

else. Summoning all her courage, with a prayer to the King's Son for aid for herself and Paul, she steadied the staves with both hands and stepped off the brink of the fearful precipice. Her breath almost ceased with fear as she did so. It was but for an instant—slowly and steadily she was lowered down, as if upheld by comforting Angels, until she was landed safely on the projecting ledge, where Paul was indeed lying, senseless but much bruised and injured by his dreadful fall. The meeting between them was most tender, each accusing themselves of having brought this misery upon the one they loved so dearly, and bitter was the grief with which Paul confessed his wickedness against not only Christine, but the miserable life he had led—his disobedience and ingratitude to the King and his Son. He would not be comforted. Christine talked to him—told him how she had sinned, and yet had been forgiven at the first word of contrition. But Paul shook his head, and only said, "she could not possibly know how wicked he had been; no one knew but himself and the King." He was going on to accuse himself, but Christine put her hand on his mouth and bade him confess his sins to the King's Son, not to her, "who was so miserable a sinner herself." Paul said he had done so. All the dreary hours that he had lain there, helpless and wretched, had been spent in recalling his past life; and he had given up all hope of salvation for himself in any way, until he had heard her voice and seen her kneeling beside him, then he felt perhaps there might be a chance for him. Christine drew her chair to the mountain from her bosom, and began reading aloud from it such portions as she thought would be comforting to Paul. She could see to read by the light of the crosses and the flashes of the brilliant Aurora Borealis, that illumined the heaven above this dreary valley of despair. Paul lay with his hands folded together, as if in prayer, and deep sighs would come from his lips when she would read a confession of sins, or a prayer for mercy to a wretched penitent. Christine's voice would be often broken by sobs, for she applied such portions to herself as well as to Paul. She read as long as she had strength to listen, then she lifted his head upon her lap and smoothed the brown curls, now matted and stiffened by the cold. The black, tarnished cross of pearls was gone. In its place, white diamonds sparkled like drops of fire. Christine knew what that signified—Paul was ready to go to the Beautiful City! Deep sorrow struck through her heart, and yet a thankfulness beyond expression. Paul was soon to be safe—released from all this weary walking—free forever from all danger of falling into sin—safe, safe in the Beautiful City! Ah! if she, too, were but worthy to go also; but that must be as the King's Son pleased. She must be patient, and have no will but his; and Christine prayed to be guided with this patience. Paul moved in his restless sleep. His wounds pained him so much, so much; but he smiled feebly in Christine's face as she tried to help him to an easier position. He told her he had been dreaming very sweetly before the pain struck him, so violently, that he thought the King's Son had spoken to him, and told him his sins were forgiven and forgotten. He said Christine, if she ever got out of the dark valley, must take his staff and give it to the old messenger of the King, whom he had treated so ungratefully, and tell him how he had suffered, and how deeply he had repented, and beg his forgiveness of all the past. He said Christine must try and do all the good that he had left undone, and that she must live to render some service to the King and his Son, for his sake as well as her own. He, alas, had been but an unprofitable servant. He had wasted, in riotous living, all the good gifts which had been so lavishly bestowed upon him; yet, he was most grateful for all now—grateful, even for the terrible suffering which had brought him to his right mind—very, very grateful for her constant and true affection. Paul was so weak he could only speak with great effort. Christine pressed her hand to her heart to repress her sobs, and to still its violent beating, that she might not disturb Paul.

She took Paul's hand in hers, knelt beside him, giving him back smiles for smiles—he was too weak to speak now—until a bright, radiant expression came over his face—his eyes dilated with a look of joyful surprise—a ray of the most piercing light flashed around her. Christine sunk slowly down by Paul's side, unconscious. When she opened her eyes once more, she was lying in her own little, narrow path, the united crosses and staves by her side, and the gray-haired messenger of the King bending over her. He said he had found her lying there, and was greatly troubled at it. She soon told him all that had happened, unbound Paul's staff from her own and gave it to him. The old man took it, and, with tears running down over his venerable beard, gave loud thanks to the King for the salvation of one so dear to him. He had almost despaired of ever seeing Paul enter the Beautiful City. Then he blessed Christine and comforted her; but she told him she was very content with all. She only wished, now, never to have any will at all of her own, and to walk on as fast as she could to the Beautiful City. I saw her once more, in her widow's garments, walking in the midst of a great number of people. In spite of her anxiety to hasten on her journey, she stopped in an instant if she could aid or comfort any one. She would listen with the sweetest patience to the tiresome complaints of the aged, turn with a smile to please the prattling children who would seize her garments—sympathy, love, kindness for all—never weary—never sad—never repining—never impatient;—the friend of all the helpless—the comfortless—the oppressed and poor—one could scarcely have recognized the haughty, willful, passionate Christine, in this calm, patient Daughter of the King. Again I saw these people weeping and mourning. They said their friend, their sister, the good Christine was gone. The Angel had taken her away to the Beautiful City.

F. L. A.

## Selections.

### LANGUAGE.

From the London Times.—Concluded.

Professor Muller gives an historical sketch of the Sanskrit language from the time of the invasion of India by Alexander to the most recent date. Into this our space forbids us to follow him. The oldest Sanskrit, the language in which the Vedas are written, he considers to belong to the 15th century before Christ, and to have ceased to be a spoken language at the time of the Greek invasion. . . . The Chinese language has no grammar whatever, in the sense in which we use that term. It makes no for-

mal distinction between noun, verb, preposition, or adverb. It has no inflections, no declension, or conjugation, and presents almost as great a contrast with any one of the Aryan languages as a cuttlefish with a vertebrate animal. "Every word in it is a root, and every root a word, and the whole are monosyllabic." The very same phrase is made to serve the purpose, according as may be required, of every one of what we call "parts of speech." Thus, for instance, the preposition "with," which in English we use to denote instrumentality, would be represented in Chinese by the word 'y, which would equally serve as a verb, meaning "to use." Where we should say a boy was struck "with a stick," the Chinese would say he was struck, "employ stick" ('y ting); Our own language enables us to see how a variation in position may serve as well as a change of inflection; we find no difficulty in distinguishing between the meaning "John beats James" and "James beats John"—a distinction which to a people who had only had experience of an inflected language, like the Latin and Greek, would have seemed most strange. But that all the words of a language should be of the same kind, and each capable of doing duty with equal facility as preposition, adverb, adjective, and verb, is all but inconceivable. Nevertheless such is the case in Chinese, and, what is more, there is reason to believe that once the same state of things existed in every language without exception. The train of investigation which led to this conclusion we will endeavor to explain to the general reader.

Let us take some one familiar word, which is connected etymologically with a large number of others, and separate it into its primitive elements. The word "respectable" is one of those selected by Professor Muller. Now, the first step is obviously to cut off the prefix *re* and the termination "*able*," which it shares in common with a large class, and we get the kernel of the word, "spect." This every schoolboy, of course, recognises as a mere participial formation of a more simple form, "spec," upon which a verb, "specere," would naturally spring, and, indeed, is evidenced to have done so in the popular Italian dialects by the existence of its compounds "inspicere," "conspicere," "aspicere," &c., which are common in the literary Latin. This root "spec," now, is found widely spread throughout the languages of the Aryan family, and in all its derivatives points to one original notion,—that of seeing or looking. But, as we remarked above together with the general resemblance of equivalent in the several cognate languages, certain specific changes are found to coexist. Hence the root, which in Latin is *spec* (pronounced *spek*) is in Greek *skop*, the order of the two mutes being interchanged; in the Teutonic languages the soft *k* became a guttural *kh*, and a rough *h*. Thus, old High German the word *spahan*, "to look," is paralleled by the Northumbrian "*spue-wife*," and the English "*spy*." In Sanskrit the final *k*, or *kh*, or rough *h*, is represented by *s* *spasa* (a guardian) being the same thing originally and the same word etymologically as the Hindostanee *sipahce*, or *sepo*. Now, if we go down the stream of time, and observe the new shapes and the new meanings which derivatives from this primitive Aryan root have taken in modern language, we shall be astonished to find the mixed multitude of descendants which are all undeniably sprung from a common ancestor. The sceptic (inquirer) *bishop*, the worn down English form of *episcopus* (over-seer), are obviously enough hewn from the same Greek rock; but it does not seem so plain how a *spite*-ful man, a special train, and a respited murderer,—an auspicious event, a *spicy* article, and the *espiglerie* of a mischievous girl are connected with one another, or with the reckless speculations of Capelcourt. Nothing, however, can be more certain than the fact. The "respect" which the worthy member of society enjoys in its Latin original only the "looking back" upon him after passing him, the outward indication of the feeling that he is a man of some mark. The English *respite* is the Norman modification of the same word. It originally meant "the looking back" upon the case, the review of the evidence. To say that a criminal had received a *respite* meant that a re-examination had been accorded to him. Then the word was employed to mean the time allowed for the review; and, finally, the verb "*respite*" was formed to denote the act of grace. The old French *despit* (*depit*) is the representative of the Latin "*despect*," as *repit* of "*respect*." Of it the English *spite* is the relic, perfectly naturalized, and as a citizen assuming the rights of citizenship by combining with the Saxon "*full*." An auspicious proceeding was originally one which the "inspection of sacred birds" (*avispicium*) had ascertained to be "lucky;" the speculator was the sharp-eyed fisherman, who from his *specula* (look-out post) on the cliff signalled to his mates the course taken by the shoal of tunny-fish. The origin of the word *espigle* is very curious. The Latin word "*speculum*" (a looking-glass) became in German *spiegel*; and a famous cycle of waggish stories exists in the latter language of which the hero bears the name *Eiden-spigel* (owl-glass). This, on the stories being translated into French, took the shape of *ulespiegle*, which was afterwards corrupted into *espigle*, and became a general name for persons distinguished for mischievous merriment. But the derivations from the Latin word *species* have, perhaps, the strangest history of any of the large family sprung from the root "*spec*." This term, originally meaning the form or appearance of any subject,—that which it was seen to be,—was employed as a translation of the Greek word *eidos*, which originally meant the same, in a new and technical sense in which it had been used by philosophers. *Genus*

was by them regarded as including all things which which of the same kind; *species* those among them being made so common type; the one classification all genealogical aggregate to the other. Hence, after disappeared, the second, philosophical associations had as opposed to *general*, came *particular*, *species*, to its French representative, to the word English derivatives *special*, *specific*, and like. From the former came the French *epicier*, denoting at first not a grocer, but a vender of *spice* wares, such as drugs and *spices* (*epicos*). In Italy the apothecary is still called *speziale*, his shop *spezieria*; and the term "*spicy*" thus naturally lends itself to any production of a very piquant character. The reader will not require any further clue to enable him to understand the other derivatives of "*speck*," such as *specimen*, *specious*, *spectacle*, and from this single example will be enabled to see how small a number of roots are required to furnish a very copious vocabulary.

The detection and classification of these roots by the comparison of cognate tongues is the first task of the Comparative Philologist, and it was first accomplished in the Semitic family. In the last century scholars had succeeded in reducing the whole dictionary of Hebrew and Arabic to about 500 roots, each containing only three consonants; and, as the vowels are not an essential part of the word, this feature procured the name of *tri-literal* to the Semitic languages. Professor Muller thinks the number of roots in Sanskrit is really not greater. In Chinese there are, according to him, only 450—Sir John Davis, indeed, says but 214—and with these have been produced nearly 50,000 words. The extraordinary fertility of some languages is such that there seems no limit to their powers of production. Of those the Greek is the most remarkable. Every single Greek verb which is complete in its tenses would yield, including its participles, nearly 1,300 forms. Yet, says Professor Muller, "a well-educated person in England, who has been at a public school and the University, who reads his Bible, his *Shakespeare*, his *Times*, and all the books of Mudie's Library, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 different words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. *Shakespeare*, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words." A country Clergyman, Mr. D'Orsey, asserts that some of the laborers in his Parish have not 200 words in their vocabulary; and it is said to appear from the hieroglyphic inscriptions that the sages of Egypt did not possess thrice as many. In the *libretto* of an Italian opera the whole number of words will rarely exceed 800. It is obvious, therefore, that in an early state of society, where the habits of men are simple, and their experience extends over a very small range, an extremely limited number of roots would suffice for the construction of a language that should perfectly answer for the purposes of intercommunication.

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REV. T. S. W. MOTT, A. M., Editor and Proprietor.

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### CIRCASSIA.

If memory does her office, the public attention was called to the struggle so long going on in Circassia against the enormous power of Russia, first by this Journal, as a source of encouragement and hope to ourselves in the present war. Since that time more or less has been said upon the subject by the secular papers, but no one of them, so far as our recollection extends, has given us any thing very definite on the geographical position, or the extent and resources of the country, without some knowledge of which it is impossible to form any thing approaching a just estimate of the value of the lesson which the struggle referred to is teaching us.

The geography of Circassia seems to be but imperfectly known; at least, so one would infer from the confused statements we have been able to find respecting it. Malte Brun, the Prince of Geographers, is very unsatisfactory, and no one of our school treatises, that we have seen, even mention it. From the best information we can gather, it is a small, mountainous region, lying between the Black Sea on the West, and the Caspian on the East, and is included between the Caucasian Mountains on the South, and the rivers, *Terek* and *Cuban*, on the North, the surface being very uneven and broken, intersected by deep ravines and rapid torrents, with numerous mountain elevations but little inferior in height to the general range of the Caucasian chain itself. The whole area is estimated at about 42,000

square miles, and the population at from four to six hundred thousand. In extent of territory, therefore, Circassia will just about compare with Tennessee, and, in the number of inhabitants, with Maryland. The people are an independent, high-spirited race, essentially pastoral, yet warlike. The use of money is scarcely known among them, their wealth consisting mainly in live stock, and the productions of the soil.

The national character of the Circassians is quite undetermined by writers on the subject. The simple fact of this Country being the only part of the western Caucasus that has not fallen under the power of Russia, of itself proclaims their indomitable energy and perseverance, and we should naturally feel inclined to listen to those who represent them as among the bravest and noblest of our race—the women gems of beauty, and the men the finest specimens of all that is graceful and manly. But on the other hand there are those who describe them as little better than a half-civilized race, cut up into petty clans, at continual war with each other, proud, self-willed, and cruel, and in the fierce rudeness of a spirit engendered by almost perpetual warfare, regardless of the refinements and amenities of life.

In one respect they resemble the Scotch Highlanders—not constituting one people, but divided into several clans which are subdivided into numerous tribes, under their hereditary chiefs. Family pride is excessive, which causes great distinctions in society; yet we find among them something of the popular element, every free Circassian having a right to participate in determining and enacting public measures. Social distinctions are strongly marked. They consist of chiefs, ancient nobles, new gentry, the middle class, vassals, and, finally, slaves, mostly taken in war. These are employed in agriculture, or other menial services; but they cannot be sold, or transferred from one owner to another, except in a few peculiar cases. The higher classes own the soil, and from them the lower rent and cultivate it. They have no large cities or towns; no written laws; no courts of law or equity farther than a council of the oldest and most respected citizens of each village by whom disputes are determined, and questions of equity settled. A round cap, a tunic descending to the knee and girt about the waist with a leathern girdle, and a pair of trowsers in flowing eastern style complete the ordinary costume; and, what is very remarkable, notwithstanding their strongly marked social distinctions, this costume is common to all, the only distinction being that the nobles alone have the right to wear red, and that, in their military equipments, the wealthy display very great extravagance.

From the 12th to the 15th century, Circassia was subject to Georgia. From this condition they extricated themselves in the 16th century by the aid of Russia, whose Emperor had married a Circassian Princess. As the sway of Russia was at this time gradually extending over the Western Caucasus, Peter the Great and Catherine II wished to include Circassia with the rest of that region, but in the meantime the Country, having embraced the Mahomedan religion, acknowledged the dominion of the Sultan, and claimed his protection. In 1829, in the treaty of Adrianople, Turkey ceded Circassia to Russia. This cession the Circassians refused to recognize, and out of their resistance to it grew the present war which has now been going on, with variant fortune, for upwards of thirty years, and which appears to be about as far from its close as ever it was, the last account being that these brave people had defeated their gigantic enemy in a pitched battle in which they had only ten thousand against a force of fifteen. Where freedom fires the soul the light of liberty will never go out. Is the disparity between us and the United States so great as that between Circassia and Russia with her area of four millions of square miles and sixty millions of people!!!

CHURCH ALMANACS.—An esteemed clerical brother, some months ago, furnished us with a substitute for a Church Almanac, an appropriate part of which we at once inserted in this Paper. Shortly after the more complete one, by the Rev. J. M. Mitchell of Montgomery, Ala., appeared, which we considered as superseding the necessity of continuing the one commenced in our Journal. The Almanac by Mr. Mitchell is a very good one, and answers all the purposes necessary for Clergy or Laity. It can be had on application to him for the trifling sum of ten cents, which is very low, especially since he has so generously supplied all the Clergy known to be in the Confederacy at the time of publication, at his own individual expense.

Some of our subscribers—in Texas and Arkansas for