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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 be 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 mildly replied, "Friend do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, 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 owner 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 thine enemies. 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, while they were obliged to fight to defend his property. "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 expended more for the sick and the starving, than others did for arms and ammunition. The schoolmaster said, "Do not be distressed, 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 flames of bigotry were of course fanned by civil war. On one occasion, the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, in very feeble health, and threatened to shoot 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 significantly. The old man quietly replied, "If thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our heavenly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents talked apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

Deeds of kindness 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 cry was, "spare the Quakers! they have done good to all, and harm to none." While flames were raging, 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 miles 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 the Quakers, advised them to avoid the 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 unmolested; even their young women, unattended by protectors, passed without insult.

Glory to the nation that first ventures to set an example at once so gentle and so brave! And our wars—are they brave or beautiful, even if judged of according to the maxims of the world? The secrets of our cowardly encroachments on Mexico, and of Indian wars, would secure as unanimous verdict in the negative, could they ever be even half revealed to posterity!

A few years ago, I met an elderly man in the Hartford stage, whose conversation led me to reflect on the baseness 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 inquired the cause. "A Malay woman cut the muscle with her sabre," 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 seamen from my youth, and I know the Malays well. They are 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 business. The truth is, Christian nations are generally to blame in the outset, in all their difficulties with less civilized people. A Salem ship went to Malacca to trade for pepper. They agreed to give the natives a stated compensation, when a certain number of measures full of pepper were delivered. Men, women and children were busy picking pepper, and bringing it on board. The Captain proposed that the sailors should go on shore and help them; and the natives consented with the most confiding good nature. The sailors were instructed to pick till evening, and then leave the baskets full of pepper among the bushes, with the understanding that they were to be brought on board by the natives in the morning. They did so, without exciting any suspicion of treachery. But in the night the baskets were all conveyed on board, and the vessel sailed away, leaving the Malays unpaid for her valuable cargo. This, of course, excited great indignation, and they made loud complaints to the commander of the next American vessel that arrived on their coast. In answer to a de-

mand of redress from the government, 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, exasperated beyond measure, resorted to Lynch law, and murdered an American crew that landed there. The U.S. 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 dastardly, and a man cannot work himself up to it." "Then if one nation *would* not fight, another *could* not," 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 hardiest soldier would shrink from it, as from cold blooded murder." "Such a peace establishment would be at one cheap and beautiful," rejoined I, and so we parted.—*L. M. Child.*

VALUE OF A CULTIVATED INTELLECTUAL TASTE.

"Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, 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 inestimable. 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 delineations 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 incorporates the impressions of theirs in a measure with the current of our own, and thus calls forth a thousand intellectual gems to shine out over the horizon of our existence. It is that rich store of associations, suggestions, memories, which such an acquaintance with the histories and productions of the gifted and the good supplies, the mine of whose exhaustless affluence is but deepened the farther it is wrought, and whose resources are continually elicited, both by the things without and within us. It is that development of observation and comparison, which prompts the intellect to call up spontaneously from the recesses of the past, from all that is valuable or beautiful in natural science, or graceful in art, combinations and illustrations, which, multiplying to an infinite extent, continually diversify its materials for instruction and entertainment.

Nor is this a sphere of visionary enjoyment. It is *something* to have the mind so furnished, that it comes "with more than present good," to the present scenes and occupations of every day life: that it penetrates into sources of interest and gratification, where an uncultivated perception would have discovered none. It is *something* to find in the simple passages—the little traits of our ordinary being, mere trifles "shine by situation;"—by connection with those hidden links which they touch in "the electric chain" of our own thoughts, memories, and feelings.

But are these habits of mind useful in their *practical* influences? Do they enable us to prosecute with more alacrity or success, our real duties? or does their cultivation increase our fitness for the social intercourse of common life?

Now, without casting one ungenerous or unkind reflection upon this intercourse, it must be allowed to be too painfully true, that it usually calls for but small appropriation of these internal treasures; for few are the demands it makes upon them. They are written on the tablet of the mind as it were in sympathetic inks, and little of that genial warmth which is necessary to bring out their characters to life and vividness, will meet us there. Conversation, in its general forms, is indeed so slightly attuned to the spirit of those associations which lift the thoughts from the external to the intellectual, that we can hardly hope, in its ordinary circles, to find ourselves much wiser or happier, for any interior cultivation beyond that average point, below which we should not be on the footing of common mental respectability.—Often must the images rising to memory in their own delightful aptitude, be enjoyed alone: and many a series of associations elicited by some casual suggestion, sent back to the secret keeping of our own bosoms, when we feel it would meet cold companionship, and receive no approbation.

Yet we need not "lock the lost wealth," merely because we cannot *always* find ready barter for it, of just the kind we would prefer. If in the seclusion of retirement, the absence of external excitement, the monotony as it may sometimes seem, of those bodily cares which the necessities of our being impose on all, we can be innocently happy, our understandings cheerfully active, under circumstances which otherwise might have clouded our path with languor or depression,—we shall gather an abundant harvest for any seed we may have planted in the intellectual soil. Neither shall we find any *surplus* revenue, let us add to the genuine wealth of mind as much as we may. Not a single item is there in its "uncounted treasury," but whose possession may increase, either directly or indirectly, our power of useful influence over other minds, or widen the channels of enjoyment in our own. Surely, too, we ought to be sufficiently sensible of gratitude for these privileges, to evince a better spirit under the petty disconcertments of life, more equanimity under some of its minor vexations, when we are conscious of possessing within our own bosoms a retirement from these, 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 towards the ordinary flow of social interchange, or impatient with its occasional insipidities. 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 grottoes, 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

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