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A FORTUNATE RUIN.

George Ballerton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man of six and twenty, tall and slim of frame, with a face of exceeding intellectual beauty, and dressed in costly garments, though his toilette was but indifferently performed. He was an orphan, and for some years had boarded at the hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole frame would ever and anon tremble, as though with some powerful emotion.

As the youth sat thus, his door was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered.

"Ah, doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Ballerton, as he lazily rose from his seat, and extended his hand.

"Oh!—not early for me, George," returned Allene, with a bright smile. "I am an early bird."

"Well, you've caught a worm this time," I hope 'twill prove a valuable one." "I don't know," sighed the youth. "I fear a thousand worms will inherit this poor body of mine."

"Nonsense! You are worth half a century," cried the doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But just tell me George, how is it with Rowland?"

"Just as I told you. All is gone." "I don't understand it, George."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. "That Charles Rowland could have done that, I would not—could not—have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me two weeks ago, and told me Rowland was sick, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it. But only think: when my father, and such I even now believe Charles Rowland was, and in his hands he placed all his wealth, for him to keep until I should become of age, and when I did arrive at that period of life, I left my money where it was. I had no use for it. Several times within three or four years, has Rowland asked me to take my money and invest it, and I would not. I only kept it, and use it, if he wished. I bade him when I wanted money, he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt had my money been in bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?" "How much of mine?"

"Yes." "He should have had a hundred thousand dollars."

"What do you mean to do?" "Ah—you have me on the hip there."

"And yet you must do something, George. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no, doctor—none of that." "But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can only assist you to help yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"

"A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark."

"I should make a smart hand at the sea, doctor. I can hardly keep my legs on shore."

"Must that?" "Alas! I know not. I shall die, that's all!"

"Nonsense, George. I say, go to sea. You couldn't go into a shop, and you wouldn't if you could. You do not wish to remain here amid the scenes of your happier days. Think of it; at sea, you would be free from all sneers of the heartless and free from all contact with things you loathe. Think of it."

"George Ballerton started to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped, a new life seemed already at work within him."

"If I went to sea what should I do?" "You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"

"Yes. You know I had a thorough schooling at that in my father's counting house."

"Then you can have the berth of supercargo?"

"Are you sure I can get one?" "Yes."

"And the salary?" "Two thousand dollars."

"Doctor John Claudius Allene, I will go!"

George Ballerton walked one evening to the house of the wealthy merchant, Andrew Wilton. It was a palatial dwelling, and many hopeful, happy hours had been beneath its roof. He rang the bell, and was admitted to the parlor. In a few minutes, Mary Wilton entered. She was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to be George Ballerton's wife.

"Some words were spoken—many moments of profound silence ensued."

"Mary! you know all, I am going upon the sea. I am going to work for my living. I am going forth from my native land a beggar. I cannot stay long now. Mary, did I know you less than I do—knowing you well, did I know you as I do—no—I should give you back your vows, and free you from all bondage. But I believe I should trample upon your heart did I do that thing now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So, say, wait! wait!"

"But why wait? Have I not enough?" "—ah! You know not what you say—There are other feelings in the human heart besides love. That love is a poor profitless passion which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work. Ay—upon the sea to work!"

"But why upon the sea? Why away where your poor heart must ever beat in anxious hope and doubt as it follows thee?"

"Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor souls have imagined that I knew them because I was proud. They knew not that it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I smelled. They gloat over my misfortune. Men may call me foolish; but it would kill me to stay here."

"Alas! must it be?" "It must. You will wait?"

"I will wait even to the gates of the tomb!" "Then Heaven bless and preserve you."

The ruined youth was upon the ocean—his voyage commenced—his duties as laborer for his own daily bread were fairly assumed. Ah! it was a strange life for him to enter upon. From the ownership of immense wealth to the trade books of a merchant ship, was a transition indeed! But, ere he went on deck again he had fairly resolved he would do his duty, come what would short of death. He would forget that he ever did else but work for his livelihood. With these resolves clearly defined in his mind, he already felt better.

At first our supercargo was too weak to do much. He was very sea-sick, and it lasted nearly two weeks; but when that passed off, and he could pace the vibrating deck with a stout stomach, his appetite grew sharp, and his muscles began to grow strong. At first his appetite craved some of the many delicacies he had been so long used to; but he was not to be had, and he soon learned to do without them. The result was his appetite

became natural in its wants; and his system began to find itself nourished by simple food, and proper quantities.

For years he had looked upon breakfast as a meal which must be set out and be partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee, and perhaps a piece of dry toast, or some seasoned and highly-spiced titbit, had constituted the morning meal. But now, when the breakfast hour came, he approached it with a keen appetite, and felt as strong and as hearty as any time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full; and the dark eyes assumed new luster; the color rich and healthful came to his face; the lungs expanded and grew strong; the muscles more firm and true; the nerves grew calm and steady; and the garments he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches in order to make them compass his person. His disposition became cheerful and bright; and by the time the ship had reached the southern cape of Africa the crew had all learned to love him.

Through storm and sunshine; through tempest and calm; through dark hours and bright, the young supercargo made his voyage. In one year from the day he left his native land he placed his foot again on the soil of his home. But he did not stop. The same ship, with the same officers, was going upon the same cruise again; and he meant to go in her. He saw Mary Wilton, and she would wait. He saw Dr. Allene, and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Again George Ballerton was upon the sea; and again he assumed the duties of his office, and even more. He stood watch when there was no need of it, and during seasons of storm he claimed a post on deck.

At the end of another year the young man returned home again. He was now eight and twenty, and few who knew him two years before, would recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his cheeks full and plump, his frame stout and strong, and erect like a forest chief. His muscular system was nobly developed, and men were few who could stand before him in trials of physical strength.

When he first left the city, two years before, he had weighed just one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. He now brought up the beam fairly at one hundred and seventy-six! Surely he was a new man in every respect.

On the afternoon of the third day, as he entered his hotel, one of the servants handed him a letter. He opened it and found it from Mr. Wilton. It was a request that he would be at the merchant's house at nine o'clock that evening.

George, said the doctor, after the youth had given a full account of his adventures, "I should think you would almost forgive poor Rowland for having made off with your fortune."

"Forgive him?" returned George; "oh, I did that in the first place!"

"Well, George," resumed the doctor, "Mr. Rowland is here. Will you see him?"

"See him?" See Charles Rowland? Of course I will!"

The door was opened, and Mr. Rowland entered. He was an elderly man, but hale and hearty.

The old man and young shook hands, and then enquired after each other's health.

"You received a note from me, some two years ago, said Mr. Rowland, 'in which I stated that one of whom I had trusted had got your money and mine with it?'"

"Yes sir," whispered the youth.

"Well, resumed Rowland, 'Doctor Allene was the man. He had your money.'"

"How? What?" asked George, gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.

"Hold on, my boy," said the doctor, while a variety of emotions seemed to work within his bosom. "I was the villain. It was I who got your money. I worked your ruin my boy. And now listen, and then I'll tell you why!"

"I saw that you were dying. Your father died of the same disease. A consumption was upon you—not a regular pulmonary affection; but a wasting away of the system for the want of vitality. The mind was wearing out the body. The soul was slowly but surely, eating its way from the cords that bound it to the earth. I knew that you could be cured; and I knew too that the only thing that would cure you was to throw you upon your own physical resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness of the spirit to pass away. You would have died ere you made an exertion from the very fact that you looked upon exertion as worse than death. It was a strange state of body and mind. Your large fortune rendered work unnecessary, so there was no hope while that fortune remained. Had it been wholly a bodily malady, I could have argued you into the necessary work for a cure. And, on the other hand, had it been wholly a mental disease, I might have driven your body to help your mind. But both were weak, and I knew you must either work or die."

"And now, my boy, I'll tell you where my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such a true pride of independence that you would not depend upon others. I knew that if you were forced to do it you would work. I saw Rowland, and told him my plans. I assured him that if we could contrive to get you to sea, and make you start out into active life for the sake of life you could be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and his, and bade him clear out. You know the rest. And now tell me boy: if I give you back your fortune will you forgive me? Your money is safe—every penny of it—to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Poor Rowland has suffered much in knowing how you looked upon him; but I know that he is simply repaid by the sight of your noble powerful frame, as he sees it to-night. And now, George, are we forgiven?"

He left the room, and when he returned he led sweet Mary by the hand.

Este in the evening, after the heats of our friends had begun to grow tired with joy, George asked Mary how much longer she was willing to wait. Mary asked her father, and the answer was—

"Two weeks!"

PAULINE OF A FORTUNATE RUIN. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co., the well-known book publishers of Boston, failed on Saturday for \$100,000. Their assets are nominally equal to their liabilities.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY OCT. 8, 1857.

NO 13.

ROSALIE.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

As the sun was shining cozily
One pleasant day in May,
And the cat was purring dozily,
And the dog was coiled away;
I and my little Rosalie—
(The old folks were away,
Who else, perhaps, morosely
Hissed and spat our little play)—
I and my little Rosalie,
With lots of things to say,
Sat gossiping cozily,
And while the hours away,
Not dozing, nor prosily,
But cozily away.

But what we said so cozily,
I'm sure I cannot say,
I only know that Rosalie
Was beautiful that day;
And that while the dog so dozily
Upon the carpet lay,
And while the cat composedly
Slept all the time away,
I and my little Rosalie
Had lots of things to say;
And while the hours away,
We talked the hours away,
Nor dozing, nor prosily,
But cozily that day.

Yet though we talked cozily,
As the hours they sped away,
I and my little Rosalie,
Like children were at play;
And though what we said so cozily,
I'm sure I cannot say,
But only know that Rosalie
Was beautiful that day.
I cannot now composedly
Recall the month of May,
When side by side so cozily
We talked the time away—
Not dozing, nor prosily,
But cozily away.

For never more my Rosalie
Shall see the light of day,
Her little form has cooled,
Among the flowers of May;
The summer bees hum dozily
Above her beautiful clay;
The little dog which cozily
Upon the carpet lay,
Mourns now for little Rosalie,
And the cat has ceased to play,
While I can never composedly
Recall the month of May,
And dozing, nor prosily,
My hours they pass away.

New York Evening Post.

Peep into the Forecastle.

You will now please to consider yourself on the deck of the good ship Philanthropist, prepared to take a peep into that delectable place where the sailor is boarded and lodged. You observe that hole in the deck near the bows, with a ladder stretching down therefrom into the blackness of darkness. That is the place; please to descend. Witness how admirably arranged to woo slumber. Although it is now high noon, you have here all the soft obscurity of midnight. No useless panes of glass, or other modes of letting in sunlight, to interrupt the dim religious light of the place, or to tempt the sailor to spend any part of his watch below in reading, writing, mending his clothes, or other such trifles. In its architectural arrangements, it is modelled after designs by Woodchuck. Reynard, too, from time immemorial, has built on the same judicious plan: the leading peculiarities of which is that all the light and air admitted at the hole at which you enter.

Allow me now to direct your attention to the admirable arrangements of the fore-castle for feeding and lodging the crew. They are all after designs by Ship Carpenter, and consist of a pine board bunk for each of the men. The tables, chairs, and table-ware and cutlery, are all prepared by Hingham Bucket Co., and consist of a single kid or pine pail for each member of the crew, as a complete and ample fit-out in which to serve up to him for the longest voyage, his morning, noon and evening meals. The pine bunk and the pine noggin, completes the entire getting up of the shipowner for this home of the sailor on the sea. If he is provident, and brings along with him a bed to sleep upon, a cup to drink from, and a spoon and knife to eat with, it is all well. But if he be improvident, or unable to provide himself with such necessities, he is permitted to sleep on the soft side of a board—drink his coffee and sup his soup as he can, and tear his food in the native style with his teeth.

The owner provides substantially nothing, in those respects, that his contract, decency and humanity all clearly demand. His excuse undoubtedly is, that all that he leaves to the shipmaster, and supplies what he requires; but that is no excuse at all. The difficulty is, that the sailor in this community has never yet had a hearing from anybody. With the exception of a few yearlings and two year olds, and other stray and strange apparition on the main-deck, Jack has never yet had command of one of Hoe's power presses to state his case, and, besides, he is too faithfully contiguous to our philanthropists to engage any of their attention.

Where the fore-castle is on deck it is no better. It is only one square of glass lighter. It is cold as Greenland, and insecure. Perhaps you are disposed to think that all this is necessarily incident to life on ship-board. Allow me to conduct you aft, and dispel that illusion. You will please to observe the broad and well lighted stairway before you—that leads to the cabin—please to enter. Allow me to direct your attention to the beautiful paneling in maple and satin wood. Those corinthian columns, with caps, richly carved and highly gilt, are also deserving your inspection. The table, you will observe, is set with the best of ware and cutlery, the beds are models of taste and neatness, and all the appointments of this highly finished and elegantly furnished abode are rich, beautiful and classic.

The favored mortals who are to enjoy this princely abode are some two or three other hands on board, whom the shipowner employs and boards and lodges, styled officers. They are most of them descended from very respectable farmers, and were brought up in good plain plastered country dwellings. They are from the same neighborhood of several of the foremost hands, educated at the same primary school, and have nothing to boast of over any one of them, except a little more practical knowledge of seamanship.

After this hasty inspection of the anti-American disparity that exists on ship-board, between these two classes of hired men, the sailor and the officer—the unnatural crowding down of the one, almost into bankruptcy, and the unnatural exaltation of the other into princely prerogative; the one clapped into a kennel and the other into a palace; how can any one wonder at the wall that comes up from the sea,—strife and contention, assaults and murders.—And how can any person expect American citizens to continue in the foreign service under such circumstances. I know that there is an old feudal notion current that all this pomp and circumstance is indispensable to government on

the sea; and I know, too, that it is all the merest delusion in the world; and I will by and by show it.—[Boston Times.

Douglas Jerrold's Witticisms.

Jerrold's witticisms were generally made on the promptings of the occasion, and surprised every one by the quickness with which they were conceived and uttered. What made their freedom from premeditation the more certain, they very often consisted of some clause of a sentence—perhaps of but a single word—which only was sense as taken in connection with what some other person had just said. Jerrold, who was a little, spare man, with an oval, pallid face, a keen, gray eye, and resolute mouth, usually sat somewhat aside from what might be called the current of conversation, and only opened his mouth when he could cap something with a bon mot. It is universally acknowledged that such good things, when put in print, fall greatly short of the impression they made when first uttered by their author; nevertheless, the few which here follow, taken down some years ago, will perhaps give a faint idea of the style of the man:

At a dinner of a society connected with the fine arts, where a queen's counsel happened to be present, the Law was unexpectedly toasted, out of compliment to him. The learned gentleman blundered out a few sentences, stating that he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the arts. "Black!" rapped out Jerrold, like a dart from a bow.

On a literary friend producing a volume of miscellanies under the title of "Prose and Verse," Jerrold bantered him about it, as "Prose and Worse."

A tedious old gentleman, meeting Jerrold in Regent street, and having stopped him, posed himself in button-holding attitude, while preparing to grapple. "Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?" "I am," quoth the wit instantly shooting off along the pavement.

A dull foreigner was indulging in a rapturous description of the beauties of the Prodiges. "As to one song in particular (naming the song,) I was quite carried away." "Is there anybody here that can sing it?" said Jerrold.

Somebody told Jerrold that George Robins, the auctioneer, was dead; and, of course, added the gentleman, "his business will go the devil." "Oh, then, he'll get it again," said the wit.

A literary friend, who had set up a neat broughie with a pair of grays, drove Jerrold out one day into the country. As they passed through a village, the people came to their doors to behold their pretty equipage. "I think they're struck with our grays," remarked the charioteer. "I wonder what they would say of our duns?" quoth Jerrold.

He had a theory in the spirit of the Candle Lectures, that women rather liked that their husbands should stay out late occasionally—it gives them a strong.

The Heroic Boy.

On the 23d of September, 1842, as I was passing through one of the streets of Brooklyn, opposite the city of New York, I witnessed the following exhibition of the power of that love that endureth all things.

Two boys named John and Ralph, about twelve years of age, were walking before me, each with an arm affectionately round the other. They seemed to be in a merry mood, for they were talking and laughing. Ralph had a tin pail in his hand. As he was swinging it about carelessly, he hit John's hand and hurt him.

"What did you do that for?" asked John. "I did not intend to do it," said Ralph. "You did," said John. "You need not deny it." "I did not see your hand," said Ralph. "You did, and you meant to hurt me," said John.

"Indeed I did not," said Ralph, "and I am sorry for having hurt you."

"No, you are not sorry; you did it on purpose, and you are always trying to hurt me," said John; "I won't bear it; I will teach you to take care how you hurt me." And he followed up his words with furious blows.

Did Ralph become angry and beat John in return? No; he obeyed the precept which commands us never to strike those who strike us. He loved John, and endured his hard blows without retaliation.

John, of course, felt he was doing wrong in beating his kind playfellow, whose patient endurance awakened his better feelings. His anger passed away, he became heartily ashamed of his conduct, and at length he ventured to say:

"Ralph, did you really not mean to hurt me?"

"No; I did not," said Ralph. "I hit you as I was swinging the pail about in play, and I am sorry I hurt you."

"Well, Ralph," said John, "I am sorry I struck you; but I cannot say as you do, that I did not mean to hurt you."

"Never mind," said Ralph, "you would not have struck me at all had you not been angry—it was your anger that made you beat me."

This was good consolation to John. He knew it was his anger that made him strike his generous companion, but he also knew that his anger increased his guilt instead of extenuating it. He felt cut to the heart, when he heard Ralph trying to excuse his wicked blows and anger.

"Well," said John, again affectionately putting his arm around Ralph, "you always get the better of me, whenever I become angry with you and strike you."

"How so?" asked Ralph. "I am sure I do not wish to get the better of you."

"Why," said John, "you take all so quietly and kindly, it seems as though you loved me so much, that you could not be angry with me and hurt me, even when I hurt you."

"Well, John," said Ralph, "I do love you; and I do not feel as if I could strike you or be angry with you, whatever you do to me. My father tells me to love you, even if you hate me and beat me. I cannot beat you when I love you."

"That," said John, "is just what my father and mother told me. Here you always have the better of me, for you can keep cool and quiet when I am angry, and even when I beat you; but I can hardly endure it when you become angry with me and strike me. I always want to strike them."

"My father and mother," said Ralph, "always told me never to be angry with those who strike me, nor to strike them in return; so I never strike anybody."

"Well," said John, "I can never take any comfort in being angry with you and beating

you, for you never strike me in return, nor do you show any anger, whatever I do to you."

This is the substance of the conversation which took place between the two boys as I walked behind them. I then came up to them and said:

"How, John, can you take pleasure in being angry with any one, and in striking and quarreling?"

"I do not," answered John, "but I always feel more unhappy when I strike Ralph than when I strike other boys, because he never strikes me in return."

"Why then did you strike Ralph, if it makes you unhappy to do so?" said I.

"I never do strike him," said John, "when I have time to think how he will receive it, and how he will treat me."

"How do you feel when you strike other boys?" I asked.

"I never feel so sorry afterwards when I strike those who strike me."

"Then, if no person were to strike you when you struck him, what would you do?" I asked.

"I think I should cease to strike anybody," said John.

"And on the other hand," said I, "if you should never strike those who strike you, what would they do?"

"I suppose they would soon cease to strike me," answered John.

"Yes," said I to the boys, "this is true philosophy and true religion, and the only safe way. Only let all be assured that, however angry they may be with you, and however they may beat you, you shall never be angry with them, and never hurt them in any way, and you will always probably be safe from injuries and insults. For who can harm you?"

Which of these two boys was the heroic boy—John or Ralph?—[Child's Paper.

Philosophic Portraits.

SOCRATES.—Socrates was a profoundly religious man. He was, moreover, as we learn from Aristotle, a man of that bilious melancholic temperament which has in all times been observed in persons of unusual religious fervor, such as is implied in those momentary exaltations of the mind which are mistaken for divine visits; and when the rush of that came upon him with strange warning voices, he believed it was the Gods who spoke directly to him. Unless we conceive Socrates as a profoundly religious man, we shall misconceive the whole spirit of his life and teaching. In many respects he was a fanatic, but only in the noble sense of the word: a man, like Carlyle, intolerant, vehement, "possessed" by his ideas, but like Carlyle, preserved from all the worst consequences of such intolerance and possession by an immense humor and a tender heart. His Saturnine melancholy was relieved by laughter, which softened and humanized a spirit otherwise not less vehement than that of a Dominic or a Calvin. Thus strengthened and thus softened, Socrates stands out as the grand figure in the world's Pantheon; the bravest, truest, simplest, wisest of mankind.

DIogenes.—In his old age Diogenes was taken captive by pirates, who carried him to Crete, and exposed him for sale as a slave. On being asked what he could do, he replied, "Govern men; sell me, therefore, to one who wants a master." Xenias, a wealthy Corinthian, struck with this reply, purchased him, and, on returning to Corinth, gave him his liberty and consigned his children to his education. The children were taught to be Cynics, much to their own satisfaction. It was during this period that his world-renowned interview with Alexander took place. The prince, surprised at not seeing Diogenes joining the crowd of his flatterers went to see him. He found the Cynic sitting in his tub, basking in the sun. "I am Alexander the Great," said he. "I am Diogenes the Cynic," was the reply. Alexander then asked him if there was anything he could do for him. "Yes, stand aside from between me and the sun." Surprised at such indifference to princely favor—an indifference so strikingly contrasted with everything he could hitherto have witnessed—he exclaimed, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes!"

One day, being brought before the King, and being asked who he was, Diogenes replied, "A spy on your cupidity"—language the boldness of which must have gained him universal admiration, because implying great singularity as well as force of character.

Singularity and insolence may be regarded as his grand characteristics. Both of these are exemplified in an anecdote of his lighting a lamp in the daytime, and peering about the streets as if earnestly seeking something; being asked what he sought, he replied, "A Man." The point of this story is lost in the usual version, which makes him seek "an honest man." The words in Laertius are simply, "I seek a man." Diogenes did not seek honesty; he wanted to find a Man, in whom honesty would be included with many other qualities. It was his constant reproach to his contemporaries, that they had no manhood. He said he had never seen men; at Sparta he had seen children; at Athens, women. One day he cried out, "Approach all men!" When some approached, he beat them back with his club, saying, "I called for men: ye are excrement."

Thus he lived till his nineteenth year, blither, brutal, ostentatious, and abominable; disgracing the title of "The Dog" (for a dog has affection, gratitude, sympathy, and endearing manners), yet growing over his unenvied virtue as a cur growls over his meatless bone, forever snarling and snapping without occasion; an object of universal attention, and from many quarters, of unfeigned admiration. One day his friends went to see him. On arriving at the portico under which he habitually lay, he went to sleep, they found him still lying on the ground wrapped in his cloak. He seemed to sleep. They pushed aside the folds of his cloak: he was dead.

ZENO.—As a man, Zeno appears deserving of the highest respect. Although sharing the doctrines of the Cynics, he did not share their grossness, their insolence, or their affectation. In person he was tall and slender; and although of a weakly constitution, he lived to a great age, being rigidly abstemious, feeding mainly upon figs, bread and honey. His brow was furrowed with thought; and this gave a tinge of severity to his aspect, which accorded with the austerity of his doctrines. So honored and respected was he by the Athenians, that they intrusted to him the keys of the citadel, and when he died they erected to his memory a statue of brass. His death is thus recorded: "In his ninety-eighth year, as he was stepping out of his school, he fell and broke his finger."

He was so affected at the consciousness of his infirmity, that, striking the earth, he exclaimed, "Why am I thus impotent? Earth, I obey thy summons!" He went home and strangled himself.

In the history of humanity there are periods when society seems fast dissolving; when ancient creeds have lost their majesty, and new creeds wait disciples; when the onlooker sees the fabric tottering, beneath which his fellow men are crowded either in sullen despair or in blasphemous levity, and, seeing this, he feels that there is safety, still possible, if men will but be bold; he raises a voice of warning and a voice of exhortation; he bids them behold their peril and tremble, behold their salvation and resolve. He preaches to them a doctrine they have been unused to hear, or hearing it, unused to heed; and by the mere force of his own intense conviction he gathers round him some believers who are saved. If the social anarchy be not too widely spread, he saves his country by directing his energies in a new channel; if the country's doom is sealed, he makes a gallant effort, the vain one, and leaves a spotless name to after times.

Such a man was Zeno. Greece was fallen; but hope still remained. A wide spread disease was fast eating out the vigor of its life; Skepticism, Indifference, Sensuality, Epicurean softness, were only counteracted by the magnificent but vague works of Plato, or the vast but abstruse system of Aristotle. Greek civilization was fast falling to decay. A little time and Rome, the wolf's nursing, would usurp the place which Greece had once so proudly held—the place of vanguard of European civilization. Rome, the mighty, would take from the feeble hands of Greece the trust she was no longer worthy to hold. There was a presentiment of Rome in Zeno's breast. In him the manly energy and stern simplicity which were to conquer the world; in him the

