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SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland spring,
With banners through the free
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfrozen,
Pealed far away the startling sound,
Into the forest shade!

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And from the seds of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain

That death stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fetters let the yoke abhorred
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER I.

Many centuries ago, two individuals were engaged in a low conversation, in a small building, in an unfrequented part of the city of Rome. We say *unfrequented*, not because it had not its rows of houses, and here and there its stately and magnificent edifices, with hordes of human beings to dwell in them. It is styled such, because it was away from the fashion, and elegance, and luxury that existed in that great metropolis, in these her palmiest days; and because inhabited, with few exceptions, by her more humble, honest, and industrious citizens.

The building in question, stood a few yards back from the narrow street or alley, and was almost entirely concealed from view, by the thick clustering vines that grew in front, and which, by skillful training, covered the roof, and the opposite ends. Thus sequestered—it was not without its mystery, nor its decayed and somewhat dilapidated walls, without their legend. Sometimes it had been inhabited, sometimes not; and who was its owner, or who at present occupied it, was, except to a few persons, a mystery.

But its *past* history is of little importance, and has nothing to do with the *present*. It is enough to know that it now had its occupant—an old man—in whose person and manners there was an air of mystery which a few *only* could explain or comprehend.

It is late in the evening—an hour or more after dark. The merry laugh of the frolicsome youth is heard no more in the dark narrow street; only now and then the heavy measured step of the wearied artisan or laborer returning, thoughtful, to his family or humble lodging. The great city, mistress of the world, with her million of souls, has laid herself down to repose; or, rather, might I not say, retired to revel, unrestrained in her wonted debaucheries.

Then it was that two friends, engaged in conversation, sat under the dim glare of an old lamp that hung from the ceiling; and which, while it imparted to the features a peculiar sharpness, gave to the countenance, at the same time, a death-like paleness.

The one was an old man, dressed in a loose, half-worn gown, and somewhat stooped with the infirmities of age. His whole frame, moreover, was nervous and trembling; and in its voice, which was deep and full, there was a slight tremulousness, but which only served to give force to his clear, concise and measured utterance. But then the expanded and projecting forehead, the snow-white locks, and the long flowing beard, extending half way down the chest, gave to Prytheus a most august and venerable appearance. Then in his large blue eyes there was something serene as the skies underneath which he had lived; while in his features, though furrowed by time, and marked by the cares and sorrows incident to life—there was a deep heart-felt benevolence of the purest and most stirring kind.

And who is Prytheus? Would any one suppose, that this venerable, sage-like man, had once been steeped in all the abominations of Paganism, that he had long ministered at her alters, and taught in the schools of her Philosophers? It is even so. For forty years, he had sacrificed to her deities, and instructed the youth of Rome in the mystic rites of her superstition and idolatries. Now, however, he is one of the poor, despised, Nazarenes. His soul has been waked from the long night of death in which it had slept, and having received the light and knowledge of its destiny, it has gone in the pursuit of another, life and better, world. And, as if to make amends for the errors of the past, he is devoting the few remaining years of life, in all the ardor of a renewed heart and an unimpaired intellect, to propagating his new doctrines, and to the comforting and edifying of all who hold to like faith with himself. And forsaken by most of his former friends, he has taken up his abode in this retired spot that he may hold free communion with the one God, and that, released from all other cares, he may devote himself to the noble work, on which his soul is now set.

The individual with whom he is conversing, belongs to the Roman nobility, and who, although the greater part of his life has been spent in the service of his country, is now retired, and lives with his family in easy and affluent circumstances. Valens was an intimate friend and patron of Prytheus in by-gone years; nor is he less his friend *now*. On the contrary, their friendship, tested by the vicissitudes of half a century, has been deepened and widened by their mutual faith and knowledge of the one God. For Valens is a *christian*; and he is such through the prayers and efforts of Prytheus. And for the purpose of communicating with his old friend in a *certain matter*, he has threaded the dark, narrow streets and lanes of the city to his humble and retired abode.

"And how is it with thy faith, Valens?" said Prytheus, with an earnest, but benevolent play of the features.

"Ah!" said Valens, "how can my faith in such transporting visions waver, as my soul now delights to contemplate."

"Yes," said Prytheus, "the visions of the life to come are glorious, and amply will the *future* repay the trials of our faith and patience."

"You speak of *trials*—trials of *faith*; may they not shortly fail to our lot? To tell thee freely of my fears, I sought thee out to-night, Prytheus."

"We have no right to expect exemption from the wrath of the enemies of our faith," said Prytheus, casting an inquiring glance at his friend.

"Hast thou not heard of the change in the conduct of our Emperor?"

"I had not heard of it, most noble Valens, I trust it forbodes no ill."

"You know," said Valens, "he hath hitherto exercised his power with some measure of prudence and moderation; and although guilty of many acts of cruelty and oppression, his reign was *durable*, and his empire prosperous. But, lately, he has shown himself capable of the most atrocious deeds. Even they of his own household have fallen victims, and many of his most noble Senators are doomed for their safety."

"'Tis most melancholy tidings," said Prytheus, casting his eyes up, thoughtfully, at the dimly-burning lamp, and clasping his hands, at the same time, across his breast, from which proceeded an involuntary sigh.

Having sat thus for a few moments, as if overcome with the intensity of his emotions, he quickly added, "nor yet am I surprised beyond measure, though I had hoped that age and experience would have increased his clemency, and corrected many of his youthful indiscretions.

"So we all had hoped," replied Valens, "but unless the one God interpose in our behalf, the Roman Empire will groan ere long under the scourge of one of the most execrable tyrants?"

"And wherefore this change?" inquired Prytheus. "Has some distant Province revolted? Has the Senate conspired against his life, or have the citizens of Rome not proved themselves his most faithful and loyal subjects?"

"It is hard to conjecture," said Valens, rising from his seat, and walking thoughtfully, across the marble floor: "the Empire is prosperous; nor has there been any revolt or conspiracy."

"Ah! most noble Valens, the tidings, as I said, doth not surprise me. It is possible that even Emperors may feign their virtues, and, for a time, conceal the natural ferocity of their tempers; but, sooner or later, they must appear in their real characters. Perhaps our Emperor has only thrown off his disguise.

"What thou speak'st is true, Prytheus; nor have I hitherto entertained a suspicion; but should his resentment set against our most noble faith, martyred multitudes will realize ere long the vision of unclouded glory."

Just at this moment, their conversation was interrupted by a youth, who suddenly threw open the door, and exclaimed, "*the city's on fire! The city's on fire!!*"

Prytheus and Valens were astonished beyond measure at this sudden and unexpected announcement, though they did not fail to observe, at a glance, that the pale and trembling youth belonged to a household of like faith with themselves. Rising hurriedly from their seats, with anxious looks and trembling steps, they found their way cautiously into the narrow street; when, looking up through the pitchy darkness, they observed the light of the lurid flames, from a dozen or more different points, reflected in the clouded skies. After gazing for a time in bewildered amazement, they returned in silence, and seated themselves as before.

Neither for some time ventured to speak. They sat motionless as statues, in a state of deep mental abstraction, gazing on the marble floor, worn rough and uneven by the tread of centuries. The subject upon which they had just been conversing foreboded no good; and now this additional fact, though wholly ignorant of its cause or extent, had awed them into silence, and turned the thoughts of each in upon himself. It was evident, however, that it had only served to increase their anxious apprehensions; and, under the circumstances, confirmed their minds in the belief that troublous times were at hand.

"Well, Valens," at length said Prytheus, "our God reigneth; the Emperor cannot harm a hair of our heads without His permission; and if persecution come, it cometh at his bidding."

Valens made no reply, but sat with his eyes still fixed on the floor, absorbed in thought. After a time, however, quickly raising them up, and looking Prytheus full in the face, he said: "but, what of the fire? the city's on fire! Hast thou not just seen the wrathful flames glare in the heavens?"

"Ah! yes; and they conducted my thoughts far beyond the ruddy glare, far into the depths of that eternal day, when kingdoms and men shall have vanished, and when this mortal shall have put on immortality."

"Such thoughts, Prytheus, may well possess thy breast, and well may they allay the anxieties of the troubled soul. But didst thou not see something portentous in that lurid glare, as of armies battling in deadly strife, or men, women, and even helpless infants, writhing in torture, and expiring in the struggling flames."

"Mine eyes failed to perceive, most noble Valens; nor could aught, I think, but thy fancy have pictured out from thence such portentous things; and yet, it is most strange."

"Most strange, Prytheus! Yes, passing strange! And my mind is somehow most strangely pressed."

"But hast not many a city of old been laid in ashes—some spark accidentally kindling into flame, and spreading and widening the breach, till naught but charred timbers, and blackened walls have marked the site. And why may not *this* great city, that man hath built, fall a prey to the same devouring element; yea, may not her *idols, trous sins* call for such vengeance.

"In truth," said Valens, "our righteous God might well be provoked to such wrath; but didst thou not see the light far separated?—this betokens no accidental spark, but some *purposed* wrath that would lay our city in ruins."

"And is there aught beyond the power of *our* Omnipotent Ruler?" said Prytheus; "and could not the invisible spirits that do his pleasure, kindle the hidden spark into flame, wherever He willed."

"I grant thee, Prytheus; but I fear some *mortal* hand now ministers to its execution. May be, its a signal for revolt; for, in truth, the nobility and citizens of Rome feel most keenly the smart of the Emperors recent edicts, and no wonder if they should seek to stay the arm that seems raised for their destruction.

But I must bid thee good night, Prytheus; my family waits with anxiety my return."

"And may the blessing of the one God attend thee, and the fears thou hast this night expressed prove unfounded. And, most noble friend, see that thy faith fail not. The way to the life to come is full of crosses, it is through fire and sword, and persecution, and death; and ours *may* be the martyr's crown.

Valens rose from his seat, and had laid his hand on the latchet of the door, when starting back, he said: "Hark! what means that heavy, measured noise in the street? Hearest it not, Prytheus?"

"Full well I hear it, but canst not tell whence or what it is."

"Ah! now," said Valens, "may I not rightly conjecture: 'tis a band of ruffian soldiers such as, of late, nightly stroll each street, and narrow avenue, minions of the Emperor, who do his bidding. But, methinks, they *hasten* to the right: not need I fear their meeting in the way I reach my home."

[*To be Continued.*]

Sketch of the Emperor Nicolas.

"The predominant expression of his countenance is that of a restless severity, which strikes a beholder at the first glance, and, in spite of the regularity of his features, conveys by no means a pleasant impression.—Physiognomists pretend, with much reason, that the hardness of the heart injures the beauty of the countenance. Nevertheless, this expression in the Emperor Nicolas appears to be the result of experience rather than the work of nature. By what long and cruel sufferings must not a man have been tortured, when his countenance excites fear, notwithstanding the voluntary confidence that noble features inspire!

"Nevertheless, at times, some gleams of softness temper the imperious looks of this monarch; and then, the expression of affability reveals all the native beauty of his classic features. In the heart of the husband and the father, humanity triumphs for a moment over the policy of the prince. When the sovereign rests from his task of imposing the yoke upon his subjects, he appears happy. This combat between the primitive dignity of the man and the affected gravity of the sovereign, appears to me, worthy of the attention of an observer: it occupied mine the greater part of the time I passed in the chapel.

"The Emperor is above the usual height by half a head; his figure is noble, although a little stiff; he has practiced, from his youth the Russian custom of girding the body above the loins to such a degree as to push up the stomach into the chest, which produces an unnatural swelling or extension about the ribs that is as injurious to health as it is ungraceful in appearance.

"This voluntary deformity destroys all freedom of movement, impairs the elegance of the shape, and imparts an air of constraint to the whole person. They say that when the Emperor loosens his dress, the viscera, suddenly giving way, are disturbed for a moment in their equilibrium, which produces an extraordinary prostration of strength. The bowels may be displaced—they cannot be got rid of.

"The Emperor has a Grecian profile, the forehead high, but receding; the nose straight and perfectly formed; the mouth very finely cut; the face which in shape is a very long oval, is noble; the whole air military, and rather German than Sclavonic. His carriage and his attitudes are naturally imposing. He expects always to be gazed at, and never for a moment forgets that he is so. It may be even said that he likes this homage of eyes.

"He passes the greater part of his existence in the open air, at reviews, or in rapid journeys. During summer, the shade of his military hat draws across his forehead an oblique line, which marks the action of the sun upon the skin. It produces a singular effect but is not disagreeable, as the cause is at once perceived.

"In examining attentively the fine person of this individual, on whose will hangs the fate of so many others, I have remarked with involuntary pity, that he cannot smile at the same time with the eyes and the mouth; a want of harmony which denotes perpetual constraint, and makes one remember, with regret, that easy, natural grace, so conspicuous in the less regular but more agreeable countenance of his brother, the emperor Alexander. The latter always pleasing, had yet at times, an assumed manner. The Emperor Nicolas is more sincere; but he has an habitual expression of severity, which sometimes gives the idea of harshness and inflexibility. If, however, he is less fascinating, he is more firm than his brother; but then, it must be added, that he has also a proportionately greater need of firmness. Graceful courtesy insures authority by removing the desire of resistance This judicious economy in the exercise of power is a secret of which the Emperor Nicolas is ignorant; he is one who desires to be obeyed where others desire to be loved."

KNOW-NOTHINISM IN NEW-JERSEY.—The editor of the Newark Mercury has been taking a look at the 'Know-Nothings,' and says:

"The meeting of the State Wigwam of the American (Know-Nothing) Association, which was held in this city on Wednesday, was attended by some 150 representatives from various parts of the State, and a finer body of men has seldom ever assembled. Their appearance was that of men who felt themselves enlisted in a great and important work; and we feel pretty well persuaded, now that we have seen these acknowledged Know-Nothings, that the good and pure have nothing to fear from their organization. The corrupt and unprincipalled, however, we should judge have little to hope from its clemency.

☞ It is as natural for ladies to show their ankles, as it is for gentlemen to—to look at them. Ankle study, now-a-days, is among the 'higher branches' of a young man's education, though it is to be confessed that one must descend a good deal in the 'pursuit of knowledge.'

HOW THE BODY SLEEPS.—M. Cabanalas, a French physiologist, asserts that the human body falls asleep by degrees—portion by portion, and not all at once; first, the sense of sight, then of smelling, &c.

Singular Optical Delusion.

The Petersburg *Intelligencer*, describing a recent balloon ascension, by Mr. ELLIOTT, from that city, says while among the clouds it seemed to him as if he was in the midst of a large round glass globe, some two or three hundred feet in diameter, against the side of which opposite to the sun, the shadow of the lady Isabella rested, some five or six times larger than the corporeal one. About half way between him and the shadow which seemed as if resting on the glass wall, another balloon was seen of a size between the shadow and the real one, resting as if in a vacuum, which displayed every color faithfully of the original.—He then saw another Elliott, clad and with features like himself, and seemingly life like. He then extended his own fingers, when he was mimicked by this image, and whether he extended one finger or more, or whatever he did, this figure duplicated exactly. When he would cause his balloon to oscillate, this balloon would move exactly like his. When he threw out more ballast to elevate himself, this figure *sank down*, instead of raising with him; and when he arose above the clouds into the rays of the unclouded sun, he felt the mimick æronaut below him. In the rays of the sun, above the clouds, he found it so warm as to cause him to perspire freely, a state of heat never before experienced at this height, nearly twenty thousand feet, where the air is very rarified and generally very chilly. He then opened the valve for the purpose of descending and as soon as he sank one or two thousand feet, which he ascertained by barometrical indications, he felt as if he had entered an ice house, and a cold chill seized his whole person. Here he again met his mimick, aerial voyager, whom he kept in company for some time, from philosophical motives. Whenever he moved up or down the duplicate would move in a directly opposite way; and when he concluded to descend, the image moved upward until the tri-colored flask was out of sight, when he could still see the car and the æronaut still standing in it as if in a basket attached to nothing. He still kept looking until his head was Robespierred, and finally, peice by peice, his body, and at last the feet and basket ascended out of his sight. Professor ELLIOTT says that he has been up a *hundred and one times*, but *never saw anything* in the form of an illusion like this before, and he asked the opinion of the scientific and learned as to the probable cause of this remarkable phenomenon, for the information of the public.

WHO VICTORIA IS.—People who wish to know who Victoria is, 'where she came from,' &c., &c., will please glance over the following programme:

Victoria is the daughter of the Duke of Kent who was the son of George the Third; who was grandson of George the Second; who was the son of the Princes Sophia; who was the cousin of Anne; who was the sister of William and Mary; who was the daugter and son-in-law of James the Second; who was the son of Charles the First; who was the son of James the First; who was the son of Mary; who was the grand daughter of Margaret; who was the sister of Henry the Eighth; who was the son of Henry the Seventh; who was the son of the Earl of Richmond; who was the son of Catherine, the widow of Henry the Fifth; who was the son of Henry the Fourth; who was the cousin of Richard the Second; who was the grandson of Edward the Third; who was the son of Edward the Second; who was the son of Henry the Third; who was the son of John; who was the son of Henry the Second; who was the daughter of Henry the First; who was the brother of William Rufus; who was the son of William the Conqueror; who was the bastard son of the Duke of Normandy, by a tanner's daughter of Falaise.

WAKING UP A CONGREGATION.—On last Sabbath morning, while the newly installed pastor of the Jane street, M. E. Church, (Rev. J. E. Wakely,) was preaching a very eloquent sermon on our "national privileges," he observed some of the elder portion of his congregation, "napping," and addressed them in tones of thunder in the following manner:

"You may wake up when the grave of American liberty is dug, and her funeral oration has been pronounced! You may wake up when the Genius of Columbia has taken her flight to some other land! You may wake up when the sun of freedom has gone down, and darkness covers our once bright and beautiful country! Be careful, or you may wake up when it is too late! too late! too late!—The die is cast, the nation is dead—every star in the galaxy of liberty is extinguished—and the stars and stripes that we have looked at with wonder, delight and joy, no longer wave, but lie torn and rent in pieces! Such is the fate of this nation unless people wake up to the protection of their rights. The child is listening to my voice to day, who, unless there is a waking up, will live to see America wrapped in her winding sheet and tyrants holding a jubilee over a fallen republic."

☞ Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go of himself to the rival academy, kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort, just as in fields—vegetation is never idle.

A Hypothetical Case.

Some years ago, an awkward chap in Western New York, who obtained his livelihood by *forgery*, in a blacksmith's shop, hired a horse one day to carry a load of wrought nails to the next town, a few miles distant. Through his own awkwardness, and that of the horse, and by the united exertions of the two, a very pretty catastrophe was brought about. While descending a steep hill, the smith gave his animal a few extra cuts, thinking to accelerate his speed in a place where gravitation seconded the motions of the whip, but the steed stumbled, floundered into the ditch, and kicked—the bucket. The blacksmith, upon turning the body over, disdovered that the anatomical harmony of the beast's neck was destroyed, that his spine was dislocated beyond the bonesetter's art, and that, in fact, the 'hoss' was dead. With a rueful countenance, he repaired to the owner of the nag, and asked him what was to be done. The reply was, "You must pay me for the horse."—The blacksmith demurred, and went to consult a lawyer.

The lawyer happened to be away from home, but his wife who was prone to mischievous fun, thought she saw in the client food for a little sport, and, inviting him to enter the house, remarked that she sometimes gave legal advice in her husband's absence, and requested him to state his case.

"Very well," said the blacksmith, seating himself leisurely, "I will suppose a case."

"If you please—that will do as well as to state your own," said the handsome attorney.

Well! yer see its jest like this. 'Sposin' you was an old hoss—and I should drive yer to mill. And s'posin I should cut yer up the leastest mite on the flank, and you should *rair* up, and *kick* up, and break the breechin, and finally yer should fall inter the ditch, and break yer cussed neck—who'd pay for yer? Would *I?*" asked the excited Vulcan, in a voice of thunder. "*No!* I'd be hammered into horse-shoe nails, and driven into the devil's cloven foot, afore I'd pay the fust red cent!"

By this time the volunteer counsellor had retreated to the door of the apartment, and after informing her client with a courtesy that his was a very plain case, and he need not fear an action for damages, she disappeared, resolving never again to give advice to her husband's customers.

Intemperance in Congress.

Gerritt Smith in his address to his constituents says that "as the friend of temperance both my lips and example shall ever testify against any night session of Congress, that is not called for by the clearest necessity."

"I was present part of the night session in which the final vote on the Nebraska bill was taken; and I was well convinced that Congress should avoid all unnecessary night sessions until Congress loves temperance more, and rum less. Never did I witness more gross drunkenness than I witnessed on that occasion. I had to remain until 11 o'clock—for I had to remain until I could record my vote against the pro-slavery bill. After that I hurried away, full of shame and sorrow.

"It so happened that Lord Elgin, the Governor of Canada, sat by my side, for an hour or more, during that evening of sad recollections. The drunkenness was perceived by him as well as by myself. I might rather say, it glared upon his observation, as well as upon my own. It was certainly very kind and polite in him to tell me, as he did, in the course of our conversation respecting this disgraceful scene, that he had witnessed shameful disorder in the British Parliament. Nevertheless his politeness and kindness did not relieve me of my deep mortification."

SLANG WORDS.—What a pity slang words are so very expressive. If it were not for this, they would not become fashionable. When we are told that a certain gentleman is "a brick," we know at once that he is a clever, go-ahead fellow—as much as if a dozen essays had been written on him. Tell us that Mr.—Dazzle has a "stunnie" pair of trousers on, and we are fully satisfied that Mr. Dazzle is out with the most approved drapery. We very frequently hear a young lady quoted as "one of 'em." When we do, we always imagine that there is a certain female in the city who would derive a great benefit from following the commandments.—*N. Y. Monthly.*

☞ An Irishman coming from the 4th of July considerably bewildered, and seeing the houses and everything else going round in a queer manner, concluded that the easiest way to get quickly home was "to stand still till his own door passed him, and then make a dive for it."

☞ It is observed by Dr. Hufeland, that "the more a man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence."

☞ Some gallant defender of Lola Montez recently wrote,—"She is pure innocence." The wicked types, however, printed it,—"She is pure in no sense."

☞ An English paper semi-jocosely says—that roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths, will make almost any man "happy, healthy, wealthy and wise."