere where Charles had garnered up for her happiness. A native of a neighboring state, and nurtured under the same glowing stars, her habits, tastes and impulses, were all congenial, and their union seemed to promise the extent of earthly bliss. When Charles took Meta from her mother's arms, he felt that she surrendered to him a precious trust, for the lively, happy creature had been to that invalid mother her dearest comfort.

'Bring her to me often,' she said; 'never let us be parted.'

Meta kissed away her mother's tears and promised to visit her whenever she was needed; and thus had the intimacy commenced, and ripened, on her part, into the deepest affection. He too loved, but not as Lizzie loved; he loved her, because as the most cherished and admired of all the beauties in her native village, it was gratifying to be first in favor. The natural vanity of man's heart was flattered, when the preference of Lizzie Carlton was displayed for him without the shadow of concealment. All that knew her saw this preference; for Lizzie, though she might have been a sad coquette, disdained to play a part so foreign to her nature; she was too proud to seem to throw away upon the many, what she hoped would be a precious gift to one. This should have bound her lover closer to her side; but as it so frequently the result, it only made him more exacting while his confidence was not increased.

There are (thanks to Almighty kindness) there are generous hearts in whom the knowledge of affection wakens only a more full return; but they are few, and we should not pass sentence harshly upon those which are weak. Let it satisfy us that by the greater number are so. Charles Ashford had not a bad heart, but it was far from being perfect, and we will not say that he loved Lizzie better for her fondness. He had received a summons home, on the expiration of his term, and would not probably return. This was to be their last meeting ere his departure. We have seen that he was not indifferent to Lizzie's welfare, but it was too evident that he wished her to forget him. The luxury of his own spirit, and the thousand smiles awaiting him from many lustrous eyes under his native heaven, would, he knew, be more to him than the endearments of the simple girl beside him; yet he felt for Lizzie, and would have gladly believed she would find consolation.

All this had not been exactly realized by Lizzie, till the moment when the question which we have recorded fell upon her ear with startling clearness. She could not tell then duly estimate the lightness of his attachment, and the mere kind wish that prompted his anxiety respecting her future. Now, she knew and felt it all, and at the instant indignation reigned supreme. She had given the fullness of intense devotion; she had received only kindness and her love was unappreciated. She felt alone now. She did not ask his sympathy; she would not mistify him.

'Lizzie, is it possible? and you love another even now?'

Her altered manner had had its effect: Charles believed that she could really transfer, and had already begun to transfer her affection to another subject. He even thought he knew the person; for there was one who had sought long and openly, though with hopelessly, the hand of Lizzy Carlton.

'Well, Lizzy, may you be happy. I could even now remind you of the fickleness of woman; but I will not be ungenerous. I will be no obstacle, Lizzie, in the way for your loving Edward Leslie.'

Lizzie turned away, and laughed outright; and, strange to say, her companion only wondered that she laughed at such a time.

ta's mother had a strange effect upon him, which he could not account for. There was no clear idea on Charles's mind of what he had to dread; yet an indefinite sense of horror was taking possession of him, which he vainly strove to conquer.

The preparations were completed, and they left their home for a season. Charles was mood and absent; Meta was full of joy. Lizzie Carlton, the sweet, pale, dying Lizzie, lay on silken pillows, in the luxuriant dwelling of her mother's early friend. The southern breeze blew gently in through the opened casement, but she breathed it as if in pain; sweet southern flowers lay around her, and Lizzie saw their beauty, but they wooed vainly to a world on whose borders she only lingered. White as the magnolias that she gazed upon, she lay awaiting the last embrace of decay. Near her sat her mother, and her mother friend. Neither spoke a word of hope; they knew that for Lizzie it was a vain word, and they looked only for death.

Sooner, by a day, than they had been expected, the daughter and husband arrived. No one met the carriage at the door-step, and the impatient Meta bounded in without a word, to her mother's favorite parlor. Her husband followed. Meta, quick as thought, was folded in her mother's arms.

Charles Ashford followed his young wife, but paused when he had reached the centre of the apartment. Fascinated, spell-bound, he stood and gazed.

'Lizzie!'

Charles was kneeling in a moment by the suffering girl. Her head was raised to his shoulder; and Charles wiped her fading lips. She whispered; he bent to hear.

'I dreamed you would come to me,' she faintly murmured; 'thank God! I am dying; dear, dear Charles; help me to die!'

Bewildered, awe-stricken, Charles could only draw her closer, and kiss her forehead.

'You did not know, Charles, how I loved you when we said that cold "good-bye," I was deceiving when I laughed, and seemed unfeeling; but oh, I was myself the most deceived. Tears came afterwards, and reason came with tears; I knew then my mind had wandered.—Do not be sorry, Charles; you weep.'

A beautiful expression stole over her face, as the tears of him thus loved unto death fell warm upon her forehead.

The breathless ones who listened could distinguish no more. Closer, closer, Charles still held her, and she, in those moments, unveiled themselves, and looked up, beamingly into the blushing sky, now bright with the sunset glow. The lids fell then, long and silently, and she lay upon a marble check—Lizzie Carlton was dead.

New York, Sept. 22, 1848. S. I. G.

WILLIAM TELL.

FOR THE MIDDLEBURY GALLERY.

Translated from the French.

In the midst of the country of the ancient Helvets, so renowned for the valor of its inhabitants, were three cantons, enclosed on all sides by inaccessible rocks. The people who dwelt there retained those simple manners which the Creator of the world at first gave to mankind, to the good men. Dwellers in the mountains, they were simple, and all the virtues, seemed to have sought a retreat behind these mountains. Liberty, at length, took her seat upon their heights, and she hoped to reach an hour. They were never in her power, but with respect to the canton of Uri, of Schwitz, and of Undervald. The inhabitants of these three cantons, always occupied with rural labors, escaped, for many ages, the crimes and misery produced by the ambitious quarrels of those monarchs who, on the Government of the Roman Empire, and the Government of their rulers, by a code founded in tyranny, ignorance and superstition. Forgotten, perhaps despised, by the devastators of the world, the laborers of Uri, though submissive to the power of Rome, were, in the consulting name of freedom, and observed their ancient laws and customs.

Not far from Altorf, their capital, upon the borders of a lake which gave its name to the village, was a high mountain, on the summit of which was a poor cottage, surrounded by a small field, containing vines and fruit trees. There dwelt the father of William Tell. When William had reached his twentieth year, he received this little estate as an inheritance from his father.

'My son,' said the old man to him, when sixty years had labored—my work is done. Dying years have passed away in this peaceful asylum, without vice having dared to cross the threshold of my door; without one of my nights having been troubled by remorse, as I have done in my own son. Like me, choose a wife whose wisdom, love, and patient devotion, shall double thy innocent pleasures, and lessen thy sorrows. The virtuous man without a wife, is half virtuous. Alas! Moderate thy grief. Death is easy for the good man. Dwell in peace, and thy life would be free, but if ever a tyrant dares to attack our ancient liberty, William, die for thy country—and thou wilt find that death is sweet.'

After having rendered the last duties to his venerable father, he accosted himself, each evening, to repair to his tomb, and there review his conduct through the day. In this way, he learned to govern his passions, though naturally violent, and became master of his most impetuous desires. He shared with the poor produce of his fields, and hastened his own work, to gain an opportunity to assist those who had need of aid. Nature, in bestowing upon William a soul so beautiful, had given him also great strength of body. In stature, he surpassed, by a whole head, the tallest of his companions. Early accustomed to climb his native hills, and to the use of the bow and arrow, as well as the oar, he was renowned for his dexterity and skill, in all their youthful sports.

William wished to marry according to his father's request. And the young Edme attracted his attention. Edme was the most lovely of the daughters of Uri. Peace, gentleness, and reason had chosen her for their sanctuary. An orphan and without fortune, she had dwelt from her infancy with an old man, the last relative of her indigent family.

Edme watched the flock of this virtuous old man, during the day, and, as it returned, with the shades of evening, she attended to their dwelling, and prepared their simple repast. She would then retire to rest, satisfied with the day and happy to have acquitted the sweet debt of gratitude, sure that the next day would bring her the same pleasure.

Tell would sometimes visit her old benefactor during his hours of leisure, and he would speak of her patience and goodness, and how each day she became more dear to him. Tears would come into the old man's eyes, as he spoke of the thousand kindnesses bestowed by Edme upon his feeble old age. Tell loved her for these filial demonstrations of virtue, and resolved to offer her his hand. It was accepted.—Thus Hymen planted happiness in his cottage.

Labor had new charms, because Edme shared its fruits. They enjoyed the double pleasure of friendship and mutual respect. They were always striving to be more worthy of each other, and their souls became more beautiful in exchanging all their thoughts and sentiments. They were blest with a son. The young and charming Edme was, during his infancy, under the care of his mother, but as she attained his sixth year, he accompanied William to the fields, where he

passed the day in assisting his father, or caring, without fear, the animals which fed in the pastures. This child, so grave and reflective when with his father, soon as he entered the house, would cast himself into the arms of his mother. Tender, attentive, he sought in the eye of Edme the slightest wish, and before it was expressed, it was accomplished by Gemmi.

Tell possessed a friend. This friend dwelt among the hills which separate Uri from Undervald. The resemblance of his features, and the calm character of his mind, made him resemble Edme, as brave and as generous as Tell, equally loved virtue, liberty and his country. Melet, quick and fiery, could not conceal his feelings. The first transport of passion was expressed. Tell, on the contrary, considered without speaking—his eyes discovered in his countenance the workings of his mind. Both abhorred injustice, but one was born to thunder against it, to give his life to avenge it, the other to pursue it, in order to redress the injuries it had inflicted. Melet, with his aged father and little Clara, the only pledge left him of a spouse who still mourned, spent his evenings frequently at his friend's, or received them at his own house. This passed many years of felicity, when at length the death of Edme (who had always respected the liberty of the Swiss) cast a gloom over the people.

His successor, the proud Albert, vain of his immense possessions, could not bear the idea that a poor subject was so fully under his power. He selected one from among his courtiers, of great baseness and barliarity, named Gesler, to subdue and enslave the inhabitants of these districts. Gesler, appointed Governor, proceeded to his residence in Altorf, not far from the cottage of Tell, and commenced his cruelties, by harassing and insulting the quiet laborers in that neighborhood. Tell had been silently watching his movements, and making preparations to free his countrymen from this despotic yoke, and on the morning, as Melet was preparing to commence his day's labor, one of Gesler's soldiers approached him, and proceeded to unyoke his cattle. Melet demanded his reason for doing this. In reply, the soldier bade him not interrogate his masters. At these words, Melet, in the rage which he felt, drew his sword, but he had not his father interposed. When this despotic order returned to Gesler, with this report, he detached others with him, to take Melet.

In the meantime, Melet, had fled, by the entreaties of his aged father. The soldiers, not being able to find the son, seized the old man, and dragged him before Gesler. After interrogating him without success, with regard to his son, the Governor commanded that his eyes should be put out, and that he should then be released. Little Clara led him by the hand to the house of Tell, where he received the deepest sympathy. Tell was struck with horror, at the sight of the poor old man's sufferings, and resolved to commence his day's work, as usual, on the morning, as Melet was preparing to commence his day's labor, one of Gesler's soldiers approached him, and proceeded to unyoke his cattle. Melet demanded his reason for doing this. In reply, the soldier bade him not interrogate his masters. At these words, Melet, in the rage which he felt, drew his sword, but he had not his father interposed. When this despotic order returned to Gesler, with this report, he detached others with him, to take Melet.

Overwhelmed with this revial, Edme fell senseless to the floor. The blind old man uttered cries of lamentation. But after a few moments, he recovered all his reason, his courage, and his prudence. Taking Edme by the hand, he said:—'I am your father's friend. Do not lose in tears a time so necessary to be employed. Gemmi will soon be with my son. To-morrow morning, Melet, with his friends, will be at Altorf. I have friends in the village, who will take me into the midst of the people, at the earliest dawn. There I will remain, to animate our brave soldiers. The recent wounds I have received from Gesler, my great age, my white hairs, and the grief of this feeble child, will aid my eloquence. There I will make to resound without ceasing the name of our country and liberty. God, who has made me victorious to me this victory. Let us go. Let me be the signal of my arm. Night will soon come, and I should serve us.'

'I will go,' said Edme, 'but first, I would ask your counsel. From what I have observed, I think William designed to set fire to a heap of wood, and his light was to be a signal for his friends to assemble at Altorf. Time or strength will not permit me now to set fire to the house, which Gesler has made an asylum. Its situation is so elevated, that the light would be seen from the three cantons. I'll save my husband, thou wilt receive us if I lose him, we shall only need a torch.'

The old man encouraged this design. Edme took a bundle of dry branches, lighted them on the hearth, and cast them about the house. After having assured that nothing could extinguish the flames, she took the arm of the old man who was led by Clara and, descending with them from the mountain, took the road to Altorf. The fire lighted by Edme became more and more brilliant. It was perceived by the three chiefs, who, in their respective districts, assembled their friends, seized their arms, and, almost at the same time, set out for Altorf. They were few in number, but strong in courage, resolved to perish, or deliver their country.

Gesler, at the close of the same day, after witnessing the dissolution of the people, thought it necessary to go to Lucerne for more forces. He appointed Sarnen to take his place, and with fifty chosen men, embarked in the early evening, on the lake of Uri, loaded with arms. The waves were tranquil. The stars shone bright in the heaven, and the moon shone in the sky. Tell cast his eyes toward Heaven, which seemed to be a lantern him. Suddenly, on the side toward Altorf, he discovered a flame rising high above Uri. He was sure it was near his dwelling, and he silently thanked heaven. Without knowing whether it was a fire, or a signal, he went to the work of an incendiary, and impatient to arrive at Lucerne, ordered his men to retoluate their efforts. The horse turned to the east, passed the strait, and entered the more dangerous lake of Undervald. There they were tossed about by the waves; the wind was increasing, and the darkness rendered their situation more fearful. The soldiers, trembling, demanded of Gesler to release Tell, as the only chance for safety. Gesler consented, with reluctance. The soldiers, confiding in his skill, hastened to free him. He was soon surrounded by a great number of the lake, and profiting from the darkness, turned their course towards Altorf—advanced in spite of the winds and waves to the straits which he wished to pass. The dying light on the mountain served as a star to guide him in the dark. He reached the straits, and found Tell was on his march, and the roads being drifted with snow, he would coast along.—The light, with this idea, Tell kept near shore.—The light of morning discovered to him the rocks of Altorf, before his companions had recognized the place. But Gesler saw from where they were, and in a terrible voice demanded why the barque had returned to Altorf. Without stopping to reply, Tell leaped upon the shore. He was pursued by the soldiers, led on by Gesler. When they had reached the right distance, Tell turned round, and pointed his arrow at the heart of Gesler. He fell, stammering words of rage and fury.

Tell, swift as the deer, soon gave the road to Altorf. He observes in the snow traces of his friends. He overtakes them as they are preparing for the attack on the fort. As soon as he perceives them, there is a general cry of joy, which is prolonged by the mountains. All wait his orders.

'Friends,' cried the hero, 'Gesler is no more! His hand has punished his crimes. The country is avenged, but it is not free. She cannot be, while one stone of yonder fort remains. Let us attack that—let the bravest go forward!'

Tell marched at the head of his army, and commenced the attack. They met with strong opposition from the soldiers, within the fort, who were double their number. William, in the midst of the fighting, preserved an air of intrepidity. As length, his friends were victorious, and the flag of Uri floated on the top of the fort, and the inhabitants of these cantons, once more, were free.

'My son,' said he, 'I come to embrace thee again, and repeat what I have said to thee. Be immovable, place one knee upon the ground—thou wilt be more sure. Pray

God, my son, to protect thy unhappy father. O my child! I cannot show so great courage as thou. Sustain that firmness of which I would give thee the example. Turn thy head, my son! do not look at me!'

'I must look at you,' replied the child, 'for not, I shall not see the arrow, I shall only see my father.'

'Ah, my dear child,' cried Tell, 'speak not, thy voice takes away my strength. Pray God, do not move.'

William now placed the apple upon his son's head, and quickly regained his place. Twice he tried to raise his bow, but was unable. At length, recalling all his strength, all his courage, he wiped away the tears which obscured his sight, and invoking aid from on high, accustomed his eye to see on the apple, and, at this favorable instant, launched his arrow, and the apple was carried away with it. Cries of joy resounded from all sides. Gemmi ran to embrace his father, who stood pale and speechless, unable to return his caresses. Overcome by his emotions, he fell into the arms of his son. Gesler was already near him, and discovered the concealed arrow. William regained his senses, and returned the gaze of Gesler.

'Archer without an equal!'—said Gesler, 'I will fulfil my promise, but first, tell me why you pierce thy heart with an arrow?'

'To pierce thy heart, tyrant, had I slain my son,' answered Tell.

At this word, which a father could not retain, he was chained and taken to prison. Gemmi begged not to be separated from his father, but the guards thrust him back. The people murmured. The soldiers, armed, forced them to fly for refuge to secret retreats. Terror reigned throughout Altorf, and the executioners were awaiting new victims. Gemmi and Clara made their escape amid the tumult. Clara ran to the cottage of Tell, to stay with Edme, while Gemmi hastened to find Melet, in Undervald. The arrival of Charles, pale and shivering, recalled the terrors of Edme, who cried, 'Gemmi! Gemmi! where is my child?'

'He is alive—he is free,' replied Clara, throwing herself into the arms of her aged grandfather, and then, embracing Edme, related all that had happened.

Overwhelmed with this revial, Edme fell senseless to the floor. The blind old man uttered cries of lamentation. But after a few moments, he recovered all his reason, his courage, and his prudence. Taking Edme by the hand, he said:—'I am your father's friend. Do not lose in tears a time so necessary to be employed. Gemmi will soon be with my son. To-morrow morning, Melet, with his friends, will be at Altorf. I have friends in the village, who will take me into the midst of the people, at the earliest dawn. There I will remain, to animate our brave soldiers. The recent wounds I have received from Gesler, my great age, my white hairs, and the grief of this feeble child, will aid my eloquence. There I will make to resound without ceasing the name of our country and liberty. God, who has made me victorious to me this victory. Let us go. Let me be the signal of my arm. Night will soon come, and I should serve us.'

'I will go,' said Edme, 'but first, I would ask your counsel. From what I have observed, I think William designed to set fire to a heap of wood, and his light was to be a signal for his friends to assemble at Altorf. Time or strength will not permit me now to set fire to the house, which Gesler has made an asylum. Its situation is so elevated, that the light would be seen from the three cantons. I'll save my husband, thou wilt receive us if I lose him, we shall only need a torch.'

The old man encouraged this design. Edme took a bundle of dry branches, lighted them on the hearth, and cast them about the house. After having assured that nothing could extinguish the flames, she took the arm of the old man who was led by Clara and, descending with them from the mountain, took the road to Altorf. The fire lighted by Edme became more and more brilliant. It was perceived by the three chiefs, who, in their respective districts, assembled their friends, seized their arms, and, almost at the same time, set out for Altorf. They were few in number, but strong in courage, resolved to perish, or deliver their country.

Gesler, at the close of the same day, after witnessing the dissolution of the