

The Jamestown Alert.

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JAMESTOWN, D. T.

Unnumbered Graves.

You hillside with its shafts of gleaming white,
Bathed in the glory of the setting sun,
Holds many a grave where, hidden from our sight,
Some loved one sleeps, life's toil and labor done.
But there are graves over whose slumbering mould
No polished marble rears its stately head,
And 'ere not fragrant flowers above unfold
To waken pity for the quiet dead.

These are the graves deep down within our hearts,
Where lie the hopes and dreams of early years,
Buried from sight, but signaled by such marks
As only can be made by blood and tears—
Some early love that crowned us in our youth,
And made life glorious for a short sweet hour—
Some cherished promise, robbed of strength and truth,
Crushed in the morning of its new-born power.

There is the spot where memory has engraved
The form and face of one we called a friend,
One for whose welfare we would e'en have braved
Censure and heartache to the bitter end.
But 'twas not wisely done and so we draw
Before the treachery of the smiling eyes
A heavy veil. The cold world if it saw,
Would proffer pity in a thousand lies.

So life goes on. We lay the forms away
Of things we loved not wisely but too well,
And in the lapse of years we learn to stay
The fretful chanting of their funeral knell.
We learn to smile before the smiling throng,
Although the adder's fangs be deeply set;
And join perhaps our voices in the song,
To soothe the pain we never can forget.

And thus we learn to envy the calm rest
Of those who sleep beneath the silent sod
Bound with life's galling chains, we know 'tis best
To bend our heads and pass beneath the rod.

And when we see some mourners heavy clad
In robes of black, haggard, with tear-dimmed eye,
We know their lives would be more bright and glad
Could they but reason—it is life to die.
Mourn not the slumbering dead, but rather say,
Blest are the sleepers. Years may come and go;
Heads that are brown and gold may turn to gray;
But they are done with earth and tears and woe.
Somewhere, we know, beyond the world of stars,
They will at last have found sweet Lethe's stream;
Where life is love, and love one long true dream.

BY-LAW NO. 7.

I have only two companions—the one a good-natured-looking, middle-aged gentleman with a mild, benevolent expression, strangely at variance with the nervous restlessness of his eyes; the other a grim, taciturn man, who has been absorbed in his paper ever since the train left Edinburg en route for the South. They had got in together, and were evidently traveling companions. Rather a queerly assorted couple; for from their dress and general appearance there could be no doubt that their stations in life were widely apart. What could they be? Master and servant? Evidently not; for the humbler of the two seemed to have control of all their traveling arrangements. A detective and his prisoner? I think not; for the one looks too much at ease to have a troubled conscience; and the other, though evidently in command, treats his companion with more deference than is compatible with the conscious power of a captor.

My speculations on this point filled up a gap in the journey. We are past Dunbar by this time, and are fast approaching Berwick. I have been vainly trying to catch the restless eyes of my apparently more companionable companion. He is now closing them, and evidently settling down for a quiet nap. My more taciturn friend has never taken his attention off his paper; he must either be a very slow reader, or having exhausted the news, he must have fallen on the advertisements. I offer him my paper. He takes it with a bow, giving me his own in exchange—the *Banffshire Gazette*. No news to be got out of that after having exhausted the *Scotsman*.

My friend opposite is fairly off to sleep. Quite clear that he has nothing on his conscience. The other is as deep in the *Scotsman* as he was erewhile in his own paper. I can't stand this any longer. Talk I must. The *Banffshire Gazette* is published in the country town bearing the same name; so I see my way to an opening.

"You come from Banff, I presume? You must have been traveling all night? No wonder our friend here is worn out."

"We have come from Banff," replied my friend, with no trace of the curl in his voice or manner that his appearance would lead me to expect. "We have come from Banff; but we have not traveled all night. Our governor makes it a point never to over-fatigue any of his patients. It's part of his system; so we broke our journey at Edinburg."

"His patients! I would as soon have suspected my opposite neighbor of being a criminal as an invalid."

"Indeed," I say. "Might I inquire what is his complaint?"

My taciturn friend touches his head in a mysterious way, and I am just in time to stop a low whistle indicative of surprise, and to turn it into another "Indeed."

"What particular form does his—ahem—complaint take?"

I am beginning to hope he is not violent.

"Generosity?"

"Generosity?"

"Yes, sir. You see he gets all sorts of

schemes into his head for the relief of suffering of all kinds; and his friends, fearing he might make ducks and drakes of his money, have put him under the care of our governor."

"Do you consider his a hopeless case?"

"I fear so, sir. He's one of the quiet sort, you see. More violent cases are easier to deal with. Our governor turned out a rare wild one quite cured the other day."

"What is his treatment?"

"Letting him have his own way. It's part of our governor's system; but it was rather risky in this case."

"I feel interested, and I intimate as much."

"Well, sir, Captain B—had been down with the yellow fever in the West Indies, and was such a severe attack that the doctors gave him up as a bad job, and handed him over to the black nurses to do what they could for him. They pulled him through, but with such strong doses of quinine, that before he was convalescent his reason was gone. His was suicidal mania—about the worst kind we have to do with, for the patient always has his victim handy if he can only get the means. They had a rare job to get him over to England; and when he was first put under the governor's care, he was about the worst case we had. The governor studied him carefully and found that letting him have his own way was the only thing that did him any good. He was very fond of bathing; and by-and-by, when he began to mend a little, he was allowed to go to the river near our place. Of course, I always went, too, and kept a pretty sharp eye on him. However, this did not suit him; so one day he goes to the governor and says:

Dr. —, it is not congenial to my feelings as a gentleman, always to have that fellow with me when I take my bath; I would much prefer privacy." The governor tried to put him off; but the contradiction had a bad effect on him. Now, one of the governor's theories is, that at a certain stage of the complaint, if you can humor patients they have every chance of recovery; cross them, and it is gone. "Captain B—," says he, "I know that if you pass your word to me you will keep me your word as an officer and a gentleman that if I let you go alone you will return to me in an hour and report yourself I will let you go. Captain B—gave his word as required, and every day he used to do the same, always coming to give his word of honor and returning each day to report himself, proud of being trusted. It was rather risky treatment for a suicidal patient, but it succeeded. He's as well now, sir, as you or I."

"There was another case we had quite different—"

I have settled myself into a listening attitude; but my friend has suddenly ceased. Looking up, I find my opposite neighbor has just awakened; and his attendant having perhaps no other topic of conversation than his professional experiences, which he no doubt rightly considers an inappropriate subject to discuss before one of his charges, has relapsed to his perusal of the *Scotsman*, nor do I hear another word from him till he bids me good-day at York.

"Grantham, Grantham!"

I have been following the example of the generous lunatic, and taking a nap which almost deserves the name of a sleep. I awake to the glorious conviction that I am nearing my journey's end, and have unconsciously got over about one hundred mile of loneliness. I have still some hours before me yet, however, and seem doomed to perform that part of the journey's solus. What shall I do to fill up the time? Happy thought! Smoke! But this is not a smoking compartment, and by-law No. 7 says "that any person smoking in any carriage other than a smoking carriage shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings." Both by-law No. 7!

I call the guard. The first-class smoking compartment is full. Well, what's to be done? A small business transaction between the guard and myself; beginning with my hand in my pocket and ending with his in his; and he suggests that as I am all alone and by his favor likely to be so, I may as well smoke where I am. I light up amidst evident operations for a start, and am quietly settling down to the enjoyment of my cigar when the door hurriedly opens and I have a companion—a man about my own height and age, altogether not very unlike me. (I am of that mediocre mould in which nature has formed so many of my fellow-creatures.)

I am to have a companion after all. Well, so much the better. It will be somebody to talk to and pass the time. I wonder if he is as taciturn as my companions at the outset of the journey. Evidently not; he is recovering his breath after his hurry, and is preparing to address me.

"I'll trouble you to put that cigar out, sir. I object to smoke."

"But, sir—"

"Here, guard! tell this person to put out his cigar at once. This is not a smoking compartment."

"Plenty of room in the next carriage, sir. Would you mind stepping in there?"

"Yes I would mind. By-law No. 7 says etc., etc.," says my companion, standing blocking up the doorway and arguing with the guard.

"Very sorry, sir; but you must put out your cigar."

"Can't I go into the next carriage?"

"Two ladies in them, sir—old ladies!"

"Have you an empty compartment?"

"We're just off," says the guard, slamming the door, and the next minute we are spinning on our way to Peterborough.

Shall I put out my cigar? I have been alluded to as a "person." I have been addressed in a dictatorial manner which has the very reverse of a soothing influence over me. I feel ruffled and obstinate. Had I been asked politely, my Havana would have been out of the window in a twinkling. Shall I put it out or infringe by-law No. 7, and be fined forty shillings? I will finish my cigar, and abide by the consequences.

My companion is evidently as unaccustomed to opposition as I am to dictation, and for a few minutes he stares at me dumbfounded, then he lets fly his own version of King James' Counterblast against Tobacco. On my part I preserve an obstinate silence. My companion pulls up the window on his side; I put up that on mine, which produces a violent fit of coughing on his part, when down go both windows in a hurry.

We arrived at Peterborough, and the guard is again called. I have almost finished my cigar, and throw the end away. My companion cannot let the matter rest, however, and when we are started again he reads me another lecture, couched in such unacceptable terms that for reply I lighted another cigar.

"Sir, here is my card; and I insist upon knowing your name and address."

I take his card, open my card-case, put his card in, and return the case to my pocket without giving him my card in exchange. I finish my cigar amidst a volley of threats of getting my name and address by force.

We are at Finsbury Park now, and tickets are being collected. This is the nearest station to my home, and here I intend to leave the train. My companion follows me up the platform, and calls the guard to take my name and address. Being under the scrutiny of the other passengers, who evidently think I have got into trouble for card sharpening, and having made up my mind to pay the penalty, I lose no time in giving my card.

At home I am received with open arms and I am hurried into the dining room by my boys to inspect a device over the sideboard for my especial benefit—"Welcome" in blue letters on a white ground. My wife is full of inquiries after all our friends in Edinburg, and what sort of a journey I have had.

Having informed her that individually and collectively all our friends are as well as could be expected, considering the wintery weather they have had, and that all were as kind and hospitable as ever, I briefly tell her of my smoking adventure.

"And who was your companion?" asks my wife.

"How should I know?"

"Why you have his card."

"To be sure; I quite forgot that," says I, producing my card-case. I search it through carefully, but no card, other than my own, can I find.

"I know I put it in here. Why, bless me! I must have given it to the guard instead of my own. How odd!"

I have almost dismissed the adventure from my mind, when a few days later my wife, in skimming over the paper at the breakfast-table, breaks out into a merry laugh. What on earth can she find so amusing in any other than the "Agony" column, which I see is not the portion under perusal. It is the political reports, and she hands me the paper, pointing out the place for my attention.

"At the—Police Court, J—B—, of Verandah House, Crouch Hill, was summoned by the Great Northern Railway Company for smoking in a carriage not a smoking carriage, to the annoyance of other passengers. The guard having proved identity, and the accused's card, given up by himself, being put in as corroborative evidence, the magistrate asked the defendant if he had anything to say in reply. An attempt was made to prove that the accused was really the complainant, and he had given the card to the real offender; which the magistrate characterized as an impudent lame defence, and fined the defendant in the full penalty of forty shillings."

"My dear," says my wife.

"Well, my dear," I respond.

"Verandah House is that pretty place that just had been finished a little farther up the hill. Don't you think you behaved in rather an unneighborly manner?"

"Did our neighbor behave any better?"

"At all events he suffered unjustly. This cannot be allowed to pass. Don't you think you had better call and apologize?"

"Well, I'll think about it."

On my way home from the station that evening I rang the visitor's bell at Verandah House, and was in due course ushered into the presence of the proprietor. Our recognition was mutual; and as my neighbor approached me, I prepared to put myself in defensive attitude. His hand, however, was not extended to commit an assault, and before I could stammer out the elaborate apology I had prepared, I was forestalled by a hearty shake of the hand and an apology from the quondam fire-eater!

"The fact is, that when in the West Indies I suffered from a severe attack of yellow fever, and the remedial appliances so effected my mind that for some time I had to be placed under restraint. Thanks to the skill of a clever practitioner, I am cured; but my old malady still shows itself in occasional fits of uncontrollable obstinacy."

"I beg your pardon," says I; "but are you not a military man?"

"Yes; I was captain in the—th Regiment."

Captain B—! My mind reverts to the story I had heard on the morning of our first meeting. But was our friend as thoroughly cured as his ex-keeper seemed to imagine? I can't say; but I know that he is an excellent neighbor. He treats his misadventure as a capital joke; and it is likely to be a stock story for the rest of his life how he was fined forty shillings by the railway company because another passenger had infringed by-law No. 7.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Found and Saved.

"Yes, there is no denying that we had rather a stormy time of it."

And Captain Ferdinand Lawrence stroked his mustache, and complacently handled the scabbard of his sword, as he spoke, with the air of a hero who has no objection to being properly appreciated.

Grace Bryan has listened to the whole of his circumstantial description with blue, dilated eyes fixed on his, curved lips, half apart, and a cheek where the color varied, as you have seen sun and shadow chase one another over slopes of blossoming grass. No wonder that the doughty captain felt inwardly elated at the success of his eloquence. Had he at last struck the responsive key-note to this pale young beauty's nature? Was his long servitude of love at last to meet its exceeding great reward?

Oh, Captain Lawrence! Captain Lawrence! could you but have seen into the hidden mysteries of Grace Bryan's thoughts, what a crash there would be among the dazzling colonades and airy pediments of your grand Chateau en espagnole! But love is blind, and so, unfortunately, is self-esteem.

"Captain Lawrence," said Grace, with her little hands nervously interlocked, and her serious eyes never moving from his face, "was there not a private in your company called John Harrai?"

Captain Lawrence gave a quick, involuntary start, but recovering himself immediately, though with a heightened color on his cheek.

"Harrai—Harrai: yes, I believe there was."

"And can you tell me what has become of him?"

"Upon my word," said the captain, with a little uneasy laugh that was decidedly at variance with the keen glance shooting from underneath his bent brows—"Private Harrai is a lucky fellow to have inspired such an interest!"

"Can you tell me what has become of him?" repeated Grace, as calmly as if she had not heard the covert sneer.

"One don't keep the run of these privates," said Lawrence, carelessly; "but if Miss Grace really cares to know, why, of course, my poor services are at her disposal!"

He drew out a little memorandum book, neatly bound in black morocco and leisurely turned over the leaves.

"Let me see—Gates—Hall, Hanna, oh here it is! Harrai, John, marked 'missing.' Just the sort of fellow to take particularly good care of his bones and sinews, deserted, I dare say. Oh, they will do it, Miss Grace. Hold on, though here's another entry. Harrai, killed in the action, buried on left side of creek, hum—m—m. Anything else I can do for you, Miss Grace?"

But Grace did not answer; she did not even ask to see the treacherous "minutes" which might have revealed their own inconsistency. She sat like one stunned, with hands still folded, and eyes mechanically fastened on the winter sunshine that quivered along the opposite wall while the blood slowly receded from her cheek, and the color from her lip.

"Gracious Heavens, she has fainted!" ejaculated the captain, springing from his seat. Hallo here, somebody! Bring camphor, cologne, anything! Confound Private Harrai!"

Are there any wounds so bitter that time, whose gentle finger draws the mantle of velvet grass over new-made graves, and puts the chiaro-oscuro of many sunrises and sunsets between us and our griefs, cannot heal them? Yes, there are some that bleed on silently, and mine life and heart away with their unseen gush—and such a one was hidden under Grace Bryan's sad smile and heavy eyes, always luminous with the melancholy shine of unshed tears.

"I assure you, Miss Grace, I consider it a very Quixotic peace of business," said Captain Lawrence, in accents of grave displeasure. "You'll do nobody any good, and only upset your own nerves. It's all nonsense, this idea of ladies visiting the hospitals—what can a woman who has been accustomed to shriek at the sight of a spider do in the midst of such dreadful scenes? My dear Mrs. Bryan, do persuade your daughter to abandon the absurd fancy!"

Mrs. Bryan looked helplessly from her daughter to the Captain and then back. "Captain Lawrence is right," she said. "Consider, my love, what suffering you will be compelled to witness."

"Mamma, said Grace, firmly, "is it any worse for me to witness than for these brave fellows to endure? Oh, mamma, to think we have been sitting at home in ease and luxury while the men who perished within a stone's throw of our Aladdin palaces! Let me go, for it breaks my heart to remember how selfish I have been."

Soft-natured Mrs. Bryan looked appeal-

ingly toward the Captain. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if Miss Bryan chooses to be so foolish, I have, of course, no right to interfere. Only—"

"Don't trouble yourself to finish the sentence, Captain Lawrence," said Grace, quietly. "I need not say that I have not expected the honor of your attendance, nor do I ask for it now!"

She walked out of the room with the air of a young queen. Laurence watched her with a glance in which vexation and admiration were curiously blended.

"The superb little vixen!" he muttered between his teeth. "What evil genius has put that hospital idea in her head? However, it can't make any difference; he must be dead long ago. Only I wish I could have dissuaded her, for if—'Pooh!' he broke off suddenly, "there's no use bothering myself with such an exceedingly improbable supposition. I wonder what makes me love that girl better the more she sets me at defiance? Why can't I scorn her as she scorns me? It is a curious psychological puzzle, the ins and outs of that throbbing, passionate thing that we call a heart! By all the powers! she shall be mine if I peril my own soul to win her."

The noonday sunshine lay brightly on the floor of the long barrack room, with its wooden ceiling, and range of narrow pallets on either side, and Grace Bryant felt a sick giddiness running through her brain as she saw—the pale, ghastly faces of the men outlined against pillows scarcely whiter than themselves—the shattered arms, the mangled limbs bound down to wooden stretchers—the expressionless faces whence life and light were drifting away into the shoreless tide, side by side with muscles all racked and convulsed by fierce spasms of pain! This, then, was an hospital!

"My dearest, you are fainting!"

"No, mamma, I am not," said Grace, resolutely battling with the involuntary recoil of her whole physical nature. "Let us go on; I feel quite well now."

How the sunken eyes of the sick men brightened as the fair, slight figure bent above them with gentle words of pitying encouragement—what healthful remembrances of absent mother and sister love returned to them with the touch of her long, soft curls upon their burning foreheads—the cool contact of her hand against their fevered palms! And as she passed on, strength and courage came back, and the surgeon himself wondered at her nerve and calmness.

They had reached the last of the white beds, where an attenuated figure was supported among pillows, with an open book before him. Not reading however. The heavy eyelids drooped above the hollow cheeks, as if slumber had weighed them down, and there was a sort of weary repose shadowed over the sharpened features.

"He is asleep, do not disturb him!" murmured Grace, under her breath.

"No, he is not asleep," said the surgeon; "and this is one of the cases on which I most pride myself. Just gone, when he was brought here, dreadfully wounded at Fredericksburg, but he is in a fair way to recover now, thanks to our new system. Come a little nearer, he'll be glad to see you!"

The heavy lashes were slowly lifted at the sound of their footsteps, disclosing dark gray eyes full of the strange mystery that only comes to those who have stood at Death's threshold and seen the flow of the dark river!

"Harrai! what's the matter! Speak to me!" exclaimed the surgeon, in dire perplexity. "A glass of water, Johnson, quick he's swooning again."

Where were your eyes, good, Esculapius, to imagine that John Harrai could swoon with those blue eyes pouring tides of eager light into his uplifted heart? Your Pharmacopoeia knows no such remedies as these!

"I knew you would not leave me all alone!" he murmured with the passive bliss of a child who wakes from hideous dreams to find his face against his mother's bosom.

For Grace Bryan had laid her cheek on his pillow and breathed one whisper into his ear—a whisper that was like the pulsing of magnetic life through his veins.

"Tell me once more that you love me. Let me hear it over and over, dearest!" he said with closed eyes. "Ah, I shall soon be well now!"

It was not until they were in the open air, safe beyond the hospital ward, that Grace Bryan fulfilled the Captain's prediction and fainted.

"Of course; didn't I tell you it would be so?" triumphantly exclaimed Captain Lawrence, twisting the fingers of his buckskin glove round and round. "A woman can't help fainting in such a place."

"It was not from foolish terror, nor shrinking tremors," said Grace, meeting his exultant eye with the serene glance that disarmed its fire at once.

"No; what then?"

"From my great happiness—the happiness of meeting one whom I have mourned for as dead."

"Mourned for as dead?" vaguely repeated the captain.

"I have seen John Harrai this day."

"Oh!" said Captain Lawrence after a moment's blank silence, during which the ticking of his watch sounded like a thousand trip-hammers, and his face turned a dull yellow. "Indeed! Pardon me, but I've just recollect—good morning—hope to see you again."

And so Captain Ferdinand Lawrence walked off the stage of Grace Bryan's existence.

Need we describe how Miss Grace transformed herself into nurse, physician, and consulting faculty to a hospital consisting of one patient? And how she found it an even more "interesting case" than the honest ward surgeon had done. If our readers want any more explicit details they must ask Mrs. Harrai.