GAZETT

GHOSTS OF LONG AGO.

When at eve I sit alone
Thinking of the Past and Gone—
While the clock with drowsy finger
Marks how long the minutes linger,
And the embers dimly burning
Tell of Life to Death returning—
Then my lonely chair around,
With a quiet mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices, that are heard no more,
Tears, that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet—
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair—
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance—eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies—
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long unfriendly day,
All forgotten, fades away.
Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming of the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

Dr. Elder, in his interesting biography of Dr. Kane, relates that he once asked him after his return from his last Artic expedition, "for the best proved instance that he knew of the soul's power over the body—an instance that might push the hard-baked philosophy of materialism to the consciousness of its own idiocy." He paused a moment, and then said with a spring, "The soul can lift the body out of its boots sir. When our captain was dying—I say dying, I have seen scurvy enough to know—every old scar in his body was a running ulcer. If conscience festers under its wounds correspondingly, hell is not hard to understand. I never saw a case so bad that either lived or died. Men die of it usually long before they are so ill as he was. There was trouble aboard—there might be mutiny. So soon as the breath was out of his body we might be at each other's throats. I felt that he owed even the repose of dying to the service. I went down to his bunk, and shouted in his ear, 'mutiny captain, mutiny!' He heard the complaint, ordered punishment, and from that hour convalesced. Keep that man awake with danger, and he wouldn't die of anything until his duty was done."

THE IMAGE OF THE SEA.

The sea up to that time had been generally regarded by painters a liquidly composed level-seeking consistent thing, with a smooth surface, rising to a watermark on ships, in which ships were to be scientifically imbedded and wetted up to watermark, and to remain dry above the same. But Turner found during his Southern coast tour that the sea was not this; that it was, on the contrary, a very incalculable and unhorizontal thing, setting its "watermark" sometimes on the highest heavens as well as on sides of ships: very breakable into pieces: half a wave separable from the other half, and on the instant carriageable miles inland; not in anywise limiting itself to a state of apparent liquidty, but now striking a steel guantlet, and becoming a cloud and vanishing, no eye could tell whither; one moment a flint cave, the next a marble pillar, the next a mere white fleece thickening the thundery rain. He never forgot those facts; never afterwards was able to recover the idea of positive distinction between sea and land. Steel guantlet, black rock, white cloud, and men and masts, gnashed to pieces and disappearing in a few breath, and splinters among them! a little blood on the rock angle, like red sea weed, sponged away by the next splash of the foam, and glittering granite and green water all pure again in vacant wrath. So stayed by him for ever the image of the sea.—[Ruskin's Harbor of England.

MAN'S INEVITABLE PORTION.

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of his hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and todecline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly knows us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who, six hours ago tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without some regret, stay in the room alone, where the body lies stripped of its life and honor.—[Jeremy Taylor.

THOUGHTS AND LANGUAGE.

It is not always easy, either in painting or literature to determine where the influence of language stops and where that of thought begins. Many thoughts are so dependent upon the language in which they are clothed, that they would lose half their beauty if otherwise expressed. But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language, and the dignity of any composition and the praise to which is entitled, are in exact proportion to its dependency of language and expression. A composition is indeed usually most perfect, when to such intrinsic dignity is added all that expression can do to attract and adorn; but in every case of supreme excellence, this all becomes as nothing. We are more gratified by the simplest lines or words which can suggest the idea in its own naked beauty, than by the robe and gem which conceal while they decorate; we are better pleased to feel by their absence how little they could bestow than by their presence how much they can destroy.

THEOLOGY.

Theology is the empress of the world; mysteries are her privy councli; religion is her clergy; the arts her nobility; philosophy her secretary; the graces her maids of honor; the moral virtues the ladies of her bedchamber; peace is her chamberlaine; true joy and endless pleasure are her courtiers; plenty her treasurer; poverty her exchequer; the temple is her court; if thou desire access to this great majesty, the way is by her courtiers; if thou hast no power there, the common way to the sovereign is the secretary.—*Quarles*.

IRRESOLUTION.

Irresolution is a habit which creeps upon its victim with a fatal facility. It is not vicious but it leads to vice, and many a fine heart has paid the penalty of it at the scaffold. Trifling as it may appear in the wavering steps of the young, as they grow older its form changes to that of a hideous monster, which leads them to destruction with their eyes open. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter, its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of others has painted it in glaring colors, that it will deaden all of his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with foul disease and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it under a species of dreadful spell, like that from which small creatures are said to approach and leap into the jaws of a loathsome serpent, whose fiendish eyes have fescinated them. How beautiful and manly is the power by which the resolute man passes unmoved through these dangers.

One reason why we see so few agreeable in convesration, is that almost everybody is more intent upon what he himself has a mind to say, than upon making pertinent replies to what the rest of the company say to him.

The man who to the utmost of his power augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will, under all institutions and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of men himself.

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THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORN.

Bertram, the lime-burner, a rough and heavy looking man, begrimed with charcoal, set watching the kiln at nightfall, while his little son played at building houses with the shattered fragments of marble, when, on the hillside below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow, and solemn, even like a wind shaking the boughs of the forest.

"Father, what is that!" asked the little boy leaving his play and pressing betwixt his father's knees.

"Oh, some reveller, I suppose," answered the lime-burner; "some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So, here he is, shaking his jolly side at the foot of Graylock."

"But father," said the child, more sensitive than the obtuse, middle-aged clown, "he does not laugh like a man that is glad; so the noise frightens me!"

"Don't be a fool, child!" cried the father, gruffly; "you will never make a man, I do believe there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf to startle her. Hark, here comes the merry fellow now. You shall see that there is no harm in him."

Bertram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the lime-kiln.—It was a rude, round, tower-like structure, about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the large part of its circumference, so that the blocks and fragments of marble co'd be drawn by cart loads and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower, like an oven mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this iron door, which seemed to give admittance into the hill-side, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions which the sheperds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime kilns in that tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of those hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant ground of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves in the chinks of the stones look already like relics of antiquity, and may yet be overspread with the linches of centuries to come. Others, where the limeburner still feeds his daily and nightlong fire, afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is lonesome, and when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful occupation, as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand who had mused to some purpose, in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite in his business. At frequent intervals he threw back the clashing weight of the iron door, and turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble almost molted with the intensity of the heat; while, without, the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foreground, a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child, shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow. And when again the iron door was closed, then re-appeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighboring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a flitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hillside, and a human form thrust aside the brush that clustered beneath the trees.

"Halloa! who is it!" cried the lime burner vexed at his son's timidity, yet half infected by it. "Come forward and show yourself like a man, or I'll throw a chunk of marble at your head."

"You offer me a rough welcome," said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh, "yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one, even at my own fireside."

To obtain a more distinct view, Bertram threw open the iron door, of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure. To a careless eye there was nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a course, brown, country-made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy shoes of the wayfarer. As he advanced he fixed his eye—which was very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold, some object worthy of note in it.

"Good evening stranger," said the lime-burner; "whence came you so late in the day!"

"I come from my search," answered the wayfarer, "for, at last it is finished."

"Drunk or crazy!" muttered Bertram to himself. "I shall have trouble with the fellow, the quicker I drive him away the better."

The little boy all in a tremble, whispered to his father and begged him to shut the door of his kiln, so that there might not be so much light, for there was something in the man's face which he was afraid to look at, yet could not look away from him. And indeed even the lime-burner's dull, torpid sense began to be impressed with an indescribable something at that thin rugged, thoughtful visage, with the grizzeled hair hanging wildly about it, and those deeply sunken eyes, which gleamed like fires at the entrance of a mysterious cavern—but as he closed the door, the stranger turned towards him, and spoke in a quiet, familiar way, that made Bertam feel as if he were a sane, sensible man after all.

"Your task draws to an end, I see," said he. "This marble has already been burning three days. A few hours more will convert the stone into lime."

"Why who are you!" cried the lime-burner; "you seem as well acquainted with my business as myself."

"And well I may be," said the stranger; "for I followed the craft for many a long year, and, here too, on this very spot. But you are a new comer in these parts. Did you ever hear of Ethan Brand!"

'The man that went after the Unpardonable Sin!" Asked Bertram with a laugh.

"The same," answered the stranger. He has found what he sought, and therefore he comes back again.

"What! then you are Ethan Brand himself', cried the lime-burner in amazement. "I am a newcomer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But I can tell you, the good folks talk about Ethan Brand in the village yonder, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime kiln. Well so you have found the Unpardonable Sin?"

'Even so," said the stranger calmly.

"If the question is a fair one," proceeded Bertram, "where might it be!"

Ethan Brand placed his finger upon his own heart.

"Here," replied he.

And then, without mirth in his manner, but as if moved by the recognition of the involuntary absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was closest of all things to himself, and looking into 'every heart save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same low, heavy laugh that had almost appaled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer's approach.

The solitary mountain side was made dismal by it. Laughter, when out of place, mistimed or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child, the madman's laugh, or the wild, screaming laugh of an idiot, are sounds that we tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblings so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shake as this strange man looked inward at his own heart and burst into laughter that rolled away in the night, and was distinctly reverbrated among the hills.

"Joe," said he to his little son, "scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin."

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it, as he sat on a log of wood looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and the swift and light foot-steps ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves and then down on the rocky mountain path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow's presence had been a barrier between his guest and himself, that he must now deal heart to heart, with a man, who, on his own confession, had committed the only crime for which heaven could afford no mercy.

That crime, in its indistinct blackness seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner's own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the master sin, whatever that might be, which it was within the scope of man's corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand's, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bertram remembered the stories that had grown traditionary in reference to this strange man, who had come upon him like the shadow of a night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long an absence that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have more right to be at home in any familiar spot than he. Ethan Brand it was said had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of that very kiln. The legend had been a matter of mirth heretofore but looked grimly now.

According to his tale, before Ethan departed on his search he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime-kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the man and the fiend each laboring to frame the image of some model of guilt which could neither be atoned for, nor forgiven.—And, at the first gleam of light from the mountain-top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest element of fire, until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man's possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's infinite mercy.

While the lime-burner was struggling with the horror's of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log and threw open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Bertram's mind, that he expected to see the evil one issue forth from the raging furnace.

"Hold, hold!" cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh, for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him.—"Don't for mercy's sake, bring out your devil now!"

"Man!" sternly replied Ethan Brand, "what need have I of the devil! I have left him far behind me on the track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not because I open the door. I do but act my old custom, and am going to trim your fire, like a lime-burner, as I was once."

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison house of fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face.—The lime-burner sat watching him, and half suspected his guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quietly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

"I have looked," said he, "into many a human heart that was seven times hotter with sinful passion than your furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!"

"What was the Unpardonable Sin!" asked the lime-burner, and then shrunk further from his companion trembling lest his question should be answered.

"It is a sin that grew within my own breast," replied Ethan, standing erect with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp; "a sin that grew no where else! The sin of an intellect that had triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely were I to do it again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution!"

"The man's head is turned," muttered the lime-burner to himself. "He may be a sinner like the rest of us, nothing more likely, but I will be sworn he is a madman too."

Nevertheless he felt very uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand, on the wild mountain side, and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party stumbling over the stones and rustling through the under-brush.

Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to invest the village tavern, comprising some three or four individuals

that had drak flip beside the bar-room fire, through all the winters, and smoked their pipe through all the summers, since Ethna Brand's departure. Laughing boistrously and mingling all together in unceremonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine, and narrow streaks of fire light that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln. Bertram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, so that the whole party might get a fair view of Ethan Brand and he of them.

Among other old acquaintances there was once an ubiquitious man, now almost extinct, but whom we were sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the stage agent. The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smoke dried man, wrinkled and red-nosed, in a smartly cut, brown, bob tailed coat, with brass buttons, who for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk in the corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years ago. He had great fame as a dry joker, though perhaps less on account of any intrinsic humor, than from a certain flavor of brandy toddy and tobacco smok that impregnated all his ideas and expressions, as well as his person.

Another well remembered though strangely altered face, was that of lawyer Giles, as the people still called him through courtesy—an elderly ragmuffin, in his soiled shirt sleeves and linen trowsers. He had been an attorney in what he called better days—a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants; but flip, and sling, and toddy, and cocktails imbibed at all hours—morning, noon and night—had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labor, till at last to use his own phrase he slid into a soap vat. In other words Giles was a soap boiler in a small way. He had come to be but the fragment of a human being—a part of one foot having been chopped off by an axe, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam engine. Yet, though the corporeal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained; for stretching forth the stump, Giles steadfastly averred that he felt an invisible thumb and finger, with as vived a sensation as before the real one was amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch he was; but one whom the world could not trample on and had no right to scorn, in this or any other of his misfortunes, since he had still kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and with his one hand—and that the left one—fought in stern battle against want and hostile circumstances.

Among the throng, too, came another personoge, who with certain points of similarity, to Lawyer Giles, had many more of difference. It was the village doctor, a man of some fifty years, whom at an early period of his life, we should have introduced as paying a professional visit to Ethan Brand, during the latter's supposed insanity. He was now a purple visage, rude and brutal, yet half-gentlemanly figure, with something wild, ruined and desperate in his talk, and in all details of his gestures and manners. Brandy possessed this man like an evil spirit and made him as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul; but there were supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native gifts of healing, beyond all which medical science could impart, that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach. So, swaying to and fro on his horse, and grumbling thick accents at the bedside, he visited all the sick chambers for miles about among the mountain towns, and sometimes raised a dying man, as it were by a miracle, or quite as often, no doubt, sent his patient to a grave that was dug many a year too soon. The doctor had an everlasting pipe in his mouth; and as somebody said in allusion to his habit of swearing, it was always alight with hell fire.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for, than the Unpardonable Sin.

No mind which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation, into a high state of enthusiasm, can endure this kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of feeling and thought to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt, and strange to say, it was a painful doubt, whether he had found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life and more than life, looked now like a delusion.

"Leave me," said he bitterly, "ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shriviling up your souls with fiery liquors! Years ago I groped into your hearts and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone!"

"Why, you uncivil scoundrel," cried the fierce doctor, "is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends! Then let me tell you the truth. You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow. I told you so twenty years ago; neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey, here."

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long, white hair, thin visage, and unsteady eyes. For some years past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all the travelers he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, had gone off with a company of circus performers, and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring, or performed marvelous feats on the tight-rope.

The white haired father now approached Ethan Brand and gazed unsteadily into his face.

"They tell me that you have been all over the earth," said he, wringing his hand with earnestness. "You must have seen my daugeter, for she makes a great figure in the world, and every body goes to see her.—Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she is coming back?

Ethan Brand's eye quailed beneath that of the old man's. That daughter from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, Ethan Brand had made a subject of a psychological experiment, and wasted, perhaps annihilated her soul in the process.

"Yes," murmured he, turning from the hoary wanderer, "it is no delusion. There is an unpardonable Sin!"

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of a cheerful light, beside the spring and before the door of the hut.

A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hill-side, impelled by curiosity to see Ethan, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sun-burnt wayfarer, in plain garb and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire, as if he fancied pictures among the coals, these young people speedily grew tired of observing him. As it happened, there was other amusement at hand. An old German Jew traveling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain road toward the village just as the party turned aside from it; and, in hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the showman had kept them company to the lime-kiln.

"Come old Dutchman," cried one of the young men, "let us see your pictures if you can swear they are worth looking at."

"Oh yes, captain," answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft, he styled everybody captain—"I shall indeed show you some very superb pictures!"

So, placing the box in a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine, and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings, as specimens of the fine arts, that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon the cirle of his spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover, full of cracks, and dingy by tobacco smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe: others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's seafights; and in the midst of these might be seen a gigantic brown hand, which might have been mistaken for the hand of Destiny, though it was only the showman's, pointing his forefinger to the various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded, the German bade little Joe put his head in the box. Viewed through the magnifying glass, the boy's round rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with the joke. Suddenly, however, that merry face turned pale, and its expression turned to horror, for this easily impressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eyes of Ethan Brand were fixed upon him through the glass.

"You make the little man afraid, captain," said the Jew, turning up the dark and strong outlines of his visage from his stooping posture. "But look again, and by chance, I shall cause you to see something that is very fine, upon my word!"

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then starting back looking fixedly at the German. What had he seen! Nothing, apparently; for a youth, who had peeped in almost at the same moment, beheld only a vacant space of canvass.

"I remember you now," muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

"Ah, captain," whispered the Jew of Nuremburgh, with a dark smile, "I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin! By my faith, captain, it has wearied my shoulders this day to carry over the mountain."

"Peace!" answered Ethan Brand sternly, "or get thee into the furnace yonder."

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto, he had shown himself as a very quiet, well disposed old dog, going around from one to another, and by the way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted to any kind hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from any-body else, began to run round after his tail, which to heighten the absurdity of the scene, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such a headlong eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be obtained; never was such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking and snapping, as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgiveable enmity with the other. Faster and faster round about went the cur, and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail, and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity, until utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was quiet, mild, sensible, and respectable in his deportment as when he at first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with univertal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of "Encore!" to which the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators.

Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat on the log, and moved, it might be, by a preception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self pursuing cur, he broke into that awful laugh which more than any other token, expressed his inward being. And at that moment the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood around, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon and mountain should thunder it to mountain, and so be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering to one another that it was late; that the moon was almost down; that the August night was growing chill, they hurried homeward, leaving the lime burner and little Joe, to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings, the open space on the hill-side was a solitude, set in a vast gloom of forest. Beyond that verge the fire-lights glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of the pines, intermixed with the lighter verdure of sapling oaks, maples and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic corpses of trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath, until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood into the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to retire to rest.

"For myself I cannot sleep," said he; "I have matters that concern me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire as I used to do in olden time."

"And call the devil out of the furnace to keep you company, I suppose," muttered Bertram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above mentioned. "But watch if you like, and call as many devils as you like! For my part, I shall feel all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe!"

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible

loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they were gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the cracking of the kindled wood and looking at the spirits of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however, once so familliar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual and marvelous change which had been wrought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him; how the dark forest had whispered to him, how the stars had gleamed upon him, a simple and loving man watching his fire in years gone by, and even musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterward became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother; and with what awful fear he had deprecated his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed to him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which, in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart.

The idea that possessed his life had acted as a means of education; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to standan a star-light laden eminence whither the philosophers of earth, with the lore of the universe might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for intellect! But where was the heart? That indeed, had withered, had contracted, had hardened, had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he is now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment ,and at length converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such a degree of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep pace of improvement with his intellect. And now as his highest effort, and inevitable developement—as the bright and gorgeous flower and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor—he had discovered the Unpardonable Sin.

"What more have I to seek? What more to achieve?" said Ethan Brand to himself.—"My task is done, and well done!"

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait, and ascending the hillock that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime-kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red-hot, and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft, and danced madly as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his body with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shrivled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flame played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited the expression, it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into intenseest torment.

"O, Mother Earth," cried he, "who art no more my mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! O, mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O, stars of heaven, that shone on me of old as if to light me onward and upward! Farewell all, and forever! Come, deadly element of fire, henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me as I do thee!"

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime burner and his son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

"Up, boy, up!" cried the lime burner staring about him. "Thank heaven the night has gone at last, and rather than pass another such, I would watch my lime-kiln, wide awake for a twelvemonth. This Ethan Brand with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favor by taking my place."

He issued from the hut followed by little Joe, who kept fast hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain-tops, and though the valleys were still in the shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village, completely shut in by hills that gently away about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hand of Providence. Each dwelling was distinctly visible; the little spires of the two churches pointed up brightness from the sun gilt skies upon their weather cocks. The tavern was astir, and the figure of the old smoke dried stage agent, cigar in mouth was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered likewise on the breasts of the surrounding mountain were heaps of hoary mists, in fantastic shapes, some far down into the valley, others high up toward the summits, and still others of the same family of mist and clouds, hovering in the gold radience of the upper atmosphere. Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed as if mortal man might thus ascend to heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with the sky that it was a day dream to look at it.

To supply a charm of the familiar and homley which nature so redadily adopts into a scene like this, the stage coach was ratling down the mountain road, and the driver soundidg his horn, while each caught up the notes and intertwined them into rich, and varied and elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness. Little Joe's face brightened at once.

"Dear father," cr[illegible] he, cheerfully skipping to and fro, "tha[illegible]range man is gone and the sky and mo[illegible]ns all seem glad of it!"

"Yes," growled [illegible] burner, with an oath, "but he has lo[illegible] go down and no thanks to him, if fi[illegible]ndred bushels of lime are not spoilt. [illegible]tch the fellow hereabouts again, I [illegible]eel like tossing him into the furnace!"

With his long pole in hand, he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moments pause he called to his son:

"Come up here Joe," said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock and stood by his father's side. The marble was burnt into perfect snow white lime. But, on the surface, in the midst of the circle—snow white, too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lays down to long repose. Within the ribs—was the shape of a human heart.

"Was the fellow's heart made of marble?" cried Bertram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. "At any rate, it is burnt into what is called special good lime, and taking all the bones together, my kiln is a half a bushel richer by him.

So saying, the lime burner lifted his pole and letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.—*(London) Illustrated News.*

Cancer Cure.

The Milwaukee Democrat recently noticed the case of Mr. Mason, proprietor of a music store in that city—a brother of Lowell Mason—who was cured of a cancer upon his face, after the removal by the knife and reappearance of the disease. He was treated be a Cincinnati physician, after the process of Dr. Fell of London, described as follows:

"A piece of sticking-plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the center a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, bloodroot and wheat-flour, was spread on a piece of muslin of the size of this circular opening, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. On removing it, the cancer will be found burnt into, and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe-sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by hot steam.—The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates, and the cancer comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows again."

This remedy has been used in this city successfully. We have seen a cancer which was removed entire from the face of an esteemed lady of this city, by Dr. Dolley.—The afflicted should know that there a remedy which is so nearly infallible.—[Rochester Dem.

A Romance.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers how a man named Frazer was recently arrested near Baltimore and committed to jail near Morristown, N. J., from whence he escaped, when under confinement for counterfeiting. The story touched up with a little romance concerning a sister of his, who it is said to have struggled hard for a livelihood in her younger days, but who is a great lady at the court of France—all of which is true.

This Frazer was once a resident of our county. He came here with Lucien Murat—son of the illustrious Murat, and the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte—neice of the old and cousin of the present Emperor. Lucien, assisted by this Frazer and a French chap whose name we cannot recall, undertook to build a "city" on Indian river, between Evan's Mills and Theresa. This was some twenty-three years ago. The trio was a precious set. Horse-racing and cock-fighting were more thoroughly attended to than legitimate business; still a grist mill, a few shops and a store were put up, but in the end, went down under the Sheriff's hammer. Thus began and ended the great city of "Joachim." The old mill is still standing as a monument of Lucien Murat's failures in this country. The wright who built the mill still holds an expensive memento of Lucien, in the form of a "promise to pay," given for eighteen hundred dollars worth of labor performed.

After our adventurers left this county, Frazer went to New York and got rich.—Murat went to Bordentown, N. J., married Frazer's sister, and remained poor. His wife actually supported him by teaching school. Meantime her brother continued to wax fat and fast. He became noted as a gentlemen of wealth, leisure and pleasure, without giving a thought, it is said, to his relatives, who were then under the frowns of fortune. The throw of the dice-box of destiny, which gave France into the hands of Louis Napoleon, also gave peace and plenty to Lucien Murat and his very worthy and hard working wife. He is now one of the high dignitaries of Empire, and she is one of the first ladies of the court. Thus, while she occupies the Elysee Bourbon at Paris the brother is awaiting his sentence to serve in the New Jersey State Prison. So the "play" goes on.—[Watertown (N. Y.) Journal.

The Scenery on Frazer River,

A correspondent of the Alta California has made trips up Frazer River to Fort Hope. Of the scenery he says:

We were six hours running to the 49th parallel, into the clear waters of the Georgian Gulf, a few miles below which we saw a few tents on Pt. Roberts. which many persons are anxious should become a large town. The country bordering on the Gulf and near the mouth of the river for many miles inland, is flat, and is evidently subject to overflow. It grows little else than rushes and all willows and water shrubs. The hills rise blue in the distance clothed with trees—pines, cedars and their kindred.—Many little bayous or sloughs make out from the river. As we advance, willows and cottonwoods appear of large growth. Near the edges of the stream, also, are numbers of large trees, torn out by the roots in the mountain torrents above, and left here in the sand around which bars are formed, which some day will become fertile Islands.

A few miles further and the growth becomes more dense and increases in size—ash pine, spruce and maple are added to the varieties. I observe also, from the ship, what appears to be the low, hard lachs of Maine. The flowing stalks of tall *clastrias*, and a red flowering spirea, are abundant. Immense quantities of drift-wood are on the banks.—We pass very many green islands—all having length. Now on the right, the banks are skirted with a tall growth of ash and maple, and beyond is an open prairie for an indefinite extent. This is followed by higher ground and heavier timber.

Passing the islands, the scenery is of continuous forest growth, the only variation being in the species of trees and shades of green foliage. The old ash trees are covered with lichens; so also the dead and dying hemlocks and pines. The scenery is always changing and always enchanting.—Now the river spreads out, and forms a lake—an archipelago of green islands, the channels around which are calm and silvery, reflecting on their bright waters the trees upon the shore, and they are undisturbed by water fowl, Indian canoe or miner's paddle.

The Original Morgan Horse.

Massachusetts has done many good things among which is giving to Vermont the credit, and the world the benefit, of the celebrated Morgan horse. Near the close of the last century, a singing master, by the name of Justin Morgan. lived in Chicope street, West Springfield. The place where this man lived has been pointed out to the writer by one who knew him, and remembered his celebrated horse. Mr. Morgan had a few acres of land, and usually kept one or two horses. He cultivated his farm during the summer, and taught music in his own and neighboring towns, during the winters. In tee sprinf of 1694, he raised a colt which has given celebrity to his name. Mr. Morgan had a passion for good horses, and this cult, while he remained in West Springfield was more fully appreciated by his owner than his fellow townsmen. In those days $50 was considered a great price for a horse and it is believed that this horse could have been bought for about that sum.

Fortune frowned upon Mr. Morgan, and, seized with the spirit of adventure, about the year 1768, he migrated with his family and horse to the wilds of Randolph, Vt. Here he lived a few years, and died poor. Neither he nor his family, realized profit from this horse. Such was the foundation of a breed which has given both wealth and character to New England. In this case is forcibly illustrated the influence of an ordinary action. Justin Morgan might of might not have been conscious of the results, when sixty-five years ago he *raised* that famous colt. The act was simple in itself, but the consequences are momentous. An impetus was then given to a branch of industry whose power is not yet fully felt. Wherever the horse is known, there shall the name of Justin Morgan be repeated. The Morgan horse is destined to give as much celebrity to New England as the barb of the desert to Arabia. As a farm and family horse, the Morgan is unequalled. Docility hardihood, endurance, compactness and surefootedness are his invariable properties. —[Springfield Rep.

Hints for the Season.

I. Watch the Beehives this month, as the Bee-month is very plentiful at present. Quinby, in the American Agriculturist recommends the use of a mixture of "sugar or molasses, and a little vinegar and water, making the 'contrast' agreeable—the sweet and the sour. Put this in shallow dishes, saucers, or tin baking dishes, and set them among the bees at evening. Next morning moths of all kinds will be found in the liquid, and may then be strained out and destroyed, and the mixture used the following evening.

II. In watering plants that are suffering from drought, do it thoroughly. Soak the earth to the depth one or even two feet, and to an extent in diameter proportionate to the plants, which is at least as far as the branches extend in trees, and to double the extent in small specimens, such as rosebushes. Previous to watering, remove a few inches of the surface soil, and replace afterwards. If the soil is mulched removing the soil is not necessary.

III. The present is a good time to drain land. Help can be easily, got at reasonable rates, and there is always considerable time to spare during this month. When you do drain, work according to a plan, and you will not at any future time find it necessary to relay with larger tile, or sink your drains deeper.

IV. Keep your corn clean by removing all weeds, and hoe often, for by this means your crop will be increased. Where weeds grow and the soil is baked, the crop will be light.

V. Clean your seed-wheat thoroughly from chess and the seeds of all weeds.—Wash it in strong brine. and skim off all the floating grains of every kind. Dust with lime when wet, and it will kill the spores of smut.—[Ohio Farmer.

Seasonable Receipts.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—To a peck of green tomatoes, add three medium sized green peppers. Chop them fine, and place them in a deep dish , alternate layers of tomatoes and salt; let them remain 12 hours, and then squeeze the mass dry, and put down in jars layers of the tomatoes, and *ground* allspice and cloves.

Boil the vinegar, and when cold pour it over the mass, in quantity sufficient entirely cover it.

TO PICKLE RIPE CUCUMBERS.—Pare, and remove the seeds; cut them in strips three or four inches in length. Put them in good vinegar, and let them stand 24 hours. Then turn them out and drain well. Make a syrup of two pounds of sugar to one quart of vinegar, adding cinnamon and cloves. Let the syrup get hot, then put in the cucumbers and let them boil until tender. Take them out and boil the syrup twenty minutes, and pour it on them. They will be ready for use in three days.

TOMATOE FIGS.—We have been requested to re-publish the following receipe, which appeared in Vol. I. credited to Mrs. Marsh. We have heard of a number of instances where it was tried successfully.—The figs are delicate in flavor, losing nearly all the peculiar tomatoe taste, and are in every way excellent. We commend them to the trial of any one who likes a dried sweetmeat of this kind, equaling almost the Smyrna fig.

Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again. After the third time, they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of this syrup makes a very nice sauce.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syr up removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.—[Germantown Telegraph.

EFFECTUAL METHOD FOR DESTROYING RATS.—A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer gives the following method for destroying rats. He says:

"One day a stranger came to our house to buy barley, and hearing my father mention the difficulty he had in freeing the house of these disagreeable tenants, he said he could put him in the way of getting rid of them with very little trouble. His directions were simply these: Mix a quantity of arsenic with any sort of grease, and plaster it pretty thick around their holes. The rats, he said, if they did not eat the poison, would soil their coats in passing through their holes, and as like all furred animals, they are very cleanly and cannot endure any dirt upon their coats, ot remove the offensive matter would lick their fur and thus destroy themselves. This plan was immediately put in practice, and in a month's time not a rat was to be se about the house or barn.