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For the National Era.

HERMAN;

OR,

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BY E. FOXTON,

Author of "Premices."

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

One seldom knows the might of any force until he has been opposed to it. Stand beside the engineer on the front of a locomotive, and it may seem to you a harmless, tractable, and softly-moving thing. Spring before it, to push it back from the wayfarer, whom it is going to grind down on the high road, if you want to know its horrid and destructive power. Edward slid along smoothly enough with the Juggernaut of Slavery, and never guessed how hard it was to turn or stop, until he saw his brother in its way, and rushed to save him, but saw his bright young head laid low in the dust at his master's very feet, and felt his own heart crushed. When he came back from Bondage, he was in the state of some surprised wild beast, which, while basking in lazy fearless strength in its hitherto unapproached fastnesses, suddenly sees its young writhing in the gripe of the hunters, and leaps up, roused to unappeasable fury by their barbarities. His hatred to Slavery, and all that belonged to it, took thenceforth the form of a bitter personal resentment—not the purest, certainly, but one of the mightiest weapons which it is the doom of oppression to forge for its own suicide. He ferreted out its enormities with the skill of a policeman, and had them attested with the precision of a notary. He studied the Black Codes of each of the slave States, and knew them by heart, or by hatred, as few jurists do. He proclaimed his hideous discoveries and his brother's wrongs in all companies, with a passionate and vehement, not scurrilous, eloquence, which compelled attention, as his facts did amazement, until the very school-girls, in many of whose eyes he was a "bright particular star," told one another Herman's story in recess, or as they walked home together. Of course, the young men, who liked to share his good dinners, cigars, and trotting horses, with him, were forced to share his orations likewise. They were soon agreed among themselves that "Arden seemed terribly cut up about that poor little brother of his; and no wonder! It seemed to have been an abominably hard case! Those Southern fellows were getting to carry matters with too high a hand, and would have to be seen to before long, if they didn't look out; and the country down there was hardly fit for a Northern gentleman to travel in, if Arden's luck was a fair specimen."

Clara and Edward Arden were not people whom it was possible to *drop.* Mrs. Harrison tried it, and left them out at a ball, but soon found that she had made a mistake, and gave a dinner on purpose to repair it. Clara, however, neither observed the omission nor accepted the invitation. Availing herself of the opportunity afforded by the timely demise of a cousin whom she had never seen, at the West, she went into mourning, kept out of company, and devoted herself chiefly to Constance, whose remorse and misery were like a long-drawn death. When Edward went home, the black dresses and two pair of red eyes were apt to send him out again the next time in fresh indignation; and thus their good native town had been partially indoctrinated.

Herman was a hearty lover of concord, when he could enjoy it honestly, and, besides, welcomed the change of feeling towards himself as a good political symptom. He received all the explanations and recantations graciously and cordially. Not so Clara. For almost the first time in her life, she felt herself *crustaceous* inwardly. "What do these men mean?" cried she. "They were all rude and savage to you, were they, and slandered you, and thwarted you in every way they could, when you were trying to do your duty to your country and theirs? Oh, Herman, you would never tell me how much you suffered."

"I never could," said he, involuntarily.

"And now they come smiling and bowing up to you, and pluming themselves mightily on their magnanimity, in seeing that they have made mistakes after it is too late to repair them—as if it was the prettiest thing in the world—and telling me, in the most congratulatory way, that they have found out you were half in the right, after all; as if I had not known that you were quite right all the time! Abominable! Isn't it, Constance?"

Constance blushed painfully, hesitated, and faltered, "You know I can't censure them without condemning myself."

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Clara, raising carnations on her own account.

"For showing how you can forgive and forget? Granted. I wish all my offences had been of that kind. Oh, Herman, I can never, never tell you half how good she is!"

"I don't believe anybody can; and, therefore, how lucky it is that I don't need to be told!"

"She is tolerably good," said Edward; "but she will be perfect, if she will move us all down to Sea Farm, next week."

"Sea Farm!" said Herman. Why, isn't it rather early and chilly to go there yet?"

"You shall have a buffalo robe and a poker to take with you. I want to brace you up a little, my boy." The echo of a whisper had already reached Edward, that his brother's still too evident languor and feebleness were "put on for effect." [When the highest and holiest of Sufferers flagged under the weight of his cross, if there were any Pharisees present, can we doubt that they pronounced that he languished for effect?] Edward was jealous for his brother, and wished to get him out of sight, where he could rest and refresh himself at his leisure, away from under the evil eye. Besides, he had just come from a secret consultation with an eminent physician, whom he had persuaded Herman to see once or twice, and whom he found inclined to agree with the latter in thinking that his was "one of those cases of merely nervous prostration, for which letting alone and fresh air are the best remedies, and about which 'least said is soonest mended,' but with himself, in considering fatigue and excitement very bad for his patient.

But it did not suit Herman to consider himself anybody's patient. It can hardly be a pleasant thing to a young athlete, who has been accustomed to take an honest pride in the vigor and hardihood which were in great part the blessing of Heaven upon his own hardy, active, and temperate life, to own his vigor gone before his youth, and himself a puny, delicate invalid. "At it again,!" cried he, in mirthful wrath and wrathful mirth. "What an old raven! Don't listen to him, girls! He'd croak the Queen's beef-eaters into a regiment of hypochondriacs. How horribly out of practice he must be, to try so hard to get hold of one case. I am not going off for a month!"

"Take your time, sir," said Clara, "but Ned and I are going next Wednesday or Thursday, and so is Constance. I always thought I should like to be perfect; and if I have a chance to become so so easily, you may be very sure I shall not let it slip."

"Very well. If you're all against me, I shall have to compromise the matter. If I allow myself to be carried off next week, I must be allowed to go out this week, without ejaculation or molestation. Why, I have hardly seen the Great Elm yet, or the Mall!"

"You saw them too long, yesterday," replied Rhadamanthus. "You stood in the east wind, ogling the Frog Pond, and talking to old Mr. Hunckor, full fifteen minutes."

"Not five, by Park street clock; I looked at it."

"So did I; it had stopped! finding in your example a better excuse than it usually has for its doings. N. B. Something coughed disagreeably last night, and kept me awake for a whole hour. I suppose that must have been Patrick. Patrick shall imbibe a large dose of squills, if it happens again."

"Nonsense. When you go down to the stable, tell your fellow to saddle Bay, then, and let us take a trot round Milton Hill. I shan't stop on his back to talk, nor take cold either."

"I wouldn't use Bay just now. He stumbles."

"Humph! Wants training, too, perhaps."

"Exactly. By the time he has had three or four weeks of pasturing, and you of bark, you'll be fitter to hold each other up."

"Your bark is worse than your bite. There are some people I must go to see, at any rate."

"In the autumn."

"To morrow morning, to begin with."

"Oh, Herman," said Clara, "I thought that Constance, and you, and I—and Edward, if we could get him—would have a coach to-morrow morning, and take a boy-and-girl drive together, for the sake of old times, round Milton Hill."

"After we come back, then, before dinner."

"Herman," said Constance, "Clara and I have been learning some of Mendelsshon's duets to sing to you. Perhaps you would like to hear them to-morrow before dinner, while you rest after your drive?"

"I can't deny that I should. On Sunday, then."

"Why, Dr. Lovel was coming to preach, and spend the day with us, on purpose to see you quietly," said Clara.

"A manifest conspiracy! Come, Ned, now it is your turn. Have you any cause to show why I should not make a few calls on Monday?"

"To be sure I have."

"Ah! you surprise me! May I ask what it is?"

"When Dr. Brodie went abroad, I gave him a commission to buy you a ton of the best medical works to be had in Paris and London, you ungrateful and obstinate puppy. The box is in the custom-house now, and will be up here by Monday afternoon at the furthest; and if you walk or talk yourself dead beforehand, it is plain that you will have no voice left to tell me how and where to bestow them before we go."

"Another bribe—and a brother—worth having! If anybody was ever killed with kindness, my situation *is* precarious; and you shall, all three of you, have your way with me, as you deserve. But, indeed, there are a few persons who might well feel hurt, and misunderstand it, if I went out of town without giving them a chance to see me. So, if I do not visit them all myself, you must connive at my taking a chaise on Tuesday or Wednesday, and going to a few of them who probably cannot come to me, and sending for some of them here, and receiving any others, who happen to hear of my return, and to come of themselves; Patrick will know them well enough by their threadbare coats; and I will try to atone as much and say as little as I can."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Knight in the Shore.

"Fatale oracle de l'indusure
Tu m'as dit, les feuilles du bois
A mes yeux jaunissent encore;
Mais c'est pour la dernière fois.
Le fatal cypres t'environne.
Plus pale que le lis d'automne,
Tu descens vers ce tombeau!
Ta jeunesse, sera-t-elle,
Avant l'herbe des prairie—
Avant la vigne du coteau!"—*Millevoye.*

It was a lovely Sunday evening in August. The sun was going down through an atmosphere of earial amber, under a canopy of purple and gold, and filling all the deeply-dyed and gilded ocean under it with the gorgeous glories of an inverted sky. Herman had not been at church. He was lounging on an improvised couch, made of Edward's, Clara's, and Constance's plaid shawls, under a tent pitched on a cliff, and open to the water, looking less at the sunset than at Constance, who was leaning against a rock at a little distance, and making Clara give him an account of the sermon which she had just heard. It had been one of those—unsatisfactory always—upon that most interesting of themes, our future state.

"Is that your idea of heaven, Herman?" said she, as she finished.

"No," said he. "Scarcely any man's own original idea of it is that of any other man; and that, I suppose, may be the reason why no other man's is satisfactory, or even otherwise than somewhat dissatisfactory and disagreeable to me. I have had beautiful dreams of it sometimes, such beautiful dreams, that trying to tell any one else about them, who has not been blessed, thrice-blessed, with something like them, seems like trying to describe Constance's face to a blind man, or her singing to the deaf." Talking seemed to tire Herman this afternoon, as it did sometimes. His eye-lids dropped, and his lips closed for a few moments; and then he spoke again, with pauses, filling up the spaces between his fragmentary words with his own thoughts, as if he stopped to look through his own clear soul into the life of the blessed, then described something of the glimpse which he had had, and then broke off to look again.

"It seems to me," he continued, "that there the soul marches or soars on through scenery as much more grand and beautiful than that of Switzerland or Italy, as theirs is than that of the common earth, lighted up with more than the splendor of noonday, the tenderness of moon-light, and the solemn joy of the stars. The emotions, which could be excited in it, in this life, only now and then, in some rare moment, by the noblest poetry, music, or architecture, have passed into its habitual mood. Life is lifted into heroism. The service of the King of kings is carried on forever with a passion as sublime as that with which a warrior thrusts himself before his prince, to die in his stead, as glorious and triumphant as that with which he lays down the enemy's taken flag at his prince's feet. Good conquers evil visibly all around, far and near, through the unriddled mystery of the transparent universe, and conquers still to conquer. The risen disciples sit visibly again at the feet of the risen Christ. They see the glory which his God and their God has given him; and he shows them plainly of the Father. No angel's foot crosses his neighbor's path; each angel's hand helps on his neighbor's work. From system to system, through endless cycles of space and time, Newton flies after Galileo, and Galileo looks on before for Newton, that each may know and rejoice over the other's last discovery. Moses walks with St. Paul, telling the untold story of the awful souverse and visions of the Mount. Joshua and Washington sit side by side. Raphael, with a reverent pencil, filled from the *palette* of the Sunset, tints the designs of Michael Angelo, while he, with his nervous and sinewy strength, and the lantern that burns on his head, helps the tender hands of Sabina to hew out her designs, clearly and perfectly, in the hard, dark, quarries of thought, in which every one, male or female, must go down deep, and labor patiently and mightily, who would bring out any new and perfect thing before men and angels. David teaches Dante to play upon his Romish harp the old airs of Judah. Each voice chants out a call to every other voice, to swell and complete the general chorus of thanksgiving and of victory. Gabriel's tenor cries out for Michael's bass; and both will have Cecilia's soft *soprano* to gild and crown them. Each spirit has and longs to share with every other what every other wants. No soul is there alone, unprized, unsought. Each is a larger or a smaller block or atom, *unique* in shape and color, whose absence would make a gap or flaw in the grand mosaic pavement of seraphic glory over which God walks—on which He shines."

"Herman," said Edward, "is not yours a heaven which only an intellectual man could enjoy, and find himself at home in?" It was noticeable that he spoke very gently and gravely, and with no disposition to ridicule what had been said.

"Every man has an intellect," answered Herman. "The difference between what we call an intellectual and what we call an unintellectual man, is only that in one his intellect is developed, and that in the other it is not—sometimes for want of education—sometimes, I think, from the heavy, sluggish, bodily structure which he has inherited from uneducated, unthinking, *animal* ancestors. The thick skull and fat brain shut down and clog the spirit; in the spiritual body it can work better. And well-educated persons are always more or less intellectual, and different in their intellectual powers. As they go on in their development, they separate further. No two great (or, in other words, well-developed) men are really alike, even if we call them by the same names, of "artists," "philosophers," or "saints." They start like divergent lines from one common point, their birth. At ten months old, the difference between them may still be microscopic; but it can commonly already be seen by sharp observers; at the end of ten years, they are at least an inch apart; at twenty, a yard; at fifty, a mile; and when they leave the world, and we lose sight of them, often a league. Only imagine, then, what the difference must be between the intellectual powers and qualities of even common men, whose development has gone on under all the favorable influences of the heavenly state—sympathy, example, encouragement, assistance, and the most judicious and affectionate guidance—for thousands of ages!"

The argument did not interest Clara. She was still dwelling upon the picture of heaven, and him who had drawn it. "Herman," said she, with her blue eyes swimming in tears, as he paused, "it seems to me as if, feeling as you do about the other world, you must almost long to die."

"And leave you?" said he, smiling, but drawing her cool hand to him, and laying it upon his forehead, which was too hot. "I am very well contented to wait where I am, and enjoy the distant prospect. One must not be too impatient. Even at the banquet of eternity, I do not want the fruit before I have had my second course."

He looked too tired to talk any more, and called Constance to come and sing to him the "Psalm of Life," which she and Clara had arranged as a duet to a beautiful air of Handel's. Herman was very much in love with life. He had taken its altitudes and sounded its depths already, as few men have at his or any age.

He had not yet begun to gain strength as fast as he or they had hoped. In May, the weather was raw, damp, windy, and altogether unfavorable to his passing so much time as he would have wished to do in the open air; for he was not sufficiently vigorous to take exercise active enough to keep him warm out-of-doors. In June, there was no cold to complain of; but the heat came on so suddenly and violently, that "it was enough," so Edward declared, "to melt down a bronze Hercules;" and Herman, at least, was like the bronze Hercules, in respect to its effect upon him, though certainly not so at that time in any other respect. It continued through July, and Herman had not yet rallied in any good degree from the prostration which it had caused in him; though for a week past—ever since August came in—both atmosphere and temperature had seemed made for him, dry and bright, but as cool and bracing as September. If he was disappointed, however, in the rapidity of his convalescence, he showed scarcely any sign of noticing its delay, except, indeed, that whereas in May all his little plans for rides, walks, or long drives, to show Constance old favorite views and haunts in the neighborhood, were made for "to-morrow or the day after," and in June for "next week," they were now fixed for "next month."

Scarcely any such plans had yet been carried out. Eager as he was for exertion, he looked so utterly unfit for it, and was sometimes so unwell after it, that Edward, in his professional capacity, had forbidden it for the present, with some peremptoriness; and the young athlete's daily exercise was now little more than a short airing in a barouche in the afternoon, and in the morning a saunter across the road, and up the barbery-crested bank to the bars of the paddock, where poor old Bayard, fast falling into the dotage of his short-lived kind, hobbled along at sight of his master, putting his best foot (which was by no means a good one) foremost, to receive a bunch of pink and white clover blossoms. Thither Constance, following Herman one day, heard him condoling with the venerable steed, and saying, as he patted his nose, "'*Sic transit,' sic transimus*—poor fine old fellow! So the most glorious bays of this world must soon droop and perish!" But it must have been merely a general reflection; for, though there was tenderness in his voice, there was no sadness; and, at the sound of her light step behind him, he turned round with a smile as bright as the morning, and, dividing his flowers between Bay's mouth and her hair, playfully crowned her forehead with a rosy diadem.

"The summer is very apt to be a trying time to any one who is not strong, particularly a summer like this. A little bracing, breezy, autumn weather will set him up, you'll find;" so Edward said; so Herman thought; and Constance believed; and Clara hoped. In the mean while, if the summer had been "a trying time" to him, it had also apparently been, thus far, a season of enjoyment, almost unalloyed and unearthly. The messages of remembrance, the kind inquiries of one after another old acquaintance of his family, of which Edward had reports to bring back, every time that he went to Boston; the beauty and tranquillity of the fair wild Nature about him, and the attendance of Constance and Clara, were daily and hourly feasts to him. The greater part of their days they spent in the tent, pitched in one or another dry, airy, and picturesque spot, in order that he might enjoy the scenery, and be constantly breathing in the pure salt breath of the brine, without fatigue, without exposure, and with them. He heard them read; he saw them work, and talked with them; or, when too tired to speak or hear another word, he stretched himself at their feet, and they thought he slept, while he "felt their presence," and enjoyed the memory of past sorrow, the hope of coming joy, and the soft, lulling whispers of the rippling waves beneath them, that murmured of "Eternity, Eternity!" while the young man dreamed of life.

He seemed so happy, that it seemed hard to run the risk of disturbing him by word, look, or sign; but after a second week passed by, bringing seven bright suns, and, day by day, clear, fresh breezes, but still no visible amendment in him, Edward's anxiety at last broke through the fear of exciting Herman's, (which hitherto had kept him silent since the first few days of his return,) so far that he suggested to him that he might hasten his recovery by having further advice. Herman was not disturbed by this proposal. On the contrary, he caught at it with some eagerness; and it appeared that he had been kept from making it himself, only by the fear of hurting his brother's professional feelings.

Therefore, week after week, one eminent physician after another came to Sea Farm; and to one after another he repeated, with the same kind of calm, clear earnestness, the same story of "not one single pain, or *bad feeling* even, that he was conscious of; but such strange weakness and sluggishness, fatigue without exertion, *sinking* without appetite, and drowsiness without power to sleep." They, singly and severally, answered, that he had "been living on his nerves too long, and must give himself time to rally," and recommended rest and stimulants; but these he had already been trying for months, as thoroughly and perseveringly as he did everything else which he undertook to do. Bark and wine made him feverish, but did not make him strong or hungry. He was worse if he exerted himself; but so he was if he rested. It was not merely that that he did not gain ground. He had lost it, of late particularly. He slept less than he did in the spring, ate less, and weighed less. His loss of flesh was even more than in proportion to his loss of appetite. They spoke, for the most part cheerfully, though vaguely; but he knew the secrets of their craft by this time too well to be deceived by them, though he had been by himself. In the spring, he said, "I give myself three months, to get myself into perfect condition again." He said now, "I give myself a year."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

DEPARTED.

'Tis but a year! The fair young Spring
Dances as gaily o'er the earth,
And joyous birds are carolling
Her welcome with as sweet a mirth,
And shrub and flower in beauty grow
As blithely as a year ago.

Only one year! Though lingering on,
Each weary hour hath seemed a day,
'Tis but a year, since thou hast gone
Far from our love and grief away,
A year of untold bliss to thee,
To us of untold agony.

Hear'st thou, beloved, in that far sphere,
Th' "exceeding great and bitter cry"
Wrung from our spirits? Doth thine ear
Catch, 'mid the music of the sky,
The moanings of our crushed hearts, flung
Prostrate, their shattered joys among?

Oh! sunlight of our clouded way!
Oh! angel-guide! a brief space given,
Lighting our darkness with a ray
Reflected from thy native Heaven,
Vainly we strain our aching sight,
To watch thy upward, homeward flight.

Tears dim our vision—*selfish* tears!
For well we know no grief can come,
Henceforth, throughout eternal years,
Even to the *portal of thy* home.
Oh! if we could but enter there,
Thy glory and thy rest to share!

Only *one* year! How many more
Their lingering length must drag along,
Ere, crossing to the other shore,
We too shall join the ransomed throng,
Forgetting in that brighter sphere,
The anguish even of this dark year.

Saviour and Lord! our Master dear!
Our sad hearts turn to Thee alone;
Thou, Thou hast chastened us, oh! hear
The stricken spirit's feeble moan!
Let us, e'en by our anguish, come
Nearer Thee, and our lost one's home.

†

April 19, 1859.

For the National Era.—[Copyright secured.]

THE SHAMROCK;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

BY SLOW JAMIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Religion—Presbyterians.

Of Presbyterians, we had three kinds—Presbyterians of the Synod of Ulster, Associate Presbyterians or Seceders, and Reformed Presbyterians or Cameronian Covenanters. I have lately heard an American preacher say that he did not know the difference among the various kinds of Presbyterians, and wonder if they knew themselves. Lest some of my readers might happen to be as ignorant as the divine, I will tell the distinction in three words—*blue, light blue,* and *deep blue.* The ambition of the Synod of Ulster was, to have a church which would embrace all serious well-disposed persons, whether they had clearness to embrace Calvinistic principles or not. Their ministers and elders, however, were required to subscribe the Westminster standards. The aim of the Seceders was to have a pure church, if it should be small. The Arminian might possibly, in their view, be a good man and a sincere Christian. As such, they wished him well, but they would hold no communion with him. The Reformed Presbyterians endeavored to maintain entire the high principles of the persecuted Covenanters, when they were driven by oppression to disown altogether the British Government. A man might be a good Christian, a sound Calvinist, and a zealous Presbyterian; yet, if he would swear allegiance to the reigning monarch, he could not be admitted to their communion.

These were all of Scotch origin, and generally confined to the province of Ulster. The Scotch immigration to Ireland was principally at three different periods—during the reign of James I, after the conquest of Cromwell, and after the accession of William III. The ancient Scots and Irish were originally of the same race. I believe it is generally admitted that not only the Scots, but even the Picts, went from Hibernia to Caledonia. When they returned, however, they were regarded as foreigners, rather than old relatives. And no wonder; for they had mingled with the Anglo Saxon, learned another language, and taken up with a new religion. Nor was this the worst; they had given a King to England, and England had invaded and conquered Ireland. Nor was the conduct of the new-comers well calculated to counteract any prejudice that the Irish might have imbibed against him. With the intelligence and power of a higher civilization, they had little of its morality. The mixing of races often infuses energy into the body, and imparts vigor to the mind. Removing from place to place, also, calls out latent talents. Although the Gospel was producing its happy fruits in both England and Scotland, the colonists from either quarter manifested but little of its spirit. The English were bad, the Scotch far worse. The dregs of the fishing population along the coasts, the emptyings of jails and hordes of untamable boys who had broken loose from the restraint of pious parents, formed the mass of the immigrant population that overran Ulster. Sober and orderly families, who removed to the new country when freed from the surveillance of the kirk, soon followed the example of their countrymen. They all agreed at least in hectoring over the feebler Celt. The simple-minded native, who, whatever his faults might be, always cherished a high regard for religion, looked on the turbulent stranger with astonishment and horror. He saw his haughty bearing, he felt his tremendous energy, and he heard his loud-mouthed profanity. He very naturally arrived at the conclusion that the Saxon had come from a part of the world where the devil ruled supreme, and had deliberately made up his mind, for present enjoyment, to brave hell-fire in future. He was surprised again, when from the same land there came ministers of religion, wearing the same garb, and speaking the same strange dialect. He wondered most of all when he saw that, surrounded by their fierce auditory, they drew tears and groans from many, and produced a change of conduct in a few. Then first he learned, what it was hard for him to know before, that the Scotchman had some conscience.

The great success of those early preachers is, till this day, a matter of frequent remark. Our grandfathers used to talk with enthusiasm about the great revivals their fathers had seen, and lamented the lukewarmness of a Laodicean age which could sit unmoved under the most heart-stirring appeals. But they overlooked the fact that the Gospel was then producing its noiseless but happy effects around them. They forgot that, if men were less interested with preaching, it was because they had heard the same truths so often before, and that, if their conscience was less alarmed, it was because they were not guilty of such flagrant sins. For it cannot be denied that the great success of the Scotch missionaries among their countrymen in Ireland was owing to the excesses of the profane as well as the piety of the religious.

Young men had left their homes in Scotland, partly to escape disagreable parental restraint. They had run the exciting round of worldly pleasure, and found it all unsatisfying. The bread was attractive to the eye, but it turned to gravel between their teeth. Now, after a long interval, they heard preachers whose doctrines, whose phraseology, and whose very tone, reminded them of the happy days of youth. In proportion to their former recklessness was their terror, their contrition, and their zeal. Many who were well inclined, and in a religious community conducted themselves with propriety, found, when removed from the salutary influence of Christian association, that their passions were too strong for their conscientious principle. Not without many twinges of conscience they had pursued a wrong course. Now that the Gospel was brought within their reach, they embraced it with eagerness, and endeavored, by renewed diligence, to make up for past neglect.

Others were so very ignorant, that if the the simple truths of the Bible were only explained to them with sufficient clearness, the very novelty of the ideas held them entranced. The eagerness of the audience reacted on the speaker, and gave an unusual pathos to his appeals. In time, all this vivacity must wear off, in the same manner as the buoyancy of youth gives way to the sedateness of age; but, wherever the gospel is preached in sincerity, it will always bear its fruits in outward morality and inward truth.

It was the oppression of Charles I in Scotland that first drove a few intelligent and earnest men to Ireland. There they labored with the success already mentioned. But they were few, and the field was wide. The scene of their labors was like a few green spots in the great desert. The great mass of the Scotch colonists were still without either law or gospel, turbulent, profane, and oppressive. If a Scotchman happened to sympathize with the suffering Celt, and spoke in his favor, he was generally ridiculed as a Papist by his countrymen. By degrees, he would draw closer and closer to his client. Attending mass, he would witness a simple, earnest devotion in the humble Irish, which would please him, till he or his children would eventually return to the Roman Catholic worship. Thus, matters seemed to be in such a way, that infidelity and Popery might soon divide the great majority of the Scotch Irish.

Then came the terrible massacre of 1741. The native Irish, encouraged, as some say, by the emissaries of Charles I, justly incensed by oppression, and stimulated to fury by their priests, attempted to drive the strangers from the soil. The Celt had long been restrained by the fear of an armed force, and by a personal dread of the haughty foreigner. Now, when he made an effort, he was surprised to find himself an over-match for his hated foe, and rushed on madly, to plunder and to blood. The hoary head of age, and the innocence of tender infancy, were not spared, any more than the stalwart foe. Even the Scotchman, who had a leaning towards the Irish interest and the Roman Catholic faith, was seldom distinguished from his prejudiced countrymen. The cry of persecution resounded through Scotland, England, and Germany; and when Cromwell, a few years later, inflicted a terrible retribution, he thought that he avenged the blood of martyrs. But it is hardly correct to call that persecution, which a little manifestation of the spirit of the gospel on the part of the sufferers might have prevented. It is a notorious fact, that those neighborhoods where the Scotch preachers had labored with the greatest success were left comparatively uninjured, not that the infuriated Irish exercised any discrimination, but simply because there the inhabitants, having received but little provocation, did not engage in the rising.

During Cromwell's domination, a fresh colony from England and Scotland filled the half-depopulated fields of Ulster. Still, there were but few preachers among the new-comers, and these were partly Independent, and partly Presbyterian. When the accession of Charles II drove both saints and hypocrites from power, and the reign of licentiousness was established, the moral and spiritual condition of Ireland was little better than it had been thirty years before.

The persecution in Scotland which followed the restoration was in some respects favorable to the Presbyterian interest in Ireland. The Prelatists and Presbyterians, actuated by similar fear and hatred with regard to the Papists, were restrained from hostility towards one another, so that ministers who were driven from their flocks in Scotland were allowed to labor in Ireland with but little interruption. The persecuted refugees were generally men of the truest steel, brightened by experience, and sharpened by suffering. Some had spent months and years on the mountains. Some had borne the thumb-screw till they fainted, and some had buried the last of their family, dying with privation and sufferings. Others, closely pursued by the dragoons, had seen a mist fall so suddenly, that they imagined it was an immediate answer to their prayers, so that they almost looked up to see the angels, while their pursuers passed by. Thus they had learned to bear hunger and cold, to despise pain, and to be sensitively alive to the presence of an unseen power. When men suffer for any cause, good or bad, they cling to it with renewed ardor. For centuries past, the Scotch hills have produced men remarkable for energy, enterprise, and firmness. On the field of Waterloo, under the burning sun of India, and in the howling forests of Africa, has their efficiency for either good or evil been acknowledged. It may well be supposed that the ministers of whom we speak came up like lions from the swelling of Jordan. True blood-hounds were they, of St. Hubert's breed, keen of scent, strong of wind and limb, and ready for the hunt. Life to them was no longer desirable, except as it afforded them an opportunity to win souls. Had we a history of their labors, it would no doubt be interesting, but the material is wanting. They had little leisure to record anything themselves, and they labored among a people who committed little or nothing to writing.

Tradition informs us about a certain praying barn thresher who came from Scotland. He is described as a man with a mild yet expressive eye, and a countenance at once sad and pleasing. He spoke but little, but when he spoke, he manifested unusual intelligence. He told beautiful stories to the children, and old people themselves delighted to hear them. He often went alone to a distant thicket, and he could tell strange things which others knew nothing about. Some thought he was a minister, and others took him for a wizard. We learn from Howie's history of the Scots worthies, that Alexander Peden came over to Ireland, and hired himself out to a farmer, where it was soon found out that he was a minister, and he had not to work any more. We are at no loss to discover the identity between the praying barn thresher and Mr. Peden. His superior intelligence, education, and extensive travels, would impress the simple-minded people with the idea that he possessed supernatural knowledge, which they would ascribe to divine inspiration, or infernal suggestions, according to their feelings towards him. In those days there was such a wide distance between the laboring class and the professional, that for a common laborer to manifest the intelligence of an educated man, was counted far more extraordinary than for a man to converse with spirits.

There was a song about a "bould beggar." It must have been old indeed, for there was a parody on it which my grandmother knew in her young days. He was described as a tall, active man. Sorrow had left its trace on his brow, but the light of former days and the vivacity a happy temperament sparkled in his dark eye. He fearlessly entered the stately hall, and as cordially sought the humble cabin. He had a smile and a joke for all, but with a happy tact he could turn the conversation to religious subjects. We may safely refer him to this period. I have often thought that this might be the David Hewston mentioned by Macaulay as figuring in the siege of Derry. A man of his happy temperament could adapt himself to every disposition as readily as the mirror reflects every image. He could be gay with the gay, sober with the serious, and sad with the sorrowful. The sufferings he might have experienced would not destroy his social talents, but only give them a more serious cast and a more heavenly tincture. It would excite surprise to see him accept a sixpence, a cold potato, or nothing at all, with the same happy smile. Nor would they be less surprised to see him reprove profanity pleasantly, yet freely, whether in rich or poor. From his boldness in this respect he was named.

When they asked where he came from, he replied, "from a country I never want to see again—the land of sin and misery." When asked if he was raised to begging, he would answer, "no, he had been raised a slave, but had made his escape." If any one commiserated him on the wretched life of a beggar, he would answer, that by begging he had already secured a great estate in a country where the inhabitants were never sick, and where the fountains flowed with wine or milk. Thus by his riddles he excited curiosity, and drew on conversation. When the rude would insult him, he would listen and pass on without answer. The next time he would, perhaps, do the same thing. All this time he would be but imitating the wily hunter, who, passing and repassing the deer, at length gets near enough to cover for a shot. When he listened to abuse and passed on, he was finding out the vulnerable part of his foe, until he knew whether to appeal to his conscience, his domestic affection, or his honor. At length, choosing his time, he left an arrow quivering in the flesh. He might use but a word. That word, however, was "fitly spoken."

We can easily picture to ourselves how such a man could hold the attention of a family where he lodged entranced with his brilliant anecdotes or well-woven stories. The imagination sees the bold beggar seated before the peat fire some winter evening, surrounded by the hospitable family. The children tease him for a story, and the stranger begins. "In a country far away there once was a man." "Is the story true?" interrupts one of the children. "What do you ask that question for?" rejoins an older one, "don't you know that all his stories are true?" "Yes, it is true. Well, he was far away in the wilderness. No house was near." "What kind of a looking man was he?" asks a younger member. "I do not know exactly, but I believe he had long black hair, and a thick frizzled beard, and he wore a rough mantle of camel's skin, with the hair on. He sat down under a tree, and it seemed to him that all the world was turned against him. He had killed a great many men, and he knew that the soldiers were out to take him prisoner. He knew, too, that it would be better for him to die than to be taken. "He must have been like Phelim O'Neill," says one. "Oh! well, wait, and you will hear all about him. He lay down under the shade to take a sleep, and, as the drowsiness of sleep stole upon him, he wished that it was the languor of death, for he was weary of life. Indeed, he prayed that he might never awake."

"Prayed," exclaims a little girl, "would such a bad man as he pray?"

"O ay," replies the father, "there was that great English robber, Robin Hood. "He said his prayers every day, and kept a priest in his gang, who said mass every Sabbath."

"Well, he fell asleep, and slept a long time, for the sleep of the wretched is heavy, and he was borne down with weariness as well as grief. At last a spirit flapped its silken wings in his face. He woke up; the apparition was gone, but there he saw beside him a bannock baking on some coals, and a vessel of water near it."

"Alackaday!" exclaims the old lady, "what a wretch he was! He must have been in league with the devil."

"He ate with appetite, for he was hungry, and the bread was sweet, and taking a drink of water, laid down again. Once more his sleep was long and sound. And when the airy messenger awoke him to another meal, his spirits were fresh, his limbs vigorous, and his whole frame strong. So he started up, and pursued his journey further and further into the wilderness. That was the last bite he ate for six weeks, unless perhaps he might pick a few berries from the stunted bushes of the desert, yet he was neither weak nor hungry."

"Alas! auee! the power of Satan!" ejaculated the old lady.

"He came to a great high mountain, where the rocks were piled on one another, like the Giant's Causeway, and there were great caves in the rock, bigger than this kitchen. He went into one of them, and stayed there. His only company was his mysterious book, which revealed the secrets of the unseen world, but the study of it kept him in company day and night. One day, as he was so engaged, he was startled with a low voice out of the stone. Before he could distinguish the words, there came a tremendous wind, which tore some of the rocks out of the mountain, and they went smashing and smoking down the hill. Then there was an earthquake, and the rock under him shook like a bog. That was hardly over, till the flashes of fire ran over the mountain like waves of the sea."

"Wasn't that terrible?" said the old lady.

"Ah! it is a true saying," added her husband, "that it is easier to raise the de'il than to lay him again."

"When all was still, he heard the voice again, and he listened, to find out what it was. It spoke to him, and said, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'"

"Oh! that is the history of Elijah you are telling us," says the children."

"Well, is not that a good story?"

"But you said he was a bad man; but Elijah is a good man."

"I did not say he was a bad man; you only thought so."

"But you said he studied a bad book."

"Oh! no. I only said he had a mysterious book, which revealed the secrets of the unseen world. That was not a magical book; it was the Bible."

We can perceive how he would incite both young and old, with such stories, to turn their attention to the Bible, and read with renewed care.

We have also some intimation, although very slight, of a character stranger still, called the preaching madman. He went from house to house, uttered a short warning at the door, and hurried on. He never asked for alms, nor even entered the house to eat; but if any one offered him a piece of bread, he took it and passed on. Meagre as this tradition is, it clearly points to the times we speak of, and unfolds to us the plan of operation which some of the Scotch refugees pursued in their missionary labors among the Irish.

Let us picture to ourselves a man of corpulent yet energetic frame, with a mind still more active than his body. With all the enthusiasm which his peculiar circumstances were calculated to inspire, he crossed the North Channel. There he finds the people asleep. While prayer is the life and breath of his soul, they hardly ever think of their Maker. While he is intent on laying up treasures in heaven, they scarcely seem to have enough of good about them to lay up treasures on earth. To eat and drink, to enjoy their joke and laugh, seem to be the end of their existence. We will readily conceive how such a man would go from house to house to give warning at every door, "Pray! pray! pray! Pray for yourself; pray for your country; pray for your children! Pray, for God is gracious! Pray, for heaven is glorious! Pray, for hell is fearful! Pray, for death is near!" Then he would hurry along like a flying post. His unusual manner would of course lead many to take him for a madman; yet the justness of his admonitions must startle their drowsy conscience. Nor could the warning be less ominous, though it came from the ravings of a madman.

With such a man, the people would soon become acquainted extensively. His peculiarity would excite curiosity and enlist sympathy. People are always pleased with earnestness, wherever they see it. His quick eye would discern at a glance the friendly feeling. He would begin to talk, too, with the children whom he would meet in the fields, telling them stories as he alone could