



6-28-1855

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 50): June 28, 1855

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 50): June 28, 1855" (1855). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 413.
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WHY I TOOK THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.

This unfortunate allusion to the flute increased our embarrassment. I wished that I had never spoken, or that, having spoken of it, I should at least have finished what I wished to say. But the opportunity was gone, and at the bottom of my faint, foolish heart, I felt as if it could never come again. But one hot, summer afternoon, finding myself alone with her, and hearing through the open window the chanting of the chorister boys, who were practicing in the cathedral, I ventured to say again, very faintly—

She looked up from her work, and waited for me to go on.

Can you hear the chorister boys?

Yes, I was listening to them, said she.

Would you like me, by and by, to play you something on the flute?

Very much, if you will be so good, replied Margaret.

When the chorister had ceased, I dipped my hand deep down in the pockets of my long tailed coat, and pulled up, very awkwardly, and one by one, the pieces of my worn, yellow, cracked, and string-bound flute, and prepared, with much waiting of the joints, to put them together. So Margaret, with a composed face, listened patiently, while I, comically screwing my tongue into the vent-hole, comported a plaintive air, leaning against the door post and with my legs crossed, in the manner of a poetical shepherd piping to his flock. Oh, that I had the artist's skill to sketch that droll beginning of a boy's courtship!

Just as I was about to enter while I was playing, and opening the door, sharply, struck the flute by accident out of my hand, scattering it in pieces over the floor. He helped me to gather them up from under tables, and out-of-the-way places into which they had rolled; but Margaret did not smile throughout the whole scene. In spite of her education, she had, at the bottom of her nature, a sense of the droll and ridiculous that must have caught something of the oddity of our proceedings; but she merely offered to help us, and seemed really sorry for the interruption.

How many times I dipped down into my long tailed pocket, and brought up my sections of a flute, and mended, and screwed them together; how many dismal airs I played; how often I listened with her to the chanting of the chorister, before I began to suspect my boy's passion. I cannot tell, or try to tell, without laughing at myself.

I had come to man's estate; my father had died, and I had succeeded to his business, and to some little property which he had left to myself and to my aunt, who lived with me and assisted me in the business. I might already have been dreaming of marrying and settling, if I had been a bold youth; but I was not a bold youth, and, as yet, I thought not of such things. As for Margaret Low, I knew I liked her, and thought she liked me, and that she did not dislike my performances on the flute; but seeing her constantly, it had never struck me to speak to her of my affection.

One night, sitting with her and her father, for I generally spent my evenings with them—she told me that she was going to London, on a visit to a relative. I have not forgotten how that sudden announcement affected me. I asked her how long she would be absent?

I do not know, replied Margaret; and as I thought with unfeeling coolness, 'I may perhaps stay there six months.'

She goes to be a companion for her cousin, interrupted James Low, with the same cold and unfeeling tone. My brother thinks it will make her more womanly.

More womanly! I repeated dreamily.

They say that to live awhile in London will do me good. I don't know why, said Margaret.

Nor do I, remarked I.

My niece pressed for her to come, cried James Low, and I can not refuse her anything.

That was all! That was the only reason which they thought to give me for our separation. She was to depart on the third morning after. And I began to grow very miserable, and to imagine accidents and misfortunes of all kinds. It would not interest any one to know the silly things I thought and said in those three days when I whispered to her when we walked together on the cathedral stairs, under the eaves of the cathedral, and she answered me in answer to my questions.

Nor will I tell what she said in answer, for that is a secret, which, even after many years, I have no right to tell. We parted happy enough, I think, though I had little more than a half promise of her affection. I pressed her to write to me from London, and she consented. That was all; but it was a great stride for me to make, and I consoled me for her absence.

Many months—long, wearisome months, as I thought them—passed away. She had kept her promise and had written to me at least one letter to every five I scribbled at my desk among the books. The time drew near when, with a passion strengthened by long absence, I was to meet her again—the time when my flute, grown dry and rusty with neglect, was to be screwed together once more, to please her as I thought. Her cousin was to come with her, and I went to meet the coach upon a cold November day. I walked so far to meet them that, when the coach passed me, they smiled and nodded at me from the window. I had to tell after them on foot. This made me half an hour behind, and, I dare say, made me look foolish enough in their eyes; but I thought nothing of that when Margaret shook my hand so cordially, and with nothing of the old timidity, and said how glad she was to see me at home again; and that it was kind of me to indeed to come so far to meet them.

But Margaret was indeed much changed. Her dress was better and more fashionable, like that of her cousin. Her manner was not over bold, but she was more lively than she had been. She talked of London and the sights she had seen there; she laughed with her cousin, who was far more lively than she was, about the things they had seen and the persons they had met, until I began to feel as if I belonged to a different sphere from theirs. An uneasy distance seemed to have been placed between her and me. I felt uneasy with them and her cousin's eyes glances, beautiful as she was, and the power, so strange to me, which the possession of ridiculing all things, made me dread her. It was rare that I found Margaret alone now, and when I did, a something in her tone and manner chilled me. I believed that her cousin ridiculed me behind my back, and I began to hate her in my heart. I consulted James Low about it, but he said he could not control his daughter in such matters, or make her other than she was.

I could not bear this. So, after neglecting my flute and my business, and falling into a habit of walking about the town at night, or lingering near old James Low's house, I resolved to speak to Margaret seriously, and learn whether she still had any love for me.

Poor Margaret! I do not blame her now, when I remember what an awkward eccentric fellow I must have seemed to her, if she had learned to feel ashamed of me. But that night I felt nothing but the coolness of her manner, and what seemed to me, her cruel indifference.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. VIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1855.

NO. 50.

My heart was too full to speak much, but when I left her, bidding her a tremendous good night, it was with a determination never to see her any more.

All that night I lay awake, revolving many things in my mind; and before the evening of the next day, I had settled my plans. I could not stay in town—the house in which I lived, and the places I had been accustomed to, had become hateful to me. About dusk, (it was in the winter time, and on a cold and windy day, after long rains.) I stole up into my bedroom, and, packing up a few articles in a kind of knapsack, and taking a little money with me, I wrote a letter for the aunt with whom I lived, and placed it on my table, that she might find it there when I was gone; I told her that I intended to enlist in the army, and gave her some directions for carrying on my business. After which I broke my flute into small pieces and cast them into the grate; and then, taking my bundle, I crept stealthily down stairs and went out, shutting the street door noiselessly behind me.

Oh, that was a cheerless night indeed! far more cheerless than ever night appeared to me before or since. The old cathedral clock was striking seven; but the yard was as dark, and silent, and deserted, as if it had been midnight—for the wind whistled in the leafless trees, and penetrated into the oil lamps, and made their miserable flames quiver, as if they too felt the cold.

I hesitated a moment—not with any wavering in my purpose, but with the desire to see old James Low's house before I bade farewell forever to the well known place. My determination was soon taken, and I stole up to the door and looked in at the windows. In the lower room, where I used to play the flute to Margaret, a fire was burning, and I could see the shadow of a woman's figure upon the wall.

I heard sounds of laughing and talking, and recognized the voices of Margaret and her cousin, though I could not distinguish their words. They were sitting there without candles; but the blazing fire was reflected strongly on the walls, and cast a light into the street. I did not wait there long. The cheerful room, the merriment of its inmates, compared with the desolate aspect of all without, and my self inflicted misery, made me feel bitterly against them. I turned away quickly, and passing our house again without even looking at it, I hurried through the back streets of the town and kept on—sometimes walking, sometimes running, till I got upon the highway.

My destination was a seaport town, some twelve miles distant, and the roads were dark and heavy with the rains; but I walked so fast that it was but ten o'clock as I came into the streets of the town. Most of its stores were closed, and as I was ashamed to ask where the recruiting-sergeant's quarters were, I walked about some time without finding them. I was standing at the corner of a street, hesitating whether to take a lodging for that night, and seek the place I wanted in the morning, when a man approached me, and to my surprise inquired where the soldiers were enlisted.

I do not know, said I; I am myself in quest of the place.

Why it is Mr. Pennington! exclaimed the stranger.

I started at the sound of my own name as if I had been guilty of forgery, and were flying from justice. I did not remember the stranger's voice; but looking at his face as he stood near the lamp, I recognized him as the son of the hair cutter, for whom my father had so great an esteem.

Yes, I stammered; are you going to enlist for a soldier?

Yes; and you?

I was thinking of so doing, I faltered, for I was taken so much by surprise that I had no power to prevaricate.

And a prime life it is too, said he.

Do you think so? I asked.

Sure of it, he answered, so confidently and with such a cheerful tone, that it struck a kind of life into me. But what makes you think of soldiering? I always thought you too fond of a quiet life for that.

A whim, said I; cannot tell you any thing more.

I understand it, said my companion; you were tired of the quiet, old fashioned life we led there. What man of spirit could stay at home as I have done, to be treated forever as a lad—to be dressed in clothes fitted for my grandfather, and to be compelled to cut people's hair all one way till they looked like scare crows? Not I, forsooth, while there is a soldier's life open to me—a short life it may be, but a bold and noble one.

I am afraid you will find it a hard life too, said I.

If you would heed my counsel I'd advise you to return.

Nay, Mr. Pennington, he answered, 'my mind is made up; so if you will not go with me, I must go alone.'

There was something in the lad's manner that pleased me, so I desisted from any attempt to dissuade him, and walked away beside him. He led me once or twice to make inquiries, and finally we turned down a narrow lane and stopped at the door of a humble public house.

This is the place, said my companion; red curtains and painted cheques—'tis the 'Lord Ligonier.'

I followed him quickly up the steps, ashamed to show less alacrity than he did; but my companion stopped short on the threshold and whispered in my ear.

What name?

'Don't know,' said I. The sergeant is a stranger to me.

My companion laughed loud at my simplicity, and said.

Not his name; yours.

Pennington, I answered.

Oh, very well, he returned; you give your own name, do you not?

I had not thought about that, said I, suddenly perceiving the inconvenience that might arise from giving my own name.

I thought so, replied my friend. Now I have a capital idea for you, which I think you will say is a great deal better than false names. Let us change names.

Where is the advantage of that? I asked.

Everywhere, he returned. It may say trifling friends at home, and set them on the wrong track, which is what I want to do, till I get out of England. And next it is as if I were Gabriel Harvey, and I dropped upon the ground and fell asleep. Wild and terrible dreams haunted me. The sense of the danger I incurred by sleeping continued with me, and breeding images of terror and distress, till at last I came back again to the thought of my criminal neglect of duty. I dreamed that I had been found there,

soldier, in a gold laced cap, said, in a husky voice:

What you might come to! Did I hear any man, about to enter the service of his country, ask what he might come to? Oh, Mr. Landlord, you tell me, do, what you've seen; and what raw boned, ragged lads you've known to come back with swords at their sides and gold epaulettes upon their shoulders, blessing the day when they came to the 'Lord Ligonier,' and inviting you to draw any thing you pleased at their expense.

The sergeant held the door wide, and the landlord, in his comfortable bar, nodded and winked at us as we entered. The sergeant led the way into a large room, where a dozen ill clad and half famished looking men were sitting by the fire. They looked at me as I came in; one sullen looking fellow said something, and another laughed a hoarse laugh.

Manners, gentlemen! said the sergeant. These are real gentlemen, and they'll do honor to your corps; they'll not let a fellow of the world—they're not ragamuffins.

At this, the one who had laughed before laughed louder, and even the sullen one yawned and stretched himself, and uttered something like a laugh. I caught the sergeant eyeing them sternly; but as soon as he felt my look was upon him, his countenance relaxed into the artificial smile which it had worn at first.

And now, gentlemen, said he, I hope you will not be offended if I ask you to take a shilling's worth of anything you please at my expense. I know you're not in want of money, but it will be doing me a pleasure. And may I ask your name?

Gabriel Harvey, said my companion interposing and answering for me.

Good; and yours?

Luke Pennington.

My companion and I took our seats, at some distance from the group around the fire, where we sat till bed-time, and the next morning we were marched away to the barracks of a town some miles distant.

And thus I found myself a soldier. If I had had any misgivings up to this point, I had certainly none now. My lot I felt was cast; and I was determined not to refuse. As for Margaret, I never thought of her save as sitting by a cheerful fire, careless of what might have become of me. The world and I had parted forever; and I heard with delight that the regiment for which I was intended was ordered to go abroad.

It was sometime, however, before I became sufficiently drilled to fulfil my duties satisfactorily. My companion was quick and active; but the habits of my former life were difficult to shake off. For some time I went through my exercises in the clothes which I had worn on the day when I enlisted, and my quaint countenances excited the ridicule of my companions. They endeavored to annoy me, but I exhibited a determination to resist which deterred most of them, though one of them, a strong and daring fellow, named Pearson, never failed to jeer me when he saw me. I bore this quietly, though I think he saw by my manner that it would be dangerous to presume too far upon my silence; but one evening, as I was crossing the barrack-yard, he met me, and winking to his companion, advancing quietly towards me, then suddenly snatching my hat from my head, he flung it away among the crowd. I had never known till then, in my quiet way of life, how angry I might feel under provocation; nor had I, till then, learnt the secret of my own strength of muscle. I doubled my fist and struck him a violent blow in the face, and seeing him reeling I struck him again, and again, until he fell to the ground. His comrades raised him, and he attacked me furiously; but I met him coolly, and parried most of his blows, until I found an opportunity of closing with him, and throwing him again. In this way I soon tired him; for I found to my surprise that—strong as he was—I was the stronger; and finally his companions drew him away. He never annoyed me after this, nor did I ever hear again any of the jeers I had borne so patiently.

It would not interest any one to hear how by degrees I threw off my old habits, as easily as I had cast off my antique garments—how I began to laugh at my former self, to like the manly life of a soldier, and to look upon the world with a more cheerful eye. I had not forgotten Margaret; and when I remembered how ridiculous I must have appeared to her at times, I half forgave her for the awkwardness which had driven me out—a wanderer on the earth. But I had chosen my way of life, and was too proud to go back.

My regiment was sent to India, and many a hard fight we were in there, both in skirmishes and in great battles. My comrade, Gabriel Harvey—or Luke Pennington, as by our singular compact I was compelled to call him—was always by my side—not to cheer me, for I did not want that; but to enliven me with his company through many a day of hardship and danger. Often as we have sat by the embers of a fire, at night, I have looked at him sleeping, and thought of the words he used upon the night when we enlisted, and of his strange ideas, that by taking my place, and name also, he would, in fact, be exchanging lots with me. There was something fantastic in it which pleased me. It was the idea of the gambler, who changing places with his partner, feels a strange pleasure in seeing what ill fortune he has escaped, and of what riches he might have won. It was as if I had been disembodied, and could watch my former self, and calmly note its destiny. When he was sick, as he once was for some time, I have tended, and felt a strange fascination compelling me to think of the possibility of his death, which nevertheless by some strange power, I should be able to contemplate myself. A kind of awe stole upon me at such times, as if he were asleep, I half felt compelled to rise, and listen for his breathing, to assure myself that he was still in life.

One day we had been upon a heavy march in an enemy's country, and it was our turn to watch at an outpost during a part of the night. I met Gabriel as I was going, and told him how weary I was; and he then earnestly cautioned me by no means to let sleep overpower me; and so with our customary good night we parted. It was a fine night, in the mild season, starlight, but no moon shining. I walked to and fro quickly, and endeavored to arouse myself. I found it impossible to conquer my heaviness, and I dropped upon the ground and fell asleep. Wild and terrible dreams haunted me. The sense of the danger I incurred by sleeping continued with me, and breeding images of terror and distress, till at last I came back again to the thought of my criminal neglect of duty. I dreamed that I had been found there,

tried, and ordered for execution. I saw the faces of the men, and the row of guns pointed at me, when just as they were about to fire, Gabriel stepped from the ranks, and covering me, received the balls of the soldiers' muskets, and fell dead. I had knelt beside him, raised him in my arms, wept over him, and tried to staunch the blood that was flowing from a wound in his breast, with the handkerchief which the soldiers had given me to make the signal for them to fire. In the midst of this distress a voice in my ear startled me and I awoke.

Is that you, Gabriel? said I, clutching at him, in my anxiety. Speak! I've had a horrid dream.

A dream! answered Gabriel. Good God! the guard would have been here in another moment, and found you sleeping!

I could not resist, Gabriel, said I; my extreme weariness overcame me.

Thank Heaven I came to you, he replied. I too dreamt that you had been found sleeping, and condemned to death—that I was one of those who were ordered to fire—and that—

You interposed to save me, I interrupted, excited by the strangeness of the incident.

It was so, he continued, and I fell wounded—at which point I awoke. I could not rest after that; but came here to see if you were awake. But I hear the guard approaching—good night!

Saying this, he glided away and disappeared so quickly, that I stood there meditating upon this singular incident, and feeling as if the whole had been a dream. The guard relieved me soon after, and I returned to our encampment, but I could not sleep again all night, but lay revolving the circumstances of my past life, and wondering where it would end, and what would be the fate of my companion.

We were roused soon after daylight, and ordered to stand to our arms; and we knew there was to be sharp work that day.

Gabriel passed me to take his place—we were both sergeants now. He bade me 'good morning,' but he had no time to speak. He looked pale and worn, and I could have given all I possessed to have been able to speak to him of the incident of the night before, and to be assured from his own lips that I had not dreamed the whole scene.

We fought a hard battle that day; and I was wounded once in the left arm, and again through the leg which brought me to the ground. I lay there sometime among the dead and wounded, and no help came to me, for the battle was still raging at a distance. I had faintly with hunger and loss of blood, and was in great fear of the pillagers, who always hover about a battle field to rob, and murder if they resist. At length, seeing some shrubs and bushes at a distance, I determined to crawl towards them, dragging myself along the ground with my right arm as well as I was able. I had crawled several hundred yards in this way, when I found myself close to the body of one of our men; turning aside to avoid it, some thing attracted my attention. Raising myself on my elbow, I looked and saw what I have seen so often since in dreams—what even now I cannot remember without a shudder. It was the body of my poor comrade, Gabriel Harvey. With a sudden feeling of strength I sprang upon my feet, but fell again to the ground and finally crawled towards him. I called him again and again; I dared not listen for his breathing, for though still warm I knew that he was dead. Yet I continued for a long time wildly calling 'Gabriel! Gabriel! pray speak to me. I felt for my handkerchief, and held it to the wound in his breast from which the blood still flowed; when I suddenly recollected my dream, and that it was exactly in that way that I had seemed to tend him during that terrible vision—then I thought of our compact, and the singular notions I had had concerning it, until I felt him drop from my arms, and I fell as he was asleep.

I lay in Calcutta, at the hospital, for several months after that, first with my wounds, next with a fever, until I recovered; when it being seen that I was lame they discharged me, and sent me back to England.

I had an odd feeling of pride, which made me resolve never to return to my native place again; never to give them tidings of me; never to claim the property which of right belonged to me; but to lose myself in the great mass of London life, working for my living, unknown and unheeded. But an irresistible desire to see my home once more—a desire which none can know who have not left their country or wandered about as I did, grew upon me. Five years I had been absent, and I took pleasure in picturing to myself the changes that had occurred there, and in wondering what had become of Margaret, till one day I set out to visit the old place again. I walked about the streets near dusk, and looked at all the houses, noting the changes in the names of shopkeepers, and observing everything that was strange there; and after dark, I turned with a beating heart through the ancient gate-way into the cathedral-yard. Over our window I saw another name than mine; but the black bust of Homer was there yet, and it was still a bookeller's.

Some one passed me there; but I did not dare to ask questions, and I went on anxiously to look at James Low's house. I saw at a glance that it was empty. Its lower shutters were dirty and weather-beaten, as if they had been long closed; and above the bare windows looked dark and desolate, as everything else there. I thought of when I had looked into the lower room, and seen the fire blazing, and Margaret and her cousin there; and I knew that I had cherished a hope of seeing it again as I had left it. But the sight of the place, abandoned as it was, made me heart-sick, and I turned away. Near the gateway, I met a man of whom I asked what had become of James Low.

Dead sir! he answered.

Dead? I repeated, as if asking indifferently. I knew him slightly. How long has he been dead?

These three years, or 'till he be at Christ-mas.'

I recognized my informant for one of the old-fashioned boys who were my schoolfellows at James Low's. He was little changed, save that he had become older; but it was no wonder that he did not know me. I would have asked him about Margaret, but the words died away upon my tongue.

And was not there a bookkeeper here?—Mr. Pen—

Mr. Pennington, said the man. Do you mean young Pennington?

Yes.

Oh! he was away for a soldier, and nobody ever heard of him after, as far as I know; his aunt gave up the business after a while, and

went to live in one of her own houses down in Carmelite Street.

My heart was too full to ask him more. I thanked him and turned away. I knew the house in Carmelite Street to which my aunt had gone. It was an old house which had belonged to my father, and was now mine whenever I chose to own it. I resolved to go there also, and look at the place, undecided yet whether to declare myself, or to return to London again and let no one know of my presence.

The lowest window of the house had the shutters half closed, but I could see into the room between them. It was a cold evening in the street without—scarcely less cold than on the night when I departed, though not so windy—and the sight of that comfortable room, and the tea things on the table, all glistering in the firelight, made the place, to such a poor homeless wanderer as I was, a paradise, from which I seemed to have been shut out forever.

Two figures were beside the fire—one was my aunt—and they were both in mourning. The other was a young woman, something like Margaret in figure; but I knew she would not be in mourning for her father after three years.

Nevertheless I caught the sound of her voice, and I knew in a moment that it was her, Margaret, I thought, might be in mourning for another relative, but for whom was my aunt in mourning, and why was Margaret there?

A strange sensation stole upon me—such as I had not felt since that dreadful night when I held poor Gabriel Harvey in my arms upon the battle field—a sensation as if I were indeed dead, and had returned to watch the living mourning for my loss. I guessed in a moment that the news of Gabriel's death had reached England in the lists of slain, and that the accident of his taking my name had led them to believe that I was dead.

I knew that the sudden surprise of my return might prove dangerous to my aunt; but I could not restrain myself. I cried aloud to her by name: I saw her start from her chair and stagger a little; but, quickly recovering, she rushed toward the door, and in a moment I stood in her arms, with Margaret beside us weeping, and begging me to tell them that it was indeed myself come back alive.

'Aye, alive, Margaret, said I; and a different kind of man I hope; though you may still feel ashamed of a worn-out soldier, wounded in two places and doomed to limp about upon a stick.'

I told them that night all that had occurred to me since I left, and how it was that I came to be reported dead; and we sat there by the blazing fire, hour after hour, till long after midnight, never tired of talking of these things. My aunt told me how Margaret had loved me from the first, and had worn the mourning for my death, and come to live with her. Oh! it was worth wandering for five years, and suffering all that I had suffered, to know such a night as that!

Poor Gabriel's father had died of grief for his departure, and thus was spared the pang of knowing that he who had been reported merely wounded, owing to our change of names, had been in truth, shot dead upon the field of battle. The bookseller's shop did not prosper with its new tenant as it did with us, and thus it came again into our hands; and when Margaret and I (a newly married couple), lived there together with my aunt, and the place was restored, and gilt folios ranged in their old and their familiar places, we were happier than ever. Often, in the summer weather, I have looked up at my name over the door, and at the black bust of Homer, touched with the trembling shadows of the leaves, and have felt as if the story of my life was but a dream, and that all these things had ever been the same.

TWO CHARACTERS IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—We have said that Miss Ophelia rises above the somewhat monotonous uniformity of Mrs. Stowe's characters; but her peculiarities are rather of manner than of substance. She is a strong minded, clear-headed, unimpassioned New Englander, with an accurate perception of her duties and a firm resolution to perform them. The qualities which individualize her are, an exterior pretness and coldness, concealing warm affections; and a sympathy for the slaves as oppressed and degraded, somewhat at variance with her national antipathy to them as negroes. The great merit, however, of Ophelia is as a contrast to St. Clare. He is drawn with a much bolder outline, and finished with much finer detail. The foundation of her character is conscientiousness; the foundation of his is benevolence. Her defect is a want of imagination; his is a want of self-control. She endeavors to be useful only to the circle of persons with whom she is in immediate contact; and she succeeds. Her object is a small one but it is accurately marked out. She knows what she wishes to do, and what are the proper means, and she employs them resolutely, perseveringly, and efficiently. St. Clare's purposes are vast and lofty; they are to affect the fortunes of millions of human beings, through centuries after centuries; but they are vague and undefined. He looks on the existing state of his country with horror, and on his own share in maintaining it, with repentance. A half-formed resolution to reform it is never absent from his mind. But his meditations seldom carry him beyond a wish—never beyond a hope. He never advances even so far as to form a definite plan; but drifts on, amiable, intelligent, but useless; doing no harm to his slaves, except by over-indulgence; but doing them little good; and, from more indolent procrastination, leaves them, when he dies, to the chances of sale, and to the miseries of slavery, aggravated by the lax discipline and careless kindness to which he had accustomed them. His levity is characteristic of a mind ill at ease. He is gay because he cannot trust himself to be serious. An attempt at indifference is his only resource against fierce indignation or remorse. St. Clare's scepticism is well conceived. His mind is one of those on which religion is easily impressed. He is sensitive, affectionate, and imaginative. He is educated by a mother whose virtues and talents he inherits, and whose piety he imbibes while he is under her influences. But his religion, founded on feeling not on reasoning, fades away when he goes out into the world, and finds the Bible habitually quoted as an authority for systematic cruelty and oppression. His scepticism is not described as arising from his having thought that he had discovered any defect in the evidences of Christianity; for it does not appear that he ever examined them. It does not seem to occur to him,—indeed it does not seem to occur to Mrs. Stowe,—that faith ought to be based on conviction, and that conviction is an affair not of the heart but of the intellect.

His attempts to combat his doubts by his wishes are well painted.

'Oh,' says Tom to him, 'if Ma's would only look up, where our dear Miss Eva's, up to the dear Lord Jesus.'

'Ah, Tom, I do look up; but the trouble is I don't see anything when I do. I wish I could. It seems to be given to children and poor honest fellows like you, to see what we can't.'

'Thou hast hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes,' murmured Tom. 'Tom, I don't believe,—I can't believe,—I've got the habit of doubting,' said St. Clare. 'I want to believe this Bible, and I can't.'

'Dear Ma's, pray to the good Lord,—do, dear Ma's, believe.'

'How do you know there's any Christ, Tom? you never saw the Lord.'

'Felt him in my soul, Ma's,—feel him now! (Ch. 27.)

Even Mrs. Stowe does not seem to perceive that she has engaged her hero in a contest in which, as he manages it, success is impossible. Minds unaccustomed to reasoning, habituated to bow to authority, and to take their opinions on trust, may believe because they are told to believe, or because they have always believed, or because those about them believe, or because it is happiness to believe, or because it is a sin not to believe. But reasoners, men who cannot accept conclusions without premises, however they may wish to be satisfied without proof, cannot be so. The more earnest their desire, the more certain is their failure. The more they wish to arrive at a given conviction, the more anxious becomes the craving for evidence, the more anxious seem the difficulties that are to be got over, the more obstinate are the lurking doubts. The cure for St. Clare's scepticism might have been an earnest and impartial study of the arguments, and the evidence, for and against Christianity. We say for and against, because a man who has once doubted may never be effectually convinced as long as he knows, or even suspects, that there is a side of the question which he has not examined.—[Edinburgh Review.]

THE SEA.

BY THOMSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for

