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MARK SUTHERLAND:

OR,

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XV.

She'll go with him, in all his weal and wo;
She'll be with him in sunshine and in storm;
In his afflictions, should they fall on him;
In his temptations, when bad men beset him;
In all the perils which may press around him;
And, should they crush him, in the hour of death.
TAYLOR—*Philip Von Artevelde.*

"Come here, Rosalie, I want to have a very serious talk with you, my child," said Colonel Ashley, rising to meet his niece, as she entered, and leading her to a seat. "Now, my dear, I am very sorry for something that I have just heard. Nay, now, be calm, my dear—I am not going to scold. If I indulge in any sort of reproach, it must be in self-reproach for my own reprehensible carelessness. And so, my child, you are engaged to be married!"

Rosalie's face crimsoned, and her eyes fell to the ground.

"And what good, Rosalie, do you think will ever come of this imprudent step?"

The blush deepened on her cheek, but she did not reply.

"And what am I to think of this penniless young man, who uses his position in my family to wile the affections of my niece—an heiress? Would it not be a fair and rational conclusion to set him down as an unprincipled fortune-hunter?"

Rosalie started. Her eyes flashed, her lips quivered. She exclaimed—

"Uncle, you do not believe that—you do not!"

"Would it not be fair to believe it?"

"Uncle, you are a noble-hearted being—you always recognise true nobility in others. Uncle, be just to Mr. Sutherland—nay, be just to yourself—unsay your words."

"Why, Rosalie, ninety-nine out of a hundred would call your lover a fortune-hunter."

"Oh, sir, they could not—they could not! knowing that Mr. Sutherland voluntarily renounced a large fortune for an idea of duty."

"At any rate, Rosalie, here are the naked *facts*: Mark Sutherland, being quite penniless, and well knowing that he has no way on earth of supporting a wife, makes the best use of his opportunities to woo and win an heiress!"

Rosalie dropped her face into her hands; her bosom heaved convulsively, as with some inward struggle, for an instant, and then lifting a countenance blushing and tearful, yet gently resolute, she said, in a faltering voice:

"I must make a confession, even if it cover me with humiliation. I must clear Mr. Sutherland, and take the blame where it truly belongs—upon my own head. Uncle, it was *my fault—my own—mine solely*"——

She paused, for her girl's nature would not bear the look the old man fixed upon her. She averted her face, and with deeply flushed cheek and low, tremulous voice, resumed:

"I loved him, uncle. It was impossible, adoring moral heroism as I did, *not* to love him. God and angels know it, and you must know it, too"——

Again she paused for an answer, but Col. Ashley did not reply, and she asked—

"Uncle! you exonerate Mr. Sutherland now, do you not?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Colonel Ashley, speaking as if waking up out of a reverie. "I exonerated him at first; I only wanted to see, Rosalie, whether you would have the honor and generosity to admit what you have. Good heaven! It seems to me fully one-half the love originates with the girls, although they have too much tact to let us know it! Now, there was your aunt; I was two years courting her. In truth, I thought I had a terrible time to win her heart; *but listen, now*: Some time after we had *been married, she* told me how many months *she had been* 'setting her cap' at me before I ever thought of her; and yet you see after she had once gained her point, and brought me to her feet, she kept me on the tenter-hooks of suspense for two years!"

"May I go now? Are you done with me, uncle?"

"No, my dear, I have not begun with you yet! I must give you a lecture! Don't you know it was a very unmaidenly thing of you to 'set your cap' at Sutherland?"

"Uncle, Mr. Sutherland evidently does not pronounce such a judgment, and therefore it is not so."

"No, poor fellow! because he doesn't know you *did* it! *He's* under the illusion that he did all the love-making himself! That's natural. But now, then, Rosalie, how do you expect to get along in this world if you and Mark are married? You may know that *he* has no way of supporting you, and your guardian would see you both in the bottomless pit before *he'd* advance a cent of your fortune. Come, stop blushing and trembling, and answer me, my dear; I like people to be practical—what do you expect to do?"

"I do not know, uncle; I wish to leave it all to Mr. Sutherland. I have so much confidence in his judgment and in his regard for me, that I feel perfectly sure he will never draw me into any evil or suffering."

"Always faith in Mark! Suppose he should be going away in a few days, and suppose he should wish to marry and take you with him?"

"In that case, I should wish to go, dear uncle. Have you done with me now, sir?" asked Rosalie, really distressed by the length and closeness of the examination to which she had been subjected.

"Yes, you may go!" answered the old gentleman, rising, and holding the door open for her to pass. And Rosalie left the study.

In the lower hall she saw Mark Sutherland. He came to meet her, drew her arm within his own, and then they both walked into the garden.

"Well, dear Rosalie, do you know that I shall probably leave here in the course of a week?"

"My uncle has just hinted it to me. Where do you go?"

"Back to the village of S——, to take possession of an established office about to be vacated by my friend Lauderdale, who is coming on here, upon an errand of which you are already apprised, my dear Rosalie."

"Yes, I know mamma and Mr. Lauderdale will be united next month."

"Well, dear Rosalie?"

"Well?"

"I am going away in a week—must we then part?"

"Not unless you will it so, Mr. Sutherland."

"Why do you not call me by my Christian name?"

"Because that would not be true to the deep respect I feel for you—Mr. Sutherland!"

"Suppose you express that respect by doing as I wish you to do, and calling me as I wish to be called. Well, Rosalie, are we to part next week?"

"Not unless you wish to go and leave me behind—Mark."

"Wish to leave you behind! In leaving you I should turn my back upon my guiding star, my inspiration, my life!"

"Then I accompany you, Mark."

"Your friends, Rose, will they not raise serious opposition?"

"No! I have neither father nor mother, and there are no other friends who have any wish to rule me, or any interest in doing so. My young step-mother is going to break the conventional tie between herself and me by marrying a second time; and with her *own* heart under the gentle influences of happiness, she will not be disposed to wring mine. As for my uncle, his son has brought a wife home now, who will be the mistress of his house, and he no longer requires my presence in that capacity. Indeed, I might even be considered in the way. And neither am I disposed to take a second place in a household of which I have hitherto been at the head. And that reminds me that I am at the head of it *still*, and that the duties of the position press upon me every hour—even now," said Rosalie, moving to go.

He caught her hand to detain her.

"Stay—do not leave me just yet. And so, my dearest Rosalie, when I go forth from here you will accompany me?"

"I have said that if you wish it—yes, I will accompany you."

"God bless you, dearest Rose!" burst from his lips with impassioned fervor. "But, my dear girl—my fairy, fragile girl—do you know what women in the far West have to encounter? hardships from which the most robust shrink! hardships from which the strong and beautiful India shrank! and will my pale, frail Rosalie dare them? and can she bear them?"

"India, with her glorious physique, is still a delicate daughter of the sun; she is like a gorgeous, brilliant exotic, that can bloom only in a luxurious conservatory; while I, with my wan face and fragile form, am yet a child of the wind—a wood-anemone, that only withered in the Southern hot-house—that will flourish and thrive in the wilderness."

"Heaven grant it may be as you say, dear Rosalie! It is impossible for me to give you up, to leave you; yet, when I think of all you may have to suffer in being my companion, my heart is filled with anxiety and trouble. What did you say, dearest? Your sweetest words hide under low tones, just as the sweetest violets lurk under thick shade—what were you murmuring?"

"Only that I should not suffer half as much in meeting anything *with you*, as I should—as I should"——

"Well, dearest?"

"*In being left behind.*" said Rosalie, dropping her head upon his shoulder, as he caught her to his heart, and exclaimed, in a sudden burst of emotion—

"You shall *not* be left behind, my darling! my darling! By all my hopes of earth and heaven, I will never, never part from you?"

For a moment her head rested on his breast in peace, and then she began to grow restless, and twisted herself out of his embrace.

"Where now?" he asked, rather impatiently.

She looked at him with a comic expression of countenance, and said:

"It is a mortifying necessity to confess, but the truth is, the *ham* has to be taken out of soak and put on to boil for dinner, and I have got to see it done; also there are goose-berry tarts and lemon custard to be prepared for the dessert, and I have got to go and do it. I wonder if uncle and cousin St. Gerald, who both love their palates, (low be it spoken,) will ever get anything fit to eat when the gorgeous Mrs. India takes my place!" And so, laughing and escaping, she ran off.

CHAP. XVI.

With caution judge of probability;
Things thought unlikely, e'en impossible,
Experience often shows us to be true.
Shakspere.

The world-honored and time-honored bard whose lines are quoted above habitually looked beneath the mere plausible surface of posibility, and from the deep insight thereby gained, often put forth oracles at opposition to the usual routine of thought and expectation, yet which the eternal experiences of life continue to endorse as truths.

Were I writing a merely fictitious narrative, it would be in order now (after the custom-sanctioned manner of story-tellers) to describe the cruel opposition the lovers met from tyrannical parents, guardians, &c. But I am writing a true story—in this particular at least "stanger than fiction"—and so have no such events to relate.

It happened as Rosalie had predicted—she met no serious opposition to the current of her affections. And if we look into the causes of that leniency on the part of her guardians, we shall not find their non-resistance so unaccountable after all.

Left without father or mother—without near relatives or natural protectors, except a youthful step-dame, now too entirely absorbed in the contemplation of her own marriage, and an old uncle to whom, until two years past she had been a perfect stranger, Miss Vivian was thus not the first object of interest to any one around her.

It is true, that when Rosalie made known her purpose to Mrs. Vivian, the lady opposed the contemplated marriage with entreaties and tears; but finding that entreaties and tears only distressed the maiden without shaking her resolution, the young step-mother felt neither the right nor the inclination to attempt the arbitrary control of Miss Vivian's destiny. In yielding her final consent—the sweet-lipped lady said amid falling tears—"Oh! were he well-established, Rosalie, there is no one in the world to whom I would resign you with so much pleasure and comfort, as to him whom you have chosen. And well I know, and deeply I feel, that even now, from this low point of life—with you by his side—with you for an incentive with his high moral principles and intellectual faculties, and in this favored country, he *must* rise, he *must* accomplish a brilliant destiny! But, oh! Rosalie, my child, in the mean while, I dread for you those toilsome, terrible first steps on the road to success! Oh! Rosalie, pause! How much wiser to wait until he has conquered success!"

"And share his triumphs when I would not share his toils? No! no! no!"

"It would be so much safer, Rosalie!"

"And so much more *prudent* to allow him, in those moments of depression and despondency that must come, to think that it is only the *successful* statesman or jurist whose fortunes I would share, not those of the toiling aspirant? To turn a second India on his hands, and so forever and forever break down his faith in womanhood, in disinterestedness, and in truth? No! no! no! and a thousand times no! I have the blessed privilege of healing the heart that India wounded, of lifting up the brow that she bowed down, of strengthening and sustaining the faith that she weakened."

"If you should be a burden to him?"

"I will *never* be a burden to him! Providence will never so fail me. Mine is no sudden girlish fancy. It is a deep earnest affection, arising from the profoundest sentiments of esteem and honor that ever woman felt for man—and the Father who inspired it will bless it. He who in his benignant love said, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' will strengthen me to be a true help-meet for my husband."

"Oh, Rosalie! be *practical*, child!"

"Be faithful first, and practical afterwards."

"Rosalie you don't know what you brave! Fancy yourself and Mark now married, and house-keeping (forsooth!) in some wretched log-cabin or some lath-and-plaster shell of a shanty, in some new Western village. Fancy yourselves both down with that curse of new settlements, the ague, and each unable to help the other, and no one to give you a cup of tea, and perhaps with no tea in the house."

"That is a plain statement of a very dismal contingency, dear mamma. Yet I have no doubt that we should shiver and shake safely through it as our neighbors—that are to be—will do! Yet it is not fair or wise to contemplate the worst possibility only. The Western pioneers are not always laid up *with* the ague and *without* tea!" said Rosalie, with a sparkle of fun in her eyes.

But in a moment after, the young girl's face grew serious, and she said, in a tremulous voice, "And besides, dear mamma, the very bugbears that you have evoked to frighten me from my journey only draw me on to go. Oh, do you think, mamma, that I could bear to stay here in safety, ease, and luxury, and know that he was far away, exposed to all the dangers, hardships, and privations of a pioneer life?"

"Nonsense! Danger is the natural element of man! to seek it is the nature of the creature!"

"Yes, mamma; but illness, fever, burning thirst, solitude, and helplessness, is *not*. And, if I thought that Mark were suffering all these things in some wretched Western cabin, and I not near to bathe his head and give him a cup of cold water, and to nurse and comfort and soothe him, but separated from him by thousands of miles of mountains and plains, I tell you, mamma, it would nearly break my heart! It is no use! I *must* go with him, to meet whatever of good or ill Fate has in store. It can have nothing else so evil as a separation! Oh! I feel as if the worst calamity that could possibly befall me, would be a separation from him."

"Foolish girl! You love that broad-shouldered, robust man, as tenderly as a mother loves her babe!"

"I love him with a tenderness and sympathy that make me tremblingly alive to his least sorrow or lightest pain; and yet, mark you, mamma, with an esteem, with a depth of respect, with an honor that makes me aspire to his approbation as my highest good under Heaven!"

"Oh! Rosalie, I will not farther oppose you! Yet, if you only had strength to endure the hardships of a Western life, I should feel less anxiety."

"Do not fear. I shall be able to endure, because 'my good will is to it;' and energetic, because I shall have a good motive; and healthy, because I shall be happy—because my heart will be right and at rest; for I say it again, because it is a great, deep, truth—'*Out of the heart are the issues of life!*' Yes, out of the heart are the issues of will, purpose, hope, health, strength, enterprise, achievement, success! Out of the heart are the issues of all the good (or ill) that can come back to us in time or eternity! on earth or in Heaven!"

CHAP. XVII.

We foresee and could foretell
Thy future fortune sure and well;
But those passionate eyes speak true, speak true,
And let them say what thou shalt do!
Browning.

With Miss Vivian's uncle the difficulty was even less in obtaining his consent to the marriage with Mark Sutherland; and for the following reasons—Colonel Ashley worshipped his proud, talented son, St. Gerald; and, in his estimation, no interests could compete for an instant with St. Gerald's interests. Colonel Ashley liked Rosalie well enough, and wished her well enough, and he was resolved to do all he could to insure her future happiness; yet if a slight risk of her welfare would insure the domestic peace and content of St. Gerald, Colonel Ashley was not one to hesitate between the conflicting interests of his neice and son. And that the marriage and departure of Mark Sutherland and Rosalie would tend greatly to tranquillize the life of the already disturbed husband, he could not *now* doubt.

It was dreadful to notice all the fatal effects of India's want of faith—it was awful to anticipate the final result. The once haughty and self-possessed woman was growing spiritless and nervous, subject to extremes of excitement and depression, moody, irritable, and flighty to the last degree. Her glorious beauty was—not fading, but *withering, willing*, as you have seen some richly blooming flower wither suddenly without apparent cause—wither as if scorched by the burning breath of the sirocco. It was the simoom of guilty passion that scathed her gorgeous beauty. And the cause was apparent to every one around her, not excepting her bitterly wronged and most wretched husband—to every one around her but Rosalie, whose perfect truth and innocence of heart shielded her from the suspicion of so much evil. If it was fearful to see the ravages that evil passion had made in the glorious beauty of India, it was not less so to observe its desolating effect upon the splendid genius of St. Gerald.

It was now a stirring time with aspiring young statesmen. A great national crisis was at hand; and it behooved all prominent politicians to be up and doing. St. Gerald, of all statesmen, should have been the most active, the most energetic. The eyes of his party were turned in anxiety towards him—the eyes of old gray heads, exhausted by a long life's service, and reposing on their well-earned laurels, and the eyes of young aspirants, panting to succeed to them, were all fixed upon St. Gerald, as their hope, their leader, and their deliverer! A Senator already, he is carried up on the tenth wave of popular favor! Should he serve them well in this crisis, as he surely *can* if he *will*, for his talent, his eloquence, his influence is mighty among the nations; should he serve them well this time, there is no honor, no, not the highest in the gift of the people, to which he may not reasonably aspire! St. Gerald should be busy now—riding from town to town, from county to county, from State to State—convening the people, organizing meetings, making speeches, drawing up resolutions, and doing all those multifarious acts by which statesmen in the recess of Congress touch the secret springs of the great political machinery, to keep it in motion, or haply to stop it altogether. St. Gerald should be up and doing, for now is the "tide" in his affairs, which "taken at the flood" may bear him on to fortune—aye, ultimately to the Presidential chair. St. Gerald should be active, stirring—for every day is destiny! But the young statesman is doing absolutely nothing. He is withering in inaction, because his bride is withering from his side.

Colonel Ashley perceives it all. And can he see the brilliant fortunes of his proud boy thus wrecked, if the sacrifice of Rosalie will help to avert the ruin? No, Rosalie! Only give yourself to Mark Sutherland, and coax him away to "parts unknown," to that "bourne whence no traveller returneth," if possible, and your uncle will smooth your path—he will try to persuade Clement Sutherland to forego his wrath and hate, and yield you up your own fortune—he will give you his blessing, and as much assistance of every kind as your independent spirit will permit you to accept.

Colonel Ashley in fact gave his full consent and approbation to the engagement of Mark Sutherland and Rosalie Vivian. He even joined Mr. Sutherland in persuading Rosalie to fix an early day for the solemnization of the marriage.

And having settled that matter to his satisfaction, he next sought his friend, Clement Sutherland, and having informed him of the betrothal, entreated him to make some provision from the bride's fortune for the young couple, or at least to settle an annuity upon *her* until she should be of age, and enter upon the possession of her property.

But Clement Sutherland was proof against all arguments and entreaties. He locked his grim jaws fast, and would yield not a cent or a kind word. At last Colonel Ashley left him in indignation and despair. He did not *then* know that hate and revenge were not the only reasons that constrained the guardian of Mark Sutherland's young bride to hold a death-grip upon her purse-strings. No one *then* suspected that the money-grasping passion of the man had tempted him into ruinous speculations and embezzlement of the orphan's funds. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" therefore, let them not dream it yet!

A week after this betrothal, Mr. Lauderdale arrived, to fulfil his engagement with the "sparkling" young widow. He was received with the utmost pleasure by his old friends and acquaintances, and welcomed with cordial hospitality by Colonel Ashley.

The next week witnessed two bridals. Mr. Lauderdale and Mrs. Vivian were married at Ashley Hall, by the pastor of the parish; and at the same time and place, by the same minister, Mark Sutherland and Rosalie Vivian were united in that bond that only death can sever.

The next day there were two departures: Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale bid an affectionate adieu to their friends, and set out for their palace home in the South; and Mark Sutherland, and Rosalie his wife, departed for their log cabin in the West.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

MARY: A MAY MEMORY.

BY HARRIET N. NOYES.

The night was already setting in, dark and damp, with a fast-falling rain, as the Western Railway train went puffing and shrieking away, leaving me alone, a stranger, in the heart of an inland city.

Unaccustomed to the great world, bewildered by the confusion and din of the depot, and uncertain of finding, in the modern Babel, the objects of my search, I was for a moment fearful and disheartened. The memory of a moaning voice, long unheard, now calling my name, the thought of the wild, weary eyes looking eagerly for me through the lonely nights and lingering days, recalled my self-possession and the firmness of my purpose, as I stood, embarrassed and irresolute, on the steps of the depot.

I had a brave heart again, as the carriage rumbled away over the newly-laid pavement, bearing me on and on through deserted streets and dirty avenues—looking more desolate and dirty in the rain—and up the long ascent leading to the Lunatic Asylum.

Far up in the country, only a few days before, I had received a message so touchingly importunate that I had no heart to refuse obedience—the message which had brought me here.

As the carriage rolled away, and I ascended the successive flights of stone steps, and crossed the gravelled walks of the terrace from the street to the Asylum, my heart beat tumultuously that I was so near her—my unfortunate, insane step-mother. I reproached myself, not for the first time, that I had loved her, compassionated her, so little. I reproached myself that the years gone by should have so deadened in my soul the memory of a being whose life had been the benediction of my childhood. I could not now refuse the tenderness withheld so long, for the heavy shadows had parted above her, and, in clear light, the gates of the Eternal City were unfolding to the restored vision.

In the hall, the porter muttered aloud the address of my admittance card: "Mary Somers—Ward 6, No. 175. Oh, yes; I will show you." And he led the way—a long way it seemed to me—through wide, deserted halls, with dormitories on either side; signalling at an iron-plated door, which was unlocked from the inner side. I shuddered as I entered the room. That could be no quiet spirit which occupied it: I read it in the small, high window, heavily grated, the bare stone floor, the single seat builded in a niche of the wall—I read it, most of all, in the worn, haggard expression of the remembered face, turned eagerly toward me as I entered.

"Is she sane?" I inquired, hastily, of the attendant, as I passed her at the door.

"Perfectly so. She has been, at intervals, for a month."

"Leave me alone with her, then."

And she withdrew.

I approached the bed, timidly, knelt by it, and, taking the thin, white hand in mine, and covering it with my tears, thanked God, silently, that this hour had come. She looked on me with a bewildered, earnest glance. It passed away in a moment, and those eyes met mine again, as they had lingered in my memory—clear, serene, and beautiful, shining through the shadows of the far-off past. In their light, I forgot, for a moment, the black years which had come between; I forgot all, in the old, yearning tenderness that had blessed my childhood. I had no reproaches that there had been no light for me in the darkness, since it was shining on me now. Such an hour will not come to me again, until the long-loved, long-parted, meet in the resurrection, forgetful, in present bliss, of all that has gone before.

"My mother!" "God bless you, my child! my child!" were the only words we uttered, striving, through blinding tears, to look upon each other.

"Oh, how the years have gone by," she said, at length, sadly. "It was but yesterday, I know it was but yesterday, since I looked upon you last; and yet there are many years on you, my child; there are deep lines on your brow—the plain, strong marking of the anxious years. Oh! it must have been long ago! How strange that, after the years of forgetfulness, Death should bring to me, again, the old memories. Yes, Death has brought them to me, my child. Death, for which I cried so despairingly, so bitterly, years ago, is coming to me now. I must tell you, while I can, why I have appealed to you. One wish has been closely in my heart, which I can in no way persuade myself to yield. Remembering you, as I have done, I have felt that you, at least, would not deny me. Carry me back to the old church-yard of my native village—carry me back, and bury me by Lewis Liaume. For fulfilling my wishes, the world cannot harm you; and it is no matter to me what it may say of me, for I shall be beyond reproaches—beyond rebuke. Promise me, now, that you will bury me there—promise me, now."

"I will, mother—I will."

"God bless you for that, my child. And I could also wish that in your heart I may be remembered with kindliness—with charity. For this I have determined to recall the past; not minutely, for, in a life like mine, the deepest and strongest influences lie beyond the reach of words. I can only tell you its commonest, its most obvious, experiences. Do you remember the old brown house upon the hillside, the orchard stretching beyond it, and the old elms, which embraced each other above it; the maples by the doorway and the lilacs under the windows, where the birds builded their nests and sung their lives away, years agone?"

"Yes, it was long ago; but I remember it all, mother."

"Oh! it was a lovely place. I ought to have been happy there, perhaps; but, even to-day, its memory recalls, with torturing distinctness, the darkest years of my life—years that made me what I am, and placed me here. When Louis Liaume died, he did not anticipate such a destiny for me. He had been the discreet guardian of my orphaned childhood; his fortune had furnished me ample opportunities for the improvement of fine tastes in the study of everything good or beautiful; and, devoting himself diligently and patiently to the work, he had instructed me carefully in the sciences, in which he was so rare, so brilliant an enthusiast. His death suddenly left me alone, and penniless, for he had made no will. Accustomed, from my earliest recollection, to the seclusion of his study, the solitary companion of his walks and his travels abroad, I had acquired no just knowledge of the world. A wider observation of human nature, a keener instinct in discriminating character, might have warned and preserved me. I never understood why your father sought me for a wife. He might have compassionated me for my friendlessness; he might have respected me for my talents; he might have loved me. But John Somers was not the man to pity, respect, or love, any human being but himself. I tell you as it seems to me now, for at seventeen I looked upon all men through the medium which the tenderness and generosity of Louis Liaume had given me. Your father was twelve years my senior; a wife had become a necessity, as an overseer for his motherless children; and with words of affectionate tenderness, which I had not the discernment to perceive as unmeaning conventionalities, he won me to the task. In my isolation, my utter loneliness in the world, I had a gratitude for his protection, which kindliness and affection might have made the passionate adoration of which my being was capable. But there are some souls so different in their whole organization, that between them nothing in the universe can create intellectual affinity. Each may be true to itself—true, perhaps, to its God—but never a congenial associate for the other.

"I was timid and quiet in manner; but, in my heart, passionate and unyielding. With sternness and severity I could never be awed or subdued. A defiant spirit was thoroughly roused in me, which stooped not to insulting words, but silently returned scorn for scorn. As a dweller in his house, John Somers saw in me everything to censure, nothing to approve. In my whole life, I had acquired no knowledge which could give me an understanding of my present embarrassing position, and the element in his character which could have won me to adapt myself to its necessities, was entirely wanting. Cares were coming fast upon me, looming up before me like black clouds, shutting away from my sight the free, clear light which God might have given me. Farther off, and unattainable, seemed the realization of my best hopes—the better, more congenial life for which I yearned. For love's sake, I could have borne anything; but there were no soothing words for me—no hands to help me, as the surging waters rose higher and higher about me; and I struggled, and buffeted, and yielded to them alone.

"I can hardly tell how it was, now. I should have had more patience—more faith; but where should I look for help, who had never been taught either the one or the other? In the absence of everything which might have made life tolerable, I reflected and remembered. I remembered, with reverent adoration, the man who had blest my youth; and, as I went forward into the darkness, dearer became the light which had been mine in the past. The freshness of feeling which should have survived my youth, had left me forever. The dear old days of my childhood seemed to me far, far away—so far as to have left in my soul only the impression of a brief, beautiful dream. Green fields and pleasant woodlands of my spring-time! they were seared and dead now, in the chill, desolating autumn. They would never bloom for me more!

"Day after day went by—days in which life was a weary load, which I dared not cast aside—but I staggered on, with bleeding feet and beaded brow, for a while hoping against hope, at last lifting my eyes despairingly to the long, long way before.

"To you, my child, these may seem the vagaries of a maniac; but to me they are terribly real, for they made me what I am. The madness of despair is not the result of an impulsive, passionate hour; it is the work of years—of fretting, torturing years. Even the child which God had given me did not rouse me to effort for its sake, though in my loneliness I gave it a twofold affection. Spare me the detail; the evil spirit, which was irresistibly impelling me onward, was triumphant over the good.

"At nightfall, on one of those days, I sat down with my child in a shady nook of the forest, which had been the haunt of my earlier years. There I had watched the sun set over the lake, but never so gorgeously as now. I wondered why God had placed such beauty so mockingly over the desolate world. I wondered if Louis Liaume could see me now, and why he did not help me—the man whose gentle kindliness had become a sleepless memory, the one light of my life!

"My heart rose rebelliously against my destiny. I would walk out into the shining waters, and let them roll over me and my child, and shut away from my sight, forever, the joyless world. I would seek there the being who had so loved and blessed me. I went out, far out, into the water, until but a step lay between me and him. But a step, did I say? Oh! had I been sure of this—had I been sure that it would not have removed me from him, hopelessly and forever, the flood should have been the Lethe of my life. Although destitute of healthful principles, without religious faith or hope, I had still a fear—perhaps I should say a consciousness—that in the warfare of my life I had not done well. I had been cowardly, guilty; I dared not die. But, my child, my child—who should hinder me? I would lift her up from the abyss into which I had fallen, to the pure, bright heaven above me—not the destiny which had doomed me should hold me back. A strange, bitter fearlessness was in my heart. I did it daringly, defiantly. I laid her down in the still water, as firmly as though it had been her cradle, and smiled mockingly in the face of the azure sky and golden clouds above me; for none had stayed me from giving her back to dwell among them. I turned away to the shore, and watched the golden hues of the sunset fade away from the mountains over the lake. In my childhood, with an earnest, wondering faith, I had thought them the Delectable Mountains, from whose radiant summits the Pilgrim looked over the Dark Valley to the land of Beulah, and farther on, until he 'thought he saw the very gate of the Celestial City, and some of the glory of the place.' How changed the vision now, as I turned from it to the sky above, and wondered if there were such a city, lost to me forever. Oh! how yearningly could I have looked toward it—how rejoicingly, with my spirit sight, beheld it among the clouds—had there been a hand to have pointed me unto it!

"I waited until the stars came out in the still heaven, and I said, defiantly, 'There is none to harm but me, and I have no fear.' It was the fearlessness of despair.

"I remember the trial. The little, rigid form, caught by the frock in some shrubbery bending over the lake, had risen up against me. A strange thrill ran through my heart, as I heard the plea of the defence, that I was insane—a subject of the mercy of the court. That is a questionable mercy which gives up the victim to be maddened by the reproaches of the world. Even then I might have been saved; but there was not one of the stern judges of my crime—not one of all that crowd of uplifted, ghastly faces, to look kindly and pityingly upon me; not one to utter the soothing words of charity and sympathy for a heart which was yearning and breaking for the old tenderness which had blessed its childhood. They had for me only harshness, and reproaches, and chains. Do you know they chain me sometimes? and strong men bring me food, warily, as though I were a fierce beast, to be shut away from the world—away from human sympathies. Ha! do you see the high grated windows, so deep that I can get no glimpse of the blue, bright sky? In my anger, I lost the little self-control which had held me in check for years. I shrieked, and raved, and struggled madly against my prison walls. Wild, ghastly faces swam through the dim light and about my room; and at night I pressed my face close to the grating, and shouted to the fiends; and strange, mocking voices answered me out of the darkness."

* * * * * * *

"It is all over now—the stormy struggle of my wasted life. Dim and distant—remembered only as a troubled dream—are they becoming to me now—these years of which I can tell you no more. The waves have swept me on, and on, until, weary with buffeting the tempest and the spray, I am cast, helpless and dying, upon the shore. The storm has died away. I only lift my eyes, yearningly, beseechingly, to the clear sky above me—I lift my weary arms toward it—I remember that 'the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.'

"Visions of my childhood melt my heart to tenderness, and there comes back to me, soothingly, the fresh dewiness of life's spring. But I have no regret that they are past. I remember, more than all, a green grave in the church-yard, with the weeping elms bending low above it, and the violets of May blossoming in their shadow. A kindlier heart was never laid beneath the greensward—a truer soul never went up from its earthly habitation to the dwelling-place of God. You will bury me there, my child. God bless you for the words. You will bury me in the shadow of the old elms, bending low above us, and the violet-covered turf will blossom over our heads. Yes, you will bury me by Louis Liaume."

A week later, the bright sun was shining as I recrossed the gravelled walks on my way from the city. The ash and linden trees were sparkling with the heavy rain-drops, and spring flowers were breathing perfumes in the genial air of the May morning.

Mary Somers was dead. If she had committed a great crime, she had made fearful expiation. I, to whom her life might have been a benediction, forgave her, in the depths of my heart, for the sake of all she had suffered. And, this returning May morning, I have written of her this brief memorial. Although her grave is many leagues away, I know that the shadow of the weeping elms and the dewy violets are above it, and another kindly heart is hushed beneath the greensward that covers Louis Liaume.

A VOICE FOR FREEDOM.*

No. 1.

While man in slavery's impious bond our brother dares to hold,
Say, Christian! can we calmly hear his tale of suffering told?
Our hope is in JEHOVAH'S power; His word to us is true;
And can we leave our Father's work for alien hands to do?

Shall we close our eyes in slumber, or lay our weapons down,
That the labors of the infidel may rob us of our crown?
The foe is on our bulwarks; to us his trumpet calls—
Must the hands that shake your pillars be strong to build your walls?

Up, Christians! to the contest; your right as leaders claim;
Let the troops that win the battle fight in Messiah's name;
Let the slaves, with grateful voices, to liberty restored,
To coming generations tell, "Our help was from the LORD!"

"He sent his people to our aid; 'twas they our freedom won!"
Thus glory to His name shall flow from what your work has done;
And the anthems of our victory through countless ages ring,
From all the ransomed millions—Hosannah to our King!

No. 2.

Oppression's walls are bravely built; the towers are strong and high;
Well-sheltered 'neath time-honored laws the firm foundations lie.
The slave may groan beneath his chains, but can his sighs prevail?
Talk of his wrongs in every clime, yet what can words avail?

Of old, when near to Canaan's land the chosen Israel drew,
As strong the ancient city stood before his fainting view,
He brought not weapons formed for war; but when the trumpet's swell
Rose mingling with the people's shout, then the proud city fell!

And still, like arrows winged with fire, the words of truth are found
To wrap in flames the citadel which falsehood girdles round!
Talk louder, then, till every stone break from the tottering wall;
Talk louder, for your words have power to shake it till it fall!

Speak on, but not alone to man; let GOD your voices hear;
He wants to bless you with His aid, and lends his willing ear;
Plead at His throne His promises, (we strengthen as as we pray,)
That love and peace shall fill the earth, free as the light of day.

From stronger bands o'er freemen cast His grace and power can save,
And in one glorious freedom join the Master and the Slave;
Twine round the banner of the cross the olive branch of peace,
And while one soul in bondage lies, let not our labors cease.

What matter e'en through fruitless toil should all our years employ,
When every ransomed soul awakes new hymns of heavenly joy?
The sowers, at the harvest home, the reapers' gladness share;
While some must finish here the work, some swell the anthem there;
But all united in one bond, no time nor change can move—
The heritage of life divine—the Brotherhood of Love!

* The above pieces are from the pen of Miss CATHARINE PRINGLE CRAIG, of Glasgow, Scotland—a young lady of high poetical reputation in the city of her residence—and were first published in connection with the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, recently held there. The readers of the *Era*, we doubt not, will admire alike the elegant versification and lofty sentiment of these poems; and not least the earnest, devotional spirit that pervades and sanctifies the whole. *

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

The readers of the *Era* will remember that, some time since, the Women of England, through the Duchess of Sutherland, sent an Address to their Sisters in America. Although this address was couched in respectful and commendable language, it was assailed with much bitterness by the Hunker presses, and that an acrimonious reply was published by Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler. We find in the *Evening Post* the subjoined reply, which will commend itself to the thoughtful and humane throughout the country. The *Post* says it is written by a lady "who is now over seventy years of age, and for the last thirty-five years has resided in the city of New Orleans;" that she is "one of the most respectable and influential ladies" in that city, and is "widely known for her unassuming piety and active benevolence."

As an indication of right feeling on the subject of Slavery, this letter is not without importance. *

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND OTHER WOMEN OF ENGLAND,

IN REPLY TO

"*The Affectionate and Christian Address of many thousands of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, to their Sisters, the Women of the United States of America.*"

I have been waiting and watching to see who would respond to this address, or whether it would not be communicated to us in a more formal manner, till, at length, my longing curiosity is satisfied by the appearance of the letter of Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler.

This comes from the right quarter. She holds the highest position—the wife of an Ex-President—that our Constitution will admit of, and may with perfect propriety take the lead in replying to the address of the women of England to the women of America on the subject of African slavery. It is happily, however, one of the beautiful features of our republican form of Government, that—without any conventional grant—we are individually sovereigns in matters of opinion, and may, with equal propriety, claim the same privilege of expressing them, that she is entitled to, with no other fears than the loss of popularity with those from whom we may be so unfortunate as to dissent.

Acting, then, upon these principles, I shall venture to advance sentiments that will conflict with some of my countrywomen's views. Nevertheless, I am urged on to do it by the sure knowledge that there are very many of them—I think I may truthfully say a majority—some Southern women—noble specimens—who feel with me a decided and unconquerable aversion to the system of slavery, as it exists in these Southern States, and who would wish so to be represented, and who are deeply grieved to see the favor it obtains, not only from those on whose hearts the spirit of Christianity has not operated, but from professed followers of Jesus Christ, a portion of whom sustain it, most lamentably so, because, they say, on Bible principles.

We, then, embracing such portions of my countrywomen as coincide with me in opinion on this subject of African slavery, acknowledge to have received your address in the same spirit of kindness in which we believe it was dictated. We do not believe that the "fingers of statesmen" guided it, or that political subtilty was its object. We are unwilling to attribute such unworthy motives to your husbands, fathers, or brothers, as to suppose that they would make you their willing dupes. We do believe that it was the honest dictation of sympathy for the sufferings and moral degradation of our slaves.

Had your communication to us embraced subjects touching our national rights, or touching the arrangements of any of our legitimate property, we would be found among the first to treat it with its merited scorn.

But the case in point is far otherwise. You have appealed to our sympathies in behalf of oppressed men, women, and children, in slavery, who have been placed in it by cupidity, and are retained in it by the numbers that are interested in supporting it, with no other authority for it than what time has sanctioned. Such a state of things has been incorporated into a tangible, regularly licensed system, for the protection of the booty thus acquired and thus held, styled the "Southern Institution." This "Southern Institution," thus worked up of flesh and blood, has reached the dignity of a "political right," known more definitely as a Southern right, and is now being claimed as such, at the expense of the Union, by Southern people, to whom the Northern people succumb for office, even to the Presidency. As a nation, ladies, you are justly entitled to a large share of this guilt—the largest share of it, because you have fastened it on us. We appreciate your acknowledgment of it. Deeds have spoken it, as well as words. We also appreciate your hint of the enlightened age of the ninete