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Original Papers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE HEART OF STEEL;

—OR—

THE INEBRIATE'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

BY H. LANSING BURROWS.
Author of "The Prince of the Fire Worshippers," [illegible] "The Stylus Papers, &c."

XXV.
THE PHILOSOPHER DISCOURSETH.

"It weaks the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hasting on age and willful poverty:
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.
'Tis virtue's poison and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to 't again,
Upon presumption of a stronger brain;
For he that holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hogshead than a man."
RANDOLPH.

On the afternoon of that day upon which his happy meeting with Fauquer obtained employment for Edmund Rowand, and on the very same day that Alice was so brutally and horribly confined by the metalic arms of the mechanical chair, the stricken father strolled out to breathe the untainted air of Heaven. The day was unusually fine, and the merry birds twitted in the serene azure, while the refreshing breezes that swept across the uninhabited lots of the suburbs of the great city, were mammoth fans to drive all his cares and sorrows away. Still, his heart was downcast, and his thoughts were directed to his lost daughter.

He wandered from the busy and crowded streets of Southwark, through the densely inhabited portions of Moyamensing, until he found himself upon the banks of the romantic Schuylkill. The river, at what is termed Grey's Ferry, is strikingly beautiful; and reclining under the shade of a large tree, he gazed upon the fairy scene, and meditated upon that theme that was ever engrossing his mind.

"This is the consummation of a long course of folly. I have fallen a victim to the winecup, and I am now an almost helpless wreck, not only physically but mentally. And this is the sure result of intemperance! Oh! how galling are the memories that I am compelled to bear; the days of my shame and degradation. If intemperance was a penalty inflicted upon criminals, how soon would man rise up and denounce King Alcohol a tyrant, and declare the penalty not commensurate with the crime and worthy only of a felon's actions. [illegible] was a sinner [illegible] for a bare mess of pottage, and that too when oppressed by hunger, what a terrible, fearful sinner must that man be who will willingly sell his body and soul to the destroyer for a moment's gratification of an almost insatiable appetite. Yet men daily do, and oh! my God be praised that I have been released from this fatal fanaticism; yes, man daily does it, and will continue to do it, and never wake from their deep lethargy until the crackling and scorching flames of hell shall tell them in emphatic tones that they must now pay the penalty of their bad deeds.

"Oh how wine ruins man. Man drinks with his fellow to maintain friendship, and to make that tie more binding which holds them together in friendly union. But, oh, how the man is degraded! It is worse than inimical; how truly unfriendly to thus ruin a man, and thus doom his body to abject slavery and then to endless torment. I remember an old legend which I used to love to read when in my days of happy childhood, that told of a remorseless monster, to satiate whose horrid appetite Athens was compelled annually to sacrifice a number of its youths and virgins, who, amid the heartbreaking lamentations of parents and the cries of their kindred, were led away trembling to her mazy labyrinth. Oh! it is no longer a fable; that monster now lives and instead of his eighteen victims, yes, there are indeed eighteen thousand. Oh! that there was some way to call forth some undaunted champion to battle with him; that there was a way to startle from their supineness the people, or of causing the minister from the pulpit and the magistrate from the bench, to draw the swords of the spirit and the state to put down and annihilate this monster.

"How apparent are the effects of this modern Minotaur! We see daily in our midst the victims who are being offered at the shrine of this once fabled, now real, monster; and what we cannot see we can fancy; but never, has man so much as fancied—that man who has not fallen a victim to this enthrallment,—the horrible extent and terrors of this evil; he cannot count the number of the short-lived victims it causes to perish, drowning them beneath the sparkling crest of the ruby flood, nor can he imagine the astounding boldness with which this accursed trade is pursued; neither can he see the invisible network that is spread to entangle the feet of unsuspecting innocence; nor can he conjure in his brain the diabolically ingenious methods which are practiced to ensnare virtue; what hypocritical masks of friendship are worn; what cunning arts of dissimulated kindness performed; all, that this vice may grapple with her virtuous victims and drag them to the lowest hell.

"And oh, ye who lounge on your couches of velvet, and sport in your garments of silk, who roll in your beautiful carriages, and are the courted and caressed of fashion, never, no never can you imagine the effects of this modern Minotaur; you never can know what that unfurnished floor, those naked and filthy walls, that begrimed and patched window, where the light struggling through is sickened itself—no, ye cannot tell what all these mean. Ye know not the anguish and terror of those ragged and hunger-bitten children, the remorse of the inebriate himself, as tossing upon his filthy bed of straw, sobered from last night's debauch, his eyes start from their sockets and his brow burns with fury. Ye never looked upon the wreck of woman, and ye never saw the unshrouded and uncoffined child, lying in the ghastliness of the death occasioned by the life it led. Oh! ye votaries of fashion! how can ye remain so indolent when ye can see so many countenances stamped with misery and wretchedness as if seared in them with branding irons—when ye can see those drink-palsied and drink-bloated women, with their sallow infants pining away into a slow death, while they are nursed by some half-brutal woman—when ye can see some poor child, whose face never was lit up with a smile, with no covering to his ulcered feet, shivering in the blast, and cowering like a culprit to some low bar, with a bottle in his faded hand, to buy the drink which consigns the parent to his last, long home. Oh, votaries of fashion! how dare ye spend the time and the faculties and the wealth, which God has given ye, while these scenes around are like the roll of the Prophet, 'written without and within, lamentation, mourning and woe.'

"How mistaken, too, are men in their attempts to reform the poor drunkard! Oh, if man did not *hate* the drunkard—for, indeed, he hates himself!—if they did not *despise* him, for no lower can the inebriate sink than in his own estimation! Hatred and contempt hopelessly rivet the chains that bind him to this hellish vice; they never can rend the shackles. Oh! if they would only crush to atoms the delirious bowl, and remove the temptations that he cannot resist, although he hates them, they would strike at the roots and wither the tree. Would that man would tremble at and abhor the drunkard' sin, and rouse themselves from the indifferent slumber in which he has fallen, and ask the question: 'What is to be done?' The reformation of the drunkard needs resolutions high and holy, and sustained and self-denying efforts. But, alas! for the poor stricken victim, he must break the bowl himself, or drown himself in the awful deep of perdition!

"But, thank God, I have recovered. Yes, I am once more free, but it was not my own actions and not my own deeds that assisted me to secure my independence from the insatiable monarch of mine. 'Twas an angel wife that rebuked me with perhaps more effect than if a glorious angel, fresh from the gardens of Light, and bearing upon her celestial face the radiance of the smile of God's approval, had descended and touched my heart. Then Providence, in his inscrutable ways, told me in the seperation of my child and the degradation of my name, that I must reform. Oh, how well it was for me that I did! Then, too, was there not a divine graciousness in sending me to that sweet woman who led my erring footsteps to the throne of God, and bade me worship and be thankful for his mercies. Ever blessed be thy name, O, Lord of Hosts, 'for thy merciful works to the children of men!' Day and night may my soul praise thee, O God of Absalom, hourly may I meditate upon thy goodness and thy surprising mercy.

"Oh! how I long to throw off that great sin which oftentimes possesses me. How can I hate Aubrey Belton and be consistent with that faith I have embraced? How dare I cherish revenge against my fellow man, and rob God of that vengeance which is justly and truly His? I must cool this ardent spirit of mine, and quell these rising passions. All will yet be well. The wicked never shall prosper, and the time will soon come when this terrible deed shall be accounted for, and my darling wife rightly established in her possessions.

"And my daughter! Oh! with my happy reform, with my restoration to the blessed Redeemer, and the restoration of my daughter, all my joy will be complete. I shall ask no more, but Heaven; and I will ever pray as I [illegible] of God for promoting christian benevolence and earthly kindness to my fellow-man."

It was thus the reformed inebriate mused as he lay beneath that spreading tree upon the banks of the majestic Schuylkill, and listened to the merry notes which its ripplets were sounding at his feet. Lullabied by their sweet song, and by the warblings of the beautiful spring birds, he gradually fell asleep, and in his sleep he dreamed.

Angels seemed to descend from Heaven and minister to his soul. The gate of paradise was open and he could see far beyond the starlit canopy. Oh, how ravishing the sight! Wafted on zephyry wings came sounds of blissful melody and music, that the planets themselves stopped in their revolutions amazed and entranced. And there appeared such shining beings that the great solar furnace of our system was totally eclipsed, they were of such radiant beauty; and they played on harps of amber chords, and they wore great crowns of shining metal, while their garments were as white as the snow just fallen. Their faces! oh, how happy and how smiling they hovered o'er the sleeper! While one came to him, and bending gently over, whispered in his entranced soul, "Peace, peace to thy troubled breast, all is well!"

Gradually this Heavenly vision faded away, and he thought he saw a dark room, where a feeble and moaning girl lay bound in chains. He saw her countenance, and, great heavens! he recognized his daughter. Yes, pale Alice, beautiful and delicate as the marble lily when the summer's winds woo it—it was her, indeed; and she lay in loathsome chains. Suddenly a ruffian of diabolical aspect appeared, and seemed to taunt her. The dreamer saw him produce a deadly weapon, and the girl shrink in terror from him—when the chains fell off, and the ruffian was struck to the earth, while a startling crash was heard upon all—and the sleeper awoke.

He rubbed his eyes, and it was dark. The night, black indeed, was dotted with the pale lamps set in the network of that everlasting arch. It was late, for the lights of the great city were being extinguished. With a cry of astonishment Rowand leaped to his feet, and well picking his way walked briskly off towards the city. It was one of those strange indications of God's finger over the affairs of men that caused that long sleep to fall upon the philosopher.

XXVI.
THE RESCUE AND AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

"Am I already mad?
And does delirium utter such sweet words
Into a dreamer's ear?"—LADY OF LYONS.

"And her white arms hung
On his lov'd neck as though in that one clasp
The whole wide world of joy was in her clasp."
MRS. O. H. W. ESLING.

Consternation deep and astounding was fixed upon the countenance of Handy O'Flannagan, as he saw himself in the clutches of the officials of justice, and his hellish aims foiled. Slowly his eyes opened and his bewildered senses returned to him.

"What does this mean?" he breathlessly exclaimed.

"What does what mean?" was the gruff question which was made in answer by one of the policemen.

"Why am I thus arrested?"

"Man of a bloody heart," said the youth, as he looked up from the senseless body which he held in his arms, "what does *this* sight mean? Oh, villian, with a soul of hellish dye, what has this poor girl done that now, suffering from some inhuman torture, thank God, has been rescued from your clutches? What cause have you for thus treating her?"

"It matters not to you. Let me go. I have committed no crime against justice."

"No! but an awful, horrible one against God and morality. Look upon this girl, man of a devilish nature, and say that no more"

"Where am I?" faintly asked Alice, recovering.

"Safe, fair girl, safe now forever, and soon you will be restored to those who love you."

"Oh, save me!" said the girl, starting up, "yes, I cannot stay in this place longer. I shall soon be crazed."

"Poor girl, no one shall now harm you. No wonder that reason should have fled its throne. Did ever hell witness such treatment as this!"

"Oh, sir, take me far from here. I dread him; ah! now I can see—yes, there are policemen, I know their badges; I know them; harm him not, however, for he has done nothing to me. He will let me go with you, and I must hurry, far, far from here. Oh! come, let us go now!—but whither will you conduct me?"

"To your friend Mr. Garland, who now awaits you!"

O'Flannagan uttered a deep curse.

"Oh! yes, my benefactor—but doesn't he believe that I was very wicked, and ran away from him willfully!"

"No, Miss, he could think of no evil in you."

"Oh, thank God! yes, thank Him for this. But let us hurry; I am anxious to throw myself at his feet, and beg forgiveness."

"You have done nothing to require pardon."

They had reached the door when of one the men who were holding the foiled villain, respectfully addressed the leader of the party.

"And what shall we do with this man?"

"Place him in confinement over night, as being a suspicious and dangerous character."

"Will you not go with us, and bring up a case of assault and battery with intent to kill?"

"No, my good man, I have no time to lose. Confine him for the night, however."

"You dare not," said the struggling man.

"Handy O'Flannagan! I warn you of of retribution, fearful retribution. Restore the price of blood you have received, and turn from the errors of your sinful life.— Thank your Maker that you have preserved yourself as well as a hitherto respectable citizen from the attrocious crime of murder.— Come, Miss Alice, fear nothing from me.— Lean upon my arm; there, you are ill, very ill, rest your head upon my shoulder."

And followed by the ruffian with his faithful guard he led the way on to the city.— When he parted from the officers he thanked them with a hearty will, and as he clasped the hand of the leader in friendship slipped a gold coin into it, with instructions to divide it. Then with the fairy girl resting upon his arm he walked up in the direction of the editor's house.

As they came to a cross street, and when under the brilliant light of one of the gas lamps, a man hastily passed them, crossing the street upon which they were. Hardly had the two proceeded half a dozen paces before the stranger turning back grasped the arm of Alice.

"MY GOD, 'TIS MY CHILD!"

"FATHER!" shrieked the girl.

No pen could delineate the greeting, it was in truth a meeting of unalloyed happiness.— Frank, the noble youth, stood there, without invading the sanctuary of their joy. Ed[illegible] to the home of the Jew, saw plainly the hand of God.

"My dearest father, is it truly you?" sobbed Alice.

"Oh! my darling child, my prayer is answered. Come now to arms that once have thrown you from me. Thank God, Alice, I am reformed."

"God be thanked truly! May his name be praised forever more," lisped the sweet child.

"And He has done yet more for me. He has shown me where I might find rest for a weary soul, and has given me the blessed hope of a blissful immortality. Yes, darling, I am changed."

"Oh, how glad I am; but mother, what of her, and Fannie, father the men said that a child was burned in that old building, oh! say that it was not my sister."

"No, your mother and sister still live, and they daily pray God to permit them to clasp you in their arms again."

"Let us hurry at once to them."

"Pardon, Miss Alice, if I intrude," said Frank approaching.

"Yes, yes, I forgot the noble stranger, who rescued me from death, and ——."

"How! what is this? Death! you rescued her. Noble youth, what is your name?"

"Frank Belton, sir."

"Ah!" and Rowand started back in amazement.

"Fear not, if you are Edmund Rowand, my father seeks your ruin, but by the advice of John Garland, the benevolent editor of the "Daily Stylus," and by the guidance of Providence, I have this night thwarted his diabolical plans for the murder of your daughter."

"And to what place were you about to take her?"

"To the house of Mr. Garland, who is now anxiously awiting to clasp her in his arms, after an absence of seven long months."

"Alice, was not this the stranger of the court-room—he who rescued you on the night that I so brutally hurled you from my door? Is not this the kind editor?"

"Yes, the same one."

"Then let us hurry to him. Mr. Belton I admire your motive and believe that it was your only intention of rescuing my angel child from a terrible death. And as we go on, tell me of the deeds that have transpired this night."

Alice still weak from the brutal treatment of O'Flannagan was supported by her father and her rescuer; and as they proceeded to the vicinity of Rittenhouse Square, the youth told all that he knew, while Alice followed with a relation of her adventures with Pheniss M'Flinn, up to her capture and rescue.

"The ordeal is passed," groaned the father. "Oh, what a story. Pheniss M'Flinn discovered, and Carlton Aubrey detected.— Now there is but one more scene in this drama; the discovery of the deed which raises me into higher society, and to a circle in which I can do good."

"And, sir, be assured that that scene will come in due season. But reveal to no mortal man, I conjure you, the fact of my father's connection with this affair. Remember, sir, he is still my father."

"True, true, I will regard your request. Surely he can never do me harm, and I will heap coals of fire upon his head. I will not return evil for evil."

"Oh, father you are truly changed," lovingly said the delicate girl. "Now we shall be all happy, our days of trial are passed and we may now live free from any care or trouble."

"Nay Alice, look only to Heaven for happiness. Because the day is cheerful and beautiful, think not that it will ever be so.— Life is like a summer's day, the morning bright and cloudless, while the lamp of day sets amid an awful tempest. Trust not to the present, look above!"

By this time they had reached the mansion of the old editor, and Frank's eye sparkled as he saw floods of light issue from it.— Scarcely had the bell been rung before a servant opened it, a door from the parlor thrown open and Alice once more clasped in the arms of John Garland. The poor girl still suffering wept aloud.

"And you don't think I was away on purpose, sir?" asked the sobbing girl.

"Bless your heart, no! [illegible] said you did, eh, angel? But who is this? By James the First, Rowand found too! Well, if Happiness is a pig with a greesy tail as I maintain it is, I vow I've a good catch onto it," and he wrung the hand of the reformed inebriate with such force as to cause the tears to spring from their secretions.

The welcome was as cordially given to Alice by the mother and daughter while Fred very ceremoniously offered his hand.

"Aw, aw," he said with majestic dignity, "I am glad to see you back.— [illegible] whiskers."

The editor, who had [illegible] anxiously awaiting the result of Frank's [illegible], had provided everything for the comfort of his new visitors. Refreshments were produced, which were needed indeed by Alice, Rowand and young Frank. The latter had during the above modestly retired and gazed with moist eyes upon the scene of welcome.

"Come here, you rascal," shouted John Garland, as he caught the hands of Frank and Alice. "Then, love each other now.— Eh! Rowand, you have no objections? No, certainly not, who could?"

Did Alice draw her hand bashfully away? No, but she blushed—and let it remain, while Frank pressed it tenderly and bestowed a kiss gallantly upon it. Alice was now sixteen—sweet sixteen, and her heart was warm with affection. Frank was indeed too far gone to have even the slightest degree of hope for his recovery. Old John Garland laughed heartily at the end which affairs had come to, but his honest indignation welled forth in torrents when he heard the recitals of both Frank and Alice.

"Ha! ha! ha! hurrah for you," he exclaimed "Frank, you have the head of a Machiavel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Spirit of the Age.

Sensibility.—BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Sensibility is that peculiar structure or habit of mind which disposes a man to be very easily moved or affected by the objects and events around him. There are some whose nervous system is so grossly formed, and whose spirits flow in so thick and sluggish a current, that they are incapable of any sensations save those of animal appetite. On the contrary there are others whom nature has formed in so delicate a mould that they are sensible of any impression, whether of joy or grief. To such persons not only is every actual occurrence a source of interest, but their vivid and fertile imagination is always busily employed in creating innumerable ficticious causes of vexation and delight.

It has always been obser[illegible] the most [illegible] power or capacity, have possessed an ardor of spirits and glowing sentiment which has led them on to great and glorious deeds; and it must be perfectly obvious to every one who contemplates human nature with impartiality, that man is a being necessarily depending in a measure upon external objects, and that the human species must be capable of enjoyment and exertion in proportion to the power of the impression these are enabled to make on the feelings.

Sensibility is not only an enjoyment but an aid to virtue. We invariably regard the first appearance of this temper in children as the dawning of an honest and excellent character. Where the parent observes his child discovering a tender heart, not in weak fears, but by dropping a tear over the sufferings of his companions, and by treating the brute creation with humanity, these indications of generosity and kindness are viewed with inexpressible delight. In the humble cot as well as in the palace, the gem of coersibity is found, affording the poor and unlettered mechanic delights which many a king might envy. Without Sensibility the satirist and novelist would write in vain. The poet would sweep his lyre, and its tones would find no echo in our hearts, for the halo of delight which is thrown round literature is imparted by Sensibility.

This virtue is indeed valuable, and it should be our constant care, in the pursuit of pleasure, to cultivate it, for if we keep our hearts to this end, it will prevent the intrusion of selfishness and its train of sordid passions. We should never repent doing good. Generosity brings its own reward, if not in this word, at least in that which is to come; for the greatest Christian virtue is love to our neighbor; and how can we carry out that principle without possessing Sensibility.

Baltimore, Md.

For the Spirit of the Age.

Examination and Exhibition of the Rocky Mount School.

The examination and exhibition of the Rocky Mount School, under the sepervision of Mr. W. T. Griffin, took place on Thursday, the 31st day of May. The day was a dark, cloudy one—rain threatening all day—notwithstanding which a large concourse of people were in attendance. The students acquitted themselves handsomely, showing to their parents and friends that their time had been well employed.

After the students had performed their parts, the Principal introduced to the audience, in very complimentary terms, Mr. Geo. W. Blount, of Nashville, who was the chosen orator for the occasion. He delivered a sound, hard-sense speech, addressing himself to the farmers, and telling them that the education of their sons was of as great importance as the education of those destined for the learned professions. He then spoke to the students, pointing to them the road to knowledge in glowing eloquence, showing them their duty to themselves as *men*, and then their duty as the future governors of this great republic. He spoke in soul-stirring accents of the Union of States, and gave a picture of our country both physical and political, and closed with a graceful allusion to the ladies, and the subject of female education.

At night there was a brilliant display of "beauty and chivalry" in the dance and social conversation—each enjoying himself as he thought best. There was "no sleep till morn," for all remained until "rosy fingered Aurora" was about to lift the curtain of night—then left with fluttering hearts and slight squeezing of the hands, to dream of the fair ones they had reveled with that night. All the males, I am sure, were intoxicated, but not with brandy—for I did not smell any of its noxious fumes that night—but with the delight created by the smiles and favoring glances of the ladies. We all hope we may have many more such occasions.

Mr. Griffin is an estimable man, and a good scholar. He will open his school again on the 16th July, when I hope he will be patronized as he deserves. C.

For the Spirit of the Age.

The Influence of Woman.

Woman has in all ages received the name of "the weaker sex," but she has an influence that far excells vain-glorious man; and he himself must acknowledge his indebtedness to her influence for what is refined and chaste in his character. Her influence is the glowing refulgence that lights up the transparency of human life; it makes home happy, and the flowers that gem man's pathway; it is like sunshine glimmering in the dark places of the heart; and where it reigns we find joy, love, and peace; it sheds light upon all while traveling through this desert of woe.

Behold woman's influence over the moral and social world; see what she is doing to moralize the young, look at her influence at home in her family; see her ways, hear her kind words of instruction, [illegible] smiles of her face, all speaking in tender tones of her goodness. Look at her in the cause of education, see what an influence she has in leading the young mind the way of knowledge and truth.

Behold her in the religious world, and see what an influence she is wielding in the great cause. Listen to her winning voice as she pours forth in sweetest melody the Redeemer's praise, and to her petitions as they ascend to the Most High for blessings upon her family and friends. Look at the little child raising its feeble voice and tiny hands to its Creator, taught by her influence.

Woman, the influence of her voice sounds through all the purer chambers of the soul, and sends us to the great fountain head that never fails. Her smile softens passion, and weaves around the heart a spell that time itself cannot break; the influence of that bright eye pours comfort into the soul and drives far away care and fear; unseen she exerts her influence far and wide; it is forming our future statesmen, orators, poets, and divines. All feel her influence more or less; as well as that little prattler into whose mind she is sowing the seed that will fit him for usefulness in life, and for the joys of eternity.

The student when secluding himself within the shades of a college, far away from his dhildhoods home, feels the influence of woman pressing deeply upon him; it follows him in every branch of his study. He sits by his window, and gazing on the moonlight silvering the trees, thinks of her—perhaps a sainted mother, or a trusting sister,—perhaps another whose love is even more highly prized. Woman's influence is with man every where: if he mounts up to the Alpine hights, or sinks down to the lowest valley on earth; out on the broad spread waters where the fierce winds howl, the vivid lightnings flash and the loud thunders roll, he feels her sweet influence; she is every where throwing out her angle-like disposition, and the winning influence of her nature. Woman, thy influence is as words chiseled in eternal gran[illegible]

Tribute of Respect.

Died, on the 18th of May, in Stanly co., N. C., Eldridge Sides, aged 34 years and 13 days. In relation to his death the Bethel Church Sabbath School, of which he was a member, passed the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his All-wise providence to remove from us our brother and fellow member E. Sides; and whereas, he by his amiable disposition has rendered himself dear to us—we deem it due to his memory, to his bereaved friends and to our own feeling, to express our sentiments in regard to this afflictive dispensation in the following resolutions.

Resolved, That while we feel deeply the loss which our Sabbath School has sustained in the death of brother Sides, yet we feel that it becomes us to bow in humble submission to the decree of him who is too wise to err, and too great and good to act unkindly.

That in the death of our brother the church has lost a stay, our county a good citizen, society an ornament, our community a kind, obliging neighbor, and our Sabbath School one of its most punctual, efficient and amiable members.

That we sympathise with his bereaved mother and relations, and mourn their heavy and irreparable loss; yet believing that their loss is his eterrnal gain and would point them to the land of rest prepared for the finally faithful.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the Spirit of the Age and Sunday School Times for publication, and that they be recorded in the proceedings of this School.

JOHN F. MOOSE,
E. W. BLACKWELDER, } Com.
CHRISTOPHER LEYERLE,

Written for the Spirit of the Age.

LILLIA LINN; Or The First Victim.

It is good to turn back occasionally and glance over the pages of the Past, even if we do find as many pictures of sorrow as gladness, written there. For one, I love to call up the memories of the by-gones, and look upon their old familiar faces.

Did you know Lillia Linn? Ah! its foolish to ask such a question; for Lillia was scarcely known beyond her own neighborhood. But you have seen the old school-house on the hill-side? Well, Lillia went there and sat, and read, and wrote after copy, and played under the great hickory tree down by the brook, and I played with her, and worked hard sums for her, and loved her too. But she died!

Poor lost Lillia! I turn back and look on the day when childhood's gladness drove care away, when the realities of life were untried and she was my own little laughing angel. I wish I could tell you just how Lillia looked when she was a mere child, and above all when she left school. But I cannot; no I cannot; but I can see her just as she was the last time we sat on the seat her brother Bob built under the cedar tree, and said it was for us. No silvery wreath floating across the blue sky of a summer evening, was more graceful; no warbling bird had a lighter heart; but I cannot tell you how tenderly her blue eye looked, and sometimes had tear-drops clinging to the long ashes like buds of crystal. She was the sweet flower that bloomed out in brightness on the wayside of my youth. I loved her then; and when my locks became dark and my brow was stamped with manhood's signet, I loved her the more, and I love her now in the noon or winter of life as it may be. Yes, I love her pure spirit that hovers o'er me on angel wing, while I write of my poor lost Lillia.

———years ago! How time flies! It seems but a few days, but I know it has been more than that; for my head is growing white like it was when Lillia and I played among the flowers on the brookside below the mill, watching the 'perch' and 'horned dace' frolicking in the sun where it shone through the elder and hazel bushes on the bank; and as I pass my hand over my face it feels hard and rough with wrinkles, and here's my smooth cane, the gift of a nephew in a foreign land, himself beyond the morn of life, and if that's my shadow in the mirror against the wall, I am now an old man.

Yes,———years have gone by since Lillia passed away, and I have been dreaming as if life had not a winter and frosts, as well as a spring time and flowers.

The country was new then; the settlements were sparse and the 'clearings' only here and there in a day's travel. My father came from Pennsylvania and so did Lillia's. They were school-mates in olden time and they "settled" near each other in the old wilderness. I have heard my father say it seemed lonely till James Linn came and bought land near him and built a cabin.— Then we had neighbors. The smoke from the two cabins curled up gracefully from wide chimneys and mingled together in the [illegible] or vanished among the shadows of the wilderness.

A blessed home was there. I revere the old trees that whispered so softly as the breeze played in the boughs, and sent up a solemn anthem to heaven when the live storm leaped upon their glossy crests. The birds sang earlier then than now, and sweeter too, it seems, and the creek beyond the "patch" sang a good song not to be forgotten; its silvery tones linger with me yet.

Years passed by so swiftly that we scarcely noticed their flight. Spring time with its flowers came and went, the brown leaves of autumn fell and went to the dust and the winds of winter wailed the death of the old year, but Lillia and I cared little for that.— The snow might fall and clothe the old earth in a cold garniture of white, but our cabin fires were warm and we felt live love and happiness glowing in our hearts.

When the next spring came with new flowers and birds to sing, we were to be married. Ah! we were happy!

* * * * * *

I shall never forget that dismal winter night. The fire on our cabin hearth burned brightly enough to dispell dull care, but somehow I felt comfortless and sad. My father held our old Bible on his knee and read aloud the promises in its blessed pages, while my mother busily applied the knitting needles weaving warm socks for me. Little Lize was playing with the yellow kitten on the rug, and I sat with my head leaning against the logs of the cabin listening to the storm without. A sleet and a cutting hail was coating the old forest with a crackling armor. How the cold pebbles of ice rattled on our cabin roof! I can hear their pattering music yet. The sky was black and deep with restless clouds, and the light of our lamp flared out dimly through the little window upon the solitude and gloom. The wind moaned like some invisible monster in agony, as it swept on now madly through the black wilderness, then in struggling gusts dying away in the distance like the spirit-whisperings of the wailing lost. [illegible] bors. He rushed into our cabin wet and cold. His stout brown clothes were torn and begrimmed with dark stains of mud. He had evidently been struggling through brambles and forests for hours. There was wildness in his eyes. He stood in our cabin and trembled. It was Bob Linn. I knew something dreadful had happened and I stood before him and could not speak. He shrieked rather than spoke;

'Lillia is lost!'

Lillia lost! how the words froze into my heart! How it spread from cabin to cabin in the 'settlement,' for Lillia was the loved of all.

Mr. Linn was a drinking man, and Lillia and I had spoke of it and wept together as we sat under the cedar tree on the seat that Bob had built for *us*.

The day before, he had been at the new tavern that a new comer had built near the "two hills," and when he came to his home at night he was drunk and had turned Lillia away from the fireside. He was deranged with rum, and thrust his daughter, and my Lillia, out in the cold night and driving sleet with a curse and fastened the door upon her and sat with his gun, saying he would shoot Bob if he attempted to go to her rescue.— Since then Lillia has not been heard of, said Bob, as he stood trembling before me. Bob had been searching field and forest for hours, having escaped while his father slept.

Lillia lost! I rushed from the cabin and and Bob after me; and the neighbors for miles around gathered in groups and searched for the lost. All day through snow and ice, and wind and rain, we beat the forest.— The shadows of the dark day began to gather and our search had been fruitless.

I stood alone in the gloomy forest and the loaded trees creaked and groaned under their glistening burthen, and the wind shook the fragile icicles from the boughs down at my feet. Lillia lost! and the truth whirled through my brain till I grew dizzy, and I leaned against an old beech tree and rested and listened. Away towards the shaded nook on the creek, where Lilia and I had spent many a sunny afternoon, I heard a low plaintive cry. How my heart throbbed as I leaped forward and answered it! After a long interval I heard it again, and ran towards the nook; I knew it was there and that it was Lillia. Again and again I heard the same cry of distress and I hurried on.— More and more distinct as I drew nearer our favorite retreat. I answered the cry and it responded, I thought with hope. I may as well tell you of the place I was going. It was a favorite place with Lillia. It was walled in on three sides by high brown rocks, over which wild grape vines had clambered and hung them with tendrils and moss. A silvery creek gurgled along the open side where the "trout" and "horned dace" played and frisked among the white pebbles in the summer season. A wide and shelving rock leaned off from the southern wall of this retreat, and beneath this was a wide poplar 'puncheon,' on which Lillia and I had sat together and talked of love and happiness, and I had carved letters in the soft wood, some of them wrong end up, the honey suckle hung out from the crevices of the old rocks, and for days together in the summer season we had there watched the humming-bird kissing the flowers for a moment and then fly away.

I knew Lillia was there, and I shouted as I ran towards the spot and the plaintive cries of distress urged me on. How my heart throbbed as if it would burst from my bosom as the tops of the rocks came in sight through the dusky shadows of the coming night!— I shouted her name as I wound my way along the little path on the creek bank through the crackling vines and hazel bushes. The flutter of an old "jay's" wings among the beech boughs overhead, flying from its night perch at my approach, was my answer. All was quiet and lonely, yet I felt that Lillia was there. It seemed that I should never get through the tangled and ice loaded shrubbery. Madly I trampled them under foot, tearing clothes and flesh in my eagerness to get through.

I sprang into the centre of the retreat, bewildered and half blind. There sat Lillia on the old poplar "puncheon," where we had sat an hundred times together. Her long hair had fallen over her shoulders and hung there in frozen shreds! Her hands were clasped and her head laid over against the cold rocks, and a moveless smile rested upon her blanched face as she looked up to the drifting clouds. I shouted again, and my words rang out and trembled on the air. I heard the answer of a neighbor far off. I shook in every fibre. The strongest would have trembled; there at the side of my poor frozen Lillia Linn crouched the terror of the forest, an infernal, half famished Panther.— He it was that had been answering my cries while he sat by the corpse of my lost angel! Who would not have trembled! Alone, without a weapon, and the wild wretch within a half a leap of the path that led out of the inclosure.

I saw the beast rear up and place his wet [illegible] the glassy rocks [illegible] ed—I know no more—I must have fallen.— An age of torment was crowded into a few moments there. I reckon it was a trance; spectres the most horrible—sights the most revolting—anguish the most excruciating—imbecility—poverty—pangs—storms—graves—hail—death—corpses gaunt and grim, blood, struggling, and hell seemed painted in a confused pile with colors glaring and sombre and terific diorama whirled before my bewildered vision. I heard a sharp crash and I awoke to consciousness with the hairy monster rolling and struggling over me. A hot liquid flew in my face—I brushed it with my hand—it was blood and the panther was writhing in death at my feet! A little cloud of blue smoke was floating away over the tops of the rocks and on the cliff above stood a neighbor and a friend. Waldron's rifle had saved me! All this time Lillia had sat unmoved and unterrified with her blue eyes gazing calmly up towards Heaven.

I sprang to her side and took her hand from the cold rocks and held it in my arms. Her eye was yet blue as it ever was when we sat here together, talking of the future and its promises to us, but her cheek was bloodless and her lips were a curious blue. I pressed her cold cheek to my bosom and shook the ice from her long tresses. kissed her cold, stiff hands till it seemed my heart would break, and I washed them with hot tears, and begged her like a child to wake and smile, and tell me she was happy again. I told her I thought the sun was shining down through the green boughs of the old cedar tree over the seat Bob built for us, and begged her to go there with me and talk of love and listen to the singing of the birds in the hedge by the meadow.

It seemed that Lillia would never awake and love me. How could she!

The Lillia of earth was gone—*gone*!

The Lillia of Heaven was at rest!

And all that day she had been singing in her new home!

[illegible] neighbors [illegible] two of our [illegible] a kind old man was appointed sexton and he dug a nice grave there for Lillia. That was the first! A nice coffin was made by the Carpenter, and good women smoothed Lillia's hair and laid her in it. They told me that the panther had not left a mark upon my lost one and I thanked them for telling me that, and blessed God too!

That day the sun shone out and the old trees looked as if they had dressed themselves for a great ball in the forest, so brightly they shone with the ice gleaming on their tall crests. Such was the day when they laid Lillia in the new grave yard.

They carried her down to the dell and I followed after them. There was the little grave ready for its tenant, and they let her down softly without suffering the coffin to grate harshly against the sides, as I have sometimes heard with a chill. I stood at the "head" of the grave watching the coffin going down with its treasure and my heart went down with it. (*Dont you know it did?*)

Well, they buried her thus in the dell, the first, as I have told you before, and I love the old sexton yet for selecting the softest of the red earth to pour gently on her coffin, so as not to make that horrid rumbling sound of big clods on the boards, that make the heart ache to hear. And then, when all thought he had finished his task, he took his spade and went away down the dell to where a little rill hastened away, and brought a basket full of green sods that the frost had left, and laid them one by one on the mound with his hands; and when he was done, Lillia had a green grave in the winter time.— He was done, and turning to look at me he said "poor sorrowin' lad," and he brushed a big tear from his eye with his hard hand.

Good old sexton, I love thy memory still, for thou lovedest Lillia too, but not as I did.

Lillia was the first victim of the dram shop by the "two hills," and the first to sleep in the grave-yard in the dell, but not the last. Soon her father was laid there too, and young Jones, and neighbor Wilson, and a Stranger, and Waldron, that shot the panther that crouched at the side of poor dead Lillia. These were the dramshop's trophies; so that the little pen of poles that the old sexton placed over Lillia's grave was torn away and he buried these there too, all generous and noble hearts, and then built a neat fence around them all, and then the neighbors buried him there too.

For this, and a thousand other reasons, I have sworn eternal enmity and war against Rum, its kith and kin. Do you blame me, Reader.

My poor lost Lillia Linn, the first victim of the drunkery by the "two hills!" Our veins knot with a sleepless, unsatiated revenge as we think of it yet!

The seat that Bob built under the cedar tree for us has fallen down and gone to decay; the leaves of———autumns have blotted out the path that used to lead down to the old rocks; the wild grapes dry on the stony walls for the birds to pick; and the flowers hang on the stems till the winds shake them off, for aught we know, since Lillia, is with us to share them no more.

And now, Reader, the sun of this blessed and beautiful day has gone down behind that gold fringed cloud in the west, whilst we have been floating back over a long lapse of years with this sad waif of the Past.

So died out, like a shadow, our first love: There never lived but one Lillia Linn.

The memory of her lingers with me yet like the dim shadows on our page, or more like the dying symphonies of some old song dear to the heart.

I have not seen the old rocks, the stump of the cedar tree, the brook where the fish frisked in the waves, or the "two hills" for years, but our feet once beat out a pilgrim path to Lillia's little grave where the green grass waved in the shadowy dell.