

made almost indiscriminate havoc of those who did not fight under their banners. It was a perilous time for all men; but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Forseeing calamity, they had nearly two years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns, and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the government, which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties and harm to neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols and threaten death, if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street, to be massacred. But the pistol dropped, when the Christian mildly replied, 'Friend, do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, or any other human being.' Not even amidst the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fire at one who spoke such words as those. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery higher than their own.

On one occasion an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house, unless the owner expelled the Protestant women and children, who had taken refuge there; 'I cannot help it,' replied the Friend; 'So long as I have a house I will keep it open to succour the helpless and the distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks or to the ranks of thine enemies. If my house is burned, I must be turned out with them, and share their affliction.' The fighter turned away and did the Christian no harm.

The Protestant party seized the Quaker school-master of Ballitor, saying they could see no reason why he should stay at home in quiet, while they were obliged to fight to defend his property. 'Friends, I have asked no man to fight for me,' replied the school-master. But they dragged him along, swearing that he should stand in front of the army, and, if he would not fight, he should at least stop a bullet. His house and school-house were filled with women and children, who had taken refuge there; for it was an instructive fact, throughout this bloody contest, that the houses of men of peace were the only places of safety. Some of the women followed the soldiers, begging them not to take away their friend and protector, a man who expended more for the sick and starving, than others did for arms and ammunition. The schoolmaster said, 'Do not be distressed my friends. I forgive these neighbours; for what they do, they do in ignorance of my principles and feelings. They may take my life but they cannot force me to do an injury to one of my fellow creatures.' As the Catholics had done, so did the Protestants; they went away, and left the man of peace safe in his divine armour.

The flames of bigotry were of course fanned by civil war. On one occasion the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, in very feeble health, and threatened to shoot him, if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest, to be christened. They had not led him far, before he sank down, from extreme weakness. 'What do you say to our proposition?' asked one of the soldiers, holding his gun significantly. The old man quietly replied, 'If thou art permitted to take my life I hope our Heavenly Father will forgive thee.' The insurgents talked apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

Deeds of kindness added strength to the influence of gentle words. The officers and soldiers of both parties had had some dying brother tendered by the Quakers, or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little ones, that had been christened. Which ever party marched into a village victorious, the cry was, 'Spare the Quakers! They have done good to all, and harm to none.' While flames were raging, and blood flowing in every direction, the houses of the peace-makers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where the Quakers were most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man, who, being afraid to treat to peace principles, put on a military uniform and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents, and he was killed. 'His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility,' says the historian; 'and therefore they invited it.'

During that troubled period, no armed citizen could travel without peril of his life; but the Quakers regularly attended their Monthly and Quarterly Meetings going miles across the country, of ten through an armed and furious multitude, and sometimes obliged to stop and remove corpses from their path. The Catholics, angry at Protestant meetings being thus openly held, but unwilling to harm the Quakers, advised them to avoid the public road, and go by private ways. But they, in their quiet innocent way, answered that they did not feel clear, it would right for them to go by any other path than the usual high road. And by the high road they went unmolested; even their young women, unattended by protectors, passed without insult.

Glory to the nation that first ventures to set an example at once so gentle and so brave! And our wars—are they brave or beautiful, even if judged of according to the maxims of this world? The secrets of our cowardly enmities on Mexico, and of our Indian wars, would secure a unanimous verdict in the

negative could they ever be even half revealed to posterity.

A few years ago, I met an elderly man in the Hartford stage, whose conversation led me to reflect on the baseness and iniquity often concealed behind the apparent glory of war. The thumb of his right hand hung down, as if suspended by a piece of thread; and some of the passengers inquired the cause. 'A Malay woman cut the muscle with her sabre,' was the reply.

'A Malay woman!' they exclaimed: 'How came you fighting with a woman?'

'I did not know she was a woman, for they all dress alike there,' said he. 'I was on board the U. S. ship Potomac, when it was sent out to chastise the Malays for murdering the crew of a Salem vessel. We attacked one of their forts, and killed some two hundred or more. Many of them were women; and I can tell you the Malay women are as good fighters as the men.'

After answering several questions concerning the conflict, he was silent for a moment, and then added with a sigh, 'Ah, that was a bad business. I do not like to remember it; I wish I never had had anything to do with it. I have been a seaman from my youth, and I know the Malays well. They are a brave and honest people. Deal fairly with them, and they will treat you well, and may be trusted with untold gold. The Americans were to blame in that business. The truth is, Christian nations are generally to blame in the outset, in all their difficulties with less civilized people. A Salem ship went to Malacca to trade for pepper. They agreed to give the natives a stated compensation, when a certain number of measures full of pepper were delivered. Men, women, and children, were busy picking pepper, and bringing it on board. The captain proposed that the sailors should go ashore and help them; and the natives consented with the most confiding good nature. The sailors were instructed to pick till evening, and then leave the baskets full of pepper in the bushes, with the understanding that they were to be brought on board by the natives in the morning. They did so, without exciting any suspicion of treachery. But in the night the baskets were all conveyed on board, and the vessel sailed away, leaving the Malays unpaid for her valuable cargo. This, of course, excited great indignation, and they made loud complaints to the commander of the next American vessel that arrived on their coast. In answer to a demand of redress from the government, they were assured that the case should be represented, and the wrong repaired. But 'yankee cuteness' in cheating a few savages was not sufficiently uncommon to make any great stir, and the affair was soon forgotten. Some time after, another captain of a Salem ship played a similar trick, and carried off a still larger quantity of stolen pepper. The Malays, exasperated beyond measure, resorted to Lynch law, and murdered an American crew that landed there about the same time. The U. S. ship Potomac was sent out to punish them for this outrage; and, as I told you, we killed some two hundred men and women. I sometimes think that our retaliation was not more rational or more like Christians, than theirs.'

'Will you please,' said I, 'to tell me what sort of revenge would be like Christians?'

He hesitated, and said it was a hard question to answer. 'I never felt pleasantly about that affair,' continued he: 'I would not have killed her, if I had known she was a woman.' I asked why he felt any more regret about killing a woman than a man. 'I hardly know why, myself,' answered he. 'I don't suppose I should, if it were a common thing for women to fight. But we are accustomed to think of them as not defending themselves; and there is something in every human heart that makes a man unwilling to fight those who do not fight in return. It seems mean and dastardly, and a man cannot work himself up to it.' Then if one nation would not fight, another could not, said I: 'what if a nation, instead of an individual, should make such an appeal to the manly feeling, which you say is inherent in the heart?'

'I believe other nations would be ashamed to attack her,' he replied. 'It would take away all the glory and excitement of war, and the hardest soldier would shrink from it, as from cold-blooded murder.' 'Such a peace establishment would be at once cheap and beautiful,' rejoined I; and so we parted.

TALK WITH TIME.

AT THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

TIME, Old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage is passing away,
Come sit by my hearth, ere the embers fall,
And hang thy scythe on yon empty nail,
And tell me a tale, 'neath this wintry sky,
Of the deeds thou hast done, as its months sweep by.

'I have cradled the babe, in the church-yard wide,
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride,
I have cloven a path through the ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk, to return no more;
I have humbled the strong, with their dauntless breast,
And laid the old on his staff to rest,

'I have loosened the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy was rank and bright,
I have startled the maid on her couch of down,

With a sprinkle of white mid her tresses brown;
I have rent from his idol the proud man's hold,
And scattered the hoard of the miser's gold.'

'Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone,
In the riven heart and the burial stone?'

'No. Love's young chain I have twined with flowers,
Have awakened the song in the rose-crowned bowers;

Have reared the trophy for wealth and fame,
And paved the road for the cars of flame.

'Look to the child—it hath learned from me
The word that it lisps at the mother's knee;
Look to the sage—who from me hath caught
The kindling fires of his heavenward thought;
Look to the saint—who hath nearer trod
Toward the angel host at the throne of God.

'I have planted seeds in the soul that bear
The fruits of Heaven in a world of care;
I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright
As the diamond drops in the fields of light;

Ask of thy heart, hath it e'er confest
A germ so pure, a tear so blest.'

The clock struck twelve, from the steeple gray,
And seizing his hour-glass, he strode away.
But his hand, at parting, I feared to clasp,
For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,
And read in the glance of his upward eye
His secret league with eternity.

New Works.

THE VINE.

Every country is distinguished by some peculiar nodes, a comparison of which with those of a corresponding nature in other countries, especially in matters apparently admitting of but little variety, often affords amusement and instruction. The cultivation of the vine affords an example. In our own country, it is suffered to expand itself to any size, and nailed in regular lines to the wall or frame of a green house: thus a single tree will produce several hundred-weight of grapes. On the banks of the Rhine its growth is limited to four feet in height, and each tree is supported in an upright position; in France, it is formed into arches and ornamental alcoves; in Sardinia, it assumes the aspect of a parasitical plant, luxuriating amongst the branches of the largest forest trees, and clasping with its tendrils the extreme twigs; in Asia Minor, its wild festoons hang their green and purple pendants from rural bowers of trellis-work; on the heights of Lebanon it lies in a state of humiliation, covering the ground like the cucumber; and, subsequently, we saw it in the Valley of Eschol, in a position different from all that have been named. There, three vines planted close together, are cut off at a height of five feet, and meet in the apex of a cone formed by their stems, where, being tied, each is supported by two others, and thus enabled to sustain the prodigious clusters for which that region has always been famous—clusters so large, that, to carry one, the spics of Moses, (Numbers, viii. 33) were compelled to place it on a stick borne by two men. Each node is, doubtless, the best that could be adopted in the quarter where it prevails, considering the nature of the soil and climate, the value of the land, and the object of the cultivator.—*Elliott.*

MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3840 in an hour—92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence: nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly 20 million times its own length in less than an hour; an elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.—*Bucke.*

A MAN OVERBOARD.

When within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one had struck us, we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a heavy sea. We, however, prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The light sails were all in—the jibs, top-gallants, and spanker, furled close—the mainsail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close-re-fod topsails alone, when a man who was coming down from the

last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves.

In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea—'A man overboard! a man overboard!' flew like lightning over the ship. I sprang upon the quarter-deck just as the poor fellow, with his 'fearful human face,' riding the top of a billow, fled past.

In an instant all was commotion: plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and, in a voice so sharp and stern, I seem to hear it yet, shouted, 'In men—in men!'

But the poor sailors hung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprang to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave their officers alone, followed. 'Cut away the lashings!' exclaimed the officer—the knife gleamed around the ropes—the boats fell into the water—rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern.

I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea, but the officer who had the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and for the moment I forgot the danger, in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect—the helm in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea, which would otherwise have swamped her.

I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay-to to look for the lost sailor. Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon, and saw a squall, blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered, rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me, that in all his sea-life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave.

It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift down into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between us and it appeared at intervals, that little boat, like a speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away, apparently engulfed for ever. One moment the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress.

As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves, and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sunk away, she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling clouds, literally covered with foam and spray. The captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for the trumpet, and springing up the rattling, shouted out above the roar of the blast and waves—

'Pull away, my brave fellows, the squall is coming—give way my hearties!' and the bold fellows did 'give way' with a will. I could see their ashens oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-boat sprang to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and, rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head as if in delight to find her shelter again. The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope, as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side, as the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck not a question was asked—no report given—but—'Forward, men!' broke from the captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but, when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the clouds in check, so that it swung round close to our bows.

The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birth-day (he was 25 years old,) and, alas! it was his death-day.—*Letters from Italy.*

TRIFLES NOT TO BE DESPISED.

The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty pains. A chance look from those we love often produces pain or unalloyed pleasure.