

THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD:

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION,

FOR ALL DENOMINATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

T. H. STOCKTON—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

~~~~~  
VOLUME III.  
~~~~~

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY BARRETT AND JONES,
No. 33 Carter's Alley.
1843.

PICTURESQUE NARRATIVES.

THE WIGWAM.

BY REV. THOMAS BLOOMER BALCH.

THE rural seats of England have often been prototypes to like establishments in the lowlands of Virginia. The copies are not equal to the originals, and yet they are resemblances thrown off on a soil less highly embellished, and among woods in which Anglo-Norman parks would seem like an undergrowth, or clumps of shrubbery. But every thing is not purely English which meets the traveller as he rides among the tints of the Blue Ridge State. He may occasionally see a place named in honour of Morven, where lived the son of old Fingal, or after Mount Ida in Crete, or Llangollen, in Wales, or Fontainebleau, in France. But let us not forget the poor Indians; for here is a seat which calls Powhatan to mind, or Logan, the Mingo chief; and the current of tradition about the last has, since 1774, been blending its water-colors with one of the reddest pictures in the gallery of authentic history.

It has been almost like an age since the writer found himself jogging along, of a frosty morning in autumn, over the lowland or tide-water country of Virginia, which lies considerably on the south of Rappahannock. The country wore rather a dreary air, but had once been the seat of opulence; and at that time the remains of wealth were still visible. The reader will no doubt ask, what sent you creeping about among the pines and cedars of Lower Virginia, so far from home? At that time we had no home, and all places seemed pretty much alike. My object was to pay my devoirs to an acquaintance who had pressed me to pass a winter at the Wigwam, which was the name of his seat. Upon my arrival, he came out with open arms.

"Frank," said he, "take care of this pony, and I'll take care of his rider." The servant obeyed the mandate, and Nim Carter led me into the hall of his ancestors, and every one knows that they were among the earliest and wealthiest settlers of Virginia.

The aspect of things in and about the establishment pleased me much in some respects, but in others not so well. The park, though chilled by autumn, showed very clearly how green it could be in summer. It was full of sauntering deer, and who does not like to survey such creatures as they range from shade to shade, or recline in the green hollows artificially made or provided by nature. Thinks I to myself, between this and the vernal equinox, I'll look into that park more than once. But there were other things which would have drawn attention from a rural connoisseur. The house was old fashioned, and built of brick from England, with a pair of wings; and the green-house was stocked with a redundancy of plants. It was quite pleasant to pass from a sepulchre without, and spend a fragrant hour among verdant leaves that refused obedience to what Cowper calls the leafless sceptre of winter. There was a library, composed of old books, maps, parchments, and views of castles, built by the Normans who invaded England in the eleventh century. But there were other things somewhat repulsive to my taste. There were too many

pictures which shadowed forth the kind of life which Nim Carter intended to lead. One could see on the walls sportsmen leaping fences—horses on a strain at New Market, for a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, riders with whips—jockey caps—and jackets of all colors, and particularly were there representations of the chase, intended to fire the imagination, but mine would not catch. There were views of huntsmen running down a poor panting fox, or of a stag just aroused, or at bay, or at the death; and plates showing the capture of game in different parts of the world. The appliances of my old acquaintance were, indeed, too numerous to be stated.

It is true that Nim Carter could not help owning these things, for they had descended to him from his progenitors. Children do not lay up for parents, but parents for children. Property seems to go by reduction descending, and not reduction ascending. But it is to be feared that these things chimed in with his early education, as well as the peculiar set of his constitution. A gun had been the first thing he ever owned, and when sent up to our mountain school, he brought along that instrument of destruction, and shot birds on the way; but our teacher told him that it must go back by the servant, to which he seriously demurred. Long before he came to his estate, he knew how to start a fox, to couple or uncouple hounds—and was expert in that vocabulary which is peculiar to gentlemen of the field and turf. His education had, in consequence, been less profound than usual, and particularly was he destitute of a general acquaintance with books. He looked over the papers which brought the news—or over some periodical, which contained a plate of some celebrated horse, or, perhaps, some new implement in husbandry. And yet his mind was mercurial—his conversation sprightly—his politics sound—his person not tall, but erect—his countenance benevolent, and his heart a nonpareil of nobleness. The fault of my friend Nim lay just here, that he had settled a wrong plan of life for any one pretending to be rational. He aspired to nothing beyond keeping his estate together—entertaining his guests—being at the head of the neighboring gentry—constructing a hunting lodge something like the Duke of Athole's, and killing all the game he could in proximity to the Wigwam. He left to others the duty of serving their country—of studying the laws—or of engaging in works of philanthropy. His friends lamented this determination, but none more than his mother, who was now getting old, and did not like the noise of huntsmen about the house, or the late hours which they kept. She had once been the handsomest woman in Virginia, and even then retained traces of her former good looks, and in Nim she found a son as respectful and kind as was Alexander Pope. Even in old age, she walked with a brisk step, and, in short, had the air of a perfect lady.

"Can't you," said she, "put Nim on a more useful and even serious course. The time was when I myself used to enjoy these things; but the old sportsmen have nearly all died out; and, as Dr. Young said, 'where is that world into which I was born?'"

"Is it possible," said I, "that you were ever masculine enough to like the chase or the turf?"

"It is but too true," she replied. "I have shot many a brace of ducks, and put many a bridle bit into foam; and have driven a phaeton more than once into the gate of a race field."

"Why, then," said I, "should you wonder at Nim's propensities?"

"I don't wonder," she replied; "but these things are hollow as the Tun-

bridge chasms, and my heart is still warm towards Nim. He entwines himself about me as a vine overruns a crazy summer-house."

This remark made me feel for the old lady, and gave me some ambition to enter into her views; and as aged people are apt to be loquacious, I asked her to tell me whether Nim had been anxious for my arrival at the Wigwam.

"Never knew him so anxious," said she, "about any thing. 'When will that prunello gownsman come?' he kept saying, for several days; and were you," continued she, "to ask him for twenty deer, he'd give you fifty. Don't want to flatter. Leave that to the Irish; but you stand with him like the cone of a cedar, or the top of a Lombardy poplar."

A few days after the above colloquy, Nim Carter and his guest were on a stroll through the park. "Glad you've come," said he. "Going to turn some of these deer loose in a day or two, and give 'em a fine chase; and the gentry want you along."

"You'll catch," said I, "many a fox before you catch me that way engaged."

"Any harm?" he inquired. "Isn't the fox guilty? Doesn't he plunder and steal?"

"But can a fox," said I, "distinguish between taking and stealing? Is he a moral agent? Do you try him by law? Do you prove his guilt before you get on his trail? Do you blame him for trying to keep up life in his skin? Live and let live is my doctrine. Besides, Nim, have these deer been stealing lately, that you intend exposing them to the fury of a chase? I protest against the measure."

"But," said he, "don't the English clergy hunt?"

"Some of them do," I replied; "but they are taken off by one of their own order. Let's read the Village Dialogues."

"Are they entertaining?" asked Nim.

"Not only entertaining," I answered, "but they are highly amusing."

My old chum had always been remarkable for a facetious vein which pervaded his conversation; and the prospect of being amused was quite agreeable.

"And next week," said he, "we'll begin."

"Nim," I replied, "hear me. Ledyard was once asked, 'when will you be ready to start for the interior of Africa?' 'To-morrow,' was his reply; but the Maid of Orleans, being asked when she would be ready to raise the siege of that city, answered, 'to-day.' Now, did a man or a woman make the nobler reply? and when you are asked to penetrate the heart of a book, you say that you will be ready neither to-day nor to-morrow."

"You charge me, then, with indecision."

"Not on a chase," I replied, "but in reading a book."

"You're just as bookish as ever," said Nim. "No difference now and when you used to get into the shade of the Blue Ridge with Gessner's Abel, or Florian's Tell."

"But more frequently," said I, "with Goldy's Traveller, or Goldy's Essays."

But by this time we had turned to reach the house, and on rising a gravelled walk which surmounted the park, Nim Carter observed,

"You may read, but don't read any thing to break the trail of my life. Isn't there a book called the Chase, written by an Englishman?"

"Perfectly willing," said I, "to read the Chase."

It's quite agreeable of an evening, late in fall, for a family to huddle round a fire, and read some pleasant book. If there be any thing that makes me admire the English poets, it is their domestic pictures. There are none such to be found among the leaves of the Persian—the Spanish—or the Servian writers; and, after hunting awhile, we found the book which Nim desired to hear. In an hour or two of that evening, the Chase was done.

"By whom," said Nim Carter, "was that book written?"

"By Somerville," I replied; "who lived at an old family seat called Edston, in Warwickshire, England. That was the shire in which Shakespeare stole the deer from Lord Lucy, and the one in which stood the renowned Kenilworth Castle. But poor Somerville came out at the little end of the horn."

"How?" said Nim's mother.

"He had an income," I answered, "of fifteen hundred pounds, but died centless, and as he had hunted up a good many foxes, the wolves of the law began to run *him* down. He became intemperate, and soon departed this life."

"Is it possible?" said the old lady, who, though generous, was somewhat aristocratic, and rather in favor of entailed estates. She did not like Tom Jefferson at all. She thought, in fact that he had barked up the wrong tree. It pleased me, however, to find that my friend, Nim, had been a little taken with the Chase. This was, no doubt, partly owing to the profound acquaintance which Somerville shows with the different modes of hunting in various countries. My first reading, however, had been simply introductory to a small design we had formed for our winter's entertainment, and that was to go through a variety of English books. In the classics, Nim had got a little rusty. Nor can we help, even at the expense of being thought pedantic, recalling that winter. We got fairly on the trail of the British poets, having roused up old Chaucer from his sepulchral lair at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire. The horn of the old bard looked very antique; but we wound awhile, and a multitude of poets began to defile among England's greenest woods; but, ere long, the whole choir stood round about, and gave us a rare concert on their harps.

"Look," said I, "Nim, to those living men."

"I'm staring," said Nim, "with all my eyes."

"Then," I rejoined, "we'll hunt up those men more in detail;" and, accordingly, that winter we had a mental chase.

We started game, sometimes, about old English castles, into whose history we examined, and at others we unveiled decayed abbeys. But we found the most tempting spoil among the sylvan recesses of the poets. We passed in this way through forty or fifty shires, on an old map of England, that belonged to Nim's father. As poets are haunted, it is right they should have haunts; and where they don't own them they are likely to become hangers on to those who do. We would advise all fox hunters to be on the alert in the pursuit of such localities, for the fragrance therefrom may, peradventure, overpower a less refined taste; just as in the time of Theocritus the dogs of Sicily were turned back by the wild sweetness of thymy vales.

By this time the writer had flattered himself into the belief that he had transformed the Wigwam into a home of the muses. He had tried to

spread out before Nim the lore of history, and some of the charms of taste. But how often are we disappointed; for who should ride up one evening to the Wigwam but Captain Garland and Col. Grymes. They made a dead set at Nim. I was about to battle with them about taking off my pupil from reading the History of England, written by Matthew Paris, but recollected that both of them were gentlemen of consideration in the neighborhood. In addition, Nim's mother had told me before, "He may be led, but he can't be driven. I never cross him, for he's a good son. He's a kind of green-house, that gives me buds and blossoms in the winter of my age. Therefore be to his faults somewhat blind;" and this struck me as sensible advice.

"Col. Grymes," said Nim Carter, "who will join us to-morrow?"

"Quite a number," answered the colonel; "but Squire Beckwith and General Beale will be out certainly."

"Indeed," answered Nim, "will the old general be out. Rather venturesome for an octogenarian."

"Octogenarian or not," answered Captain Garland, "he can set a horse like a man of thirty. He calls us the old men, and himself the young man."

"When saw you the general last?" continued Nim.

"A week since," answered the captain; "and he then told me some news."

"What's it like?" said Nim.

"That you," rejoined he, "had forsaken Diana and gone over to Clio Melpomene, or some such lady."

At this my old chum looked a little grave, for he didn't relish rumors of that kind. He had no notion of being schooled by a Blue Ridge dominie, and his manner that evening was more independent than usual.

"Col. Grymes," said I, "let me make a statement, and then, as the Scotch say, pose you with a question. My statement is as follows. There is a seat in Shropshire, England, called Hagley Park."

"I've been at it," said the colonel.

"Then," said I, "you know all about it; but in the time of the elder Lyttleton it was a place at which history was written: and in that of the younger Lyttleton it was the scene of revelry, and the rendezvous of huntsmen. My inquiry is, whether it were a more desirable spot in its first state, when Clio had it in possession, or when Diana had expelled the muse of history, and given it up to the cry of hounds and to the frolics of sportsmen?"

"But," rejoined the colonel, "wer'n't the letters of the younger Lyttleton written at Hagley Park?"

"It's doubtful," I replied; "or, rather, it's certain that they are a literary forgery."

"It's strange, then," said Col. Grymes, "for I was there when that mysterious stranger joined in the chase."

"But that," answered I, "only proves that the author of the letters had heard of that romantic incident."

By this time it was clear that neither the captain nor colonel wished to answer my question in a very categorical way; and it was not my wish to call either of the military gentlemen to the field. So we parted in good humour, for the night, wishing to one another sound sleep and rosy slumbers.

The next morning the servants, and, indeed, all the inmates of the Wigwam began to stir at an hour unusually early. Every thing seemed in a bustle. Nim came to my room, and found me, like Rip Van Winkle, in a sound sleep.

"Rise," said he.

"That I sha'n't," was my reply, which, from its positivity, rather disconcerted the laird of the manor. So he took himself off, whilst I went back to a state of unconsciousness.

The poets may write what they please about early rising, but some of them have not added example to precept. For instance, Thompson has expatiated on the pleasures of early rising, but was too indolent to pull goosberries from the bush. He always kneeled down, and applied his mouth instead of his hands, which was a proof that lazy people take most pains. But by the time that my slumbers were completed, the huntsmen were off, and Nim had started full of animation, as his mother told me, soon after leaving my chamber.

"The huntsmen," said I, "made quite an early movement this morning."

"Did they not? Uncommonly so," she replied. "Sooner commenced, sooner done; and I wish this day were gone. Are you a believer," she continued, "in omens? As I grow older, something that Nim calls superstition, seems often to distress me with anticipations or forebodings of evil."

"The time was," I replied, "when presentiments were common. The Scotch believed in second sight, and the Irish in what's called the Banshee."

"But last night," she remarked, "the old house dog howled and whined in a way quite unusual, and it portends some dreadful catastrophe. Suppose it should be Nim's death?"

"Don't be alarmed," I replied, "for the very hairs of his head are all numbered."

In this strain of remark our conversation was kept up for some time, and it pleased me to find that the old lady's feelings become quite tranquil.

"It seems, indeed," said I, "to be an animated chase. They must have started a cunning fox, or some stag uncommonly swift."

It was, indeed, entertaining to hear at intervals the ringing of the horn; but then it would die away in the distance, and the cry of the hounds would become fainter and fainter, until a sepulchral silence reigned over hill and dale.

"Isn't that silence portentous?" said the mother of Nim.

"Not at all," I replied. "It arises from a perfectly natural cause. Did you ever hear the great bell of Moscow?" The truth is that the fox that day had carried his persecutors beyond their usual range, and instead of running him down, he effectually broke up old General Beale.

Evening had now come, as it's apt to come quite soon of short Winter days. Night set in, but no Nim. Not a sign of his coming.

"Surely," said his mother, "he must have been devoured by some evil beast."

"Your imagination," said I, "has conjured up lions, tigers, and hyænas round the Wigwam, but there are none such any where about."

"Hark," said I, "there is the tramp of a horse, but upon going out it

proved to be Frank—the body servant of Nim Carter. Frank had been sent over as envoy extraordinary from Hickory Hill, to let us know the state of affairs. The old lady gave me Nim's letter to read, and whilst reading it, such was her anxiety to hear, that she held a lamp in each hand. The purport of it was to inform us that Col. Grymes, of Hickory Hill, had met in the course of the chase with a melancholy incident. In attempting to spring a gully, his old hunting steed having lost his former mathematical accuracy, had failed to clear its breadth. The injury to his rider was not to be laughed at, for his right shoulder was dislocated, and there was a considerable luxation in his left. His collar bone had received a slight contortion, and at one of his elbows there was a simple fracture, and at the other a compound. His wrists also and vertebræ were disordered. His ankles and knee-pans were in sad plight. "In short," added Nim, "the Col. is lying in a fraction like state. It will be next to impossible ever to get an integer out of him, but then he may become three fourths of his former self. His mind, however, is swift as ever, and he desires me to convey his ingenuous confession to our Blue Ridge gowmsman, that it would have been better if he had been engaged in reading Paley's Natural Theology, or Sydenham's Anatomy instead of chasing a fox."

"Poor Nim," said his mother, "he would be in good humor had it happened to himself rather than to the Colonel."

"Redundancy of spirits," I answered, "is needful under the evils of life."

The catastrophe which had befallen Col. Grymes, excited quite a stir in the neighborhood, and being lonesome during the absence of Nim, we were not displeased at the arrival of Parson Rose at the Wigwam. The Parson's head and face were something like those of an owl, but he was a kind hearted and affable old gentleman. Rumor said that many years before, the Parson had been nothing loth to engage in the chase: but there had been a long and growing seriousness which had come over the spirit of his dream. The change we believe was produced by domestic affliction, particularly the loss of a favorite daughter. He had placed on her tombstone that affecting elegy which Lowth, Bishop of London, had written on the demise of his daughter Maria.

"You have no doubt heard," said the Parson, "of the mishap of Col. Grymes?"

"We got the tidings last night," I replied.

"It has been my intention," said he, "for some time past, to preach against fox hunting, but this incident has brought to rest the pendulum of my determination. It produces nothing but idleness, waste of time, and squandering of estates, and it is my purpose to attack it next Sunday."

"Hadn't you better wait," said I, "till the recovery of the Col?"

"That wouldn't be taking time by the forelock," he replied, "while the incident is fresh it had better be improved."

The decision of character shewn in this remark pleased Nim's mother and myself not a little, and on Sunday we all left the Wigwam for the Parish Church. The church was an old brick building that stood in a glade, and the glade covered with fern. It had been erected about 1720 and its roof was mossy, and its outer wall was in ruins. Ossian's fox might have mounted it, and he would have looked as picturesque as at Balcluther.

"There seems to be a general turn out of the fox hunters to-day," said Nim's mother, as I handed her from the carriage. All here except poor

Col. Grymes. But notice was given through the glade that the Parson had begun, and on entering the church we found it uncommonly full. Still among the crowd it was easy enough to distinguish the fox hunters, for they looked all ways for Sunday. Old General Beale leaned forward, resting his chin on the altitude of the pew. Squire Beckwith sat apart, and appeared pensive, and even dejected. Captain Garland's bald head peered rather above the crowd. Major Willis was rather thoughtful, and now and then he hit his boots with a horsewhip. Nim seemed uncommonly dignified, but looked down when Parson Rose rose up in a black silk gown and bands, and announced his text, which was as follows,—“Nimrod was a mighty hunter.” It struck me at first that the sermon would prove a blank shot, but the preacher had gone but a short way into his discourse before it became evident that execution was to be done that day. He shewed a deep acquaintance with his subject. We should like to give a summary of that interesting sermon, but it was quite a long discourse. The preacher remarked that Nimrod, Esau, and Sampson were violent men, and therefore fond of catching foxes. He bore very hard on William the Conqueror, who took England in the eleventh century, and spoke of him as worse than an Indian or a Turk. “That King,” he said, “had sixty-nine forests in England in which he used to pursue his game. But behold,” continued he, “the triumphs of civilization. They are all cut down except four or five, and filled up with neat dwellings, and even Windsor, fifty miles in circumference, has in it the town of Workingham, and New Forest in Hants is but four miles round, and the Danica Sylva, in Gloucestershire, has only thirty thousand acres and is full of iron forges—and Dartmoor, in Devonshire, is only twenty miles long and fifteen wide, and that has several villages, and there is Sherwood, where Henry Second built Newstead Abbey. And consider that Pope rose up out of Windsor—and Hannah More from about the forest of Dean—and Byron from Newstead—and Gay lived about Dartmoor, and these things prove that it's better to read poetry and take the thoughts of such men into captivity, than like Sampson to catch foxes by the hundred.”

The preacher, however, got out of the woods at last, and leaning forward, made quite a pathetic appeal.

“Behold,” said he, “that vacant pew. The last time I officiated here, it was filled by Colonel Grymes. He was then a sound man, but now a valetudinarian for the balance of his life. This vulpine fever must be cured.”

After sermon I noticed that the fox hunters all huddled together, and while Frank was hitching our horses to the carriage, we overheard an interchange which they made of their views. General Beale thought the sermon quite an exhibition of learning. He had never dreamed before that the reading of Parson Rose was so various, though he always knew that he was profound. Squire Beckwith said that he should always respect the Parson for the fearless discharge of his duty. Captain Garland, however, supposed that Col. Grymes was more scared than hurt, and there was no use in preaching his funeral till he was dead, &c. &c. In going back to the Wigwam, Nim's mother shewed very clearly that she was delighted with the discourse, and my cordial approbation was likewise expressed, but Nim was mum.

It would have been impossible, however, to have convinced any person of reflection, that the sermon had not told powerfully on the neighborhood. It was the last chase held that winter. It's true that the quietness of the

settlement was owing in part to the weather. If a Russian winter subdued the French Emperor, the one which fell on Lower Virginia at that time, kept to their firesides the Napoleons of the chase. Such a winter! It killed up pheasants by the thousands. It blew a loud call to indoor enjoyments, and Nim and I recommenced our studies with augmented zeal. Nothing interrupted our nights, which we tried to make as attic as possible. In the midst of our pursuits we were quite animated by some on dits of agreeable intelligence to wit, that General Beale of Wyanoke, had been overhauling Pope's Windsor Forest—that Squire Beckwith, of Brandon, had been perusing Gay's Shepherd's week—that Captain Garland, of Rose Hill, had taken a fancy to Herodotus—that Major Willis, of Shandy Hall, had become smitten with the consolations of philosophy by Boethius—and that Col. Grymes was pondering in his easy chair Lord Lyttleton's reign of Henry the Second. It was an enigmatical affair as to what had so suddenly aroused the ambition of Nim to excel in intellectuals. The circumstance made me feel a button hole higher, but a communication made by Nim's mother explained the mystery, and of course brought me a button hole lower. It was something like the following:

"In trying," said she, "to turn Nim's mind and taste to things utilitarian, you have had a powerful coadjutrix in Lucy Grymes. In her peculiar turn she's as much like Lady Jane Gray as possible. It's true she's had no Roger Ascham to teach her the Dialogues of Plato, but then Lucy has always preferred reading to hunting in the Park."

"That's delightful news to me," said I. "Hope the nuptials may be hurried, for the winter is nearly spent." "But," continued I, "are both sides of the house pleased at the prospect?"

"Both," replied the old lady, "and I in particular. Lucy can't bear a boisterous house. Her ways are all as soft as the neck of a swan, and she's so good and serious."

"And how long," said I, "since this affair has been brewing, or how long since Nim started out in pursuit of such a charming gazelle?"

"Of a long time," she answered, "but the catastrophe which befel the Colonel brought the affair to a crisis."

She then gave Nim to understand, that unless he sold off his hounds and old hunting horses, and reduced the Wigwam to quietness, that he must look out for some other Dulcibella. And so the affair is to take place in ten days, and Nim wishes you to be one of his attendants. This was agreeable information, and the ten days seemed like a month, but they ran out at last and the day arrived. Nim was dressed in cloth like the color of a green bottle. As we rode over to Hickory Hill, the thought occurred that there must be a sympathy felt and understood between man and the inferior creatures. The hares, rabbits, and squirrels eyed Nim without apprehension. The red fox shewed himself at times, and the deer put out his neck from the woods clear into the road. It wasn't a very sublime sight, as Napoleon said of the burning of the Kremlin, but it was certainly handsome. Hickory Hill was distant from the Wigwam only as far as was Annesley Hall from Newstead Abbey, and on our arrival we found quite a gathering of the neighbors. There were some few things, however, that acted as a damper to the cheerfulness of the occasion. General Beale had bequeathed his old hunting horn sent him by the Duke of Gordon to Nim Carter, and he did not like making a codicil to his will, by which it was to be sent back to that nobleman. Squire Beckwith's affairs had got into con-

fusion, and he was about being drowned in a whirlpool, but Nim had reached him with his life boat—Captain Garland was done up with the rheumatism—Major Willis was using Perkins's points for the gout, and Col. Grymes was carried to and fro in his old chair. But Parson Rose was in wonderful spirits, and in performing the service, he laid great stress on the baptismal name of the groom, which turned out to be Landon instead of Nim. We all enjoyed ourselves, however, with considerable gusto, but since that memorable evening some important fluctuations have taken place, but as we don't like melancholy details, we will give only an item or so which may be pleasing. The Parish Church has been repaired—and there is a good deal of religious seriousness in the vicinity of the Wigwam, but the name of the place is changed to Wyoming, and the change was made from sympathy with some of my peculiar whims. The place we have been told has for many years worn a highly pastoral appearance, and its two principal occupants have realised all that is conveyed in the following lines from one of Ben Johnson's Masques, in the time of James the First—

" A true love knot can hardly be untied,
And if it could, who would this pair divide ?"

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

THE philosophy of the Christian life is a subject which deserves more attention than is usually bestowed upon it. Viewed indeed, in its widest aspect, it may be considered as one of the most interesting topics that can occupy the mind of man. It comprehends, in fact, no less than the solution of the great problem, how the sinner may become holy—and how a heart, at enmity with its God, may be brought back to its allegiance, and thus restored to the only true source of happiness. It is a problem well worthy the attention of the loftiest intellects; and is, in fact, of such a nature, that none but an infinite being has been able to solve it. The mode of its solution has been made known to us by the Sacred Scriptures. There, and there only, may we learn how the pollution of sin may be washed away; and there alone shall we find the remedy for its numerous and unspeakable evils. The experience of nearly six thousand years, as conveyed to us by the records of history, has served but to confirm the truth, that without the remedy here made known, these evils are indeed incurable.

With regard to some peculiarities of the Christian system, the different branches of the church are not, among themselves, agreed: but nearly all will unite in their conceptions of the outlines of the Christian life, as a scene more or less of present trial and suffering, ending, however, in supreme and eternal felicity. The only remedy for sin, it is conceded by all, is a cordial faith in the Saviour, and a following out of his teaching, involving more or less of hardship and self-denial in the present stage of existence, but conducting the soul to those mansions of blessedness hereafter, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived." Like the great founder of Christianity, it is the lot of his sincere and faithful followers to suffer persecution in various forms from those who have no fellowship with his holy teachings; but as he became victorious over