TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The *National Era* is published every Thursday, on the following terms:

Single copy, one year	$2.00
Three copies, one year	5.00
Five copies, one year	8.00
Ten copies, one year	15.00
Single copy, six months	1.00
Ten copies, six months	8.00

Voluntary agents are entitled to retain 50 cents commission on each yearly, and 25 cents commission on each semi-yearly, subscriber, *except in the case of Clubs.*

A Club of five subscribers, at $8, will entitle the person making it up to a copy for 6 months; a Club of ten, at $15, to a copy for one year. When a Club has been forwarded, additions may be made to it, on the same terms.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

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

VOL. XI. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1857. NO. 562.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten cents a line for the first insertion, *five* cents a line for each subsequent one. Ten words constitute a line. Payment in advance is invariably required.

☞ Money may be forwarded by mail, at *my risk*. Notes on Eastern banks preferred. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposit.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will give the name of the post office changed *from*, as well as the post office they wish it hereafter sent *to*.

☞ All communications to the *Era*, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to

G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

AUTUMN SONG.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

Yesternight across my sleep
Crept the voice of singing,
And the echoes in my heart
Full and clear are ringing.

Tender as a mother's song,
Sweet as waters chiming,
Flowed the melody along,
To a silver rhyming.

Overhead the shining stars
Looked like soft eyes beaming,
Underneath, the weary earth
Breathless lay a-dreaming.

Through the silence went a voice,
With a mournful crying,
"Lady Summer, fair and young,
Lieth faint and dying.

"Long ago we fairies sang
In the spring-time tender,
How the budding child would grow
To the woman's splendor.

"All the long and lightsome days
Grew the maiden fairer,
And her radiant beauty changed
To a glory rarer.

"Lady Summer lieth now
Whiter than a lily,
Gleaming in the golden noon
When the waves are stilly.

"O'er her crimson mouth the breath
Floweth low and faintly,
And her forehead day by day
Groweth pure and saintly.

"When the corn is golden ripe,
Ready for the reaping,
When across the meadows brown
Sadder winds are sweeping,

"All the lonesome woods will ring
With one mournful crying—
Lady Summer, young and fair
Pale and dead is lying."

LIFE IN PARIS.

PARIS, *September* 10, 1857.

A Trial for Murder in Algeria—Condemnation of Capt. Doineau and thirteen Arabs—The Exhibition of Paintings at the Palais de l'Industrie—The Difficulties in India—Cow Fights at the Hippodrome—The Train of Cars constructed by the Eastern Railway Company for the Emperor's special use—Prince Albert's Visit to Chalons—The Interview of the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander at Stuttgard.

To the Editor of the National Era:

In my last I mentioned an extraordinary trial in Algeria, that occupied the French press for some weeks, and one likely to produce many reforms in the administration of that country. Twelve months past, a public conveyance left Tlemcen for Oran, two towns at no great distance from each other in the western districts of Algeria. At a late hour of the night it was attacked by a body of armed men, not far from the town; several passengers were shot dead, among them an Aga, a chief of considerable influence, Ben Abdallah. His widow, who was married shortly after his death to her fifth husband, had lost her first, second, and third husbands, in a similar way, was quite oriental in her extravagant expressions of grief, and asked for revenge. A Captain Doineau, in the French service of Algeria, was, with eighteen Arabs, brought before the Court of Assizes at Oran, charged with the atrocious assassination.

The proceedings were long and singular, giving a clear insight into the arbitrary rule of the military government, of the Arab customs and civil procedures. Some eighty witnesses were examined; and, strange as it may seem, the principal ones were among those accused of the same crime. Their statements were contradictory, and though it was not proved that the captain was on the spot at the time of the attack, it was proved that he was the sole instigator of the murder of the Aga, and that the Arabs implicated had only followed his orders. Doineau feared Aga Ben Abdallah, who had threatened to reveal some of his foul transactions, and caused him to be killed. Doineau was condemned to death, thirteen of the Arabs to hard labor from thirty to five years. They have appealed to a higher court; but it is believed that the first verdict will be sustained.

In my letter dated July 30th, I promised to give some further account of the Exhibition of Fine Arts, which is still open to the public. The distribution of the prizes took place on the 11th of last month. Living, as we are, at a martial period, a great number of artists have sacrificed their talent to the commemoration of the heroic deeds of the French in the Crimea and in Algeria, for the purpose of adorning the galleries of paintings at Versailles, where are collected all the great battles fought by the French, since the time of Clovis down to that of Napoleon III. The nephew, like the uncle, seems pleased to see himself exhibited in uniform, and the number of equestrian and pedestrian portraits of the Emperor is overpowering. All the signal events of his reign are represented in full. On one canvas he is to be seen opening the great Exhibition of 1855; on another, receiving the Queen of England at St. Cloud; and then distributing alms to the sufferers during the distressing inundation of the past year; again, laying the corner stone of some hospital. Then come the full sized portraits of the Empress, with and without the Imperial baby, and in and out of the saddle. The best of them is the portrait painted by Winterhalter, with the little King of Algeria on her knees, an account of which I gave in a previous letter, and for which he was honored by the rank of officer in the Legion of Honor. The portraits of the marshals and generals of France, covered with stars, medals, ribbons, and tassels, are no less in number, besides an endless variety of corporals and sutler women in regimentals, constituting the leading feature of the Exhibition. *Genre* pieces also count largely, and among them there are many *chef d'œuvres*, some of which were mentioned in my last. Of classic or scriptural subjects, there are but very few.

Yvon painted the taking of the Tower of Malakoff, which certainly was a glorious military achievement; but the field of action is much too vast to admit of being cramped into the narrow limits of a gilded frame. In the distance, Yvon painted the shores of the Black Sea, the trenches, and the various regiments advancing in battle array, to assist the *avant garde*. A Zouave is represented on a mound rising in the middle ground, holding the French flag in a most theatrical posture. This figure stands boldly out from the gray horizon. Balls and bombshells flying about, as thick as hail in a storm, and yet that child of Paris unflinchingly holds his position.

A battalion of Zouaves in white, blue, and red, commanded by Col. Collineau, completes the centre of the picture. The foreground is a confusion of human beings, wounded, dying, and others writhing with suffering.

Yvon is certainly an artist of eminence, but it must be granted that modern warfare is too ungrateful a subject to be treated satisfactorily. Amongst the productions of less pretention in the last salon, there is a picture which impressed me most favorably; and had I been a member of the jury, the artist who painted it would have been rewarded by the first prize. The scene depicted is that of the evacuation of Wallachia by the Russians. Forced to abandon the Danubian provinces, the Russians carried off all they could lay hands on; and so great was their thirst for booty, that the sacred shrine did not escape profanation. In the absence of horses, the barbarian soldiers of the Czar forced the Wallachian peasants to draw their carts heavily laden with booty over the untrodden roads. The women and children of these poor peasants are represented following, to implore them not to take their husbands to the desert; in answer to which, the whip is raised over the head of a venerable old man, whose daughter, frantic with grief at seeing her father thus maltreated, throws herself in the way to ward off the blow. The drawing is good, the scenery picturesque, the suffering of the poor peasants, the grief of the women, the beastly look and rugged determination of the northern barbarians is well depicted and impressive. This picture should have been hung under the great picture of the Congress of Paris, that the Russian visiters might not fail to witness the low degree at which they stand in the scale of civilization, and strongly to impress with horror at such acts of cruelty all those who have the welfare of our fellow-creatures at heart. I must acknowledge, however, to have discovered more gems principally among the small pictures than I had thought to find, after my first superficial examination of this exhibition; but, as a whole, it does not do justice to the progress of the arts in general. The Palace of Industry, in which the exhibition is held, is exceedingly well suited to it, and the fatigued visiter finds among the shrubs, grass plats, fountains, and flower-beds, which embellish the centre of this vast building, a delightful place of repose, surrounded by nature and art.

The difficulties in India excite much interest here, not from sympathy, but from a desire to see their neighbors deprived of extensive possessions, and reduced to an inferior power. Some even go so far as to speculate on the prospect of seeing the English driven from there, in the hope of being able to conquer and colonize India themselves. The French have become vainglorious. If they could be induced to look back upon their conquests and ancient colonies, they would be disgusted at the prospect offered by such an undertaking. What is the state of prosperity in the colonies of Algeria?

The French have been in possession of that country for twenty-seven years, and the immigrated European population there amounts to about 125,000, the greater portion of which consists of citizens of other countries. If the French should ever attempt to conquer a portion of China, they would wear cues and smoke opium like genuine Celestials. Having alluded to that estimable quality of assimilation possessed in such an eminent degree by the French, I might as well state that we shall have bull fights before long in the city of Paris. The first step towards the introduction of that barbarous amusement is already made, by cow fights. The first performance of that kind came off a few days since, at the Hippodrome, and is said to have been very amusing, without so tragic an end as the combats indulged in by their better halves.

The Eastern Railway Company has constructed a train of beautiful cars for the Emperor's special use. This train is composed of eight cars. One fitted up as a dining room another as a terrace car, for the accommodation of smokers; next comes a parlor car, a bed-room car, and then three carriages for the ladies and gentlemen of the Emperor and Empress's suit, followed by baggage cars. The dining-room car is a little *chef d'œuvre* of comfort and ingenuity. The interior is of carved oak wood, the windows and panels are surmounted by escutcheons, enlivened with gilding. The furniture is also of carved oak wood, covered with yellow, red, and gold embossed leather. The terrace car is simply a floor, enclosed by a rich iron balustrade, and covered by a roof supported by twisted columns surmounted by eagles to form the capitals. Benches of carved oak wood are placed all along the railing, covered with embossed leather, corresponding to that of the dining room, with magnificent curtains of Aubusson tapestry, which can at pleasure be drawn entirely around the cars. The parlor car is marvellously rich. The ceiling is green, white, and gold; the walls are also hung with Aubusson tapestry, representing large boquets of flowers upon a white ground. A most elegant sofa placed at one end is intended for the Emperor and Empress. The furniture is of gilt wood. The carpet matches the hangings to perfection. The window frames, cornice, and other ornaments are of gilt bronze. This very long car is divided into three compartments: at one end there is a little cabinet, with a lounging chair for the Empress; the chairs and walls are covered with green silk; next to it is the bed-room car, which is divided into two rooms each containing two beds. The Emperor's and Empress's bed room is hung with blue silk damask, the other with purple; three little toilette cabinets, hung in Pompadour style, complete this car. The first-class carriages destined for the suite are very elegant and comfortable, differing but little from the ordinary first-class cars. The exterior of these cars is magnificent, painted in green and gold. The saloon car is remarkably rich; the door panels are ornamented with the Imperial coat of arms, and beneath the windows there are little medallions with Imperial bees upon a branch of gilt bronze leaves; the whole car is bordered with rich gilt bronze ornaments. The beautiful door knobs and the lamps, covered with a net-work of gilt bronze, contribute much to the splendor of the *tout ensemble*. Trains bearing some analogy to these might be built for rich invalid travellers. How delightful it would be to have yourself transported all over the continent, crossing bridges and running through mountains, without once leaving your abode, quietly passing from your sleeping room to your parlor, and from thence to the dining room. This gaudy train is to go to Chalons, and from there, it is thought, it will be sent to Calais for the accommodation of Prince Albert, who is soon to visit the Camp at Chalons. The Emperor will doubtless make his trip to Germany in this train, where the interview of the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of France is to take place, on the 26th instant.

The old King of Wurtemberg recently spent some time at Biarritz with the Empress, and has just returned home to make the necessary preparations for the reception of the two Imperial guests. The troops of Wurtemberg number about 20,000 men, and are already called together for a great manœuvre, to take place near Heilbrown, for their amusement. Artists and upholsterers are at work to brush up the rusty old furniture of the King's Palace, the expenses of which will be defrayed by a tax levied upon that poor people, obliged to emigrate by thousands every year, to insure the welfare of the younger members of families.

The question now is, "what will the two mighty chiefs concoct?" The general opinion is, that Austria will be called to account; in consequence of which, the funds have already declined at the exchange of Vienna. If that perfidious Government should ever cease to exist, it would only be regretted by the house of the Hapsburg.

SIGHING.—There is not a more pernicious habit, nor one that grows more insensibly upon a man, than that of sighing. Besides wasting a great deal of good breath that we want for something better, it wears out the lungs; it induces irregularity of respiration; it quickens the action of the heart, and it depresses the spirits—just as a hearty laugh exhilirates them. With some, too, it is a mere habit. I have known some very even-tempered men who seem to take it as a sort of safety-valve for blowing off superfluous wind from their chests; and so inveterate does it grow upon them, that they come out with their suspirations at all sorts of queer times and unsuitable occasions, treating, it may be, a whole company, who are listening to a witty *raconteur* or a lively song, with a "heigh ho!" that is quite appalling. From whatever cause it arises, I pronounce sighing to be a vain, pestilent, and profitless operation, to be discountenanced alike by physician, philosopher, and friend. If a man is down in the world, it will not raise him; if he is empty, it will not fill him; and if he is poor, 'tis the worst way in the world to raise the wind. "A plague of sighing," says pleasant old Jack Falstaff, "it blows a man up like a bladder." It does worse, say I—it blows a man *off*, like froth from a tankard of ale; it blows a man *out*, like the flame from the wick of a candle.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

For the National Era.

GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Exactly, my dear, only you mean a very different thing from what I do. You wrap the chairs in brown holland, and turn the pictures to the wall, and carry the silver down to mother's, and pack a dry-goods store into your trunk, and whirl off to a great hotel, and unpack your dry goods, and put on your flounces, and laces, and diamonds, and sit up straight, graceful, and lady-like, and dine off the same meats, and hop with the same hoppers, and talk with the same talkers, and see the same faces, and do the same things you did yesterday at home; and this you call "going into the country."

Or, being a notch lower in the social scale, and not able to contribute your part to the splendors of a great establishment, you go to a little village, eight miles away, and engage a southwest chamber in a house set on a hill, without blinds, with a tank of rain water directly under the window, a feather bed, wooden chairs, and red flowered carpet, and sit in your oven by day time, and sew in solitary dignity, and at sunset issue forth and astonish the native inhabitants by the superiority of your really elegant and well-fitting attire to their best Sunday garb; and this *you* call "going into the country."

Well, well, friends, I don't mean to say that you are not a thousand times better fitted to judge than I am; nor do I mean to say that your opinion is not a thousand times better than mine; but only it is *not* mine. If I must do one of two things—either take the city with me into the country, or stay myself with the city—why, undoubtedly, I prefer the latter. I am not, however, reduced to the alternative, as I shall proceed to demonstrate.

But, first, O, dear and beloved public, in order that we may jog on cosily together for an hour or so, let us introduce ourselves to each other; or, less modestly, but more accurately, let me introduce myself to you.

Dramatis personæ. Beautiful and interesting young lady, (that's myself, Gail Hamilton,) *make believe*, not really, but through this letter, just as we say in an algebraic problem, "let *x* represent the peaches."

2d. Place, Burrton. You don't know where that is? No. Well, Burrton is a respectable village, situated on the banks of Niles river, one hundred and fifty feet from its source. The population consists of seven hundred inhabitants. The population always has consisted of seven hundred inhabitants; and, unless some change occurs, this state of affairs will probably continue to an indefinite period in the future. The occupations of the people are chiefly agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The agriculture may be divided into two branches, corn and potatoes. The manufactures, on the other hand, may be referred to one great class—shoes. The commerce consists in an exchange of the two. There is one lawyer, who exercises his skill chiefly in taking care of the baby; two doctors, who amuse themselves by quarrelling with each other, and benefit the public by destroying all confidence in either; and half a minister—that is, the good pastor lives half way between Burrton and its next neighbor, and preaches on alternate Sabbaths—which fact has given rise to the slander, that in the vicinity of Burrton it takes two towns to make one.

3d. Weather. Exceedingly warm; sunshine in the superlative degree; dust rampant; dogs panting; humanity fanning; sky simmering.

4th. Time. Washing day, A. M.! Friend, have you the power of what logicians call "Complex Apprehension?" It is needed to take in the complete idea of washing day. In this well-regulated town, Monday inevitably comes laden with mops, and scrubbing brushes, and indigo bags, and rows of blue tubs, and starch, and a general disquiet and "move-on" influence, infinitely distressing to a poetical and sensitive temperament. All beauty, and sublimity, and sentiment, and bowels-of-mercies, swallowed up in soap suds. Grande, my sister, is awfully energetic and thorough; and her intermittent fever of "cleaning up" is fearful to contemplate. Deaf to my entreaties, pitiless to my weaknesses, every quiet little inoffensive corner where I had snugly tucked away sundry old boots, dilapidated stockings, venerable collars, and unfinished business generally, she ransacks, she overhauls, she sorts and assorts, till I am entirely ignorant of the geography of every article of my wardrobe. Ah! well, might makes right. Jove is inexorable; so Terpsichore makes a low courtesy to Tethys, and Tethys does not even touch his hat in return, the monster!

5th. Dress. But I must beg you to excuse me there. Let me dismiss the discussive and adopt the suggestive style, by saying that the favorite occupation of my leisure hours is to walk up and down, murmuring, with "Rare Ben,"

"Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eye, but not my heart."

Well, now, are we good friends; and should you know me anywhere; and will you drop into the easy chair yonder, and let me chat to you awhile this fine August morning? But don't look at me too earnestly out of those large, luminous eyes of yours, or I shall blush and stammer, and mayhap not tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The amusement, *par excellence*, of the good people of Burrton, the yearly recreation, in which old and young indulge, is going a berrying. The well-to-do-in-the-world go in wagons, and for berries to eat. The poor go on foot, and for berries to sell. Grande and I, being neither rich nor poor, went on horseback, and we picked fifteen quarts! Just think of it, *fifteen* (XV) quarts of blackberries! Great, black, juicy things they were—melting into your mouth, fainting into your basket, exhausted with their own fatness; full were they on the vines, huge and unctuous under the leaves, winking up at you, as who should say, "I'm ready for you," so that even you, my friend, would have been tempted, at such a sight, to lay down your embroidery, or your *Daily Times*, and pick, pick, pick, for once in your life, with your own lily-white hands. I am free to confess, and my confession will be borne out by the testimony of an unprejudiced witness, that I did overcome the original sin of laziness for that day at least. I stooped down to the bushes till stooping was out of the question. I sat till sitting was no longer practicable. I knelt till my kneelers were paralyzed. Then I lay down flat on the ground, and picked mechanically and ghostily; but we gathered fifteen quarts, and have lived in berries ever since. I leap into a brown bread blackberry cake every morning up to my chin, and gnaw away right and left; then flounder into a blackberry pie, and repeat the process. Ah! it is a grand thing, this going into the country. However, since I am to show both sides, I am bound to say that you do get distressingly poisoned in these berry excursions; but every rose has its thorn; *a fortiori*, why should not every berry have its bug?

Grande has a wonderful faculty for scenting berries at fabulous distances, and indefatigable zeal in appropriating them to her own uses. At the close of one of her exploring expeditions, she announced the discovery of a new field of labor—a large clump of blueberry bushes in "the swamp," only half a mile distant; and in the same breath signified her intention of taking possession at once, with a besieging army of one—myself. I protested feebly and hopelessly. I like berries, but the *vis inertiæ* is a very strong point in my character; and when one has berries enough in the house to last twenty-four hours, I can see no earthly reason for *moving*. Parental expostulation joined its forces to mine, representing the unwonted depth of water in the swamp; all of which was received with an incredulous smile; and we went—yes, we went. Do you know what a hassock is? Well, "in the country," it is a little mound in a swamp, covered with long, thick grass, sometimes overgrown with bushes. All around the hassock is low, boggy ground. The hassocks are sometimes far apart, and sometimes not so far. Well, that day I found the hassocks were little islands, and the swamp knee-deep in water. I gazed aghast, but Grande went forward with the calm equanimity of a great mind set on a great end, and not to be baffled by small obstacles. I followed in a melancholy manner, plunging and tumbling. The *modus operandi* is this: we will suppose I am standing on a hassock covered only with grass. I see, near by, a hassock with a bush eight feet high on it, and a dozen berries. I look anxiously to see if there is room enough on the hassock for my feet, and decide that there is; then I measure the distance, to see if I can leap so far, and decide that I can. I leap. I succeed in effecting a landing; and, clinging fast to the bush with one hand, in order to maintain my position, I pick what I can convulsively grasp with the other, having the basket fastened to my belt. Ah! my classical friend, *Hoc opus hic labor est!* Those rascals of musquitoes, too, know that they have the advantage, and they "fall to" with a savage ferocity that is horribly exasperating. In this particular case, I grew desperate, maddened, reckless. I had on no hoops, and my rubber boots were *sticky*, and my old raw-silk dress was sticky too, and the one would get trammelled in the other; and—

"Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health"—

sung one of our master singers; and he might have struck the lyre with a truer and more pathetic, if less graceful, note:

G. H., desperately jumping for a stump,
Jumped into the ditch, and went down ko-slump;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the anger—
The very natural result of such a slam-bang-ger!

(Shade of Whittier! forgive me! I will do penance for it by and by, but I must have my fun out now.) My cup was full, when, seeing me in these "doleful dumps," Grande said, quietly, "Gail, aren't you glad you came?" and went on composedly with her picking. Then I put my foot down—that is, I put it down as far as was judicious; for one being already "stuck in the mud," it would have been extremely ill-judged to plant the other too tenaciously—and said I would stay no longer. Moreover, I began to grow filial, and conscientious, and pleaded parental commands. Grande was not to be moved. For once, I was unflinching. We parted. I brought away a pint of mournful-looking berries. Ah! how afterwards she walked in exultant with two quarts, and proceeded at once to transform them into pies, whereof she stoutly affirms I shall not have a morsel beyond the one piece that will comprise my pint.

I take a wicked delight in recording the fact that Grande was kept awake a whole night by a raging toothache—the result of her long soaking in swamp water. It has been difficult, however, to keep out of the water this summer. It has rained incessantly for six weeks. I understand that all the children born since April are scaly, and web-footed. I don't vouch for that fact. By rain, you will understand, I don't mean any of your little, weak, weeping, timid, apologetic, lack-a-daisical affairs, but a real, Simon-Pure, pell-mell, double-fisted, knock-down. Last Thursday night, for instance, do you remember what a tempest there was? Perhaps there wasn't any where you were. In fact, there wasn't any where I was, but there was every reason to suppose one was coming; and the premonitory symptoms are to me vastly more impressive than the "*in medias res*." I like the weird, pallid darkness, the convulsive gasps of the wind, the chasms, and seams, and rifts of the piled, angry clouds; but when it has all expanded into one great, gray cloud, it becomes commonplace. The day before, too, was a day to be remembered—a very panorama of beauty. In the morning, the rain came down frantic and furious; then it died away in gentle showers. Little, cool, unpretending drops twinkled down through the grape-vines, and fringed all the blinds with silver; then the clouds suddenly rolled up and sauntered "over the hills, and far away" out of sight, and, in the clear sunshine, the intense blue sky and the deep-green earth looked as if they had been washed, and rinsed, and clear-starched, and ironed, and put out to air. But Nature, most fastidious of washer-women, was not quite satisfied; so she sent the clouds round again, and

"Wind, the grand old harper, smote
His thunder harp of pines,"

and we had a "Harry-cane." (I remember it, alas! too well; for, in trying to shut an attic window, to keep the roof foom blowing off, my clean muslin dress was wet quite through. I don't mind soiling a dress after it has been worn two or three days; but to do it at the first blush, cuts me to the heart.) Then the clouds rolled themselves up and trotted off again, and

"Far in the west,
In vermilion and gold, sank the sun to his rest."

Ah! but this earth of ours is worth her weight in gold, for all her faults. I have a kind of personal love for her. Such a dear, good mother she seems to us all; such a great, round, green, rich, ripe, mellow, luxuriant, dewy, dreamy, liquid, moon-lit earth. Never before was there such a wealth of beauty in landscape and sky-scape—such fullness of outline, and richness of coloring—such sunset, and star-light, and ever-changing freshness of life.

But, after all, one does not like to stop in the house all the while, particularly in the country; and last week, after I had been in doors three days, I began to be tired—or, rather, I finished being tired—I had tried a great variety of employments. I recruited piles of stockings whose exhausted vitality had reproached me for many weeks. I made a picture-book for the amusement of an individual six feet long. I undertook to accomplish a dress for myself, and your heart would have bled to see the cruel manner in which that innocent muslin was cut and slashed by my rash fingers. In the first place, there had been a large piece cut off one end, for "patterns;" but I did not notice it till I had cut the breadths, so of course one was much shorter than the others; but I thought I could take that for the front one, and I went bravely on to the next. After that was severed, I found I had cut in the crease made by folding, instead of the one I had made myself for the purpose; so I had to sew a great piece on to the bottom of it. Then "running up" the breadths, I sewed two together at the sides, forming a nice bag, instead of taking a third. And in this way the dress went on slowly to a glorious completion. But is it any wonder if I conceived a sudden disgust for mantua-making?

At the end of the third day, when the sun went down in a "blaze of glory," I thought I must go out into the fresh air. I cast about, and after a while decided to go after the cow, which would be a happy combination of the useful and sentimental; for you know the tinkling of a cow-bell in the green fields at sunset is very poetical—at least, there is a prevailing impression to that effect. Well, I went through the great gate, and down the corn-barn hill, and through the lane, and over the trainer-tree bars, and by the bushes, and up another hill, and there was the brindled cow, gravely grazing, and near by a matronly sheep, with her twin offspring, viewing the scene. I stood still a moment, doing the same, and growing romantic "very bad indeed." I thought to myself that I was looking very pretty and rural, and I think so still—I mean as a part of the scene, not individually. My white dress, and my straw hat trimmed with green, harmonized admirably with the surroundings. To be sure, I had on my father's rubber boots; but if

"Your maiden that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer,"

what can you expect of your maiden who walks in the evening, after a three-days' storm? After doing the *dulce* for a reasonable length of time, I attempted the *utile*, and approached the cow, expecting that she would be very much embarrassed and confused by my august advent, and immediately betake herself home, to hide her blushes. I was never more mistaken in my life. With a self-possession and equanimity equalled only by Charlotte, who, after seeing Werter borne by on a shutter, "went on cutting bread and butter," Madame Brindle stopped a moment, gazed at me "more in sorrow than in anger," and nonchalantly resumed her cropping. This was an exigency for which I was totally unprepared. I gazed blankly at her unconcerned ladyship. I had no stick. I had forgotten the technical "*open sesame*" to a cow's brain. After profound deliberation, I went a step nearer, and said, bravely, "Shoo!" Brindle lifted her head, cocked one eye at me, as much as to say, "I'm not a chicken," and went on grazing as calmly as if no ripple had disturbed the smooth sea of her life. Then I took another step, and said, less confidently, "'*Scat!*" Archly she cocked her other eye at me, evidently intending to be understood, "I'm not a kitten;" and munched, munched, munched away, imperturbably. Growing desperate, I gave a tremendous jump, and "*Stub boy!*" and ran back to watch the effect. She nodded her head at me, which I interpreted into "Not just yet, my dear," then bobbed it, meaning, "But I've no objection to giving you a touch of my mettle;" and suddenly throwing off her air of high-bred hauteur, elevating her tail straight into the air, with elephantine, ungainly, and contemptuous gambols, two up and two down, she rushed, leaped, and frisked, as only a malicious cow can, not home to her barn-yard, as a judicious and motherly cow should, but right into the bushes, and disappeared. The leaves closed behind her, and I stood at the edge of the meadow insulted, chagrined, alone, and burning to avenge my outraged honor. I looked at my white dress, I thought of the mud, I felt the mosquitoes. I heard the crackling of the bushes. It was growing dark, and in the bushes it looked very black. I remembered the sad fate of the Children in the Wood. The Mysteries of Udolpho, the Castle of Otranto, the facts in the case of M. de Valdemar, presented themselves to my excited imagination. So, with as many maledictions on all that chew the cud and divide the hoof as is proper and becoming in a young lady, I dragged my reluctant feet homeward, feeling that I was getting better of romantic very fast.

Speaking of a cow, reminds me of another event, which, "with feelings of the deepest regret," I am constrained to relate. I can only throw myself upon the mercy of a generous public, for thus unbosoming my private griefs. I refer to the sudden, distressing, and terrible demise of Dolly, our beloved and respected horse, who departed this life about three weeks ago. The exact time remains and will always remain a mystery. She had lately become the mother of a beautiful colt—strong, graceful, playful, and promising—and had been sent into a remote pasture, to recover her strength and health. She was frequently visited by different members of the family, and was considered to be doing as well as could be expected. But one fatal day she had been rambling with her infant on a sunny hill-side. Oh, treacherous hill-side, to ensnare a horse so dear! and occupied, no doubt, in watching the gambols of her charming babe, she stepped unwarily into a deep hole, knocked her thigh in two, and, unable to extricate herself, died a lingering death, far away from home and friends. There was none to watch her expiring throes but her own frightened and helpless offspring, whose sad cries and laments could not snatch her from impending doom.

Where were ye, Gnomes, when the remorseless hole
Closed round the leg of our loved Dorethea?

Alas, poor Dolly! You were antic and furious in your young days. In your ungovernable rage at being checked and curbed, you backed us through closed gates, and over stone walls. You hesitated not to rear your fore or your hind legs to unwonted heights, or to send them all forward with unheard-of rapidity. But your wild oats were speedily sown. In your maturer years you waxed grave, gentle, and exemplary. A numerous family, scattered over all the land, bear witness to your motherly care and kindness. One, alas! too early left to the mercies of strangers, goes his way sorrowing; casting eager and tremulous eyes hither and thither, for the mother whose face he shall never more see. *Requiescat in pace.*

Apart from our sorrow for the loss of one beloved, there is the inconvenience of being without a horse. In a farming town, everybody wants his horse to plough, or make hay, or go to the marsh. There are no stables. So, if you wish to take a drive or a ride, you have to scour the country ten miles round. Grande and I wanted to visit our friends, eight miles away. To be sure, we might have gone in the cars; but it is barbarous to think of shutting yourself up in an oblong box, with a hundred men and women, in every stage of decay, when you can have a brisk gallop on the back of a prancing pony, through whispering pines and past fragrant clover fields, at five o'clock in the morning—that was what we wanted to do. So we started in pursuit of horses—I in one direction, she in another. Young Mr. Biggs, I had been told, had an excellent saddle horse; Mr. Biggs lived three miles away. I took "a short cut," only two miles; climbed over seven pairs of bars and four stone walls, and at length stood knocking at the door of Mr. Biggs, Esq., shoemaker, Justice of the Peace, and Prudential Committee of the town of Burrton. Young sprite appeared at the door.

"Does Mr. Biggs live here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I should like to see him a moment."

"He's in the shop, ma'am."

I turn to the little shop energetically, but falter as I open the door and see the shoemakers sitting on all sides. Gentleman with extremely brilliant locks rises.

"Are you Mr. Biggs?"

"No, I a'nt; I'm his son, though."

"Oh, you are just the one I want." A half-suppressed chuckle from the surrounding shoe-benches evinced their delight at this unequivocal mark of my regard. I smother my indignation, and go on. "I am Mr. Hamilton's daughter. I want to get a horse. You have one?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he a good saddle horse?"

"As gentle as a lamb, as easy as a feather bed, and as handsome as a drawn picture."

I am taken aback by this sudden flow of rhetoric, and we stand gazing at each other awhile in silence.

"P'r'aps you'd like to see him."

"Yes, I should like it very much." He conducts me to the barn-yard, brings out the horse, displays his points, and enlarges on his excellences with a volubility which I should not suppose him to possess; but he understands his subject. I listen patiently, and as soon as there is a lull, ask, "could you let me have him to-morrow?"

"You want to buy him, don't you?"

"Dear me, yes, I would like to buy him very much, but I haven't any money. Perhaps I will buy him sometime. I want to hire him to-morrow." His countenance falls visibly.

"Well, no, I can't let him go to-morrow, 'cause the Major has got to have him to go to market."

"Couldn't the Major get another horse, one that is not a saddle horse."

"Well, no, most likely; horses is very scarce now."

"But I want him very much."

Mr. Biggs elevates his eyebrows, wrinkles his cheeks, goes through sundry manipulations and gesticulations, and is evidently in a quandary. I determine to strike while the iron is hot. I ply him with arguments, *argumentum ad hominem, reductio ad absurdum,* a priori, a posteriori*, fore and aft, above and below, starboard and larboard. Mr. Biggs looks puzzled. Mr. Biggs is undergoing a mental struggle. Evidently, Mr. Biggs doesn't mean "to say die while there's a shot in the locker;" but, alas! poor Biggs! what can he do against the combined forces of Locke, and Aristotle, and Bacon, and Whately, all wielded by beauty in distress? He relents. He "doesn't know but that the Major might have the other horse. "Why, to be sure," I say, brightening up, "the other horse will do just exactly as well for him." Here my evil genius steps up, in the shape of Mr. Biggs's father. Now, Mr. Biggs, senior, Shoemaker, Justice of the Peace, and Prudential Committee of the town of Burrton, is not the man to be moved about by every wind of doctrine. He is none of your radical reformers. He is a practical man, sir—a man of substance—a man whose word can be depended on, is Mr. Biggs, senior, Shoemaker, Justice of the Peace, Prudential Committee of the town of Burrton! The Major has hired that horse, and that horse the Major must have. So the case goes against me, and I turn away disconsolate.

I went home, and found that Grande had met with little better success. She had succeeded in getting one horse for an hour. We found our day's ride must be transformed into an hour's drive. We decided to go to the Post Office. It was about three miles. We arrived safely. I must first premise that our worthy Postmaster, (long may he live,) not finding the correspondence of the township sufficient for the nourishment of himself and his growing and numerous family, adds thereto the income of a fancy store, a farm, and a blacksmithy. I looked in at the Post Office window, and saw a letter for Grande. I looked behind the letter, and saw no one in the store. I turned to the blacksmith shop. Among wagons, and horses, and oxen, and carts, I pursued my devious way, and finally neared the door. Close by, a young son of Vulcan was operating on the foot of a patient horse. The youngster in some way had got his own head and legs mixed in with the horse's, in so inextricable curves that I could not at once tell which was which, and what to speak to. Finally, I squatted on the ground on one side of the horse, as near as I could get, and, looking under the horse's body, I could see a man's face upside down on the other.

I forgot my errand in watching his motions, but at length recollecting, I called out, "Mr. Smith." I might as well have spoken to Niagara. I called louder, "*Mr. Smith!*" The pounding and clattering of the half dozen hammers, the blowing of the bellows, the lowing and neighing of the cattle, went on, but the eyes opposite me, glancing under the horse, chanced to catch a glimpse of my eyes, and the face to which they belonged righted itself, and the form stood upright. He threaded his way round to me. "I have a letter in the office, if you please." "Yes, ma'am." He went to the chimney-side in the shop to get the key, but the key was not there. "Ike, have you got the key to the Post Office?" No, Ike hadn't got it. Guessed it was in the barn, or the house. House and barn were overhauled, but no key appeared. Ike came to the shop door. "Look a here! I guess father carried it off in his pocket this morning. Guess he did. Well, let's see—you couldn't come again, could you?" "Not very well." So he took his knife and cut, and yanked, and tugged away on the door, and presently got in, handed me my letter, and I walked off in triumph.

We had been detained so long that our hour was nearly out. Moreover, it looked very likely to rain, and we drove on as fast as possible. All of a sudden, a harsh, wheezy sound broke upon our ears, and we found that one wheel of the carriage was not turning at all, only dragging along over the gravel. Grande alighted and tried to turn it with her hands, but it would not turn. Then we both tried. No use. Then we tried to go on, but the sound and the motion were intolerable. A throng of small boys gathered round us like flies round a drop of molasses. If I had yielded to my impulse, I should have given them all a thrashing that would have sent them howling home; but, under the circumstances, I concluded it would not be prudent. Boys generally pick up a deal of odd knowledge, and know everything that everybody else does not. So one of these little fellows, after looking coolly on a moment, with his hands in his pocket, exclaimed, sententiously, "Het!" Grande looked at him fiercely—"Hit what?" "Yah! yah!" chuckled he contemptuously, and sauntered away. Grande's blood was up, and she is as strong as a young moose. Besides, she really wanted the benefit of his knowledge, if he had any. She stalked after him, collared him, brought him back, planted him in front of the wheel, and thrusting his head close down to the hub, demanded, in a voice of thunder, "*hit* WHAT, you young scape-grace?" Thoroughly subdued, the urchin cried out, "O! cracky! Nothin' as I knows on. Het the wheel, I spose!"

"What hit the wheel?" The poor fellow looked up, bewildered.

"I do' know nothin' about it. Fact, I dont."

"He means it got heated," cried a voice from the crowd.

"Oh!" said Grande, and loosed him from his moorings, and allowed him to depart in peace. While deliberating on what we should do, a teamster came along, and said we would better go to the blacksmith's, and have the wheel taken off and greased. We took his advice, and started in solemn procession—first, the horse and carriage, the teamster holding up that part where was the refractory wheel, in order that it might not drag, and giving a practical illustration of "putting your shoulder to the wheel;" then Grande and myself; and then the crowd of small boys, and their dogs. The blacksmith very kindly left his work, and assisted us at once, and in the course of half an hour we were once more on our way. But the rain could delay no longer, and when we started, it started. There were three gates to open. Grande had charge of the horse. Of course, I must open the gates. The thought of wetting my new French kid slippers was not to be entertained. To take them off, and soil my nice silk stockings, was equally distressing. To open the gates, without doing the one or the other, was out of the question—or would have been to an ordinary mind—I am extraordinary. Modesty forbids me to mention the plan which I formed and executed with Napoleon's rapidity. Suffice it to say, had you been there, you might have been reminded of

"Sweet Maud Muller looking down
On her graceful ankles bare and brown."

I have already detained you too long with my rambling reminiscences, yet a thousand experiences, that made my summer happy, strange, wonderful, amusing, glorious, lie unrevealed. Could you take half the pleasure in reading that I take in writing, how gladly would I tell you of my daily wadings in "Meadow Brook," following its downward course through the thick, dark woods, till my seamanship was nipped in the bud by an audacious bloodsucker—of the long summer mornings dreamily dozed away "under the shade of the broad-spreading beech tree," when the real, the actual, grew distant and dim in the hazy atmosphere, and the hum of the bees in the morning-glory soothed into grateful rest the unquiet soul—of the long, aimless rambles through murmurous woods, the grand and silent woods, where infinite life stirs, but gives no sound.

It is gone now. Weeks have passed since I began to write, and the ideal has bent to the real. It is gone—not till the months shall roll round to another summer, but gone forever! Even now strange feet are springing on the greensward, strange hands will tear the husks from the ripened corn, and unfamiliar voices will shout the Harvest Home. Yet, unmindful of the change, the golden-fruited orchard will pour her treasures into the lap of the new comer. The royal trees will wrap themselves in their robes of crimson and scarlet. Under the white-falling snow the tired earth will have her long night of rest, and then will come again the mystery of her awkening. Again the robin will sing in the cherry tree, and the ground-sparrow will hide his nest in the bending grass.

"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
Nowhere by thee my step shall be,
Forever and forever.
But still will sigh thine alder tree,
And still thine aspen shiver,
And still by thee will hum the bee
Forever and forever.
A hundred suns shall stream on thee,
A hundred moons shall quiver,
But not by thee my steps shall be
Forever and forever."

* Alas! that the eyes which should have smiled at this will never more open to the blessed light of day. Dear eyes, that never yet were turned on me unkindly. Strong hand, that so wisely and firmly guided my young feet; brave heart, nobly bearing a weight of sorrow which years had no power to bring—which years, alas! can never take away. I do not insult you with pity. The Lord whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee."

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt, arrived at Prague in October, 1846.

The day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, the visiter said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now, I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow, I set out for home—penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That is my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened his drawer in his writing-case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There Why, there is scarcely anything!"

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that, for the moment, I am no richer than you. But that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague, and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and, taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man. "There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait, set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them, and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweller in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably-dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and, while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards, you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweller.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," said the merchant, "who are *you?*"

"My name is Liszt."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five thousand guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But, in order to make such a present, you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician."

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You *must* be a magician."

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young lady entered the room. While the melody continued, she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irresistible enthusiasm, "Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweller.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweller.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt than astonished at his talent.

That night, the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day, the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at the door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweller perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and, to the merchant's great joy, he perceived that his daughter was the cause of his visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning, the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt—

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter. Her fortune is ready; be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.

From the New York Evening Post, September 29.

THE MORAL OF THE TIMES.

In times of trouble and disaster, all our selfish instincts are first awakened to activity. This is apt to be the case with the most disinterested, so long as they see the means of guarding themselves and their own firesides from impending harm. It is not till they find that the storm of desolation can be stayed by no human hand, and is liable at any moment to sweep over them, that they lift up their eyes and follow the lightning's shaft to the hand that directs it. Then our selfish impulses give way to more generous emotions; we find ourselves involuntarily drawn towards our fellow-sufferers by the ties of a common brotherhood, and bow reverently to dispensations which prove in the end, to all right-thinking men, blessings in disguise.

There is much in the present state of affairs in the financial world to move our sympathy, and there is much to arouse our selfish impulses. So many and such great changes of fortune as have occurred within the last month have rarely, if ever before, been witnessed in this country. While it was supposed that the range of the storm was circumscribed, so long as the wary and the wealthy believed they could keep beyond its reach, they naturally flattered themselves that they had been more prudent, and perhaps more deserving, than their unfortunate neighbors. This complacency on the one hand, and precautions for their own security on the other, left them little time, and less inclination, to concern themselves much about the troubles of others. Presently the cloud, which was no bigger than a man's hand, covers the whole horizon with its darkness. No one can any longer comfort himself with the assurance that he is beyond the reach of its accumulating terrors. The wise man begins to realize his weakness; he is ashamed of his harsh judgments of others, and his too flattering judgments of his own wisdom and goodness; his indifference about the troubles of others, which he might have relieved, and did not, fill his heart with remorse. The curtain of selfishness which bounded his vision seems to be suddenly drawn aside, and he discovers for the first time how little he has had, himself, to do with the accumulation of property upon which he has presumed so much; how it may have been sent to him for the very purpose of being taken from him again under circumstances like these, and as the best means of revealing to him a sense of his daily dependence upon Providence and upon his fellow-man. Looked at from this point of view, who shall speak of the recent breaking-up of the great deep of commercial credit as a calamity? Who knows how many, in consequence of it, will experience for the first time the enduring pleasure of obeying a generous impulse, and of sacrificing a selfish one? Who knows how many it will teach to think moderately of their own achievements, and judge leniently the short-comings of the less successful? How many will learn from it, what they never experienced before, that the acquisition of wealth is neither a test of a man's merits, nor any security for his happiness. Can any one doubt that this crisis will develop in many a higher morality, a more enlarged and comprehensive benevolence, a more watchful domestic economy, less ostentatious habits of life, and a corresponding respect for those whose obscure and humble lives may have been teaching the inattentive world around them, from infancy, how little the splendid fortunes, which we spend toilsome lives in accumulating, contribute to our goodness or to our happiness?

What, after all, is the loss about which we make so much ado? The money or the property, for the want of which so many fail, is not lost. The absolute losses—such as occur, for example, by fire and shipwreck—have been less for the last six months than usual. The wealth of the country is merely changing hands. Some of those who had it, perhaps, will be better off without it; some will be benefited by the trial which their pride or their vanity will experience from losing it; it will unite many domestic circles which worldly influences were separating, and it may remove unsuspected temptations from the path of young people who were not prepared to resist them. On the other hand, there are those in the lowlier walks of life who require the discipline of prosperity. The lessons of adversity may have been lost upon them. Their hard hearts may require to be broken, as the eagle is said sometimes to break the shell of the tortoise by bearing it high into the air, and then letting it fall upon the rocks. Shall we murmur at this dispensation till we know, better than man possibly can know, how nearly and deeply we may all be interested in the results which are to come from it?

The unexampled prosperity of this country, and the prompt reward which every species of intelligent industry commands here, have made Americans the most conceited and self-reliant people upon the face of the earth. So far as this self-reliance has emancipated us from the tyranny of traditions, and has begotten habits of independent thinking, it has served a great, we believe a Divine purpose. But it has long fulfilled that purpose, and for some years past we have been growing, as a nation, grasping, arrogant, quarrelsome, indifferent to international obligations, and tolerant of private as well as public fraud. It requires something more than self-confidence to produce an elevated national character. Our conceit may help to rid us of other people's errors, but not of our own.

Being in a measure rid of the faults which, as a nation, we inherited or were taught, it is now time that we make war upon our own; and we can conceive of no lesson more efficacious for that purpose than that we are now receiving. All our past follies are coming to light; the great men of the Exchange, to whom we bowed with a selfish idolatry, are proving to be but wooden images; the powers that we were accustomed to regard as irresistible, crumble up like paper in the fire. Nothing proves in these times to be strong, but the virtues which as a nation we have most neglected to cultivate. Their value is being proved and vindicated, and we already begin to see the fruits of it. We witness every day striking instances of forbearance and consideration for each other's troubles among commercial men. They are less disposed to judge hastily, even where there is room for censure, while multitudes spend their whole time in doing what they can to relieve and assist their less fortunate acquaintances. There are men of wealth among us, who go about quietly doing good in this way, like nurses in an hospital, by night and by day, who but for some such crisis would never perhaps have revealed their own noble attributes to others, nor would they have learned how much better and truer hearts than they had ever suspected are beating around them.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF REFORM.—The great element of reform is not born of human wisdom; it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in Christianity. "Thy kingdom come," There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and, the human soul living in harmony with the Divine Will, this earth would become like heaven. It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress—our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful,