

JANUARY.

VOL. VI.

No. 1.

THE OPAV



DEVOTED TO USEFULNESS.

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS
OF THE
STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM,
UTICA, NEW YORK.

1856.

PRINTED AT THE ASYLUM.

13920
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THE OPAL.

VOL. VI. ASYLUM, UTICA, N. Y. No. 1.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO OUR PATRONS.

Hail! to the New Year,
April, with a tear;
Farewell to the last,
Keep the Passover for fast.
Among the steps we take,
Is this, The bread we break.
And when the corn we grind,
The Promises we find.
The visit here we make,
Thro' the eye—The Cake.
Cooke, Cook and Cook'd,
Booke, Book, and Book'd.
The Astrologer, The year,
Preparation, cheer!
Take ye here the gift,
The April-fool, to lift.
A happy, bright New Year,
The theme to all most dear.
This is our first essay
To Patrons, while we play.
To every one that lusts
Drink and quench your thirst.
Daughters as well as sons,
Come ye to the runs.
Again, A glad New Year!
Astrologer is here.
Astrologer, be slack,
It is our Almanac.
To Fifty-Six we sing,
With fifty-five a ring.
The last one out to pray,
The first one in to play.
Our Preparation-day.
We, First of April, say.
In early morn to meet,
The Sacrament to greet.
Like Cedars tall we're found,
The Temple is our ground.
To praise the Lord, our hymn,
Thro' the Eye, our rhyme.
Zion's King to praise,
In everlasting lays.

Among the steps we take,
"To Patrons," is the stake.
Triumphantly, the Head,
We ask, our daily bread.
To pay our honest dues,
An even way, The News.
For the New Year's Address,
Deliverance, to bless.
We would not be a fool
'Tis April, in the rule.
An even way to tender
The New Year for a gender.
What have we done the last?
Remember well! 'Tis past.
What shall we do the next?
In sticking to the text?
Has God been well-belov'd.
Will we the next approve?
Have we a world to gain,
Or have we pray'd in vain?
Our Friends! In life are they?
Is God our only stay?
In casting up the year,
Are all accounts made clear?
Have we no face to face,
Are we not friends to grace?
It is a glad New Year,
The young and old are here,
In making long our line
In Jesus, make it true.
We all the Angels cheer,
To find the coming year.
We every good would ask,
To end a twelve-month's task;
We know the past is there;
A blessing in our prayer.
Our House, our Church, our School,
We'll join a golden rule;
To find an even' walk,
Of holy things we'll talk;
And lucky may they be,
In wedlock all agree.

With plenty on our board,
A decent store to hoard.
God's law to surely find,
Upon our forehead bind.
A true and loving friend,
May every year but lend,
The New Year in the row,
Will be merry as we go.
The past to not forget.
We'll kindly reckon yet.
We'll mention many a friend,
And kindness without end.
We've thanks for many a gift,
The Astrologer to lift.
Pleasant dreams to all,
And Black tongues for our pall.
And smite you on the cheek,
If Double-Face you speak;
We would not be severe,
But only lecture here.
We are sincerely sorry,
For any one but Polly.
If more can be said.
Don't knock it on the head;
But try the best you can,
To make the usual plan.
We'll talk this very fast,
We'll talk some of the last.
Some good we all have lost.
Great good is at a cost,
Shall we ask only good?
We ask to have good food.
Rolling round the hours,
May God keep all our powers.
To be loved and to love
An Eye, like a Dove.
The Pestilence, to find.
May snow, be always kind.
In sickness to make whole,
To head the sin-sick soul.
From path's unknown to turn,
Why should our Bride, be one?
We have a large estate
The Lunatic to bait.
And clothed in our mind,
May every year be kind.
We mention all this day,

On New Year Day, to pray.
Superintendent first,
With keys may they be just,
And kind and good to all,
To all our dead, the Pall.
The decent fixture find
The attendants very kind,
And keepers every one,
This year is well begun,
May all enjoy good health,
Good consciences our wealth.
And when we pray to God,
May it be known abroad.
May all here grow in grace,
For everything a place.
For purposes a time,
And so we'll end our rhyme.
The future kindly hid,
We would not lift the lid,
May we be well prepared,
The first of April; glad!
And now good friends, Farewell!
May we not go to Hell.
The coming year to end,
The last to be well spent.
We gladly bless you all,
And give the dead to "Pall."
We kindly take our leave.
Remember me! And give.
Forget me not! Is best,
May we in Heaven find rest.
'Tis best, Forget me not!
May we all rest in God.
Keep Jesus present with us,
Or, else confusion seize us.
I never tried to rhyme,
Excuse the present time.
My name I am inditing,
E—h G—t W—t—g.
January first, prefix,
Eighteen hundred fifty-six.
The New York State Lunatic,
Asylum, Utica, The Attic.
The Attic, all you know is fine,
We would only add a line.
This is for the Opal, with good cheer,
We wish you all a "Happy New Year."

NEW YEAR'S.

BY B. B.

All I can say on New Year's day,
Is like the "Hop de Doo!"
Only that we may all take heart,
At finding time so new.

Two days make changes in affairs,
Full more than we can tell;
Christmas and New Year's join their loves,
And all is very well.

We cannot even it all o'er,
And sing of want and wo;
For much that was shall be no more,
And sure what is will show.

God send good luck to all our friends,
And smile on all our foes;
We all shall thrive together, then,
As sweet and bitter grows.

The bitter herbs may heal the heart,
And fetch us joy from sorrow;
They've nursed the sigh oft'times gone by,
And they'll be friends to-morrow.

Be glad, you may on New Year's day,
Nor future trouble borrow;
For time is gay, with new array,
And hope enshrines to-morrow.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. BECK.

BY ASBESTOS.

Literature, art, and science, triumvirate
of letters, have their position through the
instrumentality of means. Not a letter
would be evolved, not an invention exer-
cised, not an inquiry prosecuted, but by the
lords of creation, on whom devolve the
great interests of society, and through whom
are now presented the so many forms of
interest, of beauty, and of love that render
the world so attractive, and present for the
admiration of myriads the skilled exertion
of procreative energies concentrated in the
architectural splendors of mind, and devel-
oping a constant and adhesive formation of
affinities, that idealize a distinct world, in
which are performed those wonders, de-
lighting, refining, improving, and character-
izing the human race, and enstamping it
with the glory peculiar to itself; and all of
which is the product of individual skill,
stored as like the bee in vast cells of intel-
lectual concretion, and from whence the
drones are expelled by that action, which
triumphs, and leaves all idle and vain com-
petition to fester in its imbecility, or to
perish in the gangrene of its powerlessness,
while the lofty and powerful acts of enter-
prise tell their own story in the completion
of the several parts assigned in the great
drama of life.

Mind is still the standard of the man,—
of all he does and says; and by its de-
termination in the evolvments are the
characters of the great family known and
appreciated.

Even though it bloom amid deserts, and
generate its sweet influences in the retire-
ments and recesses of nature, its fragrance
is still sweetened by the pureness of its
atmosphere, and is welcomed as the balmy
odor of Edenian transmutations, pristined
by the genial smile of the Divinity, radiat-
ing the benighted and busy world with the
true and steady light that honest science
nurtured in the bosom of truth, and seeking

no higher honor or greater aim than the
promulgation of the doctrines it demon-
strates, and which are alone the salvation
and sustainment of mankind, in all the en-
nobling qualities of being, all the reliable
positions of character, and whose germs
are watered oft by the tears of solicitude
and closest love, until matured and ripened
by the severer storms of an ever-varying
and sterner sphere.

Academic groves and shades bear witness,
above all other resorts, to the development
and fruition of mind, because there it is
husbanded in the tomes of love, taste and
genius may have selected and concentrated
for the contemplation and investigation of
the humblest and proudest.

Mind, in its investigations there, revels in
the granary of its treasures, and from thence
issue the streams to gladden the cities of
our God, with the practical illustrations of
its achievements in those retired and hal-
lowed scenes where it alone associates with
its own brotherhood, and prepares to usher
forth in the grandeur and greatness of moral
and physical accomplishments, which re-
dound to its honor, and are the sequence of
the well-directed efforts of its persevering
industry in these walks freshened by Cas-
talian dews, and invigorated by the purity
of the associations in which it forms its own
spheres of duty and of action.

Would we could portray the theme in its
genuine colors,—would that our talent bore
some faint proportion to our desire to show
up mind in the theory of its operations, by
its forecast, its acquisitions, its communica-
tions with the "ancient and honorable," to
imitate, admire, and practice;—the student
to study, the child of nature and unculture
to seek the avenue to superior and healthful
dignity, to permanent and expanding use-
fulness.

There is a beautiful theory in the chemi-
cal science, styled the atomic, of definite

proportions, by which is demonstrated the affinities of nature in its ultimate particles, and illustrating the whole arrangements of physical condition. This theory is the basis of all those superstructures whose harmony is the admiration of the student of nature, and from which men of science are enabled to construct and perfect all those harmonies whose uses are so valuable in the amelioration philanthropy proposes. This theory may not be confined simply to the physical world, but is also demonstrable in the moral sciences, whose chief end is to regulate the affinities of mind, and conduct them through the ever-changing scenes of its operation, to those results whose glories are around us in the lives of the scholars, and above us in the splendid garniture of the skies, and whose constant action produces the wonderful displays in the symmetrical acquisition of its efforts.

The ranges of the illustrious scholar whose demise is so universally mourned, were not simply confined to one class of science, but to all classes, moral and physical, and in such perfect harmony as to leave the impress of his character enstamped in indelible lines, and for the imitation of ages which may succeed in his advancement to a nobler state of being.

Perfection can never be improved; and when a son of science leaves his earthly labors complete, by regular steps in the ascent to its summit, from whence he may survey his journey,—there is the apex of his intellectual cone,—there is the cap-stone of his perfection in the constant and continuous and ever progressive attractions and cohesions that present, in the evidences of their own uniformity and conformity in the grand climacteric of science, and inviting to the view those who have stumbled on the dark mountains of ignorance, and fainted on the way, by reason of their imperfect comprehension of the direct and positive relations, and at which they may gaze and wonder and perish, before the steady, firm, and undaunted front Truth presents in the acquisitions of her faithful, earnest, and intelligent children.

Families of natural history, arranged in order and perfect classification, named in

classical indication and association; animals of varied beauty, origin, and of different degrees of value and utility; insects of scarcely noticeable appearance to the ordinary eye, are brought forth by the hand of science, arranged, named in the "order of nature," elegantly demonstrated. Animal matter in all its combinations; fishes of wonderful minuteness and of prodigious size—illustrations of the variety and divisibility of nature—birds in muteness inviting the admirer to the wildnesses of nature, and saying, in mute phrase, by the language of Pope:

"See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth.
Above how high progressive life may grow;
Around how wide, how deep extend below.
Vast chain of being, which from God began.
Nature's ethereal, human angel man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to Thee,
From Thee to nothing!"—

And leaving the beholder to look through nature to its Great First Cause, and exclaim,—

"Mysterious round! What skill,
What force divine deep-felt in these appear!"

And the infinite divisibility of matter that is thus introduced to the mind through the instrumentality of mental exercise, dignifies the liberal arts and sciences, and renders their pursuit and study the desire of many; and the researches of the antiquarian a lurement to inquiry with the original constitution of the elements of the Empire State, presenting those varied displays of the natural world, in its kingdoms of animal, vegetable, and mineral spheres of transcendent interest, fraught with the highest ennoblings. Not simply is the mind honored, amplified, dignified, sustained through those instrumentalities, but her provident accomplishments are through and by them.

The person who, like Wilson, ranges over the wilds of nature, and classifies and names every bird, animal, and flower he meets; or, like Buonaparte, naturalizes the wilds of forests; or, like Audubon, clothes in artistic beauty the productions of nature; or, like Catlin, who panoramizes the Indian, and mirrors him in the splendors of art; or the modest boy, who traces, by the early dawn

and rising sun, along the meandering brook, the homes of the sweet flowers and birds; or the artless girl, who chases the butterfly to admire and obtain a transcript of its beauty for studios and halls,—are each in their turn the developers of mind, and instruct, by the dumb mouths of the arts, those who never lifted an eye to God in adoration of his works, or cast one thought to the "sublime and beautiful."

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"—those gallant and pure worshipers of nature's holiest,—those Becks of our own state, the service of one of whom has recently terminated amid the lamentations of the halls he once brightened, now darkened by sorrow's keenest anguish.

Familiarity with the principles on which the order and beauty of creation is constructed, are essential to the perfect understanding of science. Simple they may be in their original elements, but rendered mystified by the efforts of men of the world to subvert it to the ignoble purposes of ambition and self-interest; and it is only the pure, disinterested son of science, who toils daily and nightly for the promotion of learning among men, who can safely arrange and develop the resources of nature, and present them in such harmony, such conformity to the natural conditions of the varieties of the human species, and to those other states of being that constitute the great and noble world in which immortals are introduced to a knowledge of themselves, by looking at and studying those phenomena characterizing the features of different orders of existence, and preserving in the museum of the arts and sciences the counterparts of nature itself, and thereby dignifying her products by a careful arrangement and adoption into families and their generations all the valuable, beautiful, and useful objects that adorn the fields and forests surveyed by the children of those halls, where the lone scholar hath pointed the way to the realms remote in depths of woods embraced.

Mind, in its developments, rears its own enduring and peculiarly consecutive monument; and although it is often alluded to as the object of its own personal care, as if it did exist in independent chaos, alone con-

templator of the "darkness visible" with which ignorance is surrounded, it is but the emanation of a superior and supreme First Cause, which hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and thou shalt glorify me."

Philosophy hath determined its nature, scientific investigation hath demonstrated the arena of its prowess, and every atom of its connection hath verified the truth of the poet:

"O what a miracle to man is man!"

Present, then, in the full-orbed splendor of its magnificence are the triumphs of its efforts and successful attainments. The arts may perpetuate the remembrance of them, and transmit to future ages the wisdom of retirement. Admiring generations may learn from the history of individual enterprise and worth its value to the world, and portray in living colors the brilliancy of modesty, gently telling its own narrative, in the academic shades and groves, to loving and honorable students, who bear into the arenas of the great theatre of life the mysteries of the schools—thronged, it may be, for the adaptation of practice, and mingling with the active and absorbing enterprises of the day, in all their engaging interests, and producing the fruit of good living, to the honor and praise of its Author, seated on the throne of his eternal and incomprehensible mind.

Approach its effulgence, child of nature, and its radiance will dazzle and confound thee.

As it is only the eagle that can soar toward and gaze at the sun in its meridian splendor, so it is he only who can tend upward toward that other great light, whose glorious beauty radiates the solitudes of infinity,—who has studied in the calm and retired hours of life the approximation unto its origin.

Sir William Jones addressed it as the source of all things bright and fair on earth and in heaven,—the pure, ethereal essence of the noble reason of man,—the inspiration of all his movements, moral and physical, and the determining power by which is distinguished all those attributes of the race of man, elevating him above his fellows, and

crowning him with the honored approbation of his Creator, his best, his most reliable friend.

Illustrious son of the liberal arts and sciences, permit an humble admirer of thy worth to come to the altar of earth, sea and skies, to bend the knee in adoration, that one so devoted, able, and honest as thou hath lived in honorable duty to God and self,—that thou hast filled the measure of thy country's glory, in a more interesting form than the warrior or statesman,—hath traversed the several spheres of nature, and drawn from them resources to enrich those libraries, adorn that Capitol, and inspire the souls of the people with a love for and thirst for knowledge,—hath entered the abodes of the scholar, and journalized his several duties, and exhibited on the pages of recorded "science and religion," the arenas of the scholar's conflict, and aggregating individual exertion in the forms of academies, colleges, and universities, hath established their claim to the respect and undiminished confidence of the state, and in the representative appearance of earth's noblemen, Regents of New York. Literature hath consolidated the interests of more exalting institutions, and by their Secretary Beck borne to every section of the state; the present condition demanding the immediate and constant aid of every patriotic breast, who loves the best hopes of happiness, and desires the fulfillment of the stupendous plans, in all which may be seen the mind at work of the most beloved and universally-respected citizen,—there in foreign parts the jurisprudence of medicine, its highest point hath been presented by Dr. Beck's mind; and the question, Who reads an American book? could be answered by as profound a treatise as science can boast.

In scholarship, and rearing of scholars for forty years,—in teaching medicine by its institutes and materiel,—in promoting the welfare of science by an assiduity, zeal, and ability that never faltered,—in each and every particular doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly before God,—in associating with and inspiring his brothers in this philanthropy of special endeavor with a confidence in the general principles of its

management,—in the beating of that noble and generous heart (now, alas! cold and pulseless), his scholastic children derived their greatest incitements, and they can better tell the power of its action on earlier and unsophisticated position by a contact with its fervid and glowing impulse;—in all the relations of life, Dr. Beck showed himself a man ennobling and endearing by every act so sweetly insinuating as to weave its own laurel, and to acquire the love and esteemed confidence of the people, in their social, literary, and legislative capacities, and which the liberal endowments of the good and great have enabled him to perfect, and by which successive legislatures of a state (styled the Empire, from the vastness of her grasp, the comprehensive nature of her objects and achievements) have established the radii of those intellectual surveys so filled with honor, truth, and justice.

Yes! disciple of the liberal arts and sciences, let us come in our humble and unstudied garb to thy perfect, exalting altar,—let us cast our humble acknowledgments of thy worth, there where the fancy discovers no errors, the reason detects no fallacies, and the judgment sits umpire on no weaknesses or fallacies of man, to wish good speed to every laborer in his endeavor to advance the perfect cause of truth, the cultivation of good scholarship amid good scholars, and before those who appreciate and honor them.

Although honors and emoluments are not in direct ratio to the scholar's good deeds (for, if they were, the mind would be so amplified, so divided and enlarged, as to be beyond comprehension of ordinary adventure), still the studious, good scholar, at grammar-school and college, becomes the self-possessed in the acquisition and use of knowledge, and, instead of traveling over and over the road he once trod, sits in his elbow-chair and points out the way to other inquirers after the intellectual route, and "thousands upon thousands" are directed, taught, and put on their journey for the very other scenes that life presents.

How ubiquitous becomes the lonely scholar! Do you not see his higher rank over

the practiced jade of detail and circumstances?

Even though a great and good man's life is his own best eulogy in deeds of wisdom, it is, nevertheless, becoming to think of their benefits to the world. Growing up with society, his value is not perceived until he hath passed away. Side by side he lives and grows with those unconscious of his worth, like oaks with the minor trees of the forest, and his stern and unyielding integrity compromising with no pliant sapling, lives to fructify and adorn the wild and uncultivated by germinations infinitely progressive and valuable.

Bodies of learned men are to be found in America, but not simply as such,—not drawing their resources of living on peculiar endowments—O no! the scholar moves onward in his tedious, but to him not only a delightful, but very honorable task. He may live and die "poor as poverty," but his soul, his mind has luxuriated amid the pleasant lawns and refreshing shades of oriental taste, and banqueted on those feasts of reason spread out by the Grecian and Roman poets. Rich in learning, he has met the poor in knowledge, but, peradventure, never has received a corresponding requital for services and aid that money could not take away,—for riches of mind that stay and support the journeying, and produce a reward in the personal, social, political, and religious happiness it produces and promotes.

When will there be a train-band of men of learning, familiarly acquainted with all those imperious necessities of circumstances and condition that constantly call for exertions the most energetic, sagacity the most astute, wisdom the most discerning and candid.

When or where will the mantle of T. Romeyn Beck fall on a successor competent to the discharge of duties such as he performed,—on one whose penetrating eye perceives the abodes of the ignorant, and assured them that "science and religion" were in dignified trust, and in control of prince regents for an empire whose reigning sovereign was Justice.

Libraries of the learned, collections of

natural history, in its various departments, arrayed by taste and discrimination, are the indices to the operations of mind in its ulterior forms. The nucleus of these formations whence are derived the best, the surest methods of inculcating knowledge.

Behold them as arranged by the classical and illustrious scholar, whose departure is so deeply mourned; see them lessening the wise, reproving the ignorant, and standing as landmarks to the scientific traveller, as beacons to the benighted, and as home-lures to the wandering.

Hills and valleys, rivers and brooks, are traversed for contributions to the several stocks of science. Behold the gems of the wilderness in the caskets of art! We wonder at and admire the modesty, zeal, and genius that hath placed before the eye of mind, the treasures of unsurpassed excellence, full of good intent, of comprehensive tendency, of romantic interest. Names upon names lead to and unfold the qualities of objects, and are recorded with the honest purpose of benefit to mankind,—of showing the pre-eminence of mind and its relations in alluring connection with God.

How much is the world indebted to the unwearied pursuit of the scholar for its highest enjoyments, and for the numerous evidences of the power of his duty, that leads to the attainment of high end!

How many—O how many are led from the low and groveling pursuits of the sensualist to the ennobling, pure fields of flowers and poetry, the firm expansion of scientific investigation, true-purposed condition that never faileth or faltereth in the valleys of inconsiderate folly, puerility, or unchastened desire, where polished friends and bland associates, adorers, and lovers of creation and its beauties may bask in the realms of genuine comfort, in the consecrated groves and shades refreshed by Castilian dews, and gently guided by the still waters to joys more than momentary; honors more than material, bliss more than sensual, in those calm and sweet offices of the good scholar whose skill unfolds the beauties of the "inner temple" of the soul, and awakens it to the purest, holiest impulses of immortality! Can we doubt the importance

of sustaining learned men be doubted? When we see what they do, shall they be permitted to perish amid the rich banquetings of sensualities because they may be abstract, by reason of their office, from the busy, bustling world,—only because the frigid atmosphere of speculation becomes not the genial spirit of the scholar, and blights the cords that bind in union the disinterested children of science and of song?

Oh no! if generations should forget the springs and fountains that soothed and assuaged their thirst, yet will not the Lord. Heaven receives to its embrace and bosom the chastened of earth, and whose constant care has been to increase the store of truthful inquiry, and to hang the banners on the outer wall of the citadel of honor to recruit into the service of immaculation the erring, the doubting, and discordant.

Illustrious merit tells its own peculiar story, and is advantaged by no studied eulogy; but verily is its own interpreter and witness. How precious to the good old scholar passing away, that he is perpetuated by myriads through his own means!—that ships cross seas, men penetrate forests, enter pulpits and senates, plead at bars, and adorn and interest every class of existence,—that the glory of the tree of knowledge is in its gradual and expansive growth!

Here lived and died, said De Witt Clinton, at Schenectady, that man of God, Theodorice Romeyn. Such an ancestor honored by his near relative and descendant, Romeyn Beck, whose name is incorporated in the humanities of the state, has been borne in honor to foreign realms and lands remote, and reared aloft by its innate index, a monument of truest and most honorable fame to himself and country. Grammar-school, colleges, and literary associates combined to open the way for the immortal honors of "science and religion," and the triumph of perseverance is perfected in every dew-drop of the mountains, and every animal that roams the forest introduced to the classification and naturalization of science.

History will transmit the records of his inestimable worth; admiring friends, beloved pupils and coadjutors in this philan-

thropy, a generous and loving state will bless and perpetuate his memory.

Friends of the departed, of virtue and of science, on you it rests to sustain the fair fabric of mind, now presenting on its entablature another name to brighten its lustre. Laurels of earnest endeavor are green as the robe of summer around the memories and names of the just and true of our state.

A halo of glory surrounds the brow of many in the Temple of Fame whose early bias was by and through the much-loved and departed friend. Immortal as his own eternal truths, unfolded in academical retirement, will be the lustre to adorn him, and quadrupled honors reflected from the pure light of his pupils living and acting on the stage of being.

"The world is gay and fair to us,
As now we journey on,
Yet still 'tis sad to think
'Twill be the same when we are gone.
Some few, perchance, may think of us;
But soon the transient gloom,
Like shadows of the summer cloud,
Will leave our narrow tomb!"—

Saith the poet of the ordinary pilgrimage of life. But the career of the learned scholar tells a different tale. It extends its light lonely and brilliant, with no *ignis fatuus* to lead astray, but luring upward to those pure and stormless skies,—onward to those shores laved by no angry or tumultuous waves.

Friends of humanity, and of learning, gather at the tomb of virtue and wisdom, and weep that so few are the faithful in the glorious cause; and rejoice, too, that there is a radius at the shrine of Beck, from whence his brothers may take their distance and survey in the great field of nature, and gather honors as they live, and perpetuate them in the grand and heaven-tending principles of the sciences and their collaterals through the succession of rolling years, and be welcomed to the eternity of blisses, with the plaudits of angels, and their "Well done, good and faithful; enter into the enjoyment thy God provides for the wearied scholar in the abodes of the blessed in paradise."

TO A BIRD SINGING IN WINTER.

BY D. L. W.

'Tis winter, and December's snow
Enshrouds the barren earth below;
Yet from yon merry, tuneful bird,
A charming summer song is heard.

Dear Friend,—for thou art dear to me,
Whilst singing on the leafless tree,—
I love to hear thee there prolong
The beauty of thy artless song!

It brings to mind the friends of old,
Whose hearts were neither proud nor cold;
Their like I shall behold no more,
Now childhood's gladsome days are o'er.

Days when I rambled in the grove,
With playmates in the bonds of love;
And gathered grapes and blushing flowers,
And heard the sweet birds sing for hours!

Then we were joyous, too, like thee,—
From care and disappointment free;

And thought the world would always prove,
As full of beauty, truth and love.

Alas, that Time the spell should break,
And from Life's sky its sunshine take;
And bring the clouds, that hidden lay,
To overshadow our flow'ry way!

Gay warbler! thou art truly blest—
No care disturbs thy tranquil breast;
No disappointed hopes have chilled
Thy heart, with love and gladness filled.

Renew again thy cheerful tune,
'Tis like the melody of June;
And sweeter unto me doth seem,
Than music floating through a dream.

I love to hear thy mellow throat
Pealing each rich, rejoicing note;
I love thy melody divine,
And wish my friends were all like thine.

IN HAPPIER HOURS.

BY ETTA FLOYD.

In happier hours I loved to dwell
Among the thoughtless and the gay,
Of present good to often tell,
And glean still more each coming day.

A stranger then to moans and tears,
Life seemed one vast Elysian scene;
No care I knew—no boding fears—
But all was peaceful and serene.

Fresh-laden was each hour with joy,
Its merry notes re-echoed still,
And seemed to say nought could destroy
The hopes that did the light heart thrill.

The merry dance I gaily sought,
And shared in all its witching mirth,
Nor weened I that the charms it brought
Could ever seem as nothing worth.

'Twas in those happy hours of mine
That Friendship wreath'd her fairest flow'rs,
While Love and Joy did sweetly twine,
To add new freshness to her bow'rs.

'Twas then that trouble ne'er was known
To dim the brightness of a smile,

Or change to sighs a merry tone,
As blithely I the hours did while.

The future ever brightly glow'd,
No darkness loomed o'er coming years,
But through the vista hope still flow'd
To smiles create in place of tears.

'Twas in those mirthful days gone by
That faithful friends still gathered near,
And with each other seemed to vie,
Which best could scenes of pleasure rear.

Some think me gay and happy yet,
Because a smile I often wear;
They think life's shadows I forget,
For buried hopes I've ceased to care.

But ah! they little know the weight
Of bitter loneliness I feel;
For changes dark have sealed my fate,
And nought appears my heart to heal.

But such is life! there's nothing here
To rest our cherished hopes upon,
For gath'ring storms soon come to sear,
The brightest and the earliest won.

A PROTEST.

BY E. G. W.

*The New York State Lunatic Asylum.
Utica, Seat of Government.
December 12, 1855.*

Dear President of the United States, dear Governor of the State of New York, Seat of government in Utica, dear Doctors, Managers, Superintendent, assistants of the Asylum, Seat of government, Utica, being present with us. Greeting. Honored Sirs. from your very humble servant, Fair as the Moon, most respectfully.

We in the name of Holy-writ, and in the name of all the great and good do here and in this place take the opportunity to make our humble petition and memorial, respecting these fair businesses, now, heretofore, and henceforward, in question.* Affirming in the name of Holy-writ and in the name of all the greatest good and truly wise, that these said fairs in question, and all other fairs in question, are an injury to the country, to individuals concerned, to the health of this as well as other communities, and an *unfair* (if it is Fair as the Moon) concern. Tending in all of its ways, to undersell valuables, to rob the poor of their just and honest industry, to injure trades and prices, to bewilder the mind and embezzle public as well as private property.

If Captain Kidd took ship with fairings, so may we. If all the daughters are trepanned to spend their precious time for a thing of no precise time and place, to do their best endeavors, who takes possession of these endeavors? And if there is a ship-load sent out to sea to air, does the Captain eat raw blood while staying out to sea nearly a year? Is this ship-load of no value? And who claims the ownership? Does the Captain take his raw blood with a little turpentine on the top? And is all comings and goings on board the ship barrelled up and tossed upon the waves or else sent to shore in order to be burnt, or else burnt at sea? Touch not the sea, (we are

enjoined.) We ask these questions, although we ask no questions, for conscience'-sake. Did this same Captain, (Captain Kidd, for instance,) while out to sea with these afore-said fairings, did this same Captain invent the compass? Or shall we give the credit of the invention of the compass to the Prophet Daniel, as is hinted in the Bible? Now to make any one article for the fair is an improper motive; we should only make for some steady shop and some known or permitted price. Say ten shillings for a wedding, and twenty cents for a good broom. St. Vitus was the first seller of brooms. And ten shillings is the value of the Angel, a piece of money so called. Ten shillings for a wedding would do away the mark between the breasts, represented by three bars. We always give the hundredth cent to the widow, and religious money is counted at eleven cents to the shilling, bringing a dollar at nine shillings and ninety-nine cents—three bars or units stand for one hundred and eleven cents which religiously is ten shillings, not forgetting the Widow. We speak religiously with all this.

These Fairs are a great trouble and vexation to your humble servant, Fair as the Moon. And we do from this day forward and forever sign and seal our protest against them, petitioning that they may be entirely done away with and prohibited in this institution and elsewhere throughout the world. They ruin our country, they ruin all laudable ambition, all proper and delicate motive. We do petition in the name of Holy-writ, in the name of all the great and good and truly wise, we do petition the President of the United States, the Governor of the State of New York, the officers of this Institution one and all, to prohibit this and all other fairs in our country, and we petition that they give orders that there shall be no more fairs held in the Asylum. We, your humble servant, fair as the Moon, was an

inexperienced virgin, and ignorant of the consequences of engaging in an affair, so decidedly spoken against and disapproved in the Bible, our book of all guides. Hurrah Boys! And do the best you can. Heaps upon heaps, and hats off. And the first cry, is, who is the most of a picked goose? Which flint is skinned the closest? No value. Idle minutes otherwise misspent. Do all you can and do your best, Can't earn my living although ever so honest. Black-tongue and doubtful likely enough. Is this swindling or stealing valuables from the citizens and their children? All inexperienced virgins? Walter Scott says that these fairs are the ruin of England, and there are some wise heads who know this to be the truth, and that the people were determined to make those people, who promoted and supported these fairs, they were determined to make them leave the country. They made the Electors of Hanover leave the country with all the women and men who made fair-work their business in any way to be depended upon. The Bible calls these fair-people, Long-nails, Booth-people, and stalled oxen, with a stall of fair things. What will you give for the ox? The Bumble Bees are out and they are strong enough to work? Say: Booth-women and men, what will you give me for the ox? The horn between the eyes? &c. Sickness is the same as to leave the country, and it is very cruel to make a good or a poor person sick, besides the reaction of these fairs is bad, It is broken-down ambition, shiftless and dispirited, no one can do anything till the year comes about again, and it seems as if Hubbub, and Hurrah, Hats off! was all the life discovered for twelve months at least. "Neck or Nought," is no motive to govern community.

"My name is Captain Kidd and the wicked things I did, as I sailed. I'd a Bible in my halt and I buried it in the salt, as I sailed."

It is a perfect school for the swindler. Is the pretty work of our daughters not to be kept by themselves. They are not able to make only what they can and ought to keep. If a generous and kind friend can afford to give to the shiftless and sick-minded pauper

a few, or a little nice stuff or finery, should not what they make be their own to keep? It can do them no good any other way, and they cannot make it—unless as their own in possession.

Fine-twined needlework was deemed worthy in the Bible in old times to adorn the Temple of the most High, and called the greatest of ornaments. Is a ship-load of exceeding fine and delicate articles honest at sea? And can they be made an honest use of or an healthy use of? Just as the year comes round and we but begin to take an interest in the welfare of community, the concatenation of circumstances is rudely interrupted by the aforesaid swindler. Will you make something for the fair, citizen? Will you wind your silk on my cocoon? Will you pin your nice hat and your little kitten on my sleeve? Oh dear! my wardrobe wants repairing and I was just thinking of sitting down and doing some mending. It is a whole year and I have not felt any disposition to attend to it, which it very much needs; and just as I feel smart enough to brush up a little, you come in with this eternal fair. Why don't you keep shop and have some regular place to sell fancy articles at a fair valuation? I must attend to my wardrobe. If I make anything for the fair I shall not want to sew one stitch for the whole year. This is the talk between one of these foolish inexperienced virgins, and these fair or booth people. And now you have got all the foolish virgin, who was sadly trepanned by the swindler, is worth, all her time and valuables are gone. If you can't catch Lamprey Eels only at such a time, and they are of more value and must be had, than any other fish, it would be unfair to take all away from the fisherman as if he had no property in them of his own. I never heard of such a thing; you must leave the country, or in other words, we insist upon a way which is not good, and will in the end certainly make you sick, and in other words which mean the same thing, leave the country.

Honored Sirs, I do not want to leave the country and I do not want to be sick, and I do not want to have any part or lot in the fairs in the Asylum or elsewhere. We,

Fair as the Moon, politely ask to be excused now and henceforward from all fairs and booth-women and men, long nails, and stalled oxen.

These people have had names given to them, so that the truly good and honest may know who it is who go to sea with Captain Kidd. These names plainly point out our danger and our refuge, too. Play-fair, Tell-er-fair, Fair-Rosinante, Fairbanks, Fair-

child, Fairman, Fair ladies, Fair way-Booth-Tella-boso. Hall. &c. And Fair as the Moon, which name your humble servant most respectfully retains as the only fair which she will ever support, acknowledge or be concerned in, in any way. Fair as the Moon and clear as the sun if you will so Double-faced Janus. Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar. What will you give for the ox? Ask no question for conscience' sake.

PSALM LXV, 2.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

Oh! Thou who hearest the humblest cry,
True penitence can ever raise;
To thy blessed Majesty on high,
Be strains of never-ceasing praise.

And to that Advocate above,
By whom alone we come to God;
Whose spirit and whose name is love,
Who sealed our pardon with his blood;

And to the Spirit's heavenly aid
Which guides our heavenly feet above,
May never-ceasing thanks be paid,
And strains of grateful praise and love.

To the united Three-in-One,
Be endless honors ever given,
God the blessed Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, One in Heaven.

To hear their sentence, all the race
Of Adam to thy bar shall come,
And all who've felt and owned thy grace,
With thee in Heaven, will find their home,

Will tune their golden harps to praise
The Lamb, will joyful shout his name;
And while their sweetest notes they raise,
Redeeming love will be their theme.

Redeeming love, whose conquering power,
From sin their captive souls has freed,

Nor will they cease to bless the hour,
When to its calls their hearts gave heed.

Nor will they cease His name to adore,
When from the scenes of time they pass;
But sweeter still on Heaven's blest shore
Their songs will rise, His name to bless.

And louder still their strains shall rise,
Their glorious Saviour's praise to sing;
'Till shouts responsive from the skies
Make Heaven's eternal arches ring.

Oh! that all flesh, indeed, would come,
Trusting thy promises of grace,
Would seek in Heaven to find their home,
And see their Saviour face to face.

Oh send thy Spirit from on high,
Our sinful souls to cleanse and bless;
That we to thee may yet draw nigh,
That we in faith may seek thy grace.

"O thou that hearest prayer," may all,
Drawn by thy Spirit's heavenly flight,
Yet come to thee, yet hear the call
Of Mercy's voice, and seek that "light"

Which on the gentile lands shall shine,
And earth's remotest isles shall bless,
Then shall both earth and heaven combine,
To own thy power, adore thy grace.

THINK.

The days roll on their moments and their hours;
Hope leads the way with her impassioned powers,
In the dim future luring still the way—
How often chastened by the chequered days,
King of old time, O learn me of thy end!

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY ETTA FLOYD.

Although home, with its numberless joys, its endearing scenes, its tender ties, and pleasing associations, is a theme upon which both poets and prose-writers have often and ably descanted, it remains, nevertheless, one of deep and thrilling interest to most, if not all, who inhabit this mundane sphere. It is one upon which the mind delights to dwell, and wherever in the broad universe there appears a spot which one still calls by the cherished name of home, that, above all others, is the one for which his heart yearns, and to which he ever clings with the fondest recollections. Let it be in the most obscure, uncultivated place the world can exhibit, yet to him myriads of beauties linger around it, and almost unconsciously he utters "Home, sweet home!" as first he rests his eye upon the spot that, perhaps, prolonged absence has rendered still dearer. Where, amid his numerous wanderings, does he meet the warm and tender embraces, or the winning smiles, and heart-felt wishes that he finds in that one spot, denominated *home*? It is there that love, joy, tender attachments, and kindly interests are concentrated, and as years pass away, seem but acquiring new strength and vigor.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Few there must be, if any, whose hearts are so calloused as not to feel and acknowledge the truthfulness of the above lines. Though we may have gazed upon the wealth and pageantry of monarchs, mingled in scenes of gayety and mirth, or dwelt where true worth and benevolence gleam brightly, yet he turns from all to seek again that long-loved spot as the only restorer of by-gone joys. Through all life's vicissitudes, it is there that he looks for the tear of pity, or the smile of joy—there sorrow is alleviated, and pleasure augmented.

But it is to the home of early years that one often reverts with a commingled feeling of pleasure and pain; wherever it is his destiny to abide, whether in the simple, unadorned cot of humble life, or surrounded by the splendor and luxury of the higher grades, sweet reminiscences of a long-ago-relinquished spot hover around him with unfading lustre. Often doth memory retrace some home-born joy, or juvenile sport, until busy imagination portrays them in such vivid colors that for the moment he believes himself again treading the very places where they appeared, and again participating in all their freshly-gathered charms. There it was that first he knew a parent's love, and a sister's warm embrace, while soothing tones, and kindly wishes fell upon the ear. Life then appeared to him one unruffled flow of peace and joy—one continuous round of undecaying hopes, and tender attachments. Death had not appeared to sever the family circle, and cast his sombre shades around the spots he once loved to tread. Day after day there was the same sweet interchange of gentle words, and bright-blooming hopes, and the same interlinking of kindred interests, and tender watchings. But in a moment when life seemed replete with still-increasing good, it was doomed, perhaps, to find its course interrupted by the sad changes which death inevitably brings. One change followed another in rapid succession, until home to him was reft of all its pristine comfort and cheerfulness, and he at length deserted it to seek one in some remote place, still striving to throw the veil of oblivion over the dear familiar scenes of departed days. But, ah! his efforts are fruitless, he cannot forget the home of childhood, where first he learned to lisp the "Merry Christmas," and mirthfully repeat the "Happy New Year;" nor will he cease to reiterate the wish that he may again gaze upon that spot, and share its former enjoyments. But ah! little would it afford of pleasure to his yearn-

ing heart to now look upon that deserted home. Change has followed change, till scarce a vestige remains of that once familiar place. The same trees may still toss their wide-spread branches, but age has left its deep impress upon them, almost forbidding the belief that they are the ones around which he skipped in his juvenile glee. The zephyrs that once bore welcome music to his ear, have passed to return no more, while those to which he would now, if there, be a wishful listener, would bring him but low and saddening music. All that remains to soothe his anguish is the vivid recollection

of what once was,—of the friendly gatherings that were seen within that dwelling, and the numberless joys that once gladdened the heart.

But, however strong one's attachment to the home of early years, or that of maturer life, he may, if so inclined, make it home in any place. There is no spot so uninviting, or so devoid of comfort that he cannot, by seeking that contentment which is ever the true basis of happiness, ear for himself a loved and cherished place which he will ere long be led to call by the name of "home, sweet home."

THE LADIES' FAIR.

BY E. B.

The Ladies Fair was pleasant and well conducted. We fortunately obtained two love-letters for ten cents, a wine goblet, and straw basket and rabbit for two shillings, beside seeing all the beautiful illumination in the evening. The music was good, the dancing fine, the ladies enchanting. Dr. Bethune might have attracted us and Dr. Gray to hear his lecture on common sense—we should not have been deterred by the expense—but the duties of our own institution were imperative; for if common sense be genius, and genius practical intuition, it is easy to see that our home responsibilities are No. 1 on the callendar. We hope this short argument will be an abundant apology, and give us the benefit of all sound and progressive doctrines and sentiments, though we may not attend the annunciation. Many pretty things were sold at the fair, and among the rest love-letters in any quantity. Our wine glass was founded poetically on a blue satin stand beautifully emblemizing our relations to the holy cause of temperance, which comprise the use of all possible remedies in the most expedient and fortunate modes. The fair will doubtless be productive of great good, by giving that scope to generous and kindly feelings and sympathies which the interests of love, wisdom and humanity require.

If any man thinketh that he knoweth

anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to. We have all a right to be Know-Nothings in this sense, and we also have a right to know in regard to what we don't know, that whatever Providence intends is greatly marvelous, and to feel and act accordingly. Hence we have valued the love-letters we received at the Ladies' Fair at the very moderate sum of \$104,000. The ladies must not blame us because we got more than one letter. We have written thirty ourselves, and some of these will answer those we received. Further, love is a mysterious affair. One of the ladies we first loved has long slept in the grave, and we never told our love—we were too young, but she was beautiful, tender, sincere and gracious. We never spoke of love nor wrote, but we treated each other with gentleness, attention and deference. Many others have impressed us. How could we help it? Why should we? Love makes one sincerely religious, too tender not to respect ceremonies, too earnest to give up the merits of the case before higher heaven. We can think of many ladies, some of whom we may never see again, unless we meet in heaven, whom we loved well enough to kiss and serve, just for themselves; for their beauty, goodness, propriety, naivete, fascination, or some good reason. God bless them each and all, make them happy, and fortunate, and worthy of themselves.

MERTON.

A TALE OF THE ALLEGHANY RIVER.

BY A. C. G.

(Continued from page 361.)

The wind howled around the old mansion of Lord Derby, cutting antics with the surrounding objects, the trees bending beneath the blast, and now the rain pattered and flew against the window, as if old Boreas was determined to show his power for once. That old stone mansion had stood the storm of centuries, and yet it seemed destined to endure for ages to come. Built somewhat after the old style of ancient castles, but in front having the appearance of an elegant country residence—surrounded by a light iron fence, but which on examination was found to be of such a make that to scale it was quite out of the question, and on the rear side a huge wall was found; and so in time of any great danger the inmates were secure. The yard, enclosed by the fence and wall, was spacious and airy, being covered in front for several hundred rods with the rarest and costliest shrubs and flowers from every clime and laid out in the serpentine walks—of such rare beauty that they were the pattern for miles around, and every cottage had its little walks, with borders of green growing a foot high, and when trimmed looked in the distance like ribbons in contrast with the clean gravel walks.

Near the centre of the main, or centre road on either side were fountains bursting to the height of some thirty feet, and falling gracefully over statues of more than Italian beauty. In the rear grounds was a park and miniature lake, containing fish of the rarest species, and fawns, rock goats, gazelle and other rare quadrupeds lolled gracefully in the shade.

In a very large room, which would be very large to one used to a bed-room of republican size, from the centre of which drooped chandeliers of such dazzling splen-

dor, when lit, that the fairies might have envied the silver light thrown over the mirror, and all the trappings of wealth which surrounded young Lord Derby in his luxurious room. But the chandelier to-night was but dimly burning; Death, which knocks audibly at every door, was here, and his hand was laid on the last of an ancient house.

"Alphonzo, you must not die; I cannot let the last of my sons go;" and the old lord threw himself on his knees in front of the bed, and gave way to a tear—violent—hot—scalding.

"Father, it must be so, already I feel the icy hand of death upon me."

"Son, do not, Oh! do not leave me. Has not every one of my noble sons gone, to return never, and will my last—Alpho—"

"Father, do not give way to such feelings—I am going."

"Alphonzo," said Lady Derby, "take this, it will keep the sands of life running longer."

"Mother, it *does* revive the sinking faculties—Oh! mother, I, with the rest of your boys, have found your God, and do not add your tears to those already flowing;" for the servants had been allowed to creep in, and were kneeling in tears.

"Son, how can I remain longer calm? you are going fast, and poor Agnes away in the New World, not allowed to even write."

Lady Derby tried no longer to keep her pent up feelings in check, but with a low shriek fell fainting on the bed.

"Father, I can stay but a few minutes longer; promise me that you will forgive Agnes, as her brothers have done. Have not all died in this room which was hers, and was it not here she gave her truant heart to a poor but worthy man, made poor

by the profligacy of his family. Her son will in some measure fill the vacancies, and let the name of Derby be effaced from earth if it blooms in heaven. She will be the light of other days. Pro-m-ise y-o-u."

The old Lord had not time to speak, one slight convulsion and the spirit was gone. Lady Derby was carried to her room insensible. The old Lord stood a full hour contemplating the quiet look of the lifeless form; Pedro, the page, who had been around the person of the young Lord from infancy, closed his eyes and a sweet sleep seemed to have settled upon the dead man.

Lord Derby stood trying to call up the past—years, years gone—when his young and beautiful family gamboled around him. The light-tripping A'gy, dancing so gracefully at soirees, the pet of the whole house—and his boisterous, playful boys growing up around. "Where are they?" he asked, "Gone to the God of heaven," replied Lady Derby, coming in at the moment. "I felt unable to rise; but on your account, my Lord, have come to share this first agony."

"You are too anxious, wife, to bear with me a burden, which not even a stouter heart could stand."

"Husband, you take too hard a lot, which falls to the lot of every man."

"Not like this. Oh where is poor A'gy to-night?"

"Ah! poor one, but still she may be with you to cheer hours to come."

"Wife"—and the old Lord looked aghast.

"Husband, I am not surmising, I feel that the dread messenger is calling for me."

"Lady Derby, look on that bed. Will you kill me?"

"Husband, it is of no use to deceive, I have long felt my life-running sands running out."

She had not time to say more, for at that moment music stole in on the night air, as if from a hundred voices; the light floating air mingling mournfully with the subdued bass, sustained by a melting alto, and shrieking tenor, all mingling in one sound and rising above the storm audibly.

"Tossed no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled;

Death hath found a quiet pillow,
For the faithful Christian's head.
Hear us, Jesus,
Thou, our Lord, our life, our trust."

with an accompaniment of muffled instruments.

It was not half through when Lady Derby was laid on the sofa fainting. The lateness of the hour and the raging storm would be thought enough to prevent such a token; but, on piercing into the darkness, the singers would have been seen enveloped in oil cloth suits and caps, and a little closer scrutiny would have shown gay men of the world, who, at any common occurrence of such a kind, would hardly have known that such a thing had happened. Ah! Death, thou art terrible; but when thou enterest the homes of the highest, thou art more awful. Proud men of fashion are saddened when their own circle is invaded; and this, perhaps, is what makes it appear more serious. When, four days after, the hearse moved to the Cathedral with its long train of carriages, the bands filling the air with dirges; men and women, before insensible to such things, wept tears of real sorrow, for all knew the history of the family, and Lady Derby being borne from the carriage and to it again, made everything appear gloomy; and when, finally, the great organ, and its thundering bass, chanted a requiem to the departed, not many, not even of those who never deign to look if any one kept composed faces—ah! no, tears fell—yes, the world for once were stopped long enough to think.

A year passed—spring advanced, and Lady Derby, the invalid wife, seemed to gain strength, and she even walked to the family vault on a pleasant evening with his Lordship, and when seated on the grassy mound, with the early flowers starting around and the glow of evening lighting up her pale features, a casual observer would have thought her fairly recovering.

"Do not flatter with vain hopes, my Lord," she said, to an expression of this kind from an anxious husband; "I am preparing you for one more sacrifice; but tell me why shall not Agnes be allowed to soothe the dying hours of her mother."

"That can never be, Ida. It is not Agnes

I so much dread to see, but the bitter thoughts against that demon, Durock, which her presence will bring to mind; the very thought of it makes me almost frantic."

"Why should it, dear husband? What had poor Henry to do with the failings of his profligate father, who was used to the wine cup from boyhood, and grew up amongst young lords, who would do nothing towards a rational way of life?"

"True; but you do not know his history as I do. We grew up together from boys, and the estates were adjoining, so that in our daily walks and gambols we were much together. As time advanced we entered college at the same time, and being ambitious that one should not excel, both of us graduated with honors. And now, Ida, I come to a part of my life with which you were never acquainted. As dearly as I have ever loved you, my Ida, I once loved another. In yonder castle, which crowns the summit of that high ridge, once lived as fair a maid as ever looked darts through silver lashes; the only child of a rich, doting, but proud man. She was one on whom the hearts of not only a family but a circle for miles around were bestowed. Both of us sued for her hand, and between us she halted, but finally gave me the preference, which, when he was fully aware of, he gave way to such threats of vengeance that the blood of the fair Viola curdled until the heart-strings snapped. It was a mild June evening that we buried her; music floated more softly over her grave than it did over poor Alphonzo's; and, for some cause to me unknown, the same feelings which possessed me then, took hold of me at his burial. It was not because I had no feelings that I did not weep. It seemed as if the death of my sons was some way connected with that event. It was always a mystery to me how Flanders should fall in love with his child, and more that he should encourage it, unless to become more thoroughly revenged on me. But I was out of all patience when that penniless, sick boy dared to take the hand of our only daughter, and that, too, when profligacy had reduced them to absolute poverty. Wife, I might have forgiven the fallen father all, had he not put the son of his old age, whom he knew could

not live beyond a few years, up to steal the heart of poor Agnes."

"But why should he necessarily be the means of it? Such an occurrence would be nothing more than natural. They grew up near to each other; their daily walks were only separated by a lattice, through which they could easily converse, and where I have seen them for hours."

"Why did you not tell me? Would I have allowed it?"

"I did it because I liked Henry. He was not only free from the vices of his family, but actually heir to an estate of his mother, but which was finally involved with the rest."

"Ah! it was not him I disliked, after all but the father, until I saw him, when all was gone, still clinging to one he knew he could never support."

"I knew all, but I rather see my daughter happy with him, which I knew she would be, than mistress of any of these surrounding lordly residences with a heartless man. I saw all, and by dint of rigid economy, managed to save from the income of my own estate and that allowed me from yours a small fortune, which in the New World has proved ample for all their wants, and were it not for this new trial, Agnes would be as happy to-day as any of us."

"Ah! how gladly would I welcome thee, my child, to our luxurious, but now desolate home; but the very thought of that old man makes me furious."

"Leave it to me, she shall not distress you with her presence until you ask it. It is time to go, the damps of evening are chilling me through."

The old Lord little knew that even then the much-injured Agnes was near, even at the door. When they arrived at the house a carriage was seen approaching, which, when Lady Derby saw, she trembled, and became fidgety.

"What ails you, love?" inquired his Lordship.

"Nothing, dear, only the coming of a friend from the city whose presence is absolutely necessary in my present and fast declining health."

"Have all you wish, my lady; but do not, I beg, be so agitated."

A lady was introduced as Mrs. M., from a distant town, and so great was the joy of Lady Derby at seeing her, that she embraced her with tears, which, however, was somewhat awkwardly returned by the proud lady in specs.; but a close observer might have seen a tear glistening in the eye of the stranger, who so complained of weariness, that she was shown to her room by an old servant soon after her arriving.

Scarce had she reached a seat by the cheerful fireside, when to the astonishment of the old lady she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Massy sakes, Missus, what can ail ye?"

"Shut the door and lock it." This done by the wondering old lady, she turned to look again at the stranger, who was standing in front of the fire, holding her hands behind her. Her hair had fallen from its fastenings, and in a graceful, careless attitude she gazed at the old lady, who stood as if petrified.

"Maggy, will you do up my hair?"

"It is, it is my own sweet Aggy," and the old nurse buried her face in the still glossy ringlets freed from the cap and wig.

Ah! it was indeed the long-lost pet of the old nurse, and to explain all this, we must go back to that first night of Edward Foy's from home, at the little country inn. A few nights after that event, as Agnes Durock was sitting by her pleasant parlor fire, contemplating her recent sorrows, and trying by various methods to dissipate the heavy gloom which rested on her mind, a light tap at the door arrested her attention, and soon after the maid ushered in Mrs. Fayre and daughter; who, seeing the unusual dejection of their friend, proposed music, and Emily, who, as lovely a creature as any earthly son could wish, and who often dropped in to beguile a weary hour, stepped to the instrument, and, throwing her whole soul into the following lines, so touched the heart of the stricken woman, that she acknowledged the goodness of that God, who has said, *I will never leave thee*:

"Come, soft and lovely evening,
Spread o'er the grassy fields;
We love the peaceful feeling,
Thy silent coming yields."

The piece was ended, and the ladies, feeling their presence could add but little more, were about retiring, when, upon the urgent request of Mrs. Durock, Emily remained. The reader, perhaps, will think that she was on intimate terms here, which she was. It was her that Ben Durock expatiated so vehemently upon at midnight to his friend, and it was her that, after all, was the cause of all this trouble, and this may explain the reason why she so frequently dropped in.

"Emily, I have long enjoyed your company, and had hoped to enjoy it through life; but, alas! I fear that bliss is for another."

"Have no fears, Mrs. Durock; I never will, nor never can, have the son of that man; and am more self-willed than usual. Ben has always been and always will be my first and only choice."

"Emily, you little know how glad I am to hear you speak so open. I had a letter from Benjamin last night."

"A letter from Ben last night! why, the P. O. is watched; how did you get it?"

"It was brought to me by a boy, who was sent from a distant town by a family named Foy, whose son has gone west; and having accidentally come across Benjamin, they with another young man are together."

"I hope no one will find this out. He of course asked if you were gone, or if I had the privilege of your frequent calls. We'll both write.—Some one is knocking."

"A letter ma'am," said the maid, at the same time handing one in.

Mrs. Durock opened it, and as she traced its contents, such a paleness overspread her countenance, that Emily, not wishing to disturb her, commenced fingering the piano, and soon a flood of tears relieved the already overcharged heart. It read thus:

"Dear Agnes: The last of your brothers having been sometime buried amid the pomp of wealth and show, and I, knowing how sadly these things must affect you in your present trials, have a plan by which you may get away from all those harassing things. Agnes, my health is failing—come to me at once. Leave your house as it is—put in a neat family and come immediately. I will meet you at the landing, and dress

you in a garb that you will not be recognized, and then leave you to come alone, as a friend of mine from some distant town. You must come. Do not delay.

Affec'y,
Your Mother."

By a hasty arrangement Emily and her mother gave up their own house, and took possession of Mrs. Durock's, who, hardly taking time to write to Edward, started for the ocean, and, after a long, boisterous voyage, arrived at the landing above named, but

found only a carriage and letter from her mother, with directions how to dress; and without waiting hardly to follow directions, was soon on her way, and not a very long while brought her to the home of her youth and the graves of her family. It was a long conference, held between the nurse and her friend. Old friends, long since gone, were brought up, and they revelled in the past.

To be continued.

CHRISTMAS.

BY B. B.

The merry Christmas morn had dawned,
The snow was on the ground;
I took my pencil in my hand,
And turned my thoughts around.

I thought of all the pretty things
The people ought to say;
And of our many loving friends,
On this eventful day.

What music their kind wishes make,
And make us good and gay;
To parts unknown our errors take,
And give our virtues sway.

How brightly smile their glad hopes,
Enkindled from the skies;

How beauty grows more beautiful,
And love deserves her prize.

We'll take the cup of kindness, then,
For auld lang syne;
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?

Give us some pretty raven notes,
To suit the merry times;
And also pause a breath or two,
For Christmas carol rhymes;

And thus prepare for New Year's day,
Which is so near at hand;
Who may not be a speaker then,
And vote himself command?

DREAMS, FROM MEMORY'S PORTFOLIO.

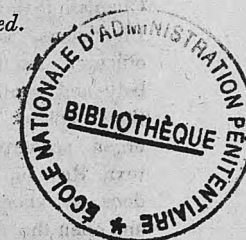
BY JEANETTE.

How oft, when sinking to refreshing sleep,
Springs up some phantom of the past,
That Memory's suffered long to sleep
With dark oblivion's shade o'ercast!

We roam through childhood's happy hours again,
Through the same fields, from the same fountains sip
The sparkling waters; but sleeping still, in vain
We press it to the parched and burning lip.

Then youth's gay scenes and loved companions rise,
And we on the green hill side are straying,
While each in joyous pastime with the other vies,
And nature round in mild confusion playing.

'Tis then we stray, led on by fancy's wiles,
Nor deem the fugitive aught but she seems,
Till on her airy height she drops her smiles,
And we awake, and sigh that such are dreams.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPEL EXERCISES FOR DEC'R.—Sunday, Dec. 2d, Afternoon Service.—*Present*: the Rev. Mr. Goodrich, Chaplain; the Superintendent, Assistant Physicians, Steward, and the subordinate officers. An unusually large attendance of lady and gentlemen patient. Prayer by the Chaplain; singing by the choir, with an organ accompaniment. The Chaplain's text, Rev. iii, 20, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Sunday, Dec'r 9, Afternoon Service.—*Present*:—the Superintendent; the Treasurer, (Mr. Wetmore;) the Physicians; officers, and patients; with the usual exercises of prayer, singing, &c. by the Rev. Mr. Goodrich. Text, Psa. xxxiii, 6, 1, "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright."

Sunday, Dec'r 16, Afternoon Service.—*Present*: the Superintendent and other officers: the usual attendance of patients and the usual exercises, prayer, singing, &c.: Luke viii, 1, clause 18, 5, "Take heed therefore, how ye hear." The Chaplain remarked that the prophets described a famine of the scripture, [see Amos viii, 11,] the want of heavenly bread, which was that of being privileged to hear the word of God, as a far worse famine than the want of bread. There was one peculiar thought in this discourse. "I have remarked," said the Chaplain, "that those who are in the habit of quoting passages of scripture to raise doubts and queries—cavilers and doubters, distorting and perverting the word of God, and so disturbing the minds of others, invariably turned out to be wicked men."

Sunday, Dec'r 23, Afternoon Service.—*Present*: the Superintendent and officers

of the Institution; and Messrs. Wetmore, Treasurer, and Childs, Manager; the usual attendance of patients, and the usual exercises. Rev. Mr. Goodrich's text, Mark iv, 24, "Take heed what ye hear." The exordium, a brief resume of the preceding sabbath's text and exposition. The striking thought was—"The great central truth of the gospel of salvation is this," said the preacher, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—Glorious and precious truth!

Christmas, Dec. 25, Morning Service.—*Present*: the officers and patients. The usual exercises. The Chaplain's text, Luke ii, 10 and 11, "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," "If," remarked the chaplain, in his sermon, "if the angels, who needed no salvation, rejoiced in the birth of a Saviour, how much more cause have we, who need salvation, to rejoice at the appearance of Christ, the sun of righteousness!"

Sunday, Dec'r 29th, Afternoon Exercises. *Present*: the Superintendent, officers, subordinates and patients. The usual exercises. The Rev. Chaplain's text, 1st Cor. vii, 29, "The time is short."

These services are at all times an impressive and interesting scene. The Superintendent, Assistant Physicians, Steward and visitors are seated beneath the desk. The Matron, lady patients and attendants, are ranged in pews on one side the house, and the gentlemen patients, subordinate officers and attendants on the other side. The most perfect order is observed throughout.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

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THE LADIES' FAIR.—This grand affair came off, on the ladies' side, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st December, and burst upon the vision of the uninitiated as the enchantments of Fairy Land.

The spacious hall, 225 feet in length in the clear, and admirably shaped otherwise for such an exhibition, was artistically and tastefully decorated with evergreens—wrought in festoons, wreaths, arches, and other fanciful designs, by the ladies, under the supervision of their physician, aided by a few gentlemen of mechanical skill, pressed into the service for the nonce. The large variety of useful and fancy articles, toys, &c., were displayed from some twelve or fifteen stands, attended by intelligent, sprightly, and well-dressed lady-salesmen. The articles offered were exclusively the product—the ingenious handiwork, of the fair daughters of Asylumia.

The amusements were judiciously varied. An excellent brass band, from Utica, was in attendance one evening, and our own reliable band was not slow in discoursing sweet sounds for the cotillions. The lotteries for the disposal of the more substantial and costly fabrics, and the Post-office, teeming with letters from ladies to gentlemen, and from gentlemen to ladies, were conducted with a spirit contributing much to the general entertainment, and yielding a handsome share of revenue. The net proceeds of the Fair, we understand, are to be applied to the purchase of permanent articles of convenience and comfort for the ladies' and gentlemen's halls. The mutual greetings and recognitions between lady and gentlemen patients was an interesting feature of the occasion.

We return thanks on behalf of our ladies and gentlemen, to the lady and gentlemen patrons and visitors of the Fair, and we respectfully ask them, could they have imagined for a moment, if they had not known in advance, that the principal actors and actresses gracing the scenes before them were actually patients of this institution?

The Superintendent, Treasurer, and several of the Managers were present, from time to time, with their families, as were the physicians, also the matron and lady

and gentlemen attendants, who appeared to vie with each other in their attentions to the visitors and patients; and if it were the desire of the Superintendent, Physicians, and other officers to divert for a season the minds of the patients from themselves, the object was attained at the Fair.

We poor, *chilly* souls from the gentlemen's side of the house could not help contrasting our own cold halls with the delightful temperature of the ladies' halls. Alas, poor human nature! we confess to having coveted the *ladies' fan*. It was so warm there, the last evening of the Fair, that thrice an attempt was made to dance, and thrice it was countermanded, lest the temperature might have proved too much for the delicate nerves of the dancing party. Thus ended our Ladies' Fair of 1855.

ASYLUMIAN THEATRICALS.—During the past season the celebrated Ethiopian Minstrels, from New York, visited and entertained us with varied exhibitions of fine comic and musical representations and personations of the *darkies*. Many pleasing recollections of those mirth-provoking performances were retained by the comical and musical spirits in our midst, who were themselves stirred up to attempt something of a similar character for the amusement of the patients generally.

The busy notes of preparation had been sounding in our ears for the last few weeks, until at length, on the evenings of the 8th and 9th instant—as if, in the first instance, to honor the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans—all were surprised and delighted with the magical appearance of a stage, with scenic properties complete; and when the curtain rose, the "Blackbird Minstrels of Asylumia," as expressed in the playbills of the evening, appeared, dressed in full costume. The "Entertainment" on each evening was divided into parts 1 and 2, and was, in effect, a serio-ludicro-tragico-comico. First in order was the Prologue, pronounced by a "black diamond" of the first water; next, the "White Folks' Cotillon," for the benefit of gaping "outsiders," a trio, *a la Jullien*, of instruments, throwing Paganini and "Music, heavenly maid,"

far into the shade; then the Darkies' Collon, enacted to the life; a cornopean solo; the whole interspersed with songs, admirably sung, pointed conundrums, and delightful music by the darkie band, composed of our own white folks, good as any, stained for the nonce.

There was a large attendance of patients of both sexes, and of the number a few poor melancholists, who have neither laughed nor smiled for wearisome months, but whose stolid, woe-begone features were now relaxed—lighted up with broad grins and loud peals of laughter, reminding one of the old couplet:

"Let those now laugh who never laughed before,
And those who always laughed now laugh the more."

The tambourine-player and the jig and double shuffle dancers were certainly great "cards" in their way; but the "scientific-basis" short-licks of our distinguished *a la* "Jullien Paganini, Esq." was the bright (dark) particular star of the Entertainment. The grand wind-up (flare-up?) "Plantation Dance," at precisely 9 p. m., by the entire troupe, created roars of laughter, and the "curtain fell" amidst the tallest kind of plaudits.

We take leave delicately to intimate, that the ladies who figured in the colored cotillions, jigs, plantation dance, &c., were quite too *manly* in appearance and action. Would it not be in better taste, in future performances, to assign ladies' parts to actual ladies? Men, at the best, make sorry representatives of the feminine appearance and graces of the softer sex.

Our Superintendent and his family honored the Entertainment with their presence on the first evening.

It is the apparent policy of the officers of this institution to contrive amusements which have a tendency to divert the mind from *itself* to other objects, as often and as much as possible; and the recent entertainment was in this regard eminently successful.

THE GERMAN LA FAYETTE RIFLE COMPANY OF UTICA.—This beautiful uniform company surprised us by a visit on the

28th ult. They marched through the halls with colors flying, to the spirit-stirring tones of a splendid band of music. The upborne standard, displaying beautiful portraits of Washington and La Fayette with their hands fraternally clasped. The arms, accoutrements and discipline, the evolutions and martial bearing of the corps, evinced an appreciation of military skill and tactics, alike creditable to the officers and men. They were received and escorted through the Institution by the presiding officers, and welcomed on the part of the ladies and gentlemen by our resident graduate, Dr. Maltbie, in a neat and eloquent address. "You number," said he, "sixty-eight rifles, the exact number of *Washington's* years upon the earth." A wreath of fresh and beautiful flowers, grown in the green-house here, was presented to the Company in behalf of the ladies, through a little girl. Captain Harrar replied as follows: "LADIES:—Permit me, in the name of the La Fayette Rifle Company, to thank you for the very flattering and complimentary manner in which we have been received by you; and also for the very generous, soul-inspiring and sweet gift presented to us by you. This beautiful wreath shall be always honored by us, as the choicest souvenir, and shall be hailed as the sweetest token of the kind hospitality this day received from the hands of the fair ladies of this Institution. And the day on which the La Fayette Rifles received such a token of your appreciation shall be always looked upon with the proudest and fondest recollection."

OUR VETERAN.—Father B——, now in his seventy-seventh year, passed through the recent Christmas and New Year's festivals with as much gusto as the younger patients. The old gentleman's practical sense, piety, and persevering industry are worthy of all imitation. Some time since it was announced upon the halls that the standing regulation against the use of tobacco would be rigidly enforced. Father B. overheard it, threw away his tobacco, and pulling the last *quid* out of his mouth, launched it into the spittoon, exclaiming, "Lie there, foul weed, I'll chew no more!

I've been for the last sixty-four years a tobacco chewer, and now I'm resolved to leave it off, and thus test my Methodist principles." Months have elapsed, but the old father still adheres to his resolution.

It has been said that while the spirit continues to inhabit its frail earthen encasement, the *sauce* will taste of the *vessel*, and as the old gentleman sits at his knitting—and we challenge peremptorily any of the fair daughters of Asylumia to turn out better socks—his delight is, next to humming a favorite camp-meeting hymn, to get off an old soldier's yarn.

In the Fall of 1814, shortly after the battle of Plattsburg, in which he fought, his regiment was encamped in the vicinity of the town, in a land overflowing with milk and pumpkins. It is the constant habit of soldier-boys, who are usually supplied with salt day-rations, to forage upon either friends or foes, for milk, vegetables, &c. Fine milk cows were grazing without the camp, but the boys had no pails to milk in. Necessity is ever the mother of invention, and they soon hit upon an ingenious expedient for milking. Collecting a lot of fair, ripe pumpkins from the adjacent fields, they cut them in two, and scooping out one half, they would feed the inside to the cow and milk the half-shell full; then scooping out the other half, feed the cows again, and milk the other half-shell full! Those boys must have been the original genuine "half-shells;" not the sorry half-starved "half-shell" of the present day, diving into the oyster-cellars and grogeries in New York in quest of a party.

On one of those milking expeditions, our veteran, then a young and vigorous soldier, having milked in the pumpkin a French woman's cow; just as he and his comrades finished drinking the milk, the poor woman ran up, crying out, "De d——n Yankee soldiers have been milking my cow again!" "Have they?" replied our soldier, with the milk oozing out of the corners of his mouth, "Oh, that is too bad, Mrs. Locy, too bad, my good madam," giving his mouth a finishing wipe, with his coat sleeve!

How the boys of his regiment stole several thousand cedar rails from an old tory

opponent of the wars, to light their camp fires; how they contrived to cabbage from an unsuspecting greenhorn a whole load of cabbages; and how they drew the linch-pins from a wagon load of tough rye pumpkin pies; all these, peradventure, may be chronicled in the OPAL at a future day.

Mrs. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—The good old soul has arrived at last at Asylumia, on her annual visit, and is dreadfully put out about "donation parties." Listen to her. "Oh, them plaguy *darnation* parties to ministering sperits of the Gospel! The world's turned upside down, bottom upwards and inside outwards, as true as you live. I how and purtest I warn't there no how; but our Jemima was, and she says there's just as good Bible to *shear* the sheep as to *feed* 'em; and she's got school-larning to regulate her morrils. But didn't it snow and friz and blew, and didn't the seats slide and the slivers flew! whew, whew, whew! 'Twas broad daylight, and arter, when our Jemima got back to home. Head-aches could be bought cheap all next day, at three cents apiece, they could."

THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS DEVEREUX is a mournful event amid our festal scenes. This slight tribute of remembrance recalls many kind and grateful recollections in which a generous public will join. For urbanity, intelligence, industry and success he may well be commemorated. Our time and space only allow those brief records which flow spontaneously from a full heart and chastened emotions; and these are due to him, to his family, and to all. The voice of humble gratitude and the suffrage of acknowledged popularity will delight to portray many traits of his fine and exemplary character, with practical and impressive illustrations. His relations to our institution were interesting and important, and we sincerely hope and pray that the place he has left vacant may come to be occupied by an equally fortunate and acceptable successor. Peace to his memory, and let resignation and fortitude with Christian hopes conspire to sanctify our loss.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY.

—This valuable and interesting work is edited by the Medical Officers of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, and is printed and published at the Asylum. No. 3, of Vol. 12,—the present January No.—is before us; and its whole appearance—typography, material, &c., is unexceptionable, and might challenge comparison with the best city execution of similar works.

We have neither time, space, nor ability to review the present number, but ourself a patient, and sympathizing in the misfortunes of others, we venture to lay before the readers of the OPAL a brief editorial extract, from an important paper of the present No. of the Journal, entitled "Reports of American Asylums:"

"The premature removal of patients, whose disease seems about yielding to curative effort, is certainly a most 'disheartening experience in our calling;' still the circumstances sometimes attending the removal of the 'incurable,' are but little less painful. When the result of the penuriousness of relatives, we may indeed be shocked by this 'balancing of reason, God's greatest gift to man, with a paltry sum of money;' but we can find an alleviating thought in the fact, that their friends, if possessed of the will, have it in their power to provide a measure, at least, of personal comfort. But when those poor, hapless ones, in double helplessness—bereft of reason, and cast by poverty upon the hands of the public—become the victims of a narrow-minded policy, and some heartless official's idea of economy, we may well question the refinement and philanthropy whereof our country boasts. To show the magnitude of this evil, Dr. Ray adduces proof that in the State of Rhode Island there were in 1851, *eighty-six insane* persons in the poor houses; and yet the State of New York, with all her pride and wealth throws open the same wide gateway to wrong and abuse, and, at this moment, in her poor-houses and jails are over *nine hundred* insane poor, *three hundred* of whom, according to the written statement of public officers, are in *cells and mechanical restraint* from one *year's end to another.*"

Comment, in the present instance, might be considered misplaced, but the writer cannot refrain from the presentation of a single fact, in this connection, within his immediate personal knowledge, alike honorable to the enlightenment and humanity of the present day. Cells have been disused in this institution for years, and not more than half a dozen instances of skillful and judicious "mechanical restraint" exist

within the walls, where have been under treatment for the past year a daily average of four hundred and sixty patients.

—*Analysis of American Law.* By P—e O—l—e B—b—e, Esq., Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor and Counselor in Chancery.—We have examined cursorily the manuscript pages of this elaborately written and compiled law-book. It is from the pen of our friend and fellow-patient, and we much mistake if, on publication, it does not prove a prized accession to the law libraries of the profession, as a book of reference in practice, and for the ascertainment of important legal principles.

Its title-page is enriched with this subtlety, drawn from the wells of ancient, legal lore:

"The reason of the law is the life of the law; for though a man can tell the law, yet if he knows not the reason thereof, he shall soon forget his superficial knowledge; but when he findeth the right reason of the law, and so bringeth it to his natural reason that he comprehendeth it as his own, this shall not only serve him for the understanding of that particular case, but of many others; for *Cognitia legis, est copulata et complicata.*"

—ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.—The 13th Anniversary of the opening and reception of patients at this Institution, was celebrated with all the honors, on the evening of the 16th of January instant. An account of this highly interesting festival will appear in our next No.

—"HER PRICE IS ABOVE RUBIES."—We regret to record the recent departure of our acting Matron. This young lady proved herself versed in the responsible duties of housewifery, well educated, kind, courteous and unassuming in deportment. May health and happiness attend her, the golden fleece of California, and that still more inestimable gift, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," be hers. Lady, we bid you farewell.

—"JESHURIM DOWNIN'S LETTER to his lady-love," at our recent Ladies' Fair is unavoidably postponed to the next No.

THE OPAL

Commends itself to the generous and philanthropic, whose sympathies are with the unfortunate, and whose hearts are open to contribute to their relief.

One great source of benefit and happiness to all of us, and especially to those whose residence here will, perhaps, be life-long, is the perusal of interesting books; but we are in a great measure deprived of the advantages derived from this source, since the State has made no appropriation for a Library for our use. One grand object in publishing the OPAL is to extend a knowledge of our wants to a generous public who cannot but be interested in our welfare.

From Authors, Publishers, and Booksellers, also from humane societies, churches, and private individuals, we shall be happy to receive contributions, either in subscriptions to the OPAL, books or money; and if in money, we will apply it to the purchase of books they may direct; and if no direction is given, will expend it in adding to our library such books as will, in the judgment of the officers, be most proper and useful.

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in our columns.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

✉ Address, "The OPAL, State Asylum, Utica, N. Y."