years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns, and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the government which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters, but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties and harm to neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and the rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols, and threaten death, if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street, to be massacred. But the pistol dropped, when the Christian mildness required it, and do what they pleased, I will not harm the Quakers or any other human being. Not even amid the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fire at one who spoke such words as these. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery much higher than their own.

On one occasion, an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house, unless the occupants expelled the Protestant women and children, who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," replied the Friend; "so long as I have a house, I will keep it open to succour the helpless and distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks, or to those of the enemy. If my house is burned, I must be turned out with them, and share their affliction." The fighter turned away and did the Christian no harm.

The Protestant party seized the Quaker schoolmaster of Baltimore, saying they could see no reason why he should stay at home in quiet, unless he was obliged to fight to defend his principles. "Friends, I have asked no man to fight for me," replied the schoolmaster. But they dragged him along, swearing that he should stand in front of the army, and if he would not fight, he should at least stop a bullet. His house and schoolhouse were filled with women and children, who had taken refuge there; for it was an instructive fact, throughout this bloody contest, that the houses of men of peace, were the only places of safety. Some of the women followed the soldiers begging them not to take away their friend and protector; a man who spent his money for the sick and the starving, rather than for arms and ammunition. The schoolmaster said, "Do not be disturbed, my friends, I forgive these neighbours; for what they do in ignorance of my principles and feelings. They may take my life, but they cannot force me to do injury to one of my fellow creatures." As the Catholics had done, so did the Protestants; they went away and left the man of peace safe in his divine armour.

The flanks of bigotry were of course fatened by civil war. On one occasion, the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, very rich, who refused to join them, if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest and be christened. They had not led him far before he sank down, from extreme weakness. "What do you say to our proposition?" asked one of the soldiers, handling his gun. The old man quietly replied, "If thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our heavenly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents took apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

In the event of bullets added strength to the influence of gentle words. The officers and soldiers of both parties had had some dying brothers tended by the Quakers, or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little ones, that had been cherished. Whichever party marched into a village victorious, the eye was "Search the Quakers! they have no firearms!" they have done no harm to none." While flaxes were rasing, and blood flowing in every direction, the houses of the peace-makers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where the Quakers were most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man, who, being afraid to trust to peace principles, put on a military uniform, and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents, and he was killed. "His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility," says the historian, and "therefore they invited it."

During that troubled period, no armed citizen could travel without peril of his life; but the Quakers regularly attended their Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, going nakes across the country, often through an armed and furious multitude, and sometimes obliged to stop and remove corpses from their path. The Catholics, angry at Protestant meetings being thus openly held, but unwilling to harm to arms, advised them to abstain from public road, and go by private ways. But they, in their quiet, innocent way, answered that they did not feel clear it would be right for them to go by any other path than the usual high road. And by the high road they went un molested, even their young women, unsaddled by provo tors, passed and re passed, were permitted to travel.

Glory to the nation that first ventures to set an example at once so gentle and so brave! And our war—are they brave or beautiful, even if judged of according to the maxims of the world? The secrets of our conduct are not widely denounced, and our wars, would secure as unanimous regret in the negative, could not answer to the hatred of the French, on the positive.

A few years ago, I met an elderly man in the Hartford stage, whose conversation led me to reflect on the business and iniquity often concealed behind the apparent glory of war. The thumb of his right hand hung down as if suspended by a piece of thread; and some of the passengers inclined the cause. "A Malay woman eat the muscle with her finger," was the reply.

"A Malay woman?" they exclaimed: "how came you fighting with a woman?"

"I did not know she was a woman; for they all dress alike there," said he. "I was on board the U.S. ship Potomac, when it was sent to chastise the Malays for murdering the crew of a Salem vessel. We attacked one of their forts, and killed some 200 or more. Many of them were women; and I can tell you the Malay women are as good fighters as the men."

After answering several questions concerning the conflict, he was silent for a moment, and then added with a sigh, "Ah, that was a bad business. I do not like to remember it; I wish I never had had any thing to do with it. I have been a seaman from my youth, and I know the Malays well. They arc a brave and honest people. Deal fairly with them, and they will treat you well, and may be trusted with untold gold. The Americans were to blame in that battle, to the death of him, if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest and be christened. They had not led him far before he sank down, from extreme weakness. "What do you say to our proposition?" asked one of the soldiers, handling his gun. The old man quietly replied, "If thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our heavenly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents took apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

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mand of redress from the governments, they were assured that the case should be represented, and the wrong repaired. But "Yankee cuteness" in cheating a few savages was not sufficiently uncommon to make any stir, and the affair was soon forgotten. Some time after, another captain of a Salem ship played a similar trick, and carried off a still larger quantity of stolen pepper. The Malays, agitated beyond measure, resortcd to Lynch law, and murdered an American crew that landed there. The ship Potomac was sent out to punish them for this outrage; and, as I told you, we killed some 200 men and women. I sometimes think our retaliation was not more rational or more like Christians than theirs.”

"Will you please," said I, "tell me what sort of revenge would be like Christians."

He hesitated, and said it was a hard question to answer. "I never felt pleasantly about that affair," continued he; "I would not have killed her, if I had known she was a woman." I asked why he felt any more regret about killing a woman than a man. "I hardly know why, myself," answered he. "I don't suppose I should, if it were a common thing for women to fight. But we are accustomed to think of them as not defending themselves; and there is something in every human heart, that makes a man unwilling to fight those who do not fight in return. It seems mean and distasteful, and a man cannot look himself in the eye to it." Then up to one nation would not fight, another could, said I. "What if a nation instead of an individual, should make such an appeal to the manly feeling, which you say is inherent in the heart?" "I believe other nations would be ashamed to attack her," he replied. "It would take away all the glory and excitement of war, and the hardest soldier would shrink from it, as from cold blooded murder. Such a establishment would be at once cheap and happy," rejoined he, and so we parted.—L. M. Child.

VALUE OF A CULTIVATED INTELLECTUAL TASTE.

"Oh! who can tell the triumph of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refin’d?"

Pleasures of Memory.

The value of such an acquaintance with general literature, as, under a correct moral influence, enriches, enlarges, and dignifies the mind of its possessor, is almost incalculable. It is not merely a familiarity with a few celebrated authors, or even with a variety of them. It is not simply to have “trippingly on the tongue,” the records of the scroll of history, the technicalities of a few volumes of science and art, or the definitions and dialect of the most popular pages of taste and imagination. It comprises something more. It is that kind of intimacy with the thoughts and feelings of those who have enlightened, instructed, and refined the world, that imparts to the intellectual self, at the improvement of life, more equanimity under some of its minor vexations, when we are conscious of possessing within our own bosoms a retirement from those, as dignified as it is delightful.

The fact, that such views and feelings are diverse from those of many with whom we are called to mingle, must in no degree be permitted to render us cynical toward the ordinary humors and the indifference of life, patient with its occasional indiscretions. We must not be like the bard of the Leasowes* who was angry that his neighbours did not fully appreciate the beauty of the cool vistas, the retired groves, the shady walks and the inviting bowers, which his hand had cultivated, and through which he took so much delight in roaming. Rather will we be content and grateful that

* Shantone, author of the Pastoral, and once proprietor of the beautiful residence called the Leasowes, in Shropshire, England.