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THE BEAVER ARGUS

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Letters and communications should be addressed to

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jul8'68:1y.

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nov11:3m

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aug12'68:tf.

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REV. JOHN W. MARTIN, D. D.
has been chosen Principal. He was formerly Principal of the Ulster Institution for the Deaf-dumb and the Blind, Belfast; and Headmaster of the National Institution for the deaf and dumb of Ireland, Claremont, Dublin; and recently President of the Lincoln University. We are assured that Dr. Martin is a ripe scholar and a successful instructor. He purposes to revive the school, if God will. The first term will be short, in consequence of the lateness of beginning. The tuition will correspond. A liberal discount will be allowed to the orphans of soldiers and children of clergymen.
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POETRY.

THE OLD WEDDING RING.

Alice, my youngest daughter,
Wedded with Ralph to-day;
The morning air was balmy
With the breath of new-mown hay.

The sky was flooded with sunshine,
And blue—as blue as the deep—
Their white wings folded together,
The clouds were fallen asleep.

The airharps of the forest
Were tuned to the sound of a psalm,
And their distant music touched me
With a thrill of infinite calm.

She stood in her bridal whiteness,
A lily pure and pale,
The gold of her ringlets shining
Through the mist of her floating veil.

And her lover, strong and stately
In the pride of his gracious youth,
With a voice both deep and tender
Plighted his manhood's truth.

He put the ring on her finger—
A band of virgin gold,
Broad and heavy; it bound her
His to have and to hold.

May it never change to a fetter,
Breaking her heart to wear;
May it be as dear as her mother's,
To her mother's earnest prayer.

They have gone their way together,
And I sit in the summer night
Alone, with the thoughts of beauty
That flit through the soft moonlight.

I am turning on my finger
My own dear wedding ring,
And the memories of a life-time
To the narrow circlet cling.

It is not so broad as my daughter's,
And the years have worn it thin,
But it clasped two hearts together
Its blessed bond within—

Hearts that but knit the closer
Through life, in woe or weal—
That, present, were ever loving;
And, absent, were ever leal.

The years fall back like a curtain,
And my husband comes once more;
I see his form in the moonlight—
I hear his hand at the door.

And it's—"Oh, my darling, I'm weary,
You tarry so long above;
When will you come to take me,
Oh, my love, my love?"

I feel his touch on my forehead;
It falls like a seal of rest;
And my heart forgets it was tired
As I lean my head on his breast.

Yes, yes! I know he is lying
In the moonlight on the hill;
But the thin, worn ring hath magic,
And it binds my darling still.

And oft, when I'm very lonely,
I dream of the home above;
And its—"Oh, my love, I'm coming,
Coming, my love, my love!"

Alice and Ralph lamented
That the mother was called away,
Swiftly and suddenly from them,
On the eve of their wedding day.

But they never knew how gladly,
At the beck of an angel hand,
She had left our waning moonbeams
For the light of the Better Land.

With the worn old ring on her finger,
And her pale hands crossed on her breast,
They bore her out to the hill-side,
And by him laid her to rest.

OUR STORY-TELLER.

DEBBY WILDER'S RIDE.

There lived a few years ago, in the interior of one of the middle States, a sturdy farmer, well to do in the world, by the name of Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days to seek his fortune, and having been employed by a respectable Quaker to work on his farm, had contrived by true Yankee adroitness to win the affections of the old man's daughter, and had married her. His wife having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to her orders, was, of course "read out of the society;" but Wilder loved her none the less for that; if anything, he felt a little rejoiced to at it, for he though it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him.

Mrs. Wilder, however, never overcame the habit which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips was never ungrateful or unwelcome to William's ears; for one of the sweetest sounds that ever dwelt in his memory, was when he asked her a certain question, and her reply was, "William, thee has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever it may please thee to take it."

William Wilder was a thrifty and stirring man; and in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Nor has the whole sum of his fortune yet been stated. He was blest with a daughter; a bright, rosy-cheeked, healthy, romping girl, full of life and spirit, and in his eyes exceedingly beautiful. This daughter, at the period which is more particularly described, had reached the age of eighteen years, and was an object of engrossing love to her parents and of general attraction to the neighborhood.

"There's that Joe Nelson alongside of Debby again," said Mr. Wilder to his wife, rather pettishly, as they came out of church one warm summer afternoon, and commenced their walk homeward. "I wish he wouldn't make himself quite so thick."

"Well now, my dear, I think thee has a little too much feeling about it," replied Mrs. Wilder. "Young folks like to be together, and Joseph is a clever and respectable young man; nobody ever says a work against him."

"Yes, he's too clever to be worth anything," said Wilder; "and by and by he'll take it into his head, if he hain't already, to coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper; I've worked too hard for what little property I've got to be willing to see it go to feed a vagabond, who never earned anything and never will. I don't believe Joe will ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives."

"My dear, I think thee is a little too hard upon Joseph; thee should remember that he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family."

"Oh, I don't deny, but he's clever enough," said Mr. Wilder; "all is, I don't like to see him quite so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby and not worth a decent suit of clothes?"

"I should feel," said Mrs. Wilder, "as though they were starting out in life very much as we did when first married. We had each of us a good pair of hands, and that was all we had to start with. I don't think we should have got along any better or been any happier, if thee had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married."

This argument came with such force to Wilder's own bosom that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window Mr. Wilder choose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields where he stood ruminating for half an hour on the prospect of his crops, and particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man had become so familiar and so much at home at his house that he could hardly doubt there was a strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he be began to feel uneasy about it. He had always been so fond of his daughter, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness, that the idea of her marrying at all was a sad thought to him; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable situation in life, and relieve him from the foolish anxiety, so common in the world, lest his own estate should be dishonored by family connections not equal to it.

While he remained there in his musing mood, he recognized Henry Miller coming down the road, and he resolved at once to take him to supper. Miller was a dashing business fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's and was reported to be worth five or six thousand dollars. He had heretofore been a frequent visitor at Mr. Wilder's house, and there was a time, when his attention to Debby was such as to cause him to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law. Debby, however was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discontinued.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Miller," said Mr. Wilder, presenting his hand, "glad to see you; how do you do? fine day this?"

"Yes, fine day," said Miller; excellent weather for crops; how do you all do at home?"

"Quite well, I thank you," said Wilder,—"Come, go down to the house with me and take supper," said he.

Miller colored, said he did not think he could stop. Mr. Wilder, however, would not take no for an answer, and after considerable importunity he prevailed upon him to accept the invitation, and they descended the hill together, and went into the house.

"Debby, here's Miller," said Wilder, as they entered the parlor.

Debby rose, handed a chair, and said "good evening," but her face was covered with blushes, and she returned to her seat. As Miller seated himself in the chair he glanced across the room and recognized Nelson. The two young men nodded to each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.

At this time Mrs. Wilder entered the room. "How does thee do, Henry?" said she, presenting her hand. "I'm glad to see thee; I hope thy mother is well?"

"Very well, indeed," said Miller; and after a few more remarks, she retired to superintend the preparation for supper.

"Excuse me a little while, Mr. Miller," said Mr. Wilder; "I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at back of the hill. According to my notion it is the stoutest in the town. Come Joseph, go up and look at it."

"I think it is the stoutest I have seen this year," said Joseph; "I saw it about a week ago."

"Oh, it has gained amazingly within a week," said Mr. Wilder; "come, go up and take a look at it."

[illegible] unaccustomed to such attention [illegible] a little confused as he took his hat and followed him to the door.

They went up the road, and Mr. Wilder took him all around the field of corn, and examined hill after hill, and looked into other fields, and found a hundred things to stop and look at, and talked more to Joseph than he had before for six months. Joseph suspected that this walk was undertaken by Mr. Wilder for the purpose of leaving Miller and Debby alone in the room together, but he bore it patiently, and answered all Mr. Wilder's remarks about the weather, his crops and his fields, with apparent interest, for he knew too well the state of Debby's feelings toward himself and towards Miller to feel any uneasiness.— At length Mr. Wilder concluded supper must be nearly ready, and they returned to the house. On entering the house they found Miller alone, reading a newspaper.

Mr. Wilder looked vexed.

"What! all alone, Mr. Miller?" said Wilder; "I shouldn't have stayed so long, but I thought Debby would amuse you until we got back."

"Miss Debby had some engagements that required her attention," said Miller, "and asked to be excused; but I have found myself quite interested in the newspaper."

Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.

"She left it in three minutes after you went out," said Mrs. Wilder; "and I could not persuade her to go back again. She said she knew you went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone together, and she would not stay. It's no use William, these things always have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it."

The supper passed off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller, and Mrs. Wilder, as usual, was mild and complacent to all. But an air of embarrassment pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to return homeward.

Mr. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry was decided and said he must go. After he was gone Debby and Joseph returned to the parlor, where they were joined a part of the evening by Mrs. Wilder; but Wilder, after walking up and down the dining-room for a hour or two, retired to bed, not however to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby to allow repose. He counted the hours as they were told by the clock till it had struck twelve. Mrs. Wilder had been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After a while the clock struck one, and in a few minutes after that he heard the outer door rather softly, opened and closed, and then heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

"Ah," thought Wilder, "it is as my wife says, these things will have their own way. This staying till one o'clock looks like rather serious business."

The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother, and after dinner Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.

"Well, my dear," said she, "Debby and Joseph are bent on being married. It seems they made up their minds to it some months ago, and now they have fixed upon the time. The say they must be married week after next. Now I think we had better fall in with it with as good feelings as we can, and make the best of it. Thee well knows I have always said these things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up I don't think it is a good plan to interfere with them. As long as Joseph is respectable and good to work, I think we ought to feel contented with it, although he is poor. It seems to me that there are many folks that marry poor that make out as well in the world as there are that marry rich."

After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no further opposition to the match; they might get married as soon as they chose.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Wilder, "Debby needs a little change to get some things with this week, in order to get married."

"How much will she want this week?" asked Mr. Wilder.

"If thee will let her have fifteen or twenty dollars," said Mrs. Wilder, "I think it would do for the present."

"Well, now, I've no money by me," said Mr. Wilder, "except a hundred dollar bill, and it's impossible to get that changed except by sending to the bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to get on the old horse, in the morning, and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money."

This proposition was soon repeated to Debby, who said she had "just as leave take the ride as not." The matter being thus amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and dispatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was in excellent spirits, and Mr. wilder was in quite good humor towards Debby. Having at last brought his mind to assent to the arrangement which he had so strongly opposed, his feelings were in a state of reaction, which caused him to regard Debby with tenderness.

The next morning the old grey horse was standing at the door eating provender, full two hours before Debby was ready to start, and Mr. Wilder had been half a dozen times to examine the saddle and bridle, to see that every thing was right, and lifted up the horse's feet one after another, all around to see if any of the shoes were loose. And at last when Debby was ready, he led old grey to the horse block, and held him until she was seated in the saddle, and then handed her the bridle, and shortened the stirrup leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to prevent the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that all was right, he stepped into the house and brought out a small riding whip and placed it in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself, and be careful she did not get a fall, he stepped up to the horse block, and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill, till she was out of sight.

Debby trotted along leisurely over the long road she had to travel, but she was too full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary of the distance, or lonely at the solitude. The road was but little travelled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance; one as she was ascending the hill about a mile from home, and the other in a long valley of dark woods, about midway on her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition, she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and ruffianly, and they were two miles from any house, in the midst of a deep and silent wilderness. But Debby's nerves were uncowed; she returned his bow in passing, and kept on her way in perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time—hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door, the way to the bank [illegible] whiskers, and heavy eyebrows, looking steadily at her. She however, turned away, without noticing him any further, and went directly to the Bank. When she reached the door she found it was closed that day. In her exceeding disappointment she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she would do.

"Is there anything I can do for you Miss?" said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.

Debby replied that she wanted to change a bill at the bank.

"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it isn't too large—come, step in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

"Oh, a hundred dollars," he said, "I can't do it—I haven't half that amount in the store. But if you go across there to the apothecary's I think it is likely enough he may do it."

Debby thanked him again and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. As she turned to go out she encountered a man behind her who seemed to have been looking over her shoulder.

She looked up at him and recognized the tall man with black whiskers, whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the druggist's, she observed a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful.

As she was leaving the store, she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smilingly upon her, and asked her to let him see the bill, for, he thought he could change it. After looking at it he returned it to her again, observing, "if it had been a city bill he would have changed it, but he did not like to change a country bill.

Having tried at two or three places without effecting her object, Debby found she must give it up, for she was now told it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the Bank should be opened the next day. Consequently, she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she noticed the tall man with the dark whiskers standing at the corner of the house, apparently watching her movements. But she rode on, and she was no sooner out of sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking.

She thought of several other neighbors of whom she presumed it might not be impossible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing he would not allow it to be done; and would never forgive her should he find out she had done it without his consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted, but some of them of the most importance were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at length broken off by the sound of a horse coming at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was that tall man with black whiskers, mounted on a large and beautiful black horse, within a few rods of her; she shuddered a little at first at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up and accosted her with such easy and gentle manners, she soon recovered her trepidation and rode on with her wonted composure.

"Rather a lone road here, Miss?" said the stranger, looking in the dark woods that lay in the valley before them. "How far do you go Miss?"

"Seven or eight miles," said Debby, hesitating a little.

"I am happy to have company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome riding alone, I trust you will allow me to be your protector?"

Debby thanked him, but said she never was lonesome, or never afraid; still in a lonely place it was agreeable to have company.

"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" asked the stranger.

"No," said Debby, "I tried till I was tired, and could find no one to change it."

The stranger made himself very agreeable, and Debby began to think that her feelings at first had done him injustice, and she tried what she could to make amends by being social in her turn. They had now reached the deepest, darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods were about them, and not a sound to be heard except the murmuring of a little brook over which they had past. The stranger suddenly rode to her side, and seizing the reins of her bridle, told her at once she must give him the hundred dollar bill.

"Now this is carrying the joke too far," said Debby, trying to laugh.

"It's no joke at all," said the stranger: "we will go no farther till you give me the hundred dollar bill."

Debby trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.

"But surely you don't mean any such thing?" said Debby, trying to pull the rein from his hand, "it's too bad to frighten me so here."

"We mustn't dally about it," said the stranger, holding the reins still tighter: "you see I am in earnest by this," drawing a pistol from his pocket, and pointing it towards her.

"Oh! mercy," said Debby, "you may have the money, if you will let me go."

"The money is all I want," said the stranger, "but there must be no more dallying; the sooner you hand it over the better."

Debby at once drew the bill and attempted to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so that it dropped from her fingers just before it reached his, and at that moment a gust of wind wafted it gently towards the brook. The stranger leaped from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it. Debby was not so far gone in her fright, but that she had her wits about her; and seizing the rein of the stranger's horse, she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was off in a canter.

The man called in a loud threatening tone, and at once fired a pistol upon her; but as she did not feel the cold lead, she did not stop, or turn even, to give a farewell look. The remainder of the journey was soon passed over, and as she came out in the settlement, and passed the dwellings of her neighbors, many were the heads that looked from the windows and doors; and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby riding home so fast, and leading such a fine, strange horse. Her father, who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming with astonishment. "What have you here, Debby? whose horse is that?"

"Debby, what has thee been doing," said Mrs. Wilder, who was but a few steps behind her husband, "thee doesn't look well; what is the matter?"

As soon as they were seated in the house Debby told them the whole story. Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape, that he began to be in excellent spirits, and led the strange horse to the door and began to examine him.

"Well, Debby," said he, "since you've got [illegible] talk about [illegible] is gone, but I'm thinking after all, you haven't made a very bad bargain.—That's the likeliest horse I've seen this many a day. I dont think it would be a difficult matter to sell him for two hundred dollars. At any rate, I'll take the horse for the hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars you were to have of it."

"And the saddle bags, too, I suppose," said Debby, feeling disposed to join in the joke.

"Yes, and the saddle bags," said Mr. Wilder; "No, stop, we'll see what's in them first," he continued, untying them from the saddle. "Oh, there's lots of shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, and capital ones, too. Yes, Debby, the saddle bags are yours; those things come in very good time for Joseph, you know."

Debby colored, but said nothing.

"Now, Willaim," said Mrs. Wilder, "thee is full of thy fun."

"No fun about it," said Willaim replacing the articles in the leather bag. "Here, Debby take 'em, and take care of 'em."

Debby took the saddle bags to her chamber, not a little gratified at the valuable articles of clothing that it contained. She emptied the contents on the bed, and on examining to see if everything was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it, and drew therefrom an elegant pocket-book, and found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted them; and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had one thousand, five hundred dollars in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumored that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent farm in the neighborhood that had just been offered some months since at one thousand dollars, and was considered a great bargain.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wilder, the next time they met. "I am astonished that you have been running in debt for a farm in such times as these. I think you ought to have worked three or four years and got something before hand, before running in debt so much."

"But I haven't been running in debt," said Joseph.

"Haven't you bought Sanderson's farm?" said Wilder.

"Yes, I have," said Joseph.

"At one thousand dollars?" said Wilder.

"Yes," said Joseph, "but I've paid for it down. I don't run in debt for any thing."

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask any further questions.

Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer and a respectable man; he was industrious, and got rapidly beforehand, and Mr. Wilder was proud of his son-in-law.

It was some ten years after this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day trotting his third grandson on his knee, that he said—"Debby, I should like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase his farm at the time you were married?"

Debby stepped up to the closet, brought out the saddle bags, and opening them, pointed to the inner pocket, saying: "The money came from there, sir."

READING FOR FARMERS' BOYS.—An intelligent and thrifty farmer says: "But for the co-operation of my boys I should have failed. I worked hard and so did they. The eldest is near twenty-one, and the other boys in the neighborhood, younger, have left their parents; mine have stuck to me when I most needed their services. I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make home pleasant for them. I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading, and when night comes, and the day's labor is ended instead of running with other boys to the railway station and adjoining towns, they gather around the great lamp, and become absorbed in their books and papers."

Such is substantially the testimony of a farmer who has known how hard the struggle for a footing on free soil without a capital is, and how valuable and comparatively cheap are the aids which good reading brings him.—*Ex.*

AUNT RACHEL.

A Touching Story of a Negro who was Once a Slave.

There have been few more beautiful or affecting stories written than the following, which we take from Oliver Dyer's recent lecture in Cooper Institute New York:

Aunt Rachel was a negress. She had been a slave. The war had set her free. She didn't know how old she was. Her hair was sprinkled with gray, and her face was furrowed with wrinkles; but her eye was bright and her voice musical. She lived in Fish Alley. Up in an attic I came upon her accidentally—perhaps I should say providentially. I was looking for one of my mission Bible class scholars and had mistaken the house; and, as I fumbled along the dark passage way, I heard a voice say, "Who dar hongry?"

Standing in the door, which I found open, I asked who spake. The voice said: "It's me marster—Aunt Rachel, as dey call me." I struck a match and held it toward the voice; and there I dimly saw Aunt Rachel, lying on a bed in the floor on one corner. I shall never forget that vision of earthly want and suffering, of saintly trust and resignation; that miserable, tattered bed; that pinched and wrinkled face; those calm, appealing eyes.

I wouldn't detain you to state the conversation. Suffice it to say, Aunt Rachel had no supper, no dinner, no breakfast that day. It was a bitter evening in February. She had no fuel, no fire, no light. She had nothing but rheumatism and faith in God. It was not long however, before a fire was burning in her rickety old stove, and lights and food had been brought from the Howard Mission, not far away. A physician had been sent for, and a lady from the Mission had made Aunt Rachel a cup of tea and a plate of toast, and was ministering to the poor old helpless child of the Savior with that sweet christian sympathy and benignant winsomeness, which only God's elect seem to have the gift of showing. From that time my visits to Aunt Rachel were not unfrequent. She was removed to more comfortable quarters, in James street. I loved the dear old saint from the start. I don't know whether my visits ever did her any good, but they did me a great deal of good.

Aunt Rachel was fond of telling about her plantation life, and so I learned her story by heart. She had lived in Virginia—she could not tell exactly where; but it must have been within fifteen or twenty miles of Suffolk, because when General Peck was in command of our forces down there, in 1863, she had walked from her master's plantation to the Union lines in one afternoon. She never would tell her master's name. She seemed to have some queer notion that if she did, some terrible calamity would come upon her. She used to say: "Ole marster was berry good, and so was ole mistress, but de young folks was jes' like debils. She said: My family was al'us sot by ole marster, 'cause they were kind of 'nected by ties of blood. [Laughter.] She used to say: You's no idee [illegible] folks get black; I dunno which, and 'taint none o' my business—de Lords own will be done. But the time came, she said, when ole marster could not help them any more.

A nevvy of ole marsters come to our house one day, who'd done gone and run away from his parient's house, 'case his fader wanted him to marry a one-legged gal down on the coast, dat owned a power of niggers (six hundred of 'em as 'was said.) de young man sayin' as how he'd sooner marry a gal wid two legs and no niggers at all—dat which I must say was sensible. Dis nevvy, as she used to say, got disputing wid my oldest boy de which his name was Jim; and my boy being high sperited, he talked back. At last the nevvy slaps Jim, at which Jim jes' knocks the nevvy clean down de steps. Honey chile, you can hab no idee what awful time dat made. De white folks can knock the black folkse's brains out, and nobody's scar't; but when a black man touches a white man, 'pears as how de worl's comin' to an end. The people was gwine to burn Jim alive; an' to save his life, ole marster sold him to a trader to go to de gulf, de which he,d sooner died dan gone down dar. I got down on my knees and begged ole marster not to send my boy to dat awful place; but 'twas no use honey.

And so, de night before Jim was tookened away, he broke loose and run'd away. An' dey hunted him wid de houns, and com'd up wid him in de woods; and dere he fout'in till he was shot down dead by ole marster's nevvy, as he'd a knocked down de steps. An' dey left his body a lyin' in de woods for de beasts to devour. An' when I begged ole marster to let me go and get my boy's dead corpse, he said: "If you don't hush up, I will send you and your other son to the Gulf." An' I did hush my voice, but I cried out in my heart, 'O, my Savior, mus' dese tings be?'

My udder son, de which his name was Reuben, was den jes' about nineteen years old. An' he came down to me in de night, an' said: 'Mudder, I'se gwine to run away. I shall kill somebody if I stay here.'

An' I said to him, 'Go!' An' he went; an' I lay down wid my face in de grass, an' prayed all night dat my boy might get beyond de reach of de blood-houns afore he mornin' light. An' he did, bress de Lord for his goodness, he did! In de mornin', when dey missed him, de nevvy and de rest ob de young folks was wild to go for him. An' ole marster purtended to be awful mad. But he would hab de hosses shoed afore he'd start. An' so Reuben got such a good start as dat dey never cotched him; by which I knowed as how my prayers was answered.

It 'pears to me as 'twas 'bout a year arter dat time dat the war broke out. Oh! you can't imagine what a time dat was. It jes' 'peared as if de Day ob Judgment was a comin' right a top ob us. 'De chariot, de chariot! its wheels rolled in fire.' Ole marster's house was burnt to the groun', an de folks all runned away to Richmond, an' us darkies was running round wild like. An' so I went over to the camp at Suffolk, to see if I could get up dis way, as I hoped if I could I might find my boy, de which I told you hi's name was Reuben. I've been here most four years now, and I've nebber heard a word of Reuben. A' de cold an' de damp has giu me de rheumatiz so had I haint ben able to work much dese yer last months; an' ef it hadn't ben for de goodness ob God, I should a starved to death.

This is old Aunt Rachel's story. Like most of her race, she has great musical talent. She was a fine singer of camp-meeting hymns and plantation songs. She could soar into the higher regions of melody like a bird; and she sang with an unction that went straight to the heart. Her favorite song, as she used to sing it, pleased me more than any other song or hymn that I ever heard. In my opinion it is the finest specimen of plantation sacred music that ever rippled over sable lips. I learned it by heart, and, a few days ago, I jotted down the melody, and got my friend Perkins to arrange the song in four parts, so we could have it for a song. Perhaps you would like to hear the words. They are as follows:

Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Sing glory hallelu'!
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Sometimes I'm level wid de groun',
Sometimes de glory shines aroun',
Sing glory hallelu'!

Nobody knows de work I does,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de work I does,
Sing glory hallelu'!
Sometimes I scrub, sometimes I scour,
Sometimes I bake de Injun flour,
Sometimes I squeeze de [illegible],
Sing glory hallelu'!

Nobody knows de griefs I has,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de griefs I has,
Sing glory hallelu'!
Sometimes my soul is sunk in fears,
Sometimes I weeps de bitter tears,
And sadly wait de long, long years,
Sing glory hallelu'!

Nobody knows de joys I has,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de joys I has,
Sing glory hallelu'!
For I've a Savior in de skies,
And when dis weary body dies,
My ransomed soul to him will rise,
Sing glory hallelu'!

Aunt Rachel used to say: "When I gets to de las' verse of dat song, I allus feel as though I wanted to pour out my raptured feelings in sich a hebenly howl as ud swing my soul clear ober Jordan, and land it plump in de realms ob bliss an' glory."

The Beaver Argus.

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Advertisements should be handed in before Monday to insure insertion in that week's paper.

A Curious Divorce Eclaircissement.

A curious matrimonial affair has just transpired in Brooklyn: the parties are not in high life, nor known to fame, but their history is nevertheless interesting. Ten years ago a couple recently married, moved from Boston to the City of Churches were the husband set up in business, and prospered. His business at his office was better than at home for his married life was unhappy, and, about five years ago, the parties managed to secure a divorce. They gradually lost trace of each other, and, during the past year, each of them married, and each to a person who had been divorced. The two husbands were thrown together, without knowing their real relations to each other, and a few weeks ago, the one who had married the divorced woman invited the other to dinner. Imagine the embarrassment when the happy husband introduced his wife to his friend. Both were too well bred to have a scene, and so the dinner passed of somewhat frigidly but with no actual unpleasantness.

The recipient of the dining courtesy invited the other to go home with him soon after and partake of a family dinner, little thinking as it happened, that he was to return the compliment in every particular. It turned out that each had married the spouse of the other and it was more satisfactory to them to know that each was entirely pleased with the arrangement, so much for the intricacies of matrimony.

We dare say there are many a couple or many a pair of couples that would be greatly benefited by such a change.

A WEDDING MISTAKE.—A gentleman of New Haven ordered a wedding suit—among which was a white satin vest. On the bridal evening, as the clergyman was leaving the door, the gentleman took from a pocket of his vest, and slipped gracefully into the Parson's [illegible] he had put there for the purpose. The honeymoon had long passed when the bridegroom had occasion to don again, for a party, his bridal vest—and putting his finger into a pocket, pulled out, to his great horror, the identical bank note which he supposed had months before gladdened the heart of the worthy curate. Great was the consternation of the parties! What could he have given the parson on that occasion? He ascertained the next day, that he had given him a strip of satin, two or three inches long, which the tailor had left in the pocket of the vest. Explanations, and a hearty laugh followed.

TO CURE A COLD.—The following from *Hall's Journal of Health* ought to be known by everybody. To follow this would save thousands of lives annually:

The moment a man is satisfied that he has taken a cold, let him do three things: First eat nothing; second go to bed, cover up in a warm room; third, drink as much cold water as he can, or as he wants, or as much herb tea as he can; and in three cases out of four he will be well in thirty hours. To neglect a cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences is to place himself beyond cure until the cough has run its course of about a fortnight. Warmth and abstinence are safe and certain cures when applied early. Warmth keeps the pores of the skin open, and relieves it of the surplus which oppressed it, while abstinence cuts off the supply of material for phlegm, which would otherwise be coughed up.

A HARD WINTER PREDICTED.—Our old experienced weather prognosticators predict a hard winter. The various signs have already made themselves apparent. For several weeks past the sad and dismal "chirps" of birds high in the air, could be distinctly heard on calm nights. The feathered tribe are now passing southward in large flocks. During the day some cease flight, while others that fly almost incessantly are so high as not to be observed by the naked eye. Flocks of wild geese have also been flying south-ward, earlier by far than is usual. This would seem to indicate the probability of a hard winter, and the wise will prepare for it in time.

We were told a story a few days since which we do not remember to have seen in print, and which we think is fair. Deacon B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family. One Monday morning the Deacon and his wife were alone and as was his usual custom after breakfast, a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day the Deacon's prayer was short. He seized his hat and milk pail and started for the barn. His wife being very deaf did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work, as though nothing had happened.

EVEN the better class of Democrats are becoming disgusted with Minister Johnson. The Boston *Post* says: "The hob-knobbing between the American Minister and the English Foreign Secretary is all very well, considered *per se*, but if it is to be seriously attempted to float the Alabama claims in a butt of Malmsey or any other wine, the experiment will prove a failure."

WHY do men so often suffer their pockets to be picked in the street cars and elsewhere? Is it because a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind?

SAID a member of one church to another, "I can give five dollars to this object and not feel it."—"Then," said his companion, "give ten and feel it."

CHARACTER doesn't depend on diet. The ass eats thistles and nettles, the sharpest of food and is the dullest of animals.