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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

SHERWOOD FOREST, OR WAGER BY BATTLE.

A TALE OF SAXON SLAVERY IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

CHAP. III.

The Guerdon of Good Service.

'Twere better to die free, than live a slave.
Euripides.

It was fortunate, for all concerned, that no long time elapsed before more efficient aid came on the ground, than the gentleman who first reached the spot, and who, although a member of that dauntless chivalry, trained from their cradles to endure hardship, to despise danger, and to look death steadfastly and unmoved in the face, was so utterly paralyzed by what he deemed, not unnaturally, the death of his darling, that he made no effort to relieve her from the weight of the slaughtered animals, though they rested partially on her lower limbs, and on one arm, which lay extended, nerveless, as it had fallen, in the dust. But up came, in an instant, Philip de Morville, on his superb, snow-white Andalusian, a Norman baron to the life—tall, powerful, thin-flanked, deep-chested, with the high aquiline features and dark chestnut hair of his race, nor less with its dauntless valor, grave courtesy, and heart as impassive to fear or tenderness or pity, as his own steel hauberk. Up came esquires and pages, foresters and grooms, and springing tumultuously to the ground, under the short, prompt orders of their lord, raised the dead palfrey bodily up, while Sir Philip drew the fair girl gently from under it, and raising her in his arms more tenderly than he had ever been known to entreat anything, unless it were his favorite falcon, laid her on the short, soft greensward, under the shadow of one of the huge, broad-headed oaks by the wayside.

"Cheer thee, my noble lord and brother," he exclaimed, "the Lady Guendolen is not dead, nor like to die this time. 'Tis only fear, and perchance her fall, for it was a heavy one, that hath made her faint. Bustle, knaves, bustle. Bring water from the spring yonder. Has no one a leathern bottiau? You, Damian, gallop, as if you would win your spurs of gold by riding, to the sumpter mule with the panniers. It should be at the palmer's spring by this time; for, hark, the bells from the gray brothers' chapel, in the valley by the river, are chiming for the noontide service. Bring wine and essences, electuaries and ambergris, if the refectioner have any with him. You, Raoul," he continued, addressing a sturdy, grim featured old verderer, who was hanging over the still senseless girl with an expression of solicitude hardly natural to his rugged and scar-seamed countenance, "take a led horse, and hie thee to the abbey; tell the good prior what hath befallen, and pray the brother mediciner he will ride this way, as speedily as he may; and you," turning to the old, white-haired seneschal, "send up some of the varlets to the castle, for the horse-litter; she may not ride home this day."

In the mean time, while he was accumulating order on order, while pages and horseboys, grooms and esquires, were galloping off, in different directions, as if with spurs of fire, and while the barons themselves were awkwardly endeavoring to perform those ministrations for the fair young creature, which they were much more used themselves to receive at the hands of the softer sex, who were in those rude days often the chirurgeons and leeches, as well as the comforters and soothers of the bed of pain and sickness, than to do such offices for others, the bold defender of Guendolen—Kenric the dark haired—lay in his blood, stark and cold, deemed dead, and quite forgotten, even by the lowest of the Norman varletry, who held themselves too noble to waste services upon a Saxon, much more upon a thral and bondsman.

They—such of them, that is to say, as were not needed in direct attendance on the persons of the nobles, or as had not been despatched in search of aid—applied themselves, with characteristic zeal and eagerness, to tend and succor the nobler animals, as they held them, of the chase; while they abandoned their brother man and fellow-countryman, military Levites as they were, to his chances of life or death, without so much as even caring to ask or examine whether he were numbered with the living or the dead.

The palfrey was first seen to, and pronounced dead; when his rich housings were stripped off carefully, and cleaned as well as time and place permitted; when the carcase was dragged off the road, and concealed, for the moment, with fern leaves and boughs lopped from the neighboring bushes, while something was said among the stable boys of sending out some of the "dog Saxon serfs" to bury him on the morrow.

The deer was then dragged roughly whence it lay across the breast of Kenric, in whose left shoulder one of its terrible brow antlers had made a deep gash, while his right arm was badly shattered by a blow of its sharp hoofs. So careless were the men of inflicting pain on the living, or dishonor on the dead, that one of them, in removing the quarry, set his booted foot square on the Saxon's chest, and forced, by the joint effect of the pressure and the pain, a stifled, choking sound, half involuntary, half a groan, from the pale lips of the motionless sufferer. With a curse, and a slight, contemptuous kick, the Norman groom turned away, with his antlered burthen, muttering a ribald jest on "the death-grunt of the Saxon boar;" and, drawing his keen woodknife, was soon deep in the mysteries of the *curée*, and deeper yet in blood and grease, prating of "nombles, briskets, flankards, and ravenbones," then the usual terms of the art of hunting, or butchery, whichever the reader chooses to call it, which are now probably antiquated. The head was cabbaged, as it was called, and, with the entrails given as a reward to the fierce hounds, which glared with ravenous eyes on the gory carcase. Even its peculiar morsel was chucked to the attendant raven, the black bird of St. Hubert, which—free from any apprehension of the gentle hunters, who affected to treat him with respectful and reverential awe—sate on the stag-horned peak of an aged oak tree, awaiting his accustomed portion, with an observant eye and an occasional croak. By and by, when the sumpter mule came up, with kegs of ale and bottiaus of mead and hypocras, and wine of Gascony and Anjou, before even the riders' throats were slaked by the generous liquor, the bridle bits and cavessons, nose bags and martingales of the coursers were removed, and liberal drenches were bestowed on them, partly in guerdon of past services, partly in order to renew their strength and stimulate their valiant ardor.

Long ere this, however, fanned by two or three pages with fans of fern wreaths, and sprinkled with cold spring water by the hands of her solicitous kinsman, the young girl had given symptoms of returning life, and a brighter expression returned to the dark, melancholy visage of her father.

Two or three long, faint, fluttering sighs came from her parted lips; and then, regular, though low and feeble, her breathing made itself heard, and her girlish bosom rose and fell responsive.

Her father, who had been chafing her hands assiduously, pressed one of them caressingly, at this show of returning animation, and raised it to his lips; when, awakening at the accustomed tenderness, her languid eyes opened, a faint light of intelligence shone forth from them, a pale glow of hectic color played over her face, and a smile glittered for a second on her quivering lips.

"Dear father," she whispered, faintly; but, the next moment, an expression of fear was visible in all her features, and a palpable shiver shook all her frame. "The stag!" she murmured; "the stag! save me, save"——and before the words, uttered simultaneously by the two lords—"He is dead, dear one," "He will harm no one any more"—had reached her ears, she again relapsed into insensibility, while with equal care, but renewed hope, they tended and caressed.

But Kenric no one tended, no one caressed, save, "faithful still, where all were faithless found," the brindled staghound, "Killbuck," who licked his face assiduously, with his grim, gory tongue and lips, and besmearing his face with blood and foam, rendered his aspect yet more terrible and deathlike.

But now the returning messengers began to ride in, fast and frequent; first, old Raoul, the huntsman, surest, although not fleetest; and with him, shaking in his saddle, between the sense of peril and the perplexity occasioned him by the high, hard trot of the Norman warhorse pressed into such unwonted service, "like a boar's head in aspick jelly," the brother mediciner from the neighboring convent, with his wallet of simples and instruments of chirurgery.

By his advice, the plentiful application of cold water, with essences and stimulants in abundance, a generous draught of rich wine of Burgundy, and, when animation seemed thoroughly revived, the gentle breathing of a vein, soon restored the young lady to her perfect senses and complete self-possession, though she was sorely bruised, and so severely shaken that it was enjoined on her to remain perfectly quiet, where she lay, with a lincoln-green furred hunting cloak around her, until the arrival of the litter should furnish means of return to the castle of her father's host and kinsman.

And, in good season, down the hill, slowly and toilsomely came the horse-litter, poor substitute for a wheeled vehicle; but even thus the best, if not only, conveyance yet adopted for the transport of the wounded, the feeble, or the luxurious, and, as such, used only by the wealthy and the noble.

With the litter, came three or four women; one or two, Norman maidens, the immediate attendants of the Lady Guendolen, and the others Saxon slave girls of the household of Sir Philip de Morville, who hurried down, eager to gain favor by show of zealous duty, or actuated by woman's feeling for woman's suffering, even in different grade and station.

The foremost of them all, bounding along with all the wild agility and free natural gracefulness of wood-nymph or bacchante, was a girl of seventeen or eighteen, not above the middle height of her sex, but plump as a partridge, with limbs exquisitely formed and rounded, a profusion of flaxen tresses floating unrestrained on the air, large dark-blue eyes, and a complexion all of milk and roses—the very type of rural Saxon youth and beauty.

As she outstripped all the rest in speed, she was the first to tender gentle service to the Lady Guendolen, who received her with a smile, calling her "Edith the Fair," and thanking her for her ready aid.

But, ere long, as the courtlier maidens arrived on the ground, poor Edith was set aside, as is too often the case with humble merit, while the others lifted the lady into the horse-litter, covered her with light and perfumed garlands, and soon had all ready for her departure.

But, in the mean time, Edith had turned a hasty glance around her, and descrying the inanimate body of the Saxon serf, lying alone and untended, moved by the gentle sympathy of woman for the humblest unknown sufferer, she hastened to assist, if assistance were still possible. But, as she recognised the limbs, stately, though cold and still, and the features, still noble through gore and defilement, a swift horror smote her, that she shook like a leaf, and fell, with a wild, thrilling shriek, "O, Kenric, Kenric!" on the body of the wounded man.

"Ha! what is this?" cried Sir Philip, who now first saw or remembered what had passed. "How is this? Knaves, is there a man hurt here?"

"A Saxon churl, Beausire," replied one of the pages, flippantly, "who has gotten his brisket unseamed by his brother Saxon yonder!" and he pointed to the dead carcase of the stag.

"Our lady save us," murmured the gentle Guendolen, who seemed about to relapse into insensibility; "he saved my life, and have ye let him perish?"

"Now, by the splendor of our lady's eyes," cried Yvo de Taillebois, the father of the fair young lady, "this is the gallant lad we saw afar, in such bold hand-to-hand encounter with yon mad brute. We have been ingrately, shamefully remiss. This must be amended, Philip de Morville."

"It shall—it shall, my noble friend," cried Philip; "and ye, dogs, that have let the man perish untended thus, for doing of his devoir better than all the best of ye, bestir yourselves. If the man die, as it seems like enow, ye shall learn, ere ye are one day older, what pleasant bed-rooms are the vaults of Waltheofstow, and how tastes the water of the moat."

Meantime, the monk trotted up, and, after brief examination, announced that, though badly hurt, his life was in no immediate peril, and set himself at once to comfort and revive him.

"He is not slain; he will not die, my child," said Sir Yvo, softly, bending over the litter, to his pale lily, who smiled faintly as she whispered, in reply—

"Dear father, nor be a slave any longer."

"Not if I may redeem him," he answered, "but I will speak with Sir Philip at once. Meanwhile be tranquil, and let them convey you homeward. Forward, there, with the litter—gently, forward!"

And, therewith, he turned and spoke eagerly to de Morville, who listened with a grave brow, and answered—

"If it may be, my noble friend and brother. If it may be. But there are difficulties. Natheless, on my life I desire to pleasure you."

"Nay! it comports not with our name or station, that the noble Guendolen de Taillebois should owe life to a collared thral—a mere brute animal. My lord, your word on it! He *must* be free, since Yvo de Taillebois is his debtor."

"My word *is* pledged on it," replied de Morville. "If it can be at all, it *shall* be. Nay, look not so black on it. It shall be. We will speak farther of it at the castle! And now, lo! how he opes his eyes and stares. He will be right, anon; and ye, knaves, bear him to the castle, when the good brother bids ye, and gently, if ye would escape a reckoning with me. And now, good friend, to horse! to horse! The litter is half way to the castle gates already. To horse! to horse! and God send us no more such sorry huntings."

Self-Taxation.—The taxes are, indeed, heavy; and if those laid on by Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement.—*Franklin.*

An excellent cement for seams in the roofs of houses, or for any similar defects, may be made with white lead, dry white sand, and as much oil as will render it of the consistency of putty; it becomes as hard as any stone in the course of a few weeks. The lead forms a kind of flux with the sand, adapting it to the filling up of cracks in brick buildings, also for pointing up the bases of chimneys, where they project through the roofs of shingled houses.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings; I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances.—*Bishop Hall.*

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Alice Carey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

For the National Era.

HOLLY-WOOD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

CHAP. VII—Continued.

I saw that, in spite of my soft interpretations, her homely perceptions struck straight at the truth, and I felt in all ways compromised. She, my inferior, was in possession of my secret, and in some sort I was in her power, for in shared counsel there is always insecurity.

She appeared to appreciate my position and my thoughts, and said, abruptly:

"It's no use to say we forget a thing, when we don't and can't forget it; but not for this, nor for anything that I may know or suspect about certain persons, will anybody be any the wiser. After all, I may be all wrong—I expect I am, but I don't believe I am, and I know I ain't; but if I had once thought that what I knew about the letter would make you sad, I would not have spoke it the longest day I lived." And, making some practical, common sense observation about the needs of the kitchen, she left me to my own reflections.

I cannot hope to make you understand the conflict that was in my heart. A tormenting passion is love, at the best; but when love is not accompanied by the most perfect confidence in the object loved, it becomes the most agonizing of all torments. And, now that I had permitted myself to listen to the suspicions of another, mine own seemed to have acquired tenfold force. What are all the probabilities and possibilities in the world against one damning fact?

I arose from my abject position, and taking from a drawer, where it was carefully laid away among dried rose leaves, a small illuminated volume, a gift from Mr. Richards, which I greatly prized, I went to the parlor to replace it where it had been previously to coming into my possession. For a moment I pressed it to my heart, for another, to my lips, and, tearing hastily out the presentation page, I turned, crumpling the leaf in my hand, and stood face to face with the arbiter of my fate.

Whether he had witnessed my action and divined my thought, I know not; for, approaching me, in a manner which had in it all the tenderness of devotion, he drew me to the sofa, and, folding me close in his arms, kissed me again and again—kissed my forehead, kissed my lips.

"The story," I said, disengaging myself; "you had something to tell me, you said; let me hear it now."

"No, Mary, you are not in a mood to hear the story I had to tell. Another time, when"——

He checked himself, and remained silent.

I said I was prepared to hear anything—even that I had been deceived and betrayed and forsaken. Nothing could surprise me—nothing could wound me more deeply than I had already been wounded.

He seemed to muse for a moment, and then, clasping me close in his arms, said:

"It seems to me I cannot better fulfill the true mission of life, than by living here, and with you."

"What do you mean?" I asked, holding back his face between my hands, and looking close in his eyes.

He laughed, in a gay, good-humored fashion, which seemed to say I had been needlessly alarmed, and which made me feel that I had been; for I laughed responsively, and, as he tightened the embrace, nestled with childlike confidence to his bosom, and for a moment was blest.

All at once the room grew brighter. I thought it was our love shining so, at first; but, looking up, I saw that Mr. Richards was holding over the flame of the lamp the letter which he had that evening received. He turned it, that I might see the seal was melting, unbroken, and, when the last particle fell to ashes, said:

"So, Mary, we are friends again—more than friends—we are lovers; we are married by the invisible priesthood of God—the angels." He bent low to my lips, and I gave without shame the seal of confirmation.

God, my Father, I thank thee for that blessed hour. Nothing in time nor in eternity can undo it, nor disunite its memory from my soul. It came like sunshine through a rent of the clouds; and I felt the angels about me, and heaven over all.

Oh, how often, wandering, and weary, and dissatisfied, I have turned back the dark leaves in the volume of my life, and, coming to that bright page, have read it and read it, till long ago every word has been transferred to my heart. It is beautiful to know there are things which cannot be taken from us—the power to dream—to widen our low chambers into palaces, and roof them with the planets of the sky, and the peopling of them with friends who are true friends—who never say to us, I weary of your smile, and am hungry for knowledge *you* cannot impart. This is one thing for which I am humbly grateful; but for the real joys which I have held close in my arms for moments, I cannot be thankful enough.

What pretty plans we made that night for the future! The great melancholy moon shone warm, almost, against our faces, as we looked out upon the still woods and fields, devising the things which should beautify our future home. Hetty should come and live with us, and be sent to the new school, and Charley should be found, and my father made glad; Mr. Richards would go in the morning and persuade him to join in our little festivity, which he said should but a little precede our great festivity. I must bring my white dress, for when that I should wear it, he should only see me, and not the garment. I went into the dooryard and gathered some red flowers, and twined them about my hair, just as I proposed to wear them on my triumph day, which in my heart I did not call my triumph day any more; but the marriage day a little beyond—that was to be the great triumph—the great day of my life.

When he smoothed my black locks, and crushed and broke the flowers among them, in playful fondness, praising both, I reproved with make-believe frowns, which were scarcely, I confess it, meant to correct the faults; and so, finding interest in every trifle, as lovers will, the strokes of the clock were uncounted. Not a rose bush grew by the path that we did not quarrel about, and agree about again. One would begin by saying it must be pruned; it quite overspread the path; it had been an obstruction long enough; and the other would be sure to argue the contrary—its natural growth could not be improved upon by pruning knives. As a special favor, it must remain as it was; and, when the request was granted, the petitioner was sure to withdraw the plea, and each would say the other knew best.

But all this is tedious; for that which is all in all to lovers, is nonsense to the world.

The midnight cock crew, hoarsely, it seemed to me, and as if he reproved us. I said so, and that I must go, for I am naturally superstitious; and, though my companion had, I knew, in his nature, no spark of sympathy with the feeling, he soothed my apprehensions as gently as a mother would soothe her little child—his love should charm away all ghosts and ugly things that boded harm, from the chamber of his Mary—his wife.

I lingered, for he had not named our nuptial day; and, when he divined not my silence, said:

"One thing more to make perfect my happiness. The crown of love—when shall we wear that?"

"Don't you think a crown would grow heavy on the forehead, sometimes?" he answered.

"No, not that crown."

"And why not that, as well as another, if we could never lay it off?"

Because, I said, love feeds upon love, and we cannot tire of it any more than we tire of the light.

He dropt the hands which a moment before he had pressed with such solemn earnestness, and laughing one of his gay, careless laughs, said "You have heard the story of the Kilkenny cats?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Nothing; only your remark, that love feeds upon love, suggested it;" and with an ill-concealed yawn he lighted his night lamp, and left me, thunderstruck, my question unanswered.

I followed him with my eyes, as step by step he ascended the stairs, for I thought it was a cruel jest, and he would come back and part with a kiss and a reassurance of love; surely he would look back, and at least give me a silent good night; but not so. Struck dumb, I stood and saw him go on and on—and, when he had disappeared, heard him open the door of his chamber, and afterward turn the key. I pressed my hand upon my forehead, and strained my eyes wide, to see whether I was not in a dream, for I doubted the evidence of my senses; but it was no dream. There lay the broken flowers on the floor; there lay the crumpled leaf which I had torn from the gift book. As I sunk down on the sofa, Fleet came forward, and whining low and pitifully, as it seemed, laid his head in my lap.

I would have pushed him off, for I felt his recognition of my desolation an evil sign; but he would not be put aside, and, crouching humbly, licked my hands and looked up into my face.

I tried to think it was nothing, and to give it a ludicrous coloring by asking myself how the whining of a dog could affect my destiny; but the secret recognition of a warning remained the same.

Presently a moth fluttered in at the window, for it had not been closed, and I said I would make it the test of my fortune. If it fluttered near me, it should be a good omen; and if the contrary, why, all was lost. But when it went farther and farther, I made another sign; for it was natural that the moth should go to the light. I said my first test was not worthy of reliance; but now if it scorched its wings as it circled about the lamp, I would take it as an evil sign. With what interest I watched it—now nearer and now farther from the blaze—once or twice my hand involuntarily outstretched itself as the danger became imminent, and nearer and nearer I leaned, hoping that in some sudden wheel it would turn back into the night. It did not, however, but foolishly neared the glitter; now a notch was bitten from one pretty wing, and now from another, by the fire; and so I said, if it goes away alive, it will be a good omen—all the better for its narrow escapes; and as I said so, more and more its wings grew ragged and thin, and less steadily it balanced itself, till suddenly it made a blind dash—a struggle, and the flame had eaten it up.

I groaned aloud, and upset the lamp as I sought to extricate the writhing body; so only the moonlight was left for my chamberlain. I hastily drew down the sash, for, as I said, I am naturally superstitious and timid, and as I turned, saw full in the moonlight, hovering before me, what seemed a bird, the most beautiful one I ever saw; it sung no song and made no sound with its wings, if wings it had, for of course I could see but imperfectly, yet there it fluttered right before me a moment, and then it was gone—not out of the room, not on the floor nor the ceiling, yet it was gone. I might have thought it an illusion, so quick it went; but Fleet saw it, evidently, as well as I, for he leaped forward, and I heard his jaws snap; and when the bird fluttered on the same, he crouched down and trembled.

When I left the room he went with me, nor would he sleep otherwhere than at the head of my bed, and two or three times during the night he roused and walked about the room, as if to see that all was well. You smile—well, I only say what I saw.

While we were breakfasting on the following morning, there was a loud, impatient ringing of the front-door bell. Mr. Richards seemed startled, and whispered aside to me, when Rose appeared, and announced that a strange person was importunate to see him, that he was very ill, and must not on any account be disturbed. I fulfilled his request with a trembling heart, but an unsteady voice; observant of which, the stranger inquired whether Mr. Richards were very ill, and if I were his relative.

He was a bluff, rough man, of some executive authority, I thought; and, as he hesitated, he balanced in his hand a paper, which seemed in some way to puzzle him. Will you see this delivered into the hand of Henry Richards, he asked, presently. I answered, that I would not like to disobey a physician's orders; and I ventured to add, is it of great importance?

He did not reply, but shaking the window shutter by which he stood, as if to ascertain the strength and excellence of the make, he said, "what available funds has this man?"

I am quite ignorant of his affairs, I said; and I took to myself some credit, inasmuch as I spoke the simple truth; and after some further curious observation, the man placed the package in a small black leathern bag, and with a dissatisfied air, and without more than a careless nod, departed, greatly to my alleviation; yet I felt sure that some harmful thing, which must come at last, had been only obviated for the moment.

Mr. Richards affected indifference as to the stranger and his errand, and to me excused himself for declining to see him—he could not, he said, have his new happiness encroached upon by ordinary affairs. I would gladly have believed that it was so, but I could not; there was a restlessness and uneasiness in his manner that belied his words. He said he was not well, and reclined on the sofa, and asked me, in a way more garrulous and impatient than fond, to talk to him. I knew not what to say, for, in spite of the protestations of the last night, I felt singularly restrained and embarrassed; nevertheless, I tried to obey his wishes, for of all things I desired most to please him; but I soon saw that I failed to interest him, and he presently asked me to read—he didn't feel equal to the exertion of conversation. I inquired what he would like, romance or travel, history or poetry; and he answered, that he was about done with romance and poetry, but, that further than that he had no choice.

I took up whatever book was at hand, and read, but neither of us received any meaning from the words; so, after some vain attempts to appear interested, I closed the volume, and for a long time we remained silent, and I think we both felt it a relief when the workmen about the farm required the superintendence of the proprietor.

As I sat alone, musing of many things, the smiling face of Timothy appeared at the door. I tried to smile too, but it was a poor attempt, I am afraid; nor was I reconciled to myself or my prospects, for his assurance that I was looking admirably well—he thought some good thing had befallen or was about to befall me.

It seemed to me that he saw quite the contrary, and wished to fortify my faltering.

He had come, he said, to have a little colloquial intercourse with me, previously to his setting out in search of a fortune, as it might be that our next meeting would take place beyond Jordan.

I said I was sorry for his going, as I had few friends, and could ill afford to lose one.

"Heigh ho! he exclaimed, I don't know why I am going, nor where I am going—whithersoever my stars direct me, for who knows how much of our destiny is in our own hands;" and after a moment he continued, "why should we care? I don't; if I feel that I can mend matters, I set about it; and if I can't, I make the best of them—while I could walk I walked, and when my limbs became useless I got the best crutch I could, and limped; and after all, I am, perhaps, as well off as I ever was; for instance, I would not have drawn upon your sympathy and interest, if I had been strong and vigorous and unmaimed, as I have done now; it must be that every loss brings its compensation. If we lose our dinner, we enjoy our supper with a double zest; and the friends that go before us into heaven, draw us nearer and nearer to heaven."

"But if we lose friends here, what comfort is there for us, if they grow away from us, or if chance or fate separate us?" Timothy eyed me a moment, smilingly, and replied:

"If a friend should, as you say, grow away from me, I should take to myself the consolation that he had never rightly grown to me."

"Perhaps you are right, but that reflection would not reconcile to the estrangement of one I had loved."

"Love, I assure you, my dear friend," said he, "is a mere matter of moonshine—a fancy—an idea."

"You are not serious."

"Perfectly. Suffer any one thing to take entire possession of the mind, and we become insane. The right way is to keep in your own hands a reserve force of self-sufficiency, upon which, in case of emergency, to fall back."

"But love, real love, is not calculating."

"The devil!" exclaimed Timothy, eyeing me as though I had uttered the most startling sentiment in the world. "Forgive me," he added, in a moment; "I am on my knees in spirit, and you see the utter impossibility of bodily prostration."

I said it was useless for us to talk of sentiment, we should never agree; that, to my thinking, the best of all God's good gifts was love.

"It is an indifferent good thing to eat," said Timothy, "if one is hungry and has a fat capon before him; and it is good to sleep when one is tired, and has at his command a nice feather bed and a blanket; and brandy and water is a pleasant thing to quench thirst."

"You are happily constituted," I said.

"Yes, all except the legs."

"I don't think I very well understand you; your ways of thinking are new to me."

"As to the first," he said, "I don't understand myself. Timothy Shue and Timothy Shue are on pretty good terms, but they are not much acquainted with each other; and as for my way of thinking, I don't think at all. When I was a boy, my attention was arrested one day by seeing a dog tied to a post with a strong cord, and, as any dog of spirit naturally would be, he was discontented, and whined and howled, pulling now this way and now that; but he gained not a whit for his pains, and at length choked to death in the effort to go farther than he could; and I resolved then that I would not strive with impossibilities."

"But it is only by asking what is possible to be known, that we learn what is impossible."

"Our greatest wisdom hath this extent, no more: we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow; the rest God knoweth, we must trust." And then, as if ashamed of the earnestness and seriousness with which he had spoken, he added: "In other words, we come up like a hopper-grass, and are cut down like a sparrow-grass."

I looked puzzled, sorrowful perhaps, and he continued: "Well, I am a strange fellow, I admit it. If I had not been created, I wonder who would have lived in my place—some other creature must have been made, for I am a link in the chain of things; and if another had been made, perhaps it would have been me. But I am pulling my cord too far—suppose we eat a sandwich, or something of that sort."

I know not how it was, for though we had little intellectual sympathy, Timothy's influence upon me was most happy. Ambition and discontent and pining could not stay with him long—the genial sunniness that overspread his homely common sense, drove away the shadows.

He had no vision for the dark side of life; no phantoms came to his chamber. He had money enough for all his needs, and something to spare now and then; how he came by it, I don't know; and whether he had friends or home, I don't know, perhaps not more than he found everywhere. He seemed neither to have hope nor fear, took lazily hold of the best end of things as they came.

When other sources of amusement failed, he resorted to his flute, of which he seemed never to weary. And still the preparation for our great festivity went on; farmers were seen, day by day, driving to town their market wagons, filled in part with potatoes or oats, or whatever else they had to dispose of, and carrying with them their daughters and wives, to purchase finery for the great occasion; and new gowns, and bonnets, and ribands, and ruffles, were brought home, and discussed, and made up, as best suited rustic notions of adornment. The young men were active, too, and many a one rocked to town on the top of a load of sweet-scented hay, and returned with a new fur hat, and waistcoat of black satin, which he was sure to say he would not have purchased but for the urgency of mother or sister—he would be sorry to have them ashamed of him; and he supposed, too, he must have a little money in his pocket; accidents might occur.

The weather became a matter of unusual interest; and "Do you think we shall have rain?" was propounded with as much interest as "Do you think we shall have war?" would have been. Old men put on their spectacles, and consulted the almanac as an oracle; young men said they didn't know nor care much about it. They rather hoped it would rain, some of them; they would be glad to have some excuse for absenting themselves; but the young ladies made no disguise of their interest; it will be so provoking, they said, if I can't wear my new bonnet. However, they were not really afraid of rain; and no prognostics could have induced fear; it would be pleasant, they knew it would; and the new calico dress was turned inside out and outside in a dozen times a day, and every visiter was asked how she liked it, and told how much it cost by the yard, and how many yards were in it, and that its owner might have got another, with a little larger leaf, and a brighter ground, if she had had two or three shillings more; but that she did not know, after all, as she would have liked anything better than what she had, and the visiter was sure to think nothing could be prettier, and to carry away with her a small piece to exhibit at home, to compare with her own, and to wash with soft soap and "broke water," to test the colors, and afterwards to patch in her quilt, which she didn't expect she should ever want. All about the neighborhood, bits of calico and gingham were seen drying on the rosebushes; new caps were bleaching on the grass, and all the out-door ovens were aglow by six o'clock in the morning, for two or three days in advance of *the* day. Pigs and chickens, ducks and geese, and turkeys and lambs, were baked, and roasted, and boiled, and boys slipped under barns, and about scaffolds and roosts, with a greater celerity than Cyrus of old, in search of new hen's nests, and great yellow and speckled pumpkins were seen piled about every door, in token of the pies that were to be. Apples and peaches and pears were thought almost too common to be used on so nice an occasion, and only those who had fruit of very superior quality ventured to offer it. Pound cakes and ginger cakes, cup cakes and loaf cakes, made all the air delicious; every plump arm was bare, and the beating of eggs and the pounding of spices made almost every house musical.

When it was known that Mr. Richards was to have a tent on the ground, and that he had actually contributed some flowered carpet for the covering of the platform, and two lamps, such as nobody had ever seen before, his popularity knew no bounds. That such a gentleman should condescend to join in the sports of the common people, was a matter alike of joy and surprise. In fact, he was daily growing upon my confidence; for, in his intercourse with men he was not only just, but generous. His flowers and fruits were at the disposal of his neighbors. Now he was getting some poor boy into the school, and now pasturing the cow of some poor widow.

I strengthened my hopes in all these things, though with myself I confess his procedure was never quite satisfactory, so I left that out of the question.

[REMAINDER OF CHAP. VII NEXT WEEK.]

For the National Era.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

BY MARY FRANCES TYLER.

The two went out for a walk one day,
But they couldn't keep long together;
For Despair full soon had commenced her tune,
Of grumbling about the weather.
But Hope roamed still over heath and hill,
And low to herself kept humming:
"Though the way be drear, I have nought to fear,
There's a better time a-coming."

Despair sat down in a faded gown,
And she looked both lean and lazy;
And 'tis said that they who chanced that way,
Declared that she had gone crazy.
But Hope went dressed in her very best,
And her soft sweet voice kept humming:
"Though fortune frown, I am not cast down,
There's a better time a-coming."

The sun shone out, but Despair, in doubt,
Expected a storm to-morrow;
And so she went in her discontent,
Bowed down with a needless sorrow.
But Hope was gay through the live-long day,
And with merry tones kept humming:
"Though the sun may set, I will ne'er forget,
There's a better time a-coming."

The storm-cloud came, and Despair the same
Was greatly distressed about it;
The sun, she said, had forever fled,
And she couldn't live without it.
Hope felt the storm, but her heart was warm,
And her voice with the winds went humming:
"I fear no harm, and feel no alarm,
There's a better time a-coming."

And so, my friend, until life shall end,
What silly Despair deems frightful,
In a light more true, with a higher view,
Will seem unto Hope delightful.
Then let us beware of this same Despair,
And listen as Hope keeps humming;
And though ills befall, let us think for all
There's a better time a-coming.

For the National Era.

THE FUGITIVE FROM SLAVERY, AND THE POWER TO RETURN HIM TO BONDAGE.

The almost constant perversions of common sense and all the rules of legal interpretation, to which our modern judges are driven, in order to support the abominable system of American Slavery, induces me to address to the public the following remarks:

In the case of Garrett Van Metter *vs.* Robert Mitchell, in the Circuit Court of the United States for the western district of Pennsylvania, at the November term, 1853, Judge Irwin, in delivering the opinion of the Court, used the language, among other expressions quoted below. After copying the fugitive clause of the United States Constitution, as follows—"No *person* held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another State, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up, on *claim* of the party to whom such service or labor *may be due*"—the learned Judge proceeds to say:

"A *claim*, in a judicial sense, is a demand of some matter as of right, made by one *person* upon another, to do, or to forbear to do, some act or thing, as a matter of *duty*. And where an act is required, the means are given to make effectual the *right*, which is seldom possible by a mere delivery to the *owner*, of the fugitive. Before the act of 1793, as well in this as in other instances, this *injustice* has been but too frequent. The fugitive might have been concealed, harbored, and assisted to escape into a foreign country, so that his services might not only have been partially, but totally lost to the *owner*. I cannot believe that such *injustice* could have been without a remedy."

Much more is very flippantly said by the accommodating Judge, painful to the ears of intelligent and enlightened justice, philanthropy, and Christianity, about the *common law* RIGHTS and remedies of slave-owners, under the act of 1789; and Judge Baldwin's opinion, in the case of Johnson *vs.* Thompson, is cited to sustain these views; all of which, as I conceive, are utterly at war with the facts and history of common law adjudications, and especially to that famous decision in the King's Bench of England, known as the Sommersett case, pronounced by Chief Justice Mansfield in 1772, which finally and forever settled the common law doctrine upon this question, but which my time and your space will prevent me from discussing—my object now being to examine the above positions, as quoted, in connection with the fugitive clause of the Constitution.

But before proceeding further, I shall assume the following propositions, as axioms, in the light of which my argument will be conducted.

1. That a slave, of whatever color or clime, is a *person*—a human being; and, as such, under the Constitution, is *prima facie* entitled, by the laws of Nature, to the same *rights* of liberty, justice, and the pursuit of happiness, as Judge Irwin.

2. That, in the interpretation and judicial construction of the Constitution, courts are bound by the same rules of benevolence, justice, and universal equality and right, as in regard to any statute or other instrument; and especially, if possible, to make that instrument in its details harmonize with its professed scope and object, as developed in its preamble.

Keeping these landmarks in view, let us, in the first place, ascertain the meaning of the *fugitive clause*, as above quoted.

To do this, let us apply the safe test of personal use of terms. Were you and myself, or the learned Judge Irwin, or any other two Anglo-Saxons, who are recognised by the Judge as freemen, to use the word "*due*" in reference to an obligation arising between us, what meaning should we attach to the word?

We cannot perhaps answer this inquiry more appropriately than in the language of Noah Webster: "Due. That which is owed; that which one *contracts* to pay, do, or perform, to another. The money that I *contract* to pay to another, is *his due*; the service which I *covenant* to perform to another, is *his due*."

With these definitions, the common law principle of indebtedness and obligation is in entire and perfect accordance, as may be seen by consulting Bouvier's Law Dictionary, title "Debt" and "Debtor." See, also, Blackstone, and every other respectable common law writer, since the days of Hale and Bacon, and especially examine them in regard to those great common law principles which forbid the enforcement of even contracts, where there is fraud, violence, or want of consideration, in their inception.

And Judge McLean, as admitted by his honor Judge Irwin, in the case of Jones *vs.* Vanzandt, a fugitive slave case, expressly declares, "It is clear that the plaintiff has *no common law* right of action for the injury complained of"—being a prosecution for assisting a slave to escape from his master; thus recognising the great and fundamental principle, that men could not be bound by any obligation at common law, *to which they were not parties*; and that others, therefore, aiding them to secure their natural rights of liberty, could not be punished at common law.

And Judge Irwin has himself clearly shown that there is no necessity, in order to a *consistent* interpretation of the fugitive clause, to brand our glorious but perverted Constitution with the foul absurdity of professing to establish justice and secure the blessing of liberty, while at the same time it is trampling down both justice and liberty, with a reckless disregard of every principle of righteousness, as well as all the progressive aspirations of the age, both in the old as well as new world. For he says, "It cannot be doubted that the words 'fugitives from labor,' (and he might have added, the same words in the fugitive clause in the Constitution,) in the act of 1793, extend to *apprentices* as well as to slaves." Thus, by Judge Irwin's own showing, there is a class of *persons* upon whom the fugitive clause may act; and this, too, in perfect harmony with its professions of justice, benevolence, and common law right. And there is yet another class, not mentioned by the Judge—contractors who undertake, for a valuable consideration, to perform service and labor in one State, and, in violation of contract, procure advances, and unjustly escape into another State.

Thus it is obvious, at a glance, there is no necessity to violate the plainest rules of legal construction—the plainest principles of equity, justice, and benevolence, and the very foundation of common law, which beneficently presume every man entitled to his natural rights of life and liberty—in favor of the fraud, force, and violence of oppressors. For it need not be urged here, it is believed, that at common law, as well as common sense, a man cannot become indebted, or under a legal obligation, to another, without his contract or consent, either express or implied, and without a valuable consideration. And I would respectfully ask Judge Irwin to explain, if he can, in what code he finds law to compel a man to *serve* him, not only without his contract or consent, but against his will, and without any valuable consideration; and not for a *day* or year only, but during his entire existence upon earth, and deprived, at the same time, of every social, educational, political, moral, and religious *right* and privilege?

But let us very briefly examine Judge Irwin's exposition of a master's *claim* to the services of his (falsely so called) slave. He says, as above quoted, "A claim, in a judicial sense, is a demand of some matter, as of *right*, made by one *person* upon another, to do, or to forbear to do, some act or thing, as a matter of *duty*."

Now, admit this abstract proposition to be true—although somewhat loose and vague—and merely assume, what I apprehend the learned Judge will be slow to deny or contradict, that the rule applies equally to *all persons* and all *classes of persons*, for he so applies it himself—will the Judge be prepared to admit its logical sequence, that its application may be such to himself as shall make it *his duty* to serve another without consideration and without his contract? Will he admit that any supposable state of circumstances will or *can* place him in such a situation that *another* may have a *right* to buy and sell him, (for he is only a person,) and compel him to serve as a slave, without his consent? Can any state of circumstances induce the learned Judge to admit that, under our Constitution, he, as a *person*, can be owned by another? If not, pray why not? For most certainly the Judge will not, cannot, urge that the complexion, color of the skin, crisp of the hair, or place of nativity, fixes the question of the *rights* of *persons*. And, until Judge Irwin can fix some principle of application of his remarks more definite than he has, as above quoted, he must allow me to demur to his *assumption* that they apply to one class of *persons* more than another. And when he talks of *injustice* to the OWNER (!) I must be permitted to say that, under our Constitution, there is an INJUSTICE lying back of this, in presence of which *this* (great as the Judge may suppose it) sinks into utter insignificance—the horrid *injustice* of depriving men, women, and children, "PERSONS" unaccused of crime, of liberty, education, the marital and social relations, the Bible, the Sabbath, the rights of citizenship, the protection of female chastity, and all the untold benefits of civilization and refinement, which his honor the Judge so richly and freely enjoys.

And now I assume, fearless of successful refutation, that inasmuch as, by the ordinary rules of judicial interpretation, we are bound to give an innocent and benevolent construction to the Constitution, in all cases where the language will bear it; and inasmuch as, under the preamble and general scope, spirit, and intent of the Constitution, we are bound to interpret every clause and fix every intendment and presumption, in favor of justice, democracy, republicanism, and freedom; and inasmuch as there is no distinction in the use of the word *person*, in the Constitution, between classes or races, it is an outrage upon principle and right to affirm that the fugitive clause (whatever might have been intended by tyrants and oppressors) *has* or *can have* any legal or constitutional reference to slaves or Slavery; and especially as no man can *owe* another without contract and without consideration.

These are, it seems to me, the only fair and logical deductions from the language as well as the spirit of the Constitution and amendments upon this point, without reference to extraneous or historical means of construction. But, even in the history of the Convention which framed the Constitution, as well as the discussions of the People who adopted it and its amendments, Judge Irwin will find nothing legitimately to sustain his tyrannical and despotic assumptions.

And let me, in closing, respectfully intimate to the Judge that it is not a legitimate method to travel out of an instrument to find its meaning, if it contains within itself the means of ascertaining its intent. G.

Centreville, Mich., March, 1854.

EMIGRATION FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

The Annual Report of the Emigration Commissioners (of Great Britain) has just been published. From this it appears that the total emigration of last year was 329,937, being 38,827 less than in 1852. There was a diminution of 26,480 to Australia, and 13,376 to the United States, the falling off being accounted for in the case of Australia by the greater excitement regarding the gold discoveries prevalent during the summer and autumn of 1852; and in that of the United States, by the departure of a smaller number of Irish, the aggregate emigration of the latter throughout the year being estimated at 199,392, against 224,997 in 1852. *The remittances from their relatives in America were, however, larger than in any previous year, the amount sent through the various banks, apart from private channels, being £1,439,000.* With respect to the Australian emigration, the total from the United Kingdom to all the colonies was 61,401, or about one-fourth of that of the United States. Subjoined are the general figures:

United States		230,885
Australia—N. South Wales	10,673	
Victoria	40,469	
South Australia	6,883	
Western Australia	965	
Van Diemen's Land	991	
New Zealand	1,420	
		61,401
Canada, &c.		34,522
East Indies		928
Central and South America		833
West Indies		600
Cape of Good Hope		369
Western Africa		308
Mauritius		53
Hong Kong		37
Falkland Island		1
Total		329,937

According to a supplementary statement, it also appears that the emigration during the first three months of the present year has been 49,756 persons, against 60,867 in the corresponding period of 1853, and 59,523 in that of 1852. There has been a continued diminution in the departures to the United States; but in those to Australia, although there is a great falling off as compared with the first quarter of last year, there is a considerable increase as compared with the first quarter of 1852. Of the total 49,756 emigrants, 26,128 were Irish, 12,430 English, 2,965 Scotch, and 8,233 foreign or unspecified. This proportion of Irish is much smaller than in 1852 or 1853.

Singular Income.—The church of All Hallows, in London, still possesses an income originally given to it for the purpose of buying fagots for burning heretics.

Industry doth preserve and perfect our nature, keeping it in good tune and temper, improving and advancing it towards its best state.—*Dr. Isaac Barrow.*

LORD STIRLING.

The October number of the North American Review, just received, contains the subjoined article on a subject which has attracted a good deal of interest during the few months past:

VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS AND TITLES, Political and Territorial, of ALEXANDER, Earl of Stirling and Devan, and Lord Proprietor of Canada and Nova Scotia. By John L. Hayes, Counsellor at Law. Washington, 1853, 8vo., pp. 52, 76.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, the philosopher and poet, the most brilliant man in the court of James VI of Scotland, followed his King to London, and thenceforth renounced letters for politics. He was created a Scotch peer, with numerous titles, of which the "Earl of Stirling" is the most convenient for use. He had previously received in 1621 a grant of Nova Scotia, with the title of Hereditary Lieutenant. This grant was confirmed by Charles I on his accession to the throne, and three years afterward was augmented by the "charter of Canada, including fifty leagues of bounds on both sides of the river St. Lawrence and the great Lakes." In addition to administrative powers almost without limit, he was authorized to appoint one hundred and fifty baronets, and nearly fifty of the present baronets in Great Britain actually hold their rank in virtue of patents granted by him. He devoted his entire fortune to the colonization and defence of his domains; and when Nova Scotia fell into the hands of the French, he received a nominal grant of £10,000 sterling to indemnify him for his losses. This sum still remains unpaid. During the subsequent political troubles of the seventeenth century, the Stirling estates in Scotland passed into other hands, while the transatlantic claims of the family were necessarily in abeyance during the French occupation of the American provinces. Shortly after the restoration of Canada and Nova Scotia to the British Crown, the last male heir of the Stirling family died, leaving his rights by the Scottish law (confirmed by express provision in the royal charters) to the eldest female heir. She died unmarried, and her sister and legal heir married William Humphreys, of the Larches, county of Warwick, and became the mother of Alexander, who now claims the titles of his illustrious ancestor, and demands, as his legal and equitable due, some consideration for the lapse of his territorial inheritance and the suspended debt due to his family. By the proper processes of law he established his title in the Scottish courts, and from 1825 to 1837 he voted as a peer of Scotland. He was recognised as Earl of Stirling at various times by the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justices of the King's Bench, and the Court of Common Pleas, and the Privy Council. It seems certain that his titular honors would have been left undisputed, had he not, in 1832, in a petition to the King, preferred his claim for the debt incurred by Charles I to his ancestor, amounting, with interest, to £110,000. This claim was no doubt regarded as the precursor to still more formidable demands, and from that time the Crown officers for Scotland commenced a series of hostile measures, designed to brand the claimant with ignominy as a fraudulent pretender. Their master-stroke was a prosecution for forgery. The principal charge related to signatures bearing date 1706, 1707, and 1712, appended to documents endorsed upon a map, known to have been first published in 1703; but the incriminated copy of which has the inscription, "Par Guillaume de l'Isle, *premier géographe du Roi*," a title which was not conferred upon De l'Isle by royal patent till 1718. This anachronism was the point chiefly relied upon for the prosecution. Experts pronounced the questioned writings and signatures genuine. At the same time it was shown to be at least highly probable that De l'Isle had assumed the title of first geographer before it was formally conferred upon him. That he did so is now beyond dispute, for there exists in this country a full collection of his original maps, on no less than thirteen of which, published between 1703 and 1718, the title "Premier Geographe du Roi," is inscribed. The jury acquitted Lord Stirling, notwithstanding the strongest efforts of the court and the officers of State to insure his conviction; and the verdict was received by the people of Edinburgh with so strong demonstrations of enthusiasm, that he escaped with difficulty from being made the hero of a triumphal procession and a popular ovation.

The domains granted to the first Earl of Stirling included, in addition to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Canada, a considerable portion of Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin, together with a strip of land reaching from the head-waters of Lake Superior to the Gulf of California, and "the lands and bounds adjacent to the said Gulf on the west and south, whether they be found a part of the continent or mainland, or an island, as it is thought they are, which is commonly called and distinguished by the name of California." Of course, the immensity of these claims is alone sufficient to defeat them.

Such grants were in almost every case inevitably futile; for it was in the nature of things impossible for individual subjects to extend and maintain acts of ownership over the paper empires which Kings, as ignorant as they were reckless, were ready to cede for a song. But if the present claimant is indeed (as we believe him to be) the legal representative of the first Earl, there can be no doubt that he is morally speaking, entitled to the principal and interest of the debt secured by royal bond to his ancestor, and that it would not be unworthy the magnanimity of both the British Government and our own to tender him some honorable consideration for the entire loss to his family, through the fortunes of war, of revenue, and benefit from the *bona fide*, and, for the times, immense outlay of his ancestor in the colonization of the Western wilderness. He is now in this country, engaged in measures preliminary to the further prosecution of such of his alleged rights as he can hope to see recognised. The book before us was written by one of his legal advisers, and is characterized by lucidness of statement and cogency of reasoning. We have also on our table a manuscript opinion of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, expressing his entire concurrence with Mr. Hayes "as to the facts and principles of law stated" in his argument, and closing as follows:

"Although Lord Stirling, on account of the vastness of his legal rights, has failed thus far to secure their full recognition, we are of opinion that, when his case is fairly presented for compromise, the British Government cannot wisely or honorably refuse him a most liberal sum for the surrender of his vast rights and privileges, including, besides the right to many millions of acres of public land in the Colonies, the right of fishery on the coasts of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the rights of viceroyalty, and the extraordinary privilege of creating baronets, all secured by undoubted charters, and confirmed by the highest judicial and official sanction."

A Useful Hint.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

Look not mournfully into the past, it cannot return; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

The Chinese spend annually £90,000,000 for incense to burn before their idols; above 5s. for every man, woman, and child, in the empire.

It is observed in worldly doings, that men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongue than by their virtues, and more men's fortunes overthrown thereby than by their vices.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*