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G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 30, 1850.

For the National Era.

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL.

Dr. Singletary is dead!

Well, what of it? All who live die sooner or later, and pray, who was Dr. Singletary, that his case should claim particular attention?

Why, in the first place, Dr. Singletary, as a man, born to our common inheritance of joy and sorrow, earthly interests and heavenward aspirations, our brother in sin and suffering, wisdom and folly, love and pride, and vanity, has a claim upon the universal sympathy. Besides, whatever the living man may have been, death has now invested him with its great solemnity. He is with the immortals. For him the great curtain has been lifted. The weaknesses, the follies, and repulsive mental and personal idiosyncracies, which may have kept him without the sphere of our respect and sympathy, have now fallen off, and he stands radiant with the transfiguration of eternity, God's child, our recognised and acknowledged brother.

Dr. Singletary is dead. He was an old man, and seldom, of latter years, ventured beyond the precints of his neighborhood. He was a single man, and his departure has broken no circle of family affection. He was little known to the public, and is now little missed. The village newspaper simply appended to its announcement of his disease the customary *post mortem* compliment, "greatly respected by all who knew him;" and in the annual catalogue of his *Alma Mater*, an asterisk has been added to his name, over which perchance some gray-haired survivor of his class may breathe a sigh as he calls up the image of the fresh-faced, bright-eyed boy, who, aspiring, hopeful, vigorous, started with him on the journey of life—a sigh rather for himself than for its unconscious awakener.

But a few years have passed since he left us, yet already well nigh all the outward manifestations, landmarks, and memorials of the living man have passed away or been removed. His house, with its broad, mossy roof sloping down on one side almost to the rose-bushes and lilacs, and its comfortable little porch in front, where he used to sit of a pleasant summer afternoon, has passed into new hands, and has been sadly disfigured by a glaring coat of white paint, and, in the place of the good Doctor's name, hardly legible on the corner board, may now be seen in staring letters of black and gold, "Valentine Orson Stubbs, M. D., Indian Doctor and Dealer in Roots and Herbs." The good Doctor's old horse, as well known as its owner to every man, woman, and child in the village, has fallen into the new-comer's hands, who (being prepared to make the most of him, from the fact that he commenced the practice of the healing art in the stable, rising from thence to the parlor) has rubbed him into comparative sleekness, cleaned his mane and tail of the accumulated burs of many autumns, and made quite a gay nag of him. The wagon, too, in which at least two generations of boys and girls have ridden in noisy hilarity, whenever they encountered it on their way to school, has been so smartly painted and varnished, that if its former owner could look down from the hill where he lies, he would scarcely know his once familiar vehicle, as it whirls glittering along the main road to the village. For the rest, all things go on as usual—the miller grinds, the blacksmith strikes and blows, the cobbler and tailor stitch and mend, old men sit in the autumn sun, old gossips stir tea and scandal, revival meetings alternate with apple-bees and huskings—toil, pleasure, family jars, petty neighborhood quarrels, courtship and marriage—all which makes up the daily life of a country village, continue as before. The little chasm which his death has made in the hearts of the people where he lived and labored seems nearly closed up. There is only one more grave in the burying ground—that is all.

Let nobody infer from what I have said that the good man died unlamented, for, indeed, it was a sad day with his neighbors, when the news, long expected, ran at last from house to house, and from workshop to workshop, "*Dr. Singletary is dead!*" He had not an enemy left among them; in one way or another he had been the friend and benefactor of all. Some owed to his skill their recovery from sickness, others remembered how he had watched with anxious solicitude by the bedside of their dying relatives, soothing them, when all human aid was vain, with the sweet consolations of that Christian hope which alone pierces the quiet shadow of the grave, and shows the safe stepping-stones above the dark waters. The old missed a cheerful companion and friend who had taught them much without wounding their pride by an offensive display of his superiority, and who, while making a jest of his own trials and infirmities, could still listen with real sympathy to the querulous and importunate complaints of others. For one day at least, even the sunny faces of childhood were marked with unwonted thoughtfulness; the shadow of the common bereavement fell over the play-ground and nursery. The little girl remembered, with tears, how her broken-limbed doll had taxed the surgical ingenuity of her genial old friend, and the boy showed sorrowfully to his playmates the top which the good Doctor had given him. If there were few, among the many who stood beside his grave, capable of rightly measuring and appreciating the high intellectual and spiritual nature which formed the background of his simple social life, all could feel that no common loss had been sustained, and that the kindly and generous spirit which had passed away from them had not lived to himself alone.

As you follow the windings of one of the loveliest rivers of New England, a few miles above the sea-mart, at its mouth, you can see on a hill, whose grassy slope is checkered with the graceful foliage of the locust, and whose top stands relieved against a still higher elevation, dark with oaks and walnuts, the white stones of the burying-place. It is a quiet spot; but without gloom, as befits "God's Acre." Below is the village, with its sloops and fishing boats at the wharves, and its crescent of white houses mirrored in the water. Eastward is the misty line of the great sea. Blue peaks of distant mountains roughen the horizon of the North. Westward the broad, clear river winds away into a maze of jutting bluffs and picturesque wooded headlands. The tall, white stone on the westerly slope of the hill bears the name of "Nicholas Singletary, M. D.," and marks the spot which he selected many years before his death. When I visited it last spring, the air about it was fragrant with the bloom of sweet-briar and blackberry, and the balsamic aroma of the sweet fern, birds were singing in the birch trees by the wall, and two little, brown-locked, merry-faced girls were making wreaths of the dandelions and grasses which grew upon the old man's grave. The sun was setting behind the western river-bluffs, flooding the valley with soft light, glorifying every object, and fusing all into harmony and beauty. I saw and felt nothing to depress or sadden me. I could have joined in the laugh of the children; the light whistle of a young teamster, driving merrily homeward, did not jar upon my ear. For from the transfigured landscape, and from the singing birds, and from sportive childhood, and from blossoming sweet-briar, and from the grassy mound before me, I heard the whisper of one word only, and that word was Peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

THE VOLUNTEER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage
Which I can take unsullied to the stars,
When the great Father calls his children home,
And in the midst of this Elysian dream,
Lo, Gold—the demon Gold! alas! the creed
Of the false land!"—*Bulwer.*

"And now for the fortune
That hangeth above;
And to bury in battle
My dream of love!"
Barry Cornwall.

"And so, Margaret, you will not promise to use your influence toward obtaining this appointment for me?"

"Ah, Herbert, do not urge me! I cannot do this thing consistently with my own sense of duty; and I am amazed and shocked that you should so far forget your often avowed principles as to desire to engage in this most unrighteous war—a war without one just cause, or one noble object—but waged against an unoffending people, in the rapacity of conquest, and for the extension and perpetuation of human slavery. You surely are not hoping thus to win true glory."

"But I am ambitious of *distinction*, which I *must* have and which I can gain in no other way that I can see."

"And why this sudden thirst for distinction? This intense ambition is certainly a new development of your character, and it troubles me more than I can tell. Why is it that you desire a great name more than ever before?"

"If you cannot guess, if you must be told, dear Margaret, it is that I may stand on an equality with you. Now, your wealth and position humiliate me."

"Does my *love* humiliate you, Herbert?"

"No, dearest."

"And, yet, is it not of infinitely greather worth? All the wealth and honors of the world could not buy it."

"I know that, Margaret; but, before the world, I cannot be lifted up even by your dear arms to a position I have not earned. I cannot consent to receive everything, where I would give all. I forgot my manly pride in the one absorbing sense of my love, when I sued for your hand; but it has since made itself remembered; and you have felt, without understanding it, in what you have called my 'strange moods.' Your noble love is to me the crown of life, yet I can never wear it in peace, until the world shall acknowledge my right to it.

"Now, as I have said, your influence with your uncle may gain for me the command of a volunteer company. I have a bold heart and a strong arm, and, in a short time, I am confident I can gain distinction as a soldier."

"And lose my esteem. Herbert, I never can consent to this; and I tell you frankly, that what little influence I possess I shall use *against* this mad enterprise of yours. Forgive me if I pain you, dearest; but out of the very love I bear you I must oppose you in this. I speak only of love, though I might speak of rights and claims too strong, too solemn, to be lightly set aside."

"Then I must bid you good morning, and try my fortune elsewhere."

It was in the elegant parlor of a handsome house in one of our Western cities, that the above conversation took place, between a pair of betrothed lovers, on a morning in the year 1846.

Margaret Neale was an orphan, and the heiress to great wealth. She was the ward of an uncle, with whom she resided. Herbert Moore was a poor, obscure boy when he first fell under the notice of the father of Margaret, who employed him in various capacities, gave him a fine mercantile education, and, a short time previous to his own death, advanced him to the post of confidential clerk. In this situation, which was continued to him after the death of his patron, Herbert was able to support himself well, and to assist his widowed mother, who had but a small income of her own. He was a young man of fine intellect, of a warm and generous heart, but of a quick, passionate temper, and, as we have seen, of an excessive and morbid pride. His native independence was not subdued, but rather augmented, by the great obligations under which he had been placed by the kindness of Mr. Neale; and when, after the death of his benefactor, he was thrown much into the society of the beautiful heiress, it was "against his very will and wish transgressing," that he loved her and told her of his love. And this he never would have revealed, had he not read, in the involuntary blush, the downcast eyes, and the low, trembling voice of Margaret, the sweet secret of her own gentle soul. After the avowal had been made, and the first raptures of the accepted lover were past, Herbert Moore began bitterly to reflect on the light in which he might be viewed as the betrothed of Miss Neale—he, the penniless protegé, almost the creature of her father. He feared being thought a mercenary, poor-spirited schemer, who had made use of extraordinary opportunities of access to the lovely young heiress to gain her affection and her fortune, giving nothing which the world would deem an adequate return. These thoughts fretted and stung the proud heart of the sensitive young man, until he almost looked upon himself as an upstart and an adventurer.

Had Herbert Moore regarded the matter in a just light, he would have seen that his best vindication and assurance lay in the well-understood character of Margaret Neale. The parents of our heroine were Scotch, of the true old Covenanter stock, and from them she inherited some strong and peculiar characteristics. Though a sweet and loving woman, she possessed a vigorous mind, a clear judgment, and a hearty independence—traits and powers which, of themselves, raised her far above the suspicion of being blinded by a romantic passion, or duped into the acceptance of an unworthy love. Such was the high estimation in which she was held by all who knew her, that any man whom she might have honored by the bestowal upon him of her hand and fortune, would, from that circumstance alone, have been deemed worthy of all respect.

I trust that my reader will not think altogether ill of Herbert Moore, that he did not thus understand the character and position of his affianced bride. To him she was all devoted love and clinging tenderness, and he did not perceive that her nature was to others more boldly defined—that in society she was strong, impressive, decidedly, though delightfully, individual. Herbert's very gratitude to his former patron seemed to impress upon him the unworthiness of taking advantage of his position in the family, to win the hand and with it the immense fortune of the heiress. He must not be harshly censured for his fault—a fault which sprung from a generous root, and one with which few young men, like him, handsome and penniless, can be charged.

From long brooding over the subject of his relations towards Margaret Neale, there came upon Herbert Moore a burning desire to make for himself a name, which, even in the eyes of the world, might balance the fortune of his bride. Yet how was this to be accomplished? Though possessed of various talents, Herbert Moore was fully aware that he had no positive genius for any department of science or art. He was not a brilliant scholar, though educated and well read. He was not a poet, though truly poetical. He was not an artist, though of fine artistic tastes. Nor was he a musician, though he sung pleasantly at evening parties.

Just at this perplexing period, there was great excitement throughout the country upon the Mexican war. Our hero's native State raised a regiment of volunteers, and his native city was called upon for a company. To the command of this company young Moore aspired, though in heart he utterly condemned the objects and conduct of the war. Mr. Neale, the uncle and guardian of Margaret, was a man of fortune and great influence in his city and State, and, with his countenance, Moore had no doubt of his appointment. But this "aid and comfort" the old gentleman, at his niece's request, declined giving to his young friend; softening his refusal, however, by the kindest professions and advice, and by saying that the house of Neale & Co. could not spare their head clerk.

After a few weeks, during which Moore was still bent upon his warlike purpose, having some hope from other quarters, the appointment was given to the son of an old soldier, a young man of decided military propensities. The consequence was, that Moore, in a sudden fit of passion and mortification, enlisted as a private in the company he had wished to command.

Margaret Neale, with whom of late he had had but brief and constrained interviews, was informed of this piece of madness by her pastor, old Mr. McDonald, who had been as a father to Herbert and herself since their childhood. Margaret was quite overwhelmed by the sad news, and sent the good minister to her lover, to persuade him, even yet, to abandon his wild undertaking. When Mr. McDonald returned the next morning, he shook his head sadly, as he placed in Margaret's hand the following letter:

"My Dear Margaret: If I may yet once more call you thus—once more, and for the last time, I shall so presume.

"I failed to obtain the appointment which I desired; failed partly, if not entirely, through your adverse influence; and, in my first disappointment and chagrin, I have taken a rash step, but I will abide the issue, and submit to the penalty. I return you your troth—too high an honor, too priceless a treasure, to be possessed by a poor volunteer—an adventurer—a soldier in the ranks. My own must remain with you forever. Though I go from you under a cloud, though you turn from me with coldness, despise and forget me, I am still yours—yours in life and in death; and the thought of no other love shall ever visit this sad heart, than that which for a brief season uplifted it to heaven.

"My poor mother! Need I commend her to your care and affection? I dare not ask you to be to her as a daughter, for the sake of our past love; but for her own dear sake, and remembering your forgiving tenderness, I dare even ask this of you.

"I leave my mother in the enjoyment of, I trust, a comfortable income from her own little property and mine; so her care will only be for me, her unworthy son.

"And now, farewell! I have no strength with which to part with you otherwise than thus, even should you condescend to grant me an interview. If I ever return, it will be with the hard-earned honors which may make me even your peer, in the world's sight. If I return not, then you may know that in a soldier's obscure and crowded grave, under a foreign soil, there moulders away a heart which to its latest throb held you dearer than its life-blood.

"Think as kindly of me as you can, for, oh! Margaret! if I have erred in this step, it is from my love, which, though so proud and impetuous, is all as tender and devoted. If I have brought sorrow to your heart, forgive! for, believe me, the sharpest grief, the sternest agony, is mine.

"May God be with you!

"Herbert Moore."

To the above letter, Margaret Neale returned this reply:

"My Dear Friend: In a very few words I must give you my sorrowful farewell. My soul is too much shaken and my heart too cruelly torn with contending emotions for clear thought or calm speech.

"I take back the plighted troth you return to me—for you no longer seem the man to whom so lately I joyfully and trustingly gave my love and my faith.

"You are mistaken. Not from your *love* you do this wrong, but from your *pride*—your hard, unlovely pride—and dearer to you than my esteem and affection is your own fierce and fiery independence. For the triumph of your haughty will, and from a poor fear of the mean suspicions of the world, you have been willing to lay a crushing sorrow on a heart which has loved you only too well. God forgive you, Herbert! God forgive you.

"Your mother, for her own sake, shall be dear to me, and also for the sake of our lost love.

"I bid you a last adieu! If you return from war and conquest, you will doubtless come as the renowned hero, to others—as the stranger, to me. At the last, I must speak the truth at my heart, and say, that in my eyes, as in the eyes of all lovers of justice and freedom throughout the world, all the honors gained by the actors in this most unholy war against a sister Republic will be so many disgraces. Oh, believe me! laurels won on such battle-fields may never light the brow with true glory, but only darken it with curses.

"But I know that it is vain to talk thus to you at this late hour. The path you have chosen you will resolutely pursue. Herbert, I do not yet repent me of my opposition to your first project. I did what I thought right—God will care for the result.

"With a prayer to Heaven for your preservation through the fearful dangers which you must encounter—a fervent pleading which is the deepest cry of my heart—I bid you farewell!

"Margaret Neale."

It was on a chilly and cloudy morning that the embarkation of the —— regiment of volunteers took place from the wharf of the city of ——. Sad and touching beyond description were some of the scenes which then passed on the river-banks, and on the thickly thronged boats. There a gallant officer gently unwound the arms of his fainting wife, and put her from the heaving breast whereon she would lean no more; and here a bold young soldier strove, with a quivering lip, to release himself from the clinging embraces of his little brothers, and wrung the hand of his old father for the last time.

Herbert Moore had parted from his mother at her humble little home, but many of his friends accompanied him to the boat, and bade him farewell with much show of feeling. Just before the vessel put off, a close carriage drove down to the wharf, and the venerable Mr. McDonald came on board to take his misguided young friend by the hand, and bid him farewell. This affected Herbert more than anything, and when he parted from the kind old man, his voice faltered and his eyes filled with tears. When Mr. McDonald returned to the carriage, he found the silken curtain withdrawn from the window, and, leaning back against the cushions, sobbing convulsively, was the dear child of his heart, Margaret Neale. The good pastor laid his hand tenderly upon hers, but said nothing. They drove a little way down the river, and then paused—for, with a burst of martial music, and with banners flying, the boats started. On the foremost, clad in the light-blue uniform of the common soldier, and with his blanket wrapped about him, stood, leaning against the pilot-house, a sprightly young man, scarcely beyond boyhood, with a face singularly handsome, but saddened and gloomy. This was Herbert Moore, the ardent aspirant for military glory. Poor boy!

He now watched the carriage of Mr. Neale with an indefinable interest, a strange, sad yearning—for he did not know that it held Margaret. He could not see the mournful face at the window—those streaming eyes looking their last love upon him—those quivering lips murmuring brokenly his name, only his name.

But the last shouts died away on the shore—rapidly and proudly those noble steamers swept down the river—the sound of the music came more and more faintly—the smoke-wreaths rose smaller and lighter—the banners gleamed in the far distance and disappeared.

On the morning of the embarkation, the Captain of the company into which Herbert Moore had enlisted received a letter, enclosing a check for one thousand dollars, which ran thus:

"Dear Capt. Elliston: I am directed by a near friend of Herbert Moore, a private in your company, and a young gentleman with whom, I believe, you are acquainted, to place in your hands the enclosed sum, for his benefit. This is to be used in any emergency—in sickness, or privation—or in case of his death, to defray the expenses of restoring his body to his friends. But, under all circumstances, the fact of the money having been placed in your hands is to be carefully concealed from the young man. Let him suppose that all extraordinary aid comes from his captain and friend.

"Believing that you will readily pardon any trouble which this commission may give you, I remain yours, truly, Hugh McDonald."

CHAPTER II.

"No pause—not an instant
For wailing or woe!
For the battle still rageth,
Still fighting the foe;
Oh, the bellowing thunders!
The shudders, the shocks!
When thousands 'gainst thousands
Come clashing like rocks!
When the rain is all scarlet,
And clouds are all fire,
And men's sinews are snapped
Like the threads of a lyre!
When each litter's a hearse,
And each bullet a knell—
When each breath is a curse,
And each bosom—a hell!"
Barry Cornwall.

We must briefly chronicle the events in the soldier life of Herbert Moore. He saw the hard, rough side of his profession ere he had been a month in the service. The hardships to which he was at once exposed, and his forced companionship with the coarse and vicious men of his regiment, many of whom were soldiers from desperation and a brutal propensity for pillage and bloodshed—and the absence from almost every breast of true chivalric feeling, and the love of glory—were surely enough to disenchant him most effectually.

He first saw actual service at the bombardment of Vera Cruz. Stationed at one of the guns, (for he belonged to the artillery,) he bravely went through with his part; but at the close of the siege, and on the surrender of the city fortress, he, strangely enough, did not find himself counted as one of the heroes, or in any special manner distinguished above his fellows.

In the capture of this city, our hero saw war in all its most fearful horrors and dread calamities. Hoping to give some help or comfort to the wretched sufferers, he passed through the crowded hospitals—through the churches, convents, and private houses, converted into hospitals for the time—and witnessed scene after scene of mortal agony, bereavement, and desolation. He saw the chapel wherein knelt the praying nuns, when into their midst burst the shell, on its errand of death—mangling those fair forms and draining the blood of those innocent hearts. But he was most touched by a scene he witnessed on the evening of the day of surrender. Near the altar of one of the churches, into which he chanced to enter, lay a young Mexican, richly dressed and of a noble air, but apparently very near death. One arm was disabled, and "his breast was all but shot in two." Beside him knelt a beautiful girl, with large Spanish eyes, and most abundant dark hair, which had fallen from its band and was flowing over her shoulders. She had bound up the wounded arm in her mantilla of black lace, but that great wound in the breast, welling up incessantly its dark crimson tide, she had evidently despaired of stanching. She was weeping passionately, and calling on her husband, or her betrothed, in the delicious love-language of Spain. It seemed that her Fernandez could no longer speak, but he looked his piteous love from his death-shadowed eyes, more eloquently than it could have been spoken in words; and once, when that poor girl bent down to kiss the lips which strove vainly to articulate even her name, her long, glossy locks swept across his bleeding breast—this seemed to trouble him, and he lifted them in his hand and tried to wind them about her head. It was like that death-scene in Browning, when the dying lover says—

"Still kiss me!—care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair,
My blood will hurt!"

At the terrible battle of Cerro Gordo, Herbert Moore performed prodigies of valor, and was twice wounded, but again, mysteriously, the praises of generals and the honors of the service passed him by, to fall on names already known, on epauletted shoulders.

There was an incident connected with this battle which happened to our hero, but which he did not relate until a year or two had passed. Near his post, there fell, toward the close of the struggle, a Mexican officer, mortally wounded. Moved by a humane impulse, Moore ran to his assistance. As he stooped to raise the head of the dying man, a young son of the Mexican, thinking he came for plunder, caught up his father's dripping sword, and gave Moore a severe cut across the forehead. So it happened that the first wound which the chivalric volunteer received in his Mexican crusade was from the hand of a boy, avenging the death and defending the body of his father. But before Moore could clear his sight from the gush of blood which blinded him, a brutal fellow-soldier, who had witnessed the scene, with a fierce oath, thrust his bayonet into the breast of the poor lad, who, with one wild cry, fell forward upon his wounded father, and the blood of the two mingled, as they died.

At Puebla, our hero lay for several weeks in the miserable hospital, sick from his wounds and with chills and fever. Here, but for the kind attention and what he deemed the wonderful liberality of Captain Elliston, he must have died of want and neglect. As it was, he recovered, and joined the army on its march for the capital city. At the storming of Chapultepec, the gallant Captain Elliston fell, and, while supporting his dying friend in his arms, Moore received a rifle-ball in his side, which stretched him on the turf. Captain Elliston was already insensible, and soon died, but, bleeding and struggling in his agony lay young Moore, trampled on by contending foes, by the flying and the pursuing, till there was a lull in the storm of battle—till its thunders ceased and the fierce conflict was past. He was then borne, with hundreds of his fellow-soldiers, to a temporary hospital, where he underwent the torture of having the ball extracted from his side; and when, on the day following, the American army took possession of the Mexican capital, our hero, exhausted and feverish, made his grand entrée in a baggage-wagon. Little did he see of the glory and the triumph—little did his sad heart exult even at the shouts of the victorious troops when they poured into the Plaza Grande, and the star-spangled banner was hoisted over the National Palace. To the hospital he was again consigned, to wear away week after week in lonely suffering and privation, such as he had never known before. And this was his share of the glory and the spoils—the long-promised "revels in the Halls of the Montezumas."

From this sickness Moore never wholly recovered while in Mexico; and so miserable was he in body, and so often wandering in mind, that he had no distinct recollection of how he returned to the city of New Orleans, on his way home, with the remnant of his regiment. There they were scattered some time by illness, and waiting to receive their wretched pay, but finally disembarked amid the shouts and enthusiastic cheering of a motley crowd of citizens—Frenchmen, Jews, sailors, flatboatmen, and negroes. Perchance a fair Creole shuddered as she looked at them, and thought of their deeds of blood and sacrilege, and crossed herself like a devout Catholic—or a dark-brown Spaniard scowled at them from beneath his hugh sombrero, and cursed them between his shut teeth. But all the most respectable citizens, all true American patriots, (is patriots go) delighted to honor the bold fighters, maimed, and sick, and ill-clad, as they were—and all doubtless felt, as their distinguished guest, the great American statesman, had felt, when with a youthful ardor warming his chilled veins, and the old lion *couchant* in his nature thoroughly roused, he declared that he himself "would like to kill a Mexican."

Just before the steamer left the Cresent City, the friends of a gallant young officer came on board, to present him with an elegant sword, as a tribute to his bravery. When the chief citizen closed his flattering speech, and stepped forward to present the shining blade, lo! the hero had no sword-arm with which to wield it! But he grasped it in his left hand, and waved it over his head, while his sunken eye gleamed, and a hot flush kindled in his sallow cheek, and a deafening shout went up from the admiring crowd.

Four days after this proud, animating scene, that young officer lay in his coffin, his one arm lying across his breast, and that sword—oh! splendid mockery!—glittering at his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

MORNING.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Morning!—'tis the glorious morning!
Fling the curtain folds aside,
Toss aback the heavy shutter,
Ope the casement wide.

Ha! the air is keen and icy,
Scattering gems with every breeze,
Where the strong, rejoicing sunlight
Gilds the frosted trees.

Scores of active human beings
Press the busy streets along,
While I linger by my casement,
Ere I join the throng.

All are rising—all are stirring—
Each with firm or loitering tread;
All—except the Sick and Helpless,
And the silent Dead!

Here, a crowd of Tradesmen, hastening
To the busy mart or stand;
There, a swarm of Idlers lounging,
Curses in the land.

Yonder goes a group of maidens—
Merry, laughing girls—with eyes,
Some as black as midnight, others
Bluer than the skies.

Close behind them skulks a being—
Squalid, meager, hunger-pinched—
'Neath whose woes the sternest, stoutest
Spirit would have flinched:

Woes of Poverty and Hardship—
Woes of Hunger, Pain, and Cold—
Woes whose only cure is Silver—
Only healer, Gold.

Night brings sweet, forgetful slumber;
Hunger wakens with the Morn;
Oh! a deal of heart sick trouble
With the *Day* is born!

Ay, the weary Poor—"God help them"—
What to *them* is Morning's bloom,
When it only shows them faces
Sharpening for the tomb!—

Human faces, loved and cherished—
Beings, partners of their blood—
Wife and children—sickening, pining,
All for want of food!

How their very bones are starting
Where the flesh has shrunk away!
How their hungry eyes are growing
Wilder every day!

How they gather round the embers
Kindled to the last, faint glow,
While the *hope within* grows dimmer
As the flamegets low!

"Ah," they cry, "an it were Summer,
Pain and Want we might endure;
But in Winter-time 'tis wretched,
Wretched to be poor!"

Oh! how strange a thing, and dreadful,
That, upon this great, wide Earth,
Stored with plenty, some should suffer
Such a constant dearth!

God in Heaven has not ordained it;
Man on Earth has willed it so,
Eager for the wealth whose purchase
Is a brother's woe.

Oh! ye Rich, who grind the faces
Of the Weary, Poor, and Old,
Coining human flesh and sinews,
In your thirst for gold—

Who has given you right to squander
Strength and vigor not your own?
Whence your claim to thrive and fatten
On a poor man's groan?

Labor is the poor man's "birthright:"
But for aye must it be sold
For a paltry "mess of pottage,"
When its worth is gold?

Out upon your sordid meanness!
Out upon your coward birth!
Sure, than ye, more craven beings
Never walked God's Earth!

But the mists of Morn have vanished
'Neath the gairish light of Day,
And the busy crowd has melted
With the frost away;

Still I linger by my casement,
Drinking in the stirring breeze;
Oh! that all, like me, were happy!—
All, like me, at ease!

Sighing thus, I shut my casement,
Turn me to my open door—
Sadder, yet a wiser, better
Being than before.

For the National Era.

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HICKORY HALL: OR THE OUTCAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

"I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire,
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie,
Be tossed aloft through tracks of endless void,
But cannot live in shame."—*Joanna Baillie.*

PART IV.—Conclusion.

THE HAG.

"A fearful sign stands in thy house of life,
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet: oh, be warned!"
Coleridge.

The carriage drew up before the door of Hickory Hall, the steps were let down, the door opened, and Wolfgang, alighting, handed out Regina, and, leading her up the stone steps, presented her to Mr. Wallraven, who received her with stately and affectionate courtesy. We all followed in turn, and were welcomed in the most cordial manner.

Mr. Wallraven conducted Regina into the house. I followed, with Miss Wallraven upon my arm. Constant and Wolfgang paused behind an instant, and, as I turned to look after them, I saw old John at the end of the portico, and saw Wolfgang step quickly up to him, and heard him inquire, rapidly, under his breath—

"*Is she safe?*"

And the low reply—

"All secure there, sir."

"That is well! I shall remember your care for us, John."

The old man bowed in silence, and Wolfgang immediately stepped after us. This little interlude had not occupied ten seconds.

We entered the Hall, and were each immediately shown to our separate room. Old John took me into a different chamber from that which I had occupied before, telling me, with a slight smile, that my former sleeping apartment had been prepared for Mrs. Wallraven, as it was the most comfortable one in the house. He then went and ordered up my baggage, and in the course of half an hour, with the help of John, I had refreshed myself with a bath, a shave, and a change of dress. I then went down into the old oak hall, which had been furbished up in honor of the bride's arrival—that is, the oak floor and panelled wall had been rubbed, waxed, and polished, until they shone with a mirror-like lustre, and the wide fireplace had been filled with cedar branches, while on the mantelpiece and on the window-sills were placed vases filled with white lilies, Regina's favorite flowers.

I found in the drawing-room, with Mr. Wallraven and Constant, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport and two young ladies, their cousins—all of whom had come over to Hickory Hall to meet our bridal party.

In a few minutes, Wolfgang and Regina entered, and it was evident her dazzling fairness and stately grace, her whole high, pure style of beauty and of bearing, made what is called a great "sensation," though on a small scale—namely, the small party met there to welcome her. Soon after the introductions were over, dinner was announced. Well! this dinner was like most other Virginia country wedding dinners—more abundance than elegance, and more hospitality than ostentation. Soon after an early tea, the Davenport party took leave, previously inviting the Wallravens and myself to dine at the parsonage the third day from that—an invitation which Wolfgang accepted in the name of the whole family. When they were gone, we returned from the portico, where we had been standing to see them off, and reëntered the hall.

It was a pleasant place in a summer evening twilight. There were many windows, commanding various sublime and beautiful views, and soft, warm, pleasant airs, and the sweet, vague musical sounds came through them. I noticed Wolfgang and Regina seated at one of the end windows, enjoying the delicious hour, without conversation, or only conversing by seeking each other's eyes, or by an occasional low tone.

When the full harvest moon arose, Mr. Wallraven invited us all to come out and walk, and view the scenery by moonlight. With the same stateliness of an old school gentleman, he gave his arm to Regina, and led the way. Each member of the family vied with each other in assiduous yet delicate attentions to our bride. We spent an hour very pleasantly in strolling through the beautiful and moonlit vale, and then returned to the drawing-room, where refreshments were ordered.

While we were standing around a centre-table in gay conversation, (never before had I seen any member of the family so cheerful as *all* were this evening,) old John appeared at the door with an anxious expression upon his time-worn face. Mr. Wallraven arose in haste and went out to him. Constantia turned pale, and Wolfgang glared at the intruder with starting eyes and a scowling brow. I saw that some misfortune had occurred or was about to occur. Mr. Wallraven closed the door behind him while talking with the old man; while Wolfgang, as if lost to the sense of other presence, continued to strain his gaze after them. In a moment, Mr. Wallraven put his head in the door, and beckoned Wolfgang. He started up and shot from the room, without a word of excuse or apology, banging the door to after him. Constant and myself were left alone with the two young ladies. Regina looked in surprise from the brother to the sister, and then, with her habitual self-possession and politeness, lowered the blaze of the solar lamp so as to throw a soft light upon the table, and, taking up an engraving, made some critical remark upon its merits, submitting it to Constantia's judgment. But Constantia was pale, trembling, and *distrait*, and gave some reply wide of the mark. Constant, however, with a deferential "Permit *me*, madam," took, and, with Regina, examined the picture. Constant was pale and stern, and seemed to have mastered the betrayal of a strong emotion. They criticised the picture, which was "The Writing on the Wall." Regina, Constant, and myself, might have passed a tolerable hour, had it not been been for Miss Wallraven's increasing and extreme distress. She looked like a second Cassandra, and would start and shudder, pale and glare, as though in momentary expectation of some appalling sight. Her anxiety became so intense that apparently she could endure it no longer, but touched the bell, and, at the entrance of a servant, ordered chamber lights, and, turning to Regina, said—

"Mrs. Wallraven! the clock is on the stroke of twelve, and you have had a fatiguing day. I am ready to show you your chamber."

Regina arose, and, slightly bowing her "Good night," left the room, followed by Constantia. I soon after arose and retired to my own, which was on the same floor with that of Regina.

I know not what presentiment suddenly overcrept my mind, but, oppressed with a vague and terrible anxiety, I sought to rest in vain. Finally I returned to the drawing-room. Constant was gone. It was now empty. The room was so large that the light upon the centre-table barely served to make darkness visible, except in its immediate vicinity. I put up the light of the lamp, and walked up and down the floor, restlessly expecting, but without connecting that feeling with my unaccountable gloom, the return of Mr. Wallraven and Wolfgang. I know not how long I might have been waiting there, when the door swung noiselessly open, and Regina reëntered the room, her hair in disorder, and a dressing-gown hastily thrown on. I turned wonderingly to meet her. I saw then that her fair face was blue-pale, and that she trembled with a nervousness I had never seen her betray before.

"My dear sister! What is the matter?" asked I, leading her to an easy chair, into which she immediately sank.

"I do not know! Perhaps a dream! Perhaps something real. Listen! I went to my chamber attended by Miss Wallraven only, and no dressing maid. Miss Wallraven assisted me to disrobe; but every few minutes, with a corrugated brow and straining eye, she paused to listen or to watch. Finally she concluded her task, and when I was in bed she drew the curtains, and was about to leave me. Suddenly she turned back and advised me to bolt the door behind her, and then left the room. I did not get up to bolt the door, because I should have had to get up a second time to open it, but I fell asleep, wondering what negro might be on the point of death, or what other trouble had called the Messrs. Wallraven so abruptly from the house. Well! I had no sooner fallen into a deep sleep, than I awakened as by the shock of a galvanic battery, just in time to see the most diabolical looking old hag that ever nightmare created stooping over me, gazing into my opened eyes with a grin of hellish malignity that seemed to freeze all the blood in my veins. I started violently forward, and she vanished. I was instantly bathed in a cold sweat. I thought this might be a dream, and resolutely composed myself to sleep again—only to be started out of my sleep again by another and a more violent electric shock, and to see again the same eyes of demoniac hatred gazing into mine, to make another instinctive bound, and see the terrible night-haunter vanish as before! It was impossible now to sleep, or think of sleep. I hastily threw on my dressing-gown, slipped my feet into slippers, and came down here to await the gentlemen. I have heard of nightmare, but this is the first time I ever was attacked with it, and it was very natural that my excited imagination should then create the illusion of the old hag, after your telling me of what *you* saw or fancied you saw in that chamber the first night you slept there—— There! I feel truly humiliated at these tremors, which I cannot control——. Ferdinand! *there she is now!*"

This last sentence was spoken in a tone of discovery and announcement, as one might use upon finding out an imaginary phantom to be an ugly old woman. I turned and saw, standing within the door in the full light of a candle she held above her head, the hag of *my* night-vision. She was the most loathsome specimen of humanity I had ever seen, as she stood there some seconds, examining us with the same leer of insult and malignity that formed the most disgusting feature in her disgusting self. She was very tall, though half bent—her giant form of skeleton-like leanness—her haggard and ghastly face, dark, spotted, and begrimed with dirt—her garments, so scant, ragged, and excessively filthy, as to defy description, reached in torn and fringe-like shreds only a little below her knees, exposing bare legs and feet, deformed, scarred, and begrimed—while from the whole abhorred heap came the most offensive effluvia. There she stood, chuckling with a fiendish leer at the very loathing she excited—repaying the extreme of disgust with the extreme of hatred. Regina was no longer terrified, but had walked off to the far end of the saloon, to escape the sight and smell of the leprous-like creature.

"What do you want?" I asked, retreating as she advanced.

"Hik-hik-hik-hik!" she answered, with her low, wicked laugh, passing me, and going towards Regina.

"Leave the room!" said I, intercepting her.

She did not heed me, but went on.

I thought then that I could easily have put her out, but the intolerable nauseau of her near neighborhood kept me at bay.

"Will you leave the room?" again I asked.

"Yes, when I have kissed my pretty neice," she replied, nodding her head at me with a demon grin.

I stepped quickly up to Regina, with the intention of leading her from the room and from the revolting presence of what I now supposed to be some gibbering and malign lunatic.

I drew Regina's arm within my own, and we were coming down the length of the room, my sister, with an expression of unutterable disgust amounting to pain, contracting her beautiful features. We passed to one side, in order to avoid meeting the hag; but she knew our purpose, crossed the room, and intercepted us.

"Out of our way! Off with yourself instantly!" exclaimed I, angrily.

"Yes! when I have kissed my pretty