

HUMANITY.

Yes I am sad, and still shall be, while man is so unkind...

Where'er on earth you turn your step, where'er direct they gaze...

The brute, though uncultivated, you'll often better find...

Look at that poor enfeebled wretch who comes to ask for bread...

By cruel taunts you wound his heart, and bid him come no more...

Oh man! where's thy humanity? Oh! man where is the love...

Oh! tell me not that man is kind, while he refuses to share...

Whit he refuses to give his aid, the wounded heart to heal...

Which will be done with cheerfulness when man for man can feel...

And woe that now defile the earth, would die away in peace...

And ignorance and error, now the evils of mankind...

You that are men come forward, come forward in your might...

And join with heart and hand in this, the world's free fight...

Lead your aid and use your might, oppression to overthrow...

And strive to act the manly part, as on life's path you go...

The earth is filled with bitter woes, man's life is full of care...

And grief and disappointment we all must bear our share...

Then you that have a human heart, and all these evils know...

Plunge not thy follow deeper in the labyrinth of woe...

SCRIBBLER.

March 12, 1860

Literature.

MARY MORRIS:

Leaves from a Gentleman's Diary.

Continued.

"You are fond of reading, I presume?" I ventured to remark...

"Yes, sir," she replied; "books are my only companions..."

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The York Herald,

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ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1860.

Whole No. 68.

Judging from appearances it was not likely the storm would soon abate...

"Where was her father? He had not been in the room..."

"Occupied with these and similar self-interrogatories, I had leisure to examine the elegance of the apartment..."

"Over a mantel-piece of polished Italian marble was a superb painting of the handsome George the Fourth..."

"In one of the fireplaces hung a likeness of ex-president John Quincy Adams..."

"Besides these there were in the room several landscapes and smaller paintings—Shakespeare, Mary Queen of Scots, Franklin, Napoleon, Byron, Madame de Staël, etc..."

"On each end of the mantel-piece was a bust, each representing a British author—Addison and Sterne..."

"The latter portrait, which I have mentioned as not being able to recognize, upon a closer examination, I discovered to bear a resemblance to Miss Morris..."

"I saw it could not have been designed as a likeness of her. Was it her mother? and for the first time a thought occurred to me respecting the maternal parent of her upon whom my affections were concentrating..."

"Other thoughts followed this. Had she brothers, sisters, or was she an only child?"

"Among the other articles of furniture was a book-case. A harp stood in one corner as if seldom used..."

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think that one of my sex would little relish being left alone as I am, but I am accustomed to it, sir. My father is frequently absent—absent for weeks at a time; yet with the protection of this faithful friend of our family..."

"As she spoke of her father my thoughts reverted to the scuffle in the woods—the mimical encounter which I had witnessed between him and my detestable brother-in-law, Prudence, though, forbade me to speak of it..."

"This," said I, after a short pause in the conversation, sweetening a second cup of the Chincoco beverage, "this is a lovely spot which your father has chosen for a summer retreat. Doubtless his daughter is alive to the charms of its scenery, and appreciates to the fullest extent the beauties of nature that are everywhere unfolded to the eye in this delightful vale?"

"I am not insensible to the charms of our residence," she responded; "yet there are intervals, I confess, when I grow weary of solitude and long for the bustle of the city again. Eighteen months have we been in the country, all of which time, with the exception of one week in New York, (where we arrived from England) and a month in Philadelphia last autumn, we have resided here, in New York my father made the purchase of this property, to which we immediately removed..."

"England, then, is your native country?"

"Yes, sir. But I shall grow solemn if I talk of the past—I always do."

"We now became at ease with each other's society. After tea we returned to the parlor, and the neglected harp and the cherished piano were both put into use; on both of which she accompanied herself in a style that for melody and grandeur I had never heard equalled. While she was seated at the harp, with her white taper fingers running over the chords and mingling the tones of her voice with the music of the instrument, it seemed as if my soul had taken its flight from earth, and that she on whom I gazed was of another and brighter world..."

"The storm without continued, and I retired to bed that night beneath the same roof that she did; nor ever was a man more deeply, more passionately in love."

CHAPTER V.—THE COURTSHIP.

In the hall, and at the foot of the stairs, on the following morning, after I had descended from my chamber where I had passed the night in refreshing and undisturbed repose, I encountered Leonard, the man who waited at the tea-table upon the evening previous..."

"A fine morning, sir, after the storm we had last night," he observed respectfully at the same time opening the parlor door for me."

"Has Miss Morris risen yet?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir; she was up two hours ago. She's out riding, sir. When the weather is fine she never misses an opportunity."

"She is an early riser, then?"

"Yes, sir; very."

"Do you expect her back soon?"

"Every moment, sir."

Leaving the parlor, I walked out upon the lawn in front of the cottage. The air was redolent with flowers. White roses and red were blooming in profusion among hyacinths, dahlias, violets and lilies. The bright beams of the sun were absorbing the wet upon the grass, and flowers and foliage seemed to smile as if untroubled by the storm which had swept over the scene—"so lovely the morning shone."

Miss Morris presently made her appearance upon horseback, neatly arrayed in a riding habit and cap, returning from her customary promenade a cheval. Anxious to assist her in dismounting, I hastened towards her; she reached me her hand, and leaped from the stirrup with an elastic foot. The air and exercise had imparted bloom to her cheeks, and as I now gazed upon her pleasant features I thought she looked still lovelier than when at the harp the evening previous. A servant took charge of the pony, and we walked into the house. Breakfast was ready. She tossed her cap and sat down upon a chair, and, inviting me, sat upon the table without changing her dress. Engaged in a

desultory kind of conversation, we continued to sit at the table long after we had ceased to eat. Happening to observe the "patience on a monument" sort of attitude maintained by the two servants, who were doubtless wondering why we sat so long, I made a movement and we rose. I walked to the parlor while Miss Morris ascended to her chamber to lay aside her riding dress...

"In a few moments she returned. At my request she sat down to the piano and sang—and thus had she been playing and singing and conversing with me as much as an hour if not more, when I mentioned that I must take my leave of her for the present. I had attempted once or twice before to take up my hat, but had been charmed as it were to the spot. But now I was determined to tear myself away from the enchantment, (the family would be alarmed at my absence,) and after expressing my thanks for the affable hospitality with which I had been treated, I turned my steps homeward, having promised to return to the cottage in a day or two."

"When I got back to the hotel, in answer to the family's inquiries, I simply stated that I had been overtaken by the storm and found shelter in a cottage."

"In a cottage?" echoed my mother; "how uncomfortable you must have slept!"

"Not at all," I replied; "I never enjoyed a better night's rest."

"You were fortunate then; cotter's fare is generally but indifferent."

"She was inquisitive and asked particulars, but I managed to evade giving direct replies. Ascending to my chamber, I put on fresh clothes—my linen especially not looking the nicest after having been slept in. Busy with the thoughts of Miss Morris and the cottage, and what had taken place there, I lounged about all the morning, doing nothing but think. I would take up a newspaper to read, but could scarcely get through a sentence or two ere it was laid aside. Next I would sit down to write to some of my correspondents, but hardly a line would I trace before I relinquished the attempt. In fact, I could do nothing; my mind was completely unsettled. My sensations were similar to those of a person, who, for many years, has pursued a life of activity, and is suddenly deprived of employment—in plain words I didn't know what to be at."

"You're pale," observed my mother, as I took my seat at the dinner table. "You didn't fare so well at the cottage as you are willing that we should believe, I presume."

"I am sick, madam."

"Sick?"

"Yes—at my heart."

"Of what?" asked my father, venturing two words.

"Of folly," I replied.

"Whose folly?" demanded my mother with a look of displeasure, apprehensive of my being personal.

"My own," said I with emphasis.

"But you say I am pale," I continued, speaking with a tone of bantering; "it must be the reflection of this white vest; after dinner I'll take it off and wear one of scarlet the remainder of the day."

"Ha! ha! laughed Father, lifting a glass of champagne to his lips, and uttering a jest which created a general laugh. He appeared to be in high spirits; the flashes of his wit were admirable. But my poor sister, alas! how dejected she was! As I gazed upon her sorrowful countenance my heart seemed to palpitate as if it would burst, and Miss Morris and the cottage, and the harp and piano instantly vanished from my mind. Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, were at once absorbed in pity for my sister. She was sinking—perishing—without an effort to save herself. My emotions became oppressive, and rising from the table as soon as was consistent, I hurried from her presence. With a bewildered kind of tone I ordered a groom to saddle my horse, mounted with imminent personal risk, dashed down the road like mad. Recklessly I spurred forward, I knew not whither when a sudden turn in the road brought me in view of the cottage—and that very afternoon, strange as it may appear to some, I was again seated there in the parlor, listening to the tones of the harp and the music of her voice. I have sometimes read that with a couple situated as we were there is an indefinable intelligence which communicates to them the fact that they are becoming dear to each other."

It was so in this instance—we felt it. Since I had left in the morning she had again changed her dress; she wore a neat printed muslin, (then in fashion;) and I noticed also a pair of golden ear-drops which she had not previously worn in my presence. Her hair was tied behind in a Grecian knot, from which hung a profusion of ringlets; and around her forehead was a bandeau of burnished gold set with diamonds. This style of classic contour of her features, and imparted a queen-like dignity of expression to the repose and mildness of her countenance.

Half-listening, half lost in my reflections, as she thus sat at the harp and I gazed upon her beauty, my soul seemed wrapt in a dream—a dream of ages past, when the love-lorn Sappho tuned her lyre and bewailed the absence of her lover. Thus occupied (or thus idling, as it perhaps may more properly be expressed,) the afternoon sped swiftly by; I again took tea at the cottage, and it was after dark when I got into the saddle to leave.

But why dwell upon this part of my subject? For three weeks I was constantly at Mary's side; we rode upon horseback together; walked together, arm-in-arm, along the banks of the Brandywine; dined together; supped together—and her father was still absent! The parlor began to lose its charms for us—the harp and piano were less frequently used. Our delight was to wander alone by the light of the moon, to talk of the stars, and to recount to each other old tales of love and traditions of unexampled attachment—of Hero and Leander, Abelard and Heloise, Romeo and Juliet; and at such moments we found a language more poetical, more congenial to our souls than even the poetry of our favorite authors, Pope and Byron. For hours of an evening we would sit together in some remote part of the place, and, as we gazed upon the starry firmament, inhale the summer-breeze; and at times like these I was frequently upon the point of alluding to her mother; but each time failed, deterred by the recollection of the tears which she had shed when I called her attention to the portrait upon the first evening of our acquaintance.

To be Continued.

THE FIRE-SIDE.—The fire-side is a summary of infinite importance. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years and outlive the more mature but less vivid picture of after years. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon canvass, is no infant illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving in decay. Such is the fire-side—the great institution of Providence for the education of man.

THE MILLNER QUEEN—A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

A correspondent of the Morning Star thus alludes to the recent disturbances at Copenhagen, and the agitation against the Countess Danner, the morganatic wife of the King of Denmark. His story is very one-sided. Throughout her whole life this lady has maintained the same tenacity of purpose which, from a milliner's girl at Hanover, has made her so publicly acknowledged by the King as to become a motive for revolution amongst the people. The fact of her admission to such high rank having been cheerfully accepted, until the moment when she chose to oppose the

measures suggested by the Diet, gives some doubt of the purity of the motives which have actuated the leaders of the Opposition party to suggest the hateful cry of "Down with the Countess!" The anti-German party who lead on the cry know well enough that it is to end in the abdication of the King, the election of Prince Christian, and the consequent discord, wherein Russia will find her account, for which she has been intriguing so long. The career of the Countess Danner has been one of the most extraordinary. Originally a milliner, of third-rate pretensions, in the town of Hanover, she was induced to leave her native place in search of better fortune by a member of the family of Blixen, and went to settle in Copenhagen, where she took a small shop, in a shabby quarter of the town leading to the water-side, glad at that time to turn the caps and kerchiefs for the fair ones who work on board the boats and barges, and who a complication of head-dress defies any efforts of the milliner's art, and is only acquired by long practice. The little signboard she put up on her first arrival at Copenhagen has been raked up from the obscurity where it had lain rotting for years in garret, cellar, or rubbish heap, and paraded before the King's windows, to serve as a banner to the insurgents. It was the Minister Blixen, lately deposed, and now residing in Paris, who first made discovery of the Hanoverian treasure which had arrived to grace the town. He took her from the shop, and introduced her to the corps de ballet of the theatre where she figured, although without much success, in the ballets the King loves best. But, however much she may have been bent on captivating the royal heart even at that period, she might have still been dancing in the front row of the entree of "The Hermydrams," if chance had not favoured her intentions—and delivered the royal captive bound hand and foot, a willing, admiring, self-sacrificing slave. One silent summer night the whole city of Copenhagen was aroused by the alarm of "fire," and in an instant the firemen were astir, the population afoot, and, as usual, the King himself on the spot. His Majesty's love of attending spectacles of this nature is so well known that he is familiarly called by the Danish population the "Brant Mayor of Copenhagen." He is always first on the scene of action, and last to return home. In this case he found his reward for once, for in one of the rooms of the house on fire stood the milliner, looking so lovely in the little lace nightcap which, of course, she had made herself and behaving with such coolness and heroic courage, directing the firemen with the greatest self-possession, and leading them to the spot where the focus of the fire existed, that His Majesty, perhaps detecting in such marked behaviour on the part of a woman a sympathy of taste, immediately yielded to the interest she had inspired, and she returned to the ballet no more. As Countess Danner, she became highly popular, a daughter of the people. She always patronized the people's claims, and it is only of late when, although willing to elevate the people, she opposes the intrigues which seek to lower her to the level from which she sprung, that she has become an object of hate to her former admirers. No doubt exists of the malice, nor whence it sprung, which has levelled the Chateau of Fredericksburg to the dust. The King's refuge was, of course, odious to those who hunt him down, and compelled to return to Copenhagen, he has not been suffered to sleep a single night in peace. The private friend by whom these particulars have been communicated, adds, by way of moral to the story, that the best punishment for the people's ingratitude will be to consent to what they demand—the abdication of the King.

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