DELAWARE DEMOCRAT.

"Eternal Enmity to every thing that fetters the mind of Man."—JEFFERSON.

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17 19-tf GEORGE CAMPBELL.

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Would do well to give us a call. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
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Miscellaneous Department.

Several years ago in one of his lectures on diseases of the Heart, before the students of Jefferson Medical College, we heard Prof. Mitchell relate the substance of the following story and assert its truthfulness. It is a touching recital and could only in deep, pathetic interest by Washington Irving's story of the same title.—[Ed.]

THE BROKEN HEART;
OR, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.
A Tale Founded on Fact.

BY DR. J. K. MITCHELL.

The ship, under full sail before a fine breeze, was leaving behind her the beautiful town of Liverpool;—beautiful, as seen from the river. The regular rise from the banks of the water, the hills covered with windmills in active circulation, the forest of masts in the vast docks, the brightly painted ships at anchor in the stream, the cluster of sail boats careering over the rippling surface of the Mersey, the diversified and highly picturesque shore of Cheshire, with its villas, villages and signal-station, gave to the landscape that rich peculiarity which, in every part of hedgy England, art has superadded to the verdant face of nature. Every one was gazing on the enchanting scenery, and remarking the striking effect of our constantly varying position, except the captain of the ship, and a stranger of middle age and dignified port, who, were engaged in earnest conversation, heeded not a landscape probably too familiar to excite particular attention.

Struck with the appearance of the stranger, I drew nearer, and began to watch the diversification of noble expression, as the passage of an earnest argument gave activity to his countenance. I was not near enough of course, to hear what was said, but to my great satisfaction was soon invited nearer, by an appeal by the captain from a conclusion of his opponent.

"Mr. Tremond tells me," said the captain, "that the only true support under trials, the only genuine consolation in distress, is what he terms Religion. That is to me unintelligible. How are real, present, tangible evils to be alleviated by supposed, remote, intangible dreams. They may withdraw a man as do other hallucinations, from his present and painful thought, but the opiate ceases to act, or becomes worn through habit, and the patient must take it for permanent consolation. Reason was given to restrain the passions, refine and direct the sentiments, and teach us how to bear 'the thousand ills that flesh is heir to.' We see what is, and what is inevitable; what evitable or remediable, and conforming to philosophical views of nature and man, we have for our support under the heaviest afflictions, the lofty consolations which enlarged conceptions ever afford. I have experienced the value of this remedy, and confidently recommend it to others."

"I cannot admit the truth of your position," replied the stranger, "even when taken by the philosopher, *par excellence*. Philosophers reason no better than other people in the common affairs of life. In their peculiar pursuits they are above the world, and have been trained to dialectics suited to their various studies; but these are useless for the direction of conduct, or the assuagement of grief. The bearing of man of science and learning, under the lash of sorrow, shows the utter weakness of mere intellectual culture to the support of the mind, when trials come. Besides, every consolator's argument of any value, is as well known to the peasant as the philosopher. Who does not know that sorrow is the lot of man; that we are surrounded by calamities, and born to trouble; that grief does not cure any human ill; and that the sooner we wipe our tears, and direct attention to new objects, the sooner we shall abate our sorrow? The usual changes rung on these topics by every sympathising friend, show the triteness of the philosophic consolation, in its worldly sense. The philosophers who have written wisely and well on the means of enduring trials have done so at their ease. Passion poured out its disturbing cataract into the peaceful lake of contemplation, and the true images of nature were beautifully mirrored in its bosom. The lightest drop distorts the picture, and amidst the storms of worldly care, the waters cease to reflect justly one single object. Your favorite author is full of passages to this effect—

"'Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
"'Unless Philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not.'
"'Show me the Philosopher who can bear the tooth-ache patiently.'
"'Oh, sir, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.'

So Milton says,

"'Apt words have power to assuage,
But what the afflicted to his pangs, their sound listlessness prevails,
Unless he feels within
Some source of consolation from above.'
SAMSON AGONISTES.

"The whole philosophy of worldly consolation is comprised in the adage,

"'What can't be cured
Must be endured.'

"Perhaps the following anecdote is beneath the dignity of our subject, but is too apt to be withheld:

"Patrick was dying of consumption, and Sheelah, endeavoring to console him, observed that he must bear it, for death was inevitable.

"'Ooh, that's just what grieves me. If one could help it now!'

"'Well,' said she, 'at all events you can die but once—you won't suffer death twice.'

"'Ah! there's the worst of it. If I were only a cat, now! Nine lives! I wouldn't care a farthing for one of them.'

"Philosophy *may* aid us in petty griefs, but when that in which we have 'garnered up our hearts' is gone, we grieve the more because there are not nine of them. He on the other hand, who looks on this world as but a pathway to the world beyond, may love as well, as deeply, the lovely things of time; but he does not here 'garner up his heart.' Nor does he look on events as inevitable accidents. They are the writing on the wall by the finger of God for encouragement, reproof, chastening. 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chastenetth.' Life is the journey to death, and death the portal of Paradise, to him who endureth to the end. The Philosopher tries to bear through pride, love of approbation, and inevitable necessity; the Christian through love of God, sense of duty, and hope of endless and cloudless happiness. The one leans on himself and the world, the other on the Great Being who made him, and who is able and willing to sustain to the uttermost all who are weary and heavily laden."

The conversation was here interrupted by the nautical salutation, "ship ahoy," from a revenue cutter, whose business it was to "overhaul" outward-bound vessels. In England, many articles are charged with export-duty, and at the period to which our narrative refers, certain classes of citizens were prohibited from transporting themselves or their machinery beyond seas. More effectually to secure those objects, each ship was searched before her departure, and the passengers were mustered and examined, lest some of them should have neglected to obtain a "permit" at the custom-house. As soon as the ship "rounds" the rock at the mouth of the Mersey, she is liable to be inspected in a similar manner by a revenue cutter. One of these vessels was now about to exhibit to us the disagreeable routine of a review, which our captain, with some show of half repressed spleen, hoped would be the last.

The boarding official was a short, plump rosy personage, with very large hands and feet, and a scrutinizing eye, which, usually in a rolling mood, was at times fixed intently for an instant on something or person, as if about to make a valuable detection—"Passengers and crew," cried he.

"All arranged," replied the captain.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—Ah! That's the young Scotchman! Sir, I want a moment's private conversation with you," quoth man, whom he immediately seized by the shoulder, and led to the taffrail on which they leaned, and conversed for about three minutes, when something passed from the youth to the skipper, which the latter carefully deposited in a huge pocket-book.

"After all," said the official, turning suddenly to the lieutenant, "he is a Scotchman," and with a knowing wink he tapped the back of the pocket book three times; and with great care deposited it in a deep inside pocket. "A *sterling* Scotchman that; and no harm in a crisis—no—not he!" he continued he with a good humored look.

"All ready; *steerage passengers on deck—gentlemen in the cabin.*"

The former were carelessly looked at by the coxswain, while the chief and lieutenant descended to the more important task below. The simply raising the lid of a trunk, and the change of ownership of a piece of gold or silver sufficed in every case until they came to the baggage of the gentleman whose conversation with the captain has been already detailed. The lid of the first trunk was raised by the lieutenant, and so held while the chief looked fixedly at the owner. The latter looked quietly back. "Examine," said the official, and the deputy threw a shirt or two on the floor—another pause and look, and the same quiet replication. "Go on my hearty"—shirts, shoes, books very neatly packed lost their place upon the lid of his left hand, whispered something into the ear of his friend, which produced from him an emphatic "No," and a decided shake of the head. The captain then, apparently out of humor, left the cabin, and the refractory passenger had to bear the entire distraction of all his baggage, and the disappointed looks of the searchers, who got no fee, and found no prize, and what was still harder to bear, did not put the owner of the tumbled baggage out of humor.

When the party emerged from the cabin, Captain Anter was pacing the deck rapidly, in evident dissatisfaction; which was not lessened by hearing that he must keep his sails shack, until some other vessels were boarded, and the man of the revenue had time to make further search. This order, conveyed imperatively, entirely overthrew the captain's equanimity; and he did not fail to express, not only loudly, but deeply, his dislike of duties, officials, England, the King, Kings in general, and George the Fourth in particular; from which he digressed to an eulogium on republics in general, and the United States in particular; by which means he had worked himself into a calmer mood, by the time his passenger had adjusted his baggage and reached the deck again. The calm look of Mr. Tremond put Captain Anter on his guard, and with a smile he said—"A pretty mess you have cooked for us this morning, Mr. Tremond! Had you given a guinea you would have saved yourself trouble and the ship sat sharks worst hazardous detention. Those sharks wont let us ship without overhauling the hold, because you put them out of humor. Had I kept cool I should have put a golden gag on the order; but I was too high at the time for that; and so here we must lie at hazzard, when we ought to claw off from shore as fast as possible."

"You would not surely advise me giving a bride for the purpose of seducing men to a neglect of duty," said Tremond. "I am sorry for the detention, but perhaps we may in the end have cause to rejoice at it. *Finis coronat opus*, is a good maxim in all things, and especially so in a progressive adversity."

"Very well for those not interested," replied the captain; "but it is hard to bear the probable sacrifice of property and risk of life—and—" a deep blush, and abrupt turn, closed the conversation, and I followed the expression into the cabin.

With the assistance of the ship's steward he collected from various trunks and cases what seemed to be the habiliments and other paraphernalia of a young lady. Riding-dress, reticule, work-box, shawls, fans, gloves, shoes, in fine a load of elegance and luxury encumbered the cabin. Everything was in turn carefully examined, with occasional reference to a written catalogue; and after being approved or criticised, replaced. Frequently, during the survey, I was requested to unfold, and sometimes to admire. They were all at length disposed of, and the owner becoming thoughtful, I was about to leave him to himself, when he beckoned to a seat, and with a faint smile asked me if I understood the meaning of what I saw. "Something pretty for your——daughter, sir," said I hesitatingly, for as the captain was beyond forty, I did not suppose him a lover.

"Daughter, indeed! do you suppose I have fallen into the 'slough of despond' in love matters, and that only boys can love? —I have never been married, and these things are for my betrothed. You shall see her, and you will then confess that the pre-eminent, elegant as they are, are but a toil to her. How well, that I waited for the true one—so beautiful—so accomplished—so artless—so true. There was one in early life who thought she loved me, but it was love's young *dream* only. Three years of absence, a little neglect on my part roused her spirit, and she found out that she had misunderstood her heart; which she called back and gave to another. It is true that she was not happy, and they said that she loved me still; but she her self thought herself bound to other faith to another. I release her and received back from me the pledge she had given me at parting; and to the decline in the fortune of her husband. The degradation of keeping a tavern, the only one in my own little town, seemed to bear hard on her; but when I was compelled to occupy a room in it for a time, she had recovered her spirits, and seemed cheerful, if not gay.—The change was, by certain gossips, explained by my society; but I saw little of her, and she never suffered herself to be alone with me; a plain proof that love had grown to aversion. It was true that my room was kept fastidiously neat, that my meals were delicate and tasteful, and that no other guest was treated with the same distinction; but in all that, I saw only the proud spirit, endeavoring to avoid the slightest resentment for a former wrong, and telling me plainly that if love had ever been, love was no longer."

"Oh! poor thing, she did not live long. The tavern was fatal to her husband's habits. The brute became jealous of her before my departure, and pretended to find her averse to letting any one lodge in the chamber I had left, and having found her in tears, he proceeded from words of wrath to blows, and was killed by her brother in his own bar room, while a tempting to *couchide* her for saying 'don't say so,' when he was heaping curses on my absent head. That was her pride. Our Yankee women are all proud; but she was pre-eminently so. As a proof of it, she could not hear my name, even when on her death-bed, without coloring deeply."

I was too much affected by the tale, so carelessly told, yet pregnant with such deep interest, to one of my sentimental cast, to listen further; and I made my escape to a better moral and political atmosphere on deck. How little reason, thought I, is there in a woman's love.—Such a woman, so devoted to such a creature; without even the perception on his part of the first principles of affection.—The vanity of most men would have appropriated to itself these ethereal traces of a delicate and undying love; but neither vanity nor reason, nor a responsive sympathy, could teach to his obtuse callousness, the first line of affection's troubled *Book*, and the copper replied on her wounded sides. The inspection was not without other benefit. Some of the woodwork having been inserted in a green state was entirely gone; and had we proceeded to sea, according to our original plan, we should have been water-logged by the first gale.

During our tedious detention, Mr. Tremond and Captain Anter had many debates on the subject which engaged them at my introduction. As is usual in such cases, each disputant did more than remain of his original opinion; for each became more thoroughly convinced of the force of his own, and the weakness of his adversary's position. I could easily discover, however, that Mr. Tremond stood contradiction better than the captain, and that the latter had much of the philosophy which resides distant life, but little of that which sweetens a present grievance. The detention of his vessel, prolonged by a succession of unlooked for accidents, was almost too much for his equanimity; and it was easy to see that a dread of Mr. Tremond's reproof was a steady repression of his impulses of impatience. Indeed, sometimes he would endeavor to console himself by arguments derived from his philosophy, when one could perceive that there was another actual cause of restraint, for which he sought an imagined source. There is some wilfulness, but more self-deception in our statements to ourselves of our motives. The real one is not always perceived, and if seen as it may be, obscurely, it is too often so unwelcome as to be rudely thrust aside. Especially is it hidden from the eyes of others, who, contrary to what we usually suppose, would like us better, and value us more, for a candid confession, or a prudent silence. While thus we lose credit for candor, we rarely succeed in making the intended impression; and the *humbug* entails on us its odium without its success. Fortunately for Captain Anter, Mr. Tremond knew his character thoroughly, and was too good a judge of human nature not to make great allowance for the generally amiable faults of his friend. Mr. Tremond, too, knew too well the utter worthlessness of the unsustained heart, to condemn him for what he believed he could not easily help in his irreligious condition. The captain, on the other hand, looked on Mr. Tremond as a kind of fanatic, and pitied him for his delusion, but dreaded his steady virtue and rigid estimate of right. It was evident that Mr. T.'s was the superior mind—not so much from a stronger sense, as a firmer ground of action. His rule of conduct did not vary, and although Captain Anter laughed at its illusions, he could not help respecting his consistency. When a man submits because God wills, or acts because God orders, there is a force and steadiness, which gives to the spring from no other motives. If, then, Captain Anter did not believe in Scripture, he yet felt the full power of the sentiment and conduct of Mr. Tremond and he feared and loved him. How true it is that the tendency in the character of the Divinity, to inspire both fear and love, is conveyed, in some degree, to that of those whom that Divinity especially stirs. We feel, in the presence of a righteous man, some of the awe which God inspires—for is not the Great Judge looking out through his eyes, and is he not speaking the very language of the Great Reprover. Even they who theoretically deny the truth, are more or less awed by a righteous man, however gentle and kind he may be; and when a professor of religion, and more especially when a clergyman, fails to make such an inability of his conversation, the fault is his. Mr. Tremond was as gentle as a child, and as simple in his manners as a hermit.—And yet, though without any pretension, and free from all affectation, he inspired an awe which at times was almost painful. This puzzled me for a time, because I saw that it was not personal, and that he was neither ascetic nor dogmatic. One day Captain Anter and I were comparing th ughts on this subject, when a person who sat near enough to us to overhear our conversation, relieved us from the difficulty.

"You are right," said he, "in thinking Mr. Tremond is not personally calculated to inspire dread or awe. He is, and always has been, of a quiet and gentle temper, and of a modest deportment. But he is so thoroughly imbued with the religious sentiment, as to exhibit it without designing to do so, in all his language and conduct. Many talk more on the subject, and profess a greater holiness, but in him its beauty and consistency offer themselves in such a manner as to embody the great Principle of our faith, and it is that, the God within him, that awes us. If he were to display his religion more it would affect us less. If he were to appear sensible himself of his Christian state, it would become less obvious to us; and if he were to interpose any part of his human nature, the admixture would so adulterate the whole as to deprive its impressions. The less, therefore, a truly religious man *shows* of his state, the more it is admitted to be pure and good. In this, as in mere human properties, modesty and humility but brighten true gifts. Dogmatism is as offensive in religion as in learning; and he who thanks God 'that he is not as that publican,' wrecks his charity on the flinty reef of a dangerous arrogance. Mr. Tremond never forces conversation into a serious channel, but in his presence it seldom fails, finally and gracefully, to fall into a graver tone; and men rise from an agreeable flow of soul, insensibly improved and instructed. Mr. Tremond seldom speaks of himself. Always doing good, he is yet dissatisfied too much with the feebleness and limitation of his efforts to benefit objects of exhibition of his destitution. Nor does he, with much humility, lament over his unsatisfactory exertions, by way of telling to others what a busy christian he is. But every man has, at least, one failing, and so has Mr. Tremond."

"That I know well," said Captain Anter. "He is confoundedly obstinate in argument. I have never been able to make him change an opinion. Would you believe it, sir, he will insist that a man can learn better in a distant and unknown world, than on one which is near and known. Now that is a palpable absurdity, is it not?"

Just at th's point in the conversation, Mr. Tremond entered. There was a cloud on his brow, which Captain Anter did not fail to observe and comment on.

"You are in trouble, sir! You don't seem to bear yourself calmly! What ails you? Where is your religion, sir?"

"Religion, my good Captain, does not make me insensible. The great Exemplar shed tears at the death of a friend, and we are taught to mourn with those who mourn. I am really in trouble, but I hope that I shall not faint under the burden. It is a hard thing to lose the fruits of a long life of labor at one blow; but Job bore great afflictions without repining, and I trust that the power of the Supporter is not lessened in our time. I am thankful that there are no toll gates on the way to Heaven, so that I shall not want a fortune to get thither. I rejoice that, since my talents are gone, I shall have no longer to face the perils of riches, nor be accountable for their use. I have health and business habits, and a few friends, so that if I should have fewer comforts, I shall not positively starve. This blow, too, comes from a remote source, it is so little connected with my action, that I am constrained to believe that it is peculiarly providential, and designed for some good and wise purpose—what, time will show."

"Then you have lost all your fee fortune?"

"Yes I believe all."

"Well, you must be either a fool or a philosopher to take it so coolly."

"Part of my grief, Captain Anter, is on your account. The property which I embarked in your ship to purchase land in America, must be placed at the disposal of others, and they will probably give it another destination, so that I fear, my good friend, that you will be detained a week or two longer."

The captain sat, as if turned to stone—still pale, and rigid. After a long pause he muttered through his clenched teeth, "All this comes of your infernal fastidiousness—why did'nt you give that fellow a guinea!"—and he rushed out of the room. Returning after a few moments, he said to Mr. Tremond—"Sir, I'll sail to morrow. Your goods are on board, and I won't stiff. Them is be laden with flax, that I owe creditors seek them in America."

"I am really sorry, my dear captain, for your detention; but I think I can hasten your departure by much exertion: Perhaps a few days will suffice, and I have friends here who will, I think immediately replace your lost freight. The goods are seized, a fact which I learned before I knew the loss which had caused it, so that you can't sail to morrow."

"There!—there!—another week! Was ever man so beset! I'll go mad! I wish that storm had wrecked us too! What a fool I was not turn back! All some of your religious scruples! I wish I had that revenue cutter man now, I'd use him so" and seizing me by the neck-cloth, he began to twist it in a manner by no means calculated to make me relish his philosophic consolation, when, with a deep groan, he decided too.

"Captain! your philosophy!"

Poor Anter loosened his hold, stammered out an awkward apology, sank into a chair and burst into tears.

A few days, through the great efforts of Mr. Tremond and the ceaseless activity of the captain, sufficed to get his ship ready for sea; and with a fine breeze and favorable weather, we again left behind us the port of Liverpool.

The parting of Mr. Tremond and the captain was singular. The earnest efforts of the former to expedite his departure had almost overcome the wrath of the latter, and the captain would no doubt have fully forgiven the undeserved injury, had he not betrayed in his burst of passion the weakness of his old antagonist with Mr. Tremond. Still more was he annoyed at the admirable bearing of his opponent, under trials usually esteemed of the hardest character. It contrasted unfavorably with his rage and sullenness, and left no soft place on which his self-esteem could set down his conversion.

There was an evident constraint in the Captain's manner. He wished to appear kind to his old friend, now in poverty, but he could not act frankly. Mr. Tremond, who fully understood his weakness, forbore any unpleasant allusion,—sent some messages to friends in America, and was about to leave the deck of the vessel, when, suddenly turning, he said, "Captain Anter, I had nearly forgotten something. Before we for the first time sailed, I brought a trifle, which I intended to offer to a fair friend of our's in America. As I cannot accompany you, I must beg you to present it for me." So saying, he drew from his coat pocket a beautifully illuminated bible bound in crimson velvet, and clasped with gold. "I have taken the liberty to mark some of its passages, which I found consolatory to myself in hours of trial and adversity. They will probably be long unobserved. But as trouble do not spring from the dust, and all men must sometimes mourn, they will have their day of attention."

The captain, in the flush of a more kindly feeling, overlooked the argumentative pertinacity with which Mr. Tremond accompanied his present, and embracing his considerate and forbearing friend, wept aloud. Mr. Tremond descended to the boat in waiting for him, the captain retired to his state-room, and I watched the play of the oars, as the boat bore the former back to the shores of England one of Earth's noblest ornaments, a truly good man.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

☞ The list of failures published this week by the New York Independent is very large. It includes twenty in Boston, fifty in New York, seven in Philadelphia, while the rest are scattered through the country.

☞ The election in Georgia has resulted in the election of the Democratic candidate for Governor by 10,000 majority. Six Democrats and two Know Nothings are elected to Congress, being a Democratic gain of one.

☞ George Washington Custis, the last direct descendent of the Washington family was buried at Arlington on Wednesday last. There was a very large assemblance at the funeral, including the military and the Association of the Soldiers of the War of 1812.