

are purple, the eyes sunken, the worm is at its revels; and yet, horrible to say, there is sufficient similitude between the two faces to establish their identity. O poor mortality! must Caroline soon come to this? Yes, her hour was nigh!

She had an extraordinary talent for music; and composed, the evening before she died, an air that expressed, better than words could do, the peculiar state of her mind, her regret at being about to quit, so young, this beautiful world, which she had almost worshipped. It was an apotheosis of nature! a farewell to the universe! It is probable that, feeling her end approach, she had gone down into the breakfast-room early in the morning to play this pathetic dirge; for she was found in a large arm-chair, her fingers extended, as though in the act of touching the piano. Those who discovered her thus, supposed she slept; for the pleasure of the music, and the thoughts that had inspired the air, yet lingered on her countenance, and lit it up with a faint smile. Half hoping, yet fearing to awaken her, they might, with Lear, have applied a mirror to her mouth to see whether her breath would dim its lustra. No! that slumber was her last; her spirit had fled to Him who gave it.

In losing her sister, Julia had lost all the objects of life. To whom could she now communicate her most secret thoughts; make them intelligible even without words, comprehended by a glance? The books they used to read together,—she could not open them without finding some passages one had marked to show the other. The instrument,—she could not bear its tones; the duets they had played, the airs they had sung, all the inanimate things in the room, the vacant chair, the unfinished embroidery, her own sketch still lingering in the glass, where it was Caroline's habit to put whatever last had pleased her, so as to have it constantly before her eyes, recalled to her remorseless memory the recollection of her irreparable loss.

Even the face of nature seemed changed: those views on which she had gazed with rapture had lost all their charm. The little garden which Caroline had laid out; the flowers she had planted, and watered; the whispering among the leaves, the ripple of the waves on the sea-shore, the song of the birds, were all associated with her, and did but nourish her grief, and make her solitude more lonely.

Oh! let one who would seek to extinguish unavailing recollections fly from the scenes of former happiness! Two months elapsed, and the general and his surviving daughter had changed their abode for a villa at Tor. Time, that heals all but compunctious visitings of conscience, had begun to pour its opiate on the soul of Julia. Sighs and tears are the safety-valves of nature; they are the balm of the wounded spirit, like the tenderness of a mother, or the sympathy of an affectionate friend. Her health, too, had begun to improve, and all the worst of her symptoms to disappear, when there arrived at Torbay a missionary, a man of fifty, with a face in whose hard and strongly marked features were visible the traces of early passions, the violence of which might have driven him into the commission of any crime, passions that had been smothered, not extinguished, by the cold and calculating dictates of worldly prudence. * * * It was not long before, with a spirit of proselytism, he found out Julia.

It is said that the heart is never more disposed for a new attachment than at the moment when the subject on which it doted is gone for ever, and that the grave is not one of the affections; Lady Jane Grey is a satire on the sex—a libel on woman. This desolating sentiment is only entertained by those who have never felt the secret power of love, who have mistaken passion for affection, the joys of the senses for the mystical union of souls. But when all earthly things fail to supply the void in hearts that have once beat with love or affection, they look for consolation in the thoughts of heaven; they seek for things above the earth rather than of it. Never was there a being in an apter state to imbibe the poison which the tempter was bent on instilling than the devoted Julia.

As soon as he became a guest of the house, one selfish feeling swallowed up the rest; enthusiasm took possession of her; distracting doubts destroyed the serenity of her soul. At her first conferences, he expressed himself shocked at her utter ignorance of all the tenets of the true faith—at the heathen course of her life; told her she was a stray lamb gone out of the way, that her malady was a just infliction of Providence for sins of omission or commission, that she should consider it as a salutary ordeal through which she should gain the road to salvation. In order to fit her for another world, he enjoined her to wean her affections from all that this contained, to seclude herself from all intercourse with her fellows, and renounce the society of her friends. The love of nature he considered idolatry; her elegant pursuits frivolous, and unworthy a candidate for heaven; he said that by prayer and prostration she should struggle to receive grace divine, and to obtain the conviction that her calling and election were sure. * * *

"La mort," says a French writer, "rencontre un puissant auxiliaire dans le moral, quand il se trouve gravement atteint." Thus her disease now made a rapid progress; the worm that preyed on her vitals daily made greater inroads on her constitution, and it was clear that a few weeks would lay her by the side of her sister.

She had till now, in the presence of her father, assumed a cheerfulness, even if she felt it not, and greeted him with a smile of returning happiness; and, however painful the effort it cost, had attended to the affairs of his household. But a change came over her spirit.

During the last visit I paid her, she looked more like the Magdalen of Guido than the Madonna of Raphael. Her eyes were red with weeping; over the natural paleness of her cheek was spread a flush, less of bodily disease than the fever of her mind. She appeared lost in a self-abstraction that eclipsed all external objects, and discovered no light within; such as the fanatic in the exaltation of his fervour finds, to compensate for the lost brightness of the world.

For some days before her death, she abode in perfect darkness, and would not even see her father; she refused all sorts of sustenance, or to take her accustomed medicine; and with feeble voice, that inanition rendered more like a murmur or a sound, was heard at intervals muttering accents of despair.

This could not last long. She was found with her hands clasped in the attitude of supplication, in which she died. Her head was bent back on the pillow, and her eyes were raised to heaven.

As these sisters were united in their lives, so far were they in the manner of their death that no one received their last sigh.

These details have little that is dramatic in them, they are scenes that have nothing to recommend them but their fidelity; yet they are not without a moral lesson. I have lately made a pilgrimage to the graves of the Two Sisters, and have thought that they should not perish without some humble record to save their memories from oblivion, I remembered the words of a great poet, and said with a sigh, when two such spirits pass away,

"The world seems sensible of a change:
They leave behind a cold tranquillity.
Death and the grave, that are not as they were!"

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

ABOLITIONISM.

[The March No. of the Eclectic Review contains an able notice of Miss Martineau's late work, entitled, "Retrospect of Western Travel." Speaking of a large class of writers on the New World, the reviewer observes: "many have laboured sedulously in the work of defamation. Some have uttered calumnies for bread—some from more love of mischief, and others from the perverting influence of party spirit. Nor has America failed to supply her enemies with plausible grounds for attack. The domestic slavery cherished in so many of her States is a foul blot to which the finger of tory scorn may point with deadly effect, and her best friends,—her noblest and most virtuous sons cannot efface it. Were we American citizens we should burn with indignation at the dishonour done to the Constitution of our land by so anomalous and demon-like a system. Never will the Republic, with all her energy and vast resources, take her proper station among the nations of the earth till this deep-stained infamy is erased from her escutcheon." The reviewer may not be acquainted with the fact, but we can speak with confidence from personal observation, that not a few American citizens do burn with holy indignation against the slavery of the south. Many of her ablest divines—her wealthiest merchants—her most brilliant orators—her most accomplished senators—feel more acutely on this point than it is possible for any persons not immediately interested. They know that the viper has fastened its fangs in the very heart of the republic, and they heave and writhe with many an agonizing throe to hurl the foul monster from them. Every day the number of abolitionists is increasing—and these not your expediency-men, who can turn to every point of the compass as circumstances may arise—but men of sterling worth who base their principles on the immutable truths of revelation. They make no compromise with slavery—they denounce it as wrong—essentially wrong under all its forms. The man-stealer is a sinner, and the man-retainer is also a sinner with them. With the word of the eternal God in their hands they beseech the slaveholder immediately to proclaim deliverance to the captives.

To delay to do what is right and just is regarded as sinful and dangerous. The truth is, American abolitionists look at the subject of slavery in the light of christianity;—and as a question of stern righteousness—of sheer justice. IS THIS THING RIGHT? is their single, commanding question: nor will they allow this broad intelligible question to be encumbered with others of expediency and interest—questions altogether subordinate to the question of right. They know that wrong may be attended with temporal gain; that gain can never alter the nature of wrong they likewise know. So also they are fully aware that a return to right may be attended with pain—that this pain or sacrifice does not lessen the obligation to do right they are equally well assured of. On this high and holy ground do they take their stand,—fearless of their foes, and risking their all in the cause of their fettered brother. A rich scene of delight we enjoyed some months since while in the United States—travelling in the railroad cars from Providence to Boston, two southern gentlemen in-

roduced the slavery question, and were proceeding to vindicate the practice of their friends, when they were interrupted by a third person. Never shall we forget his mild and dignified rebuke of their conduct.—One of them in reply to something advanced by our abolitionist, had said, and most petulantly too "O! but I do not know that the slaves are men!!" Instantly this sneer was put down by a most temperate but appropriate retort. Indeed we never met with a more happy combination of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. The females of America are also awaking to their duty. On the subject of our own Colonial Slavery we remember to have been most deeply affected by the perusal of a pamphlet written by an English lady. It wrung many a bitter sigh from the heart while the tears fell thick and fast to the ground. Indeed this publication did more to work in our mind a thorough detestation of slavery and all its abominations, than all other productions combined. Lately, in presenting a petition on behalf of the slaves, signed by thousands of females, Miss Grimke, a lady of superior talents, addressed a committee of the Assembly of Massachusetts. As a manifestation of the warmth and earnestness of American abolitionism, we are glad to insert the introduction of Miss Grimke's address delivered on the 14th March]:—*Ed. Pearl.*

MR. CHAIRMAN—More than 2000 years have rolled their dark and bloody waters down the rocky, winding channel of Time into Eternity, since woman's voice was heard in the palace of an eastern monarch, and woman's petition achieved the salvation of millions of her race from the edge of the sword. The Queen of Persia— if Queen she might be called, who was but the mistress of her voluptuous lord,—trained as she had been in the secret abominations of an oriental harem, had studied too deeply the character of Ahasuerus not to know that the sympathies of his heart could not be reached, except through the medium of his sensual appetites. Hence we find her arrayed in royal apparel and standing in the inner court of the King's house, hoping by her personal charms to win the favor of her lord. And after the golden sceptre had been held out, and the enquiry was made, 'What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? it shall be given thee to the half of the kingdom'—even then she dared not ask for her own life, or that of her people. She felt that if her mission of mercy was to be successful, his animal propensities must be still more powerfully wrought upon—the luxurious feast must be prepared, the banquet of wine must be served up, and the favorable moment must be seized when, gorged with gluttony and intoxication, the King's heart was fit to be operated upon by the pathetic appeal, 'If I have found favor in thy sight, O King, and if it please the King, let my life be given me at my petition and my people at my request.' It was thus through personal charms, and sensual gratification, and individual influence, that the Queen of Persia obtained the precious boon she craved, her own life and the life of her beloved people. Mr. Chairman, it is my privilege to stand before you on a similar mission of life and love; but I thank God that we live in an age of the world too enlightened and too moral to admit of the adoption of the same means to obtain so holy an end. I feel that it would be an insult to this Committee, were I to attempt to win their favor by arraying my person in gold, and silver, and costly apparel, or by inviting them to partake of the luxurious feast, or the banquet of wine. I understand the spirit of the age too well to believe that you could be moved by such sensual means—means as unworthy of you, as they would be beneath the dignity of the cause of humanity. Yes, I feel that if you are reached at all, it will not be by me, but by the truths I shall endeavor to present to your understandings and your hearts. The heart of the eastern despot was reached through the lowest propensities of his animal nature, by personal influence; yours, I know cannot be reached but through the loftier sentiments of the intellectual and moral feelings.

I stand before you as a citizen, on behalf of the 20,000 women of Massachusetts, whose names are enrolled on petitions which have been submitted to the committee of which you are the organ. These petitions relate to the great and solemn subject of American Slavery, a subject fraught with the deepest interest to this republic, whether we regard it in its political, moral, or religious aspects.—And because it is a political subject, it has often been tauntingly said, that women had nothing to do with it.—Are we aliens because we are women? Are we bereft of citizenship, because we are mothers, wives and daughters of a mighty people? Have women no country, no interest staked in the public weal—no liabilities in common peril—no partnership in a nation's guilt and shame? Let the history of the world answer these queries. Read the denunciations of Jehovah against the follies and crimes of Israel's daughters. Trace the influence of woman as a courtesan and a mistress in the destinies of nations, both ancient and modern, and see her yielding her power too often to debase and to destroy, rather than to elevate and save. It is often said that women rule the world through their influence over men. If so, then may we well hide our faces in the dust, and cover ourselves with sackcloth and ashes. It has not been by moral and intellectual power, but through the baser passions of men. This dominion of women must be resigned—the sooner the better; 'in the age which is approaching, she should be something more—she should be a citizen; and this title, which demands an increase of knowledge and of reflection; opens before her a new empire.' I hold, Mr. Chairman, that American women have to do with this subject, not only because it is political, inasmuch as we are citizens of this republic, and as such our honour, happiness, and well being are bound up in its politics, government and laws.

I stand before you as a southerner, exiled from the land of my birth, by the sound of the lash, and the piteous cry of the slave. I stand before you as a repentant slaveholder. I stand before you as a moral being, endowed with precious and inalienable rights, which are correlative with solemn duties and high responsibilities; and as a moral being I feel that I owe it to the suffering slave, and to the deluded master, to my country and the world, to do all that I can to overturn a system of complicated crimes, built up upon the broken hearts and prostrate bodies of my countrymen in chains, and cemented by the blood and sweat and tears of my sisters in bonds.