

the labyrinthine and colossal treasure-houses of history,—I entered the ancient catacombs of the illustrious and dead, traversed the regions of the dim and shadowy past, with no cowardly step,—ransacked earth and heaven, to add one gem to her casket. At certain periods, I required her to condense, to illustrate, to combine, what I had brought her. I listened, with wonder, to her intuitive eloquence; I gazed with delight upon the intellect that I thus embellished,—upon the Corinthian capital that I had erected and adorned. Not a single acanthus-leaf started forth, but I cherished and fostered it with the dew of a father's blessing.

Yet while the outpoured riches of a masculine understanding were thus incorporating themselves with her softer structure, I should not have been content, unless she had also borne the palm of female grace and loveliness. Was it therefore nothing to me, that she evinced in her bloom of youth, a dignity surpassing her sex, that in symmetry she restored the image of the Medicæan Venus, that amid the circles of rank and fashion, she was the model—the cynosure? Still was she saved from that vanity which would have been the destroyer of all these charms, by the hallowed prevalence of her filial piety. It was for my sake that she strove to render herself the most graceful among women,—for my sake, that she rejoiced in the effect of her attainments. Her gentle and just nature felt that the “husbandman who had laboured, should be first partaker of the fruits.” Returning from those scenes of splendour, where she was the object of every eye, the theme of every tongue, when the youthful bosom might be forgiven for inflation from the clouds of incense that had breathed upon it, to the inquiry of her mother, if she had been happy, the tender and sweet reply was, “because I saw that my dear father was so.”

Sometimes, I was conscious of gathering roughness from the continual conflict with passion and prejudice, and that the fine edge of the feelings could not ever be proof against the corrosions of such an atmosphere. Then I sought my home, and called my bird of song, and listened to the warbling of her high, heavy-toned voice. The melody of that music fell upon my soul, like oil upon the troubled billows,—and all was tranquil; I wondered where my perturbations had fled, but still more, that I had ever indulged them. Sometimes, the turmoil and fluctuations of the world, threw a shade of dejection over me; then it was her pride to smooth my brow, and to restore its smile. Once, a sorrow of no common order had befallen me; it rankled in my breast like a dagger's point; I came to my house, but I shunned all its inmates. I threw myself down, in solitude, that I might wrestle alone with my fate, and subdue it; a light footstep approached, but I heeded it not. A form of beauty was on the sofa, by my side, but I regarded it not. Then my hand was softly clasped, breathed upon—pressed to ruby lips. It was enough. I took my daughter in my arms, and my sorrow vanished. Had she essayed the hackneyed expressions of sympathy, or even the usual epithets of endearment, I might have desired her to leave my presence. Had she uttered only a single word, it would have been too much, so wounded was my spirit within me. But the deed, the very poetry of tenderness, breathing, not speaking, melted “the winter of my discontent.” Ever she was endued with the most exquisite of woman's perfections, a knowledge both when to be silent, and where to speak,—and so to speak, that the frosts might dissolve from around the heart she loved, and its discord be turned to harmony.

Thus was she my comforter, and in every hour of our intercourse was my devotion to her happiness richly repaid. Was it strange that I gazed on the work of my own hands with ineffable delight? At twilight I quickened my homeward step, with the thought of that countenance which was both my evening and morning star; as the bird nerves her wearied wing, when she hears from the still-distant forest, the chirpings of her own nest.

I sat in the house of God, in the silence of sabbath meditation, and tears of thrilling exultation moistened my eyes. I gazed upon my glorious creature, in the stainless blossom of unfolding youth, and my whole soul overflowed with a father's pride. *What more can man desire?* I challenged the whole earth to add another drop to my cup of felicity. Did I forget to give glory to the Almighty, that his decree even then went forth, to smite down my idol?

I came from engrossing toil, and found her restless, with strange fire upon her cheek. Fever had lain rankling in her veins, and they had concealed it from me. I raved. I filled my house with physicians. I charged them wildly to restore her to health and to me. It was in vain. I saw that God had claimed her. His will was written upon her brow. The paleness and damps of the tomb settled upon her.

I knelt by the bed of death, and gave her back to her Creator. Amid the tears and groans of mourners, I lifted up a firm voice. A fearful courage entered into me. I seemed to rush even upon the buckler of the Eternal. I likened myself unto him who on Mount Moriah, “stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.” The whole energy of my nature urged itself for the awful conflict. I gloried in my strength to suffer. With terrible sublimity, I stood forth, as the High Priest of my smitten and astonished household. I gave the lamb in sacrifice, with an unshrinking hand, though it was my own heart's blood, that steeped, and streamed over the altar.

It was over. She had gone. She stayed not for my embraces. She was permitted to give me no parting-token. The mind that I had adorned, shrouded itself and fled. I knew that the seal upon those eyes must not be broken till the trump of the Archangel.

Three days and nights I sat by the dead. Beauty lingered there, in deep, and solemn, and sacred repose. I hid my head upon her pillow. I pressed my lips to hers, and their ice entered my soul. I talked long to the beautiful spirit, and methought it answered me. Then I listened breathlessly, but

“there was no voice, nor any that regarded.” And still I wept not.

The fatal day came, in which even that clay was to be no longer mine. The funeral knell, with its heavy yet suppressed summons came over me like the dividing of soul and body. There was a flood of weeping, when that form, once so replete with every youthful charm, so instinct with the joyous principle of life, was borne in marble stillness from its parental halls. The eye of the mother that bore her, even of the poor menial that waited upon her, knew the luxury of tears. All were wet with that balm of sorrow, to overflowing—all save mine!

The open grave had a revolting aspect. I could not bear that the form I had worshipped should be left to its cold and hideous guardianship. At the hollow sound of the first falling clod, I would fain have leaped into the pit and demanded her. But I ruled myself. I committed her to the frozen earth without a tear. There was a tremendous majesty in such grief. I was a wonder to myself.

I returned to my desolate abode. The silence that reigned there was appalling. My spirit sank beneath it, as a stone goes down into the depths of ocean, bearing the everlasting burden of its fathomless tide. I sought the room where I had last seen her, arrayed in the vestments of the tomb. There lay the books which we had read together. Their pages bore the marks of her pencil. I covered my eyes from them, and turned away. I bowed down to inhale the fragrance of her flowers, and felt that they had no right to bloom so fair, when she, their culturer and their queen, was blighted. I pressed my hand upon the keys of her piano, and started back at the mournful sound they made. I wandered to her own apartment. I threw myself upon the couch where from infancy she had slumbered. I trusted to have wept there. But my grief was too mighty to be thus unchained. It disdained the relief of tears. I seemed to rush as upon a drawn sword, and still it refused to pierce me.

Yet all this was when no eye saw me. In the presence of others I was like Mount Atlas, bearing unmoved the stormy heavens upon his shoulders.

I went forth amidst the jarring competitions and perpetual stripes of men. I adjusted their interests, while I despised them and their concerns. I unravelled their perplexities. I penetrated their subtleties. I exposed their duplicity. I cut the Gordian knots of their self-conceit. I made the “crooked straight, and the rough places plain,”—with an energy that amazed them and myself. It was like that of a spirit, which has nothing to do with the flesh. I suffered the tumult of my soul to breathe itself out in bursts of stormy declamation. I exerted the strength of a giant when it was not required. I scorned to balance power with necessity. The calculations of prudence, and the devices of cunning, seemed equally pitiful, and despicable. I put forth the same effort to crush an enemy as to uproot an oak of a thousand centuries. It was sufficient for me always to triumph. While men marvelled at the zeal with which I served them, I was loathing them in my heart. I was sick of their chicanery, and their sabbathless rush after empty honours and perishable dross. The whole world seemed to me “less than nothing, and vanity.” Still I was sensible of neither toil, nor fatigue, nor physical exhaustion. I was like one, who in his trouble dreams of midnight, treads on air and finds it strangely supporting him.

But every night I went to my daughter's grave. I laid me down there, in unutterable bitterness. While the stars looked coldly on me. I spoke to her fondly and earnestly, as one who could not be denied. I said,—“Angel! who art mine no longer, listen to me. Thou who art raised above all tears, cause one tear to moisten my burning brow. Give it to me as a token that thou hearest me, that thou hast not forgotten me.” And the blasts of winter, through the leafless boughs, mockingly replied—“Give it to me,—Give it to me.” But I wept not. Ten days and nights passed over me, and still I wept not.

My brain was heated to agony. The visual nerves were scorched and withered. My heart was parched and arid as the Libyan desert. Then I knew that the throne of Grief was in the heart: that though her sceptre may reach the remotest nerve, and touch the minutest cell where the brain slumbers, and perplex every ethereal ambassador from spirit to sense,—yet the pavilion where her darkest dregs are wrung out, the laboratory where her consuming fires are compounded, is the heart, the heart.

I have implied that my intellect faltered. Yet every mourning I went to the scene of my labours. I put my shoulder to the wheel, caring not though it crushed me. I looked at men fixedly and haughtily with my red eye-balls. But I spoke no word to betray the flame feeding at my vitals. The heart strings shrivelled and broke before it, yet the martyrdom was in silence.

Again, Night drew her sable curtain, and I sought my daughter's grave. Methought, its turf covering was discomposed, and some half rooted shrubs that shuddered and drooped when placed in that drear assemblage of the dead, had been trampled and broken. A horrible suspicion took possession of my mind. I rushed to the house of the sexton—“Has any one troubled my daughter's grave?” Alarmed at my vehemence, he remained speechless and irresolute.

“Tell me,” I exclaimed, in a voice of terror, “who has disturbed my daughter's grave?” He evaded my adjuration, and murmured something about an injunction to secrecy. With the grasp of a maniac, I bore him to an inner apartment, and bade him satisfy my question. Trembling at my violence, he confessed that the grave had been watched for ten nights.

“Who has watched my daughter's grave?” Reluctantly he gave me the names of those friends,—names for ever graven on my soul.

And so for ten long, wintry nights, so dreary and interminable, which I had cast away amidst the tossings of profitness,

delirious, despairing sorrow, they had been watching, that the repose of that unsullied clay might remain unbroken.

A new tide of emotion was awakened. I threw myself down as powerless as the weaned infant. Torrents of tears flowed. The tenderness of man wrought what the severity of Heaven had failed to produce. It was not the earthquake, nor the thunder, nor the tempest, that subdued. It was the still small voice. I wept until the fountain's of tears failed. The relief of that hour of weeping can never be shadowed forth in language. The prison-house of passionate agony was unlocked. I said to God that he was merciful, and I loved him because my angel lived in his presence. Since then, it would seem, that my heart has been made better. Its aspirations are upward, whither she has ascended, and as I tread the devious path of my pilgrimage, both the sunbeam and the thorn point me as a suppliant to the Redeemer of Man, that I may be at last fitted to dwell with her for ever.

JACK ASHORE.

I remember once on going up by the mail, in 1807, from Devonport to London, we stopped to take up a passenger at a public house at Plymouth. He was a seaman who had just been discharged, through the intercession of his friends, from one of his Majesty's ships, then lying in the Sound, in consequence of his having tumbled unexpectedly into a property of five hundred a year. Jack made his appearance in his new character of a gentleman rigged out in his long top, evidently, if one might judge from the broad yawning, in his course, trimmed a little too much by the head, surrounded by at least a dozen of his late shipmates, to whom he had been giving a farwell treat; the plenitude of which might be plainly inferred from the unsteady motions and loving kindness displayed by them to their more fortunate massmate in taking leave of him, a process which sadly put the patience of both guard and coachman to the test. He had paid his six guineas for an inside place—the guard, tired with waiting, called out. Now, sir, get in, we can't wait a moment longer. Haven't I engaged my passage in this here craft? Yes, but we are past our time, and we must be off—Come, get in, my good fellow. I say Mr Quartermaster, or whoever you are, do you fancy I am going to stow my carcass away in such a cramped up hold as that? No, no, I am for the upper deck; and up he started on the roof of the coach. * * * It was noticed on changing horses at Ivy Bridge, (where he insisted upon treating all the hostlers and bystanders,) that the poor fellow had at least from sixty to seventy pounds about him; gentleman in the inside recommended the guard to take charge of his pocket-book for safety, which he willingly gave into custody, on condition that he would give him a one pound note. As night drew on, the sailor's generosity had no means of finding objects upon which to vent itself; but after six o'clock in the morning the pound note rapidly dwindled away, so that by the time we had passed Taunton the last shilling had been expended, and Jack's liberal feelings appeared to increase as the fumes of the various draughts he had quaffed mounted and took possession of the upper works. Another pound note was demanded, which the gentlemen strongly advised the guard not to supply; every method was resorted to for the purpose of persuading him to remain quit, but all was to no effect. Give me my money, Mr. Guardo, exclaimed Jack. But, my good fellow, we have had quite enough to drink, we don't want any more. Who asked you for your opinion? give me the money. No, no, I'll take care of it for you till we get to Bath, and then you shall have it. Hand over, you sharking land lubber, or I'll bang up those top lights of yours. Clap a stopper upon your jaw tackle, and give me my money. * * * He had no sooner got possession of it than he jumped down from the coach, swearing that he would not sail another mile in company with such a set of privateersmen. It was folly to argue with him, and he was, therefore, left behind. Before we had reached the next stage, Jack had overtaken us in a chaise and four, waving his hat, with his body more than half out of the window, singing out at the full pitch of his voice, “Go along, you beggars; make more sail ye lubberly hounds, and catch me if you can.—Captain Scott's Recollections of Naval Life.

CRUELTY OF THE CALABAR PEOPLE.

It is their custom upon the death of a great man; to have one of his slaves, male or female, taken down to the side of the river, to make what they call a devil; which means, I presume, an offering to the evil spirit. This is done in the following manner:—A stake is driven into the ground, close to the water's edge. To this the poor wretch is fastened, the head being pulled as high as possible to stretch the neck for the sword by which he is to be decapitated; and after the deed is accomplished, they carry the head through the town rejoicing. These frightful orgies used to take place in the day time, but in consequence of the repeated remonstrances from the captains of vessels, who were shocked by the frequency of these horrid scenes, performed in sight of all the ships in the river, there now