Boetical. [PROM THE PHICADELPHIA AGE.]

FAREWELL! Cold blows the wind , the Heavens are gray The tree-tops bow before the blast Back, downward to the boarded past The day-like ages-fades away.

I hear the winds and what they said; And all the winds of autumn speak A dirge te me, and seem to wreak Especial sadness on my head.

But sadder than the counds they tell On common days is one that floats ... Around me now, with polguant notes. That grieves me with a friend's farewell.

I hear it sighing through the air, I hear it when the shadows fall, Alone. I hear it most of all, And at the dead of night 'tis there.

Thear it when the mornings shine,.... I hear it among the fallen leaves That knew her footsteps linked with mine. Through any path that we have trod,
Through any path that we have trod,
The ar it in the emerald sod,
And in the immemorial stream.

Lhear it when the night distils Her patient cap for flowers and fruits;
I hear it in the gnaried tree-roots,
and in the autumn burnished hills.

bear it in the landscape round, The green below, the blue above;
I hear it as the voice of love That murmurs from the hollow ground.

I hear it as my spirt prays

' Stay, tarry yet with me, nor go!

'Twill sting the tenderest nerves of woe!'

' Adicu!' adicu!' is all it says.

Tshear it in the days to be,
Born buckward on a monrnful wind—
Through all the days that droop behind And in the all-in-all I see.

Buch parting make the heart grow old, And nine, alas, is one of these;
And I am left like antumn trees
Whose leaves have dropt and left them

Yet am I not ungrateful now, Nor thankless for the days that were; And for the future, I will bear

As drops of music-peace of dove-The sweet events that form the hours.

Thy life a lengthened chain of flowers, And every breath a link of love!

Miscelluneous.

THE LAST PROMISE.

CHAPTER I. Leoni De Forrest was a wild, gay and free-hearted youth. His father died when he was but a child, and on him was lavised all the love that his mother could bestow. Being an only child, he was sent to the the age of eighteen, a more talented young man could not well be found. His mother finally concluded to leave her home mother finally concluded to leave her home on the country, and go to New York, where she thought Leoni could get a situation in come wholesale store, and be able to earn a good, living As soon as they had got comfortably settled in their new home. Leoni, procured a situation in a store, in William street, and commenced his course in life. But, alas! after he had been there only a few months, and had gained his employer's confidence and trust sinful companions induced him, to drink—to taste the porsonous liquid, Ruin, whose withering, damning blight has cursed the liappiest homes, darkened the brightest

diappiest homes, darkened the brightest dresides, and cesolated the tondest hearts. Leoni lost his situation, and after a while obtained another. He lost this, also, Still another time he tried, and again kind fortune favored him. His mother gave him good and plous council, went for him, prayed for him, and told him, with teardimed eyes and aching hears, the, fatal ruin that awaited him if he did not reform. He promised her he would. Did he mean it? He fell again. Having lost, his good name his young heart sickened within him, and haught but words, such as "He'll never be anything but a noor loufer! He'll die in Leoni lost his situation, and after a while anything but a poor loafer! He'll die in the gutter yet!" from lips that should have snoken kind words of encouragement. He gave up Hope, and, joined in a "band of m₁ustrels," he left his home to travel west and south. He was absent several years but during his travels he did not forget his aged mother—that aged friend, who never forsakes an erring and sinful child, though

others may despise.

Leonia at last came home sgain. He organized a band in the city, and night after night, the strains of sweet music and the enchanting harmony of their voices awoke many slumbering malden from her dreams, to seek the moonlight lattice, and listen to to seek the mooning a case."
"Lave's Serenade."

Two maidens were scated: side by side, one bright summer evening—side by side, hear an open window, gazing out in the silence and beauty of the night. Fair and young they both were. One had all the spirit and brightness in her nature that the madens of sunny Spain can hoast of; brightness lingered mid her long black tresses; brightness and beauty tinged her soft warm cheek, pouted on the red lips, and reposed on her calm and spotless brow-Music was her voice, and her spirit gazed out from the dreamy depths of her dark eyes. She was Adele Danvers. She was an orphan. Rosa Clyde, her companion, was exactly the reverse of her. Rosa had bright auburn hair, a fair complexion, blue eyes, and, unlike her friend, possessed a calm, quiet heart that never throbbed tumultnously with passion or with joy, but lay silent and calm in her innocent bosom, waiting, as it were, till the zephyrs of Love were waited over it to wake its changeless ulses into life

Did you know Leo De Forrest had returned from the west? at last inquired Rosa.
Her companion stasted, and the rich

No! When did he arrive? When did you hear so?

Kate Willis was here this morning, while him standing on the steps of his uncle's house. She said he bowed, and came down to meet her—then he inquired how all the girls were, and said he intended to

How did be look? Did she say? Oh, a great deal darker and older got a mustache, now, so thick and black that he looks fierce; and his hair is very

plaid—coat, vest and pants all alike—and a pair of "patent leathers," and a—long gold chain around his neck and a "Kossuth hat;" and then he carried a cane too. That's all, I believe. I would like to see him, wouldn't you

Rosa? Yes, I would. I wonder if he drinks as much as he did before he went away? If he hadn't that one fault, wouldn't he be a

noble fellow? Do you think so, Rosa? You used to run him down in every way. Do you know Rosa, I think if he only would fell in love with some real good girl, she might in time persuade him to do right?—to leave off his wandering life and settle him-self in some steady business? I think I

It can never be done, Adelet You might tre but you would only ruin your happiness forever! Never—never think of loving him, noless you would become a

You know not the power of woman's love Rosa Clyde. Many a man might have been saved from the drunkard's grave if his home had been made happy—many a man!
And any one like Leo De Forrest—so noble, so kind, possossed of his knowledge
and pride—can be won to do aright. I
wish! I only had the chance to show what I wish I only had the chance to show what I could do. I would not do it in a day, or a week; but; in time. I'd make his little home, place where love and kindness alone should dwell, I'd meet him always with a smile and a kind word, and when I'd only got him to stay at home one evening, I'd rouse him slumbering pride, I'd awake again his olden ambition and point him to a glorious future and picture to his mind a brilliant destiny, tell him, a noble mind a brilliant destiny, tell him a noble name awaited him in the end! Oh, I known be would spure the the false friends around him, cast them off, and finally rise

high above them all!

As Adele Danvers uttered these last words, sho seemed as if inspired. A strange, wild light shown from her eyes. causing her companion to yaze upon her with ningled admiration and wonder. Rosa Clyde at length smiled, and gazing carelessly out of the window, said:

I would not like to risk my happiness for sake of the trial, anyway. However, you may have an opportunity one of these days perhaps, to try the strength of your love on your hero—that is, if he stays long enough

happens, Rosa.

There, was enother silence. Neither wished to renew the conversation, and thus they sat side by side, gazing out into the still night, their thoughts wandering in widely different apheres. CHAPTER II.

Suddenly Rosa Clyde drew back from Suddenly toos of the draw back from the window and whispered to her companion: They are coming!

The notes of a guitar came tinkling sweetly on the air, and the two girls drew together the blinds and awaited the serenteep together the binds and awaited the seven-ace. The drep toned bell from the Hall told the midnight hour, and as the last stroke died away, the gate that admitted into the yard was opened noislessly, and one by one eight dark figures stole in and ranged themselves beneath the windows. Suddenly there stole on the air a wild and thrilling such of the warders, instruments. thrilling gush of the sweetest instrumental harmony; it raised and fell, swelled out long and shrill, and then died away fainter and softer, until it sounded as though it were far away in the distance; then at last while the listeners had almost hushed; the beatings of their enraptured hearts it burst forth once more in a startling flourish of wlian grandenr, and died away like the mouraful wail of the wind on the rippling

Oh, how sweet! how beautiful exclaimboth girls at ones.

The overture was ended. Then came i glee, sung by fair fine voices. A figure now stepped out into the moonlight, and running his fingers over the strings of his guitar, sang in a rich tenor voice the fol-

Slumber not lady, slumber not long Light on the air floats the wanderer's song;

For I've been roaming o'er land and o'er Faithful I come once more unto thee. Never again will I part from thy side, Gently I'll whisper, "Wilt thou be my

Siumber not, lady, slumber not long, Awake love and list to the wanderer's

Friends have proved false unto me, lady fair Time has o'erwhelmed me with sorrows and care. and care,
Oft have I, languished in sickness and pain
Thinking my home I, would ne'er see again,
Now I've returned, lady fair from alar—
'Twas thy smile, that did guide, like a

And bid me no more sing the wanderer's

The screnade was ended, and one by one those dusky forms glided silently away. As Leoni De Forrest turned to follow his As Leon De Forrest turned to follow his companions, something fell in the grass at his feet. He raised it in his hand—it was a houquet of choice flowers. He glanced npward, and caught one glimpse of a fair hand heard the sweet word, Good-night, and then turned and departed with a glad

heart.
After serenading a few more places, Leoni bade his companious Good night— (by the way, it was morning)—and sought his humble home. His mother had not yet retired. The youth opened the door and

asked, as he kissed her affectionately.

I was waiting for you my son, and the fond patent smiled, for heart was glad. Because her boy was not intoxicated,

Because Reason beamed from those dark eyes. Because his form was upright, and his step manly. Because, in short, his manhood was not debased, for he stood before her as she prayed to see him—in the image of His Maker—God! Then they prayed together, and retired

to rest.
The young man's dreams were pleasant that night, and that fond mother's repose was calm and untroubled. Love and Hope had both begun their good work—Love, in the bosom of the wandering boy, and Hope in the breast of that kind and indulgent

The next evening, Leoni started out to meet some of his companions. He came to a halt, on a corner, in one of the princical thorough fares and leaning against a ree, stood gazing at the busy throng passing to and fro before him.

He had shood there but a few moments, ere a familiar voice appeared in the throng-He started—could it be Miss Danvers? He looked again 'twas her! In a moment he was by her side, and her hand was classed in ble. She was glad to see him. She inquired a few things concerning his travels, and after a few compliments on both sides, she passed on. Leoni stood and watched her retreating figure, until it disappeared from view, then he gave a long sigh, and Did she say how he was dressed Ross ? | from view, then he gave a long sigh, and will be promptly attended to:

Some twenty minutes had elapsed and no familiar countenances passed before him. He thought he would stroll farther down the avenue, when he I there came that fairy form again!—Miss Danvers was coming back. She was walking rapidly, for it was nearly nine o clock. She smiled as she passed by, but did not pause. Leoni knew that she was going home—he wished to speak a few words to her. What better op-

speak a few words to her. What better op-portunity would be have than the present one?. He hesitated a moment and at last started after her. A few hasty strides, and he was by her side. Are you on your way home, Miss Dan-vers? he inquired... The maiden smiled, walked a little slower, and replied, Yes, sir.
Shall I accompany you?
If you please! but 1 have only a few

blocks to go.
Side, by side they walked on and in a short time they were engaged, in earnest conversation. Leoni told the fair girl of many places he had visited while he was away : spoke of his troubles and disappoin ments, as well as of the successes he had met with, as though she were his sister. In fact, such was his nature. He had no brother or stater of his own, and she seemed like some near and dear friend to whom he could relate all his trials and mistortunes, and in whom he could, frust. So he talked, on, and she listened, always manifesting the same livel, interest in everything he said, while at times some kind word of advice or encouragement fell suftly from her lips causing his wild and boyish heart to throb with gentle and pleasurable emotions. At with gentie and pieuschaule controlled. At length they arrived at the gate, ore Leoni was hardly aware they had come so far Here they paused a moment, each thinking there was something more that should be said, but each not knowing what they should

won't you come in? at length inquired the maiden.
No I believe not, to night. It is rather

late, now.

But you will call and see us soon, will you not?
I shall. Adele; for my friends are so few in number—that is, my true friends—that I know how to prize one when we meet.

A few more words were interchanged between them, and then they parted. Leoni's heart was light, as he bent his steps toward his home. It seemed to him as though he had been travelling alone through some si lent and gloomy wood, where all was darkness, and loneliness. He had met with no friend to point him the road to the sunny glades, the bright sunshine, and the blooming flowers, until at last, when, Hope had fled, and Despair had almost clutched him ned, and Despair had almost cutched this in her bony grasp, an angel form appeared, and while he gathered new strength, the sunshine burst in upon him, the darkness flew away, and sparkling streams ran dancing through the fairest glades of heauty, while syren song birds chanted in his cara the wild entraceing melouly of layer. Such the wild entrancing melody of Love. Such is the dream of youthful hearts when first

they feel Love's nower. CHAPTER 111.

Leoni De Forrest did not forget his prom Leoni De Forrest did not forget his promise to call on his young friend. The following Subbath he was there in the evening, and one other evening during the same week. Time passed on and his visits at length became regular until Dame, Rumor told Matter Gossip—told everybady that they were engaged. Pechaps they were right. Who knows! Had, Leoni De Forrest become steady? Rumor and Gossip said that he had not. Interested Iriends bugan to utter ominous prophecies concerning the times. ominous prophecies concerning the future tate of this innocent young couple. Old maids a d crusty bachelors all had something to predict. Some thought the poor fellow would live about two years, and then die in the streets, while the wife would of course go to the County House. Others imagined and supposed that the young man would go off with the Minstrels again, after the had become sick of the matrinouial state. A few more thought this, and a few more thought that, while a certain class thought a vast deal about everything, but didn't exactly like to say anything.

Advice, that wondrous thing which we

Advice, that woodrons thing which was a can always get so cheap, was given to the maiden from all quarters. "Don't marry him !" come to her ears from everybudy" lips and in the midst of it all: the young lovers walked out one bright evening, and were married. What a nity! exclaimed on to another. What a pity she has married

But in a short time. Leoni found a situa-tion and went to work. His young wife tried to encourage him in every way, and for a while, things went on comfortably enough. But the young husband's salary was small scarcely sufficient for them to live upon, and he became disheartened when he upon, and he became dispersenced when he saw no prospect of advancement. Again he had recourse to that vile draught that often before had blighted his most brilliant prospects of success in life. He was disharged. When he came home and saw the pale, sad ace of his young bride, conscience smote him and he sat down and wept long and bit-

Adele threw her arms around his neck and Adelethrew her arms around his neck and hade, him cheer up and try again. She pointed out to him the course he should pursue, and told him though all the world forsook him still the world cling unto him and share with him his late, whatever that fate might be... She spoke of a future glorious and bright for him, and told him yet he would win a good and noble name if he would abandon his worldly pleasures and touch not the hoisonous bowell. She said she was willing to toll to help him on until he obtained a better salary, and endure all the little deprivations that for a time he would be subjected to. She would not would be subjected to. She would not complain, but, oh, she prayed for him to reform, and be a man among men. The young husband promised he would, and she was

Reader, Leoni De Forrest did not keep that promise. He went out day after day and sought for employment. He went to and sought for employment. He went to his friends. They would not aid him because he had drank. He went to strangers. They did not want him—they had heard his name before. He told them if they would give him employment, he would do right—he almost begged work for the sake of his wite and little babe. The answer was, No. We do dot want any assistance at present. And these were men! Men born in a Christian land! Men who pretended to be Christians themselves! human beings! Some of them related by ties of blood to him who asked them not for money, he asked them not for did. He only asked for work that he might earn puncy to purchase

the loved ones bread. God in his own time will judge them. Heart sick, weary-almost hopeless, the young man walked toward home, lost in a dream of mournful bitterness. He had tried harder on that day than on any of the preceeding ones, although he was almost afraid at times to enter the large stores, for fear some one would treat him with coldness, for he still possessed a small remnant of pride amid his poverty and misfortunes. He had got about half way home, when he

work that he might earn money to purchase

met one of his old companions.

Hallo! Leo, where are you bound for? inquired Jack Tracy. You look as if you had lost all your friends.

I believe I have Jack, for I have been all over New York trying to find a situation,

and I am altogether discouraged, for I find it impossible to get anything to do.

Yes; I suppose it is.: But why don't you go on the stage again? I can get you a good engagement to travel, it you want to go. I've got one myself, and all we want is a good tenor, to make our company com-plete. Will you take an engagement, Leo?

I cannot, on account of my wife and child. Besides, I've left the business altogether...
Oh, that's it. Well, let's go and take a drink before we part company any way. Maybe we'll not meet again very soon.

Come along.
Leo hesitated. Then the Tempter whispered in his ear, - one glass will do you good. He followed his companion in. Glass af-Ec followed his companion in. Glass after glass they drank, and when they parted, the young husband was intoxicated. He went directly home, but his step was unsteady, his eyes languid and dull, while a

simple lear disfigured his features.

He staggered into the Hall, and fumbled to find the door knob, making considerable. to find the door knob, making considerable noise. Adle opened the door, but started back when she saw her husband. She said nothing to him whatever, but assisted him to pull off his boots, and helped him to the bed, on which he tell heavily. Soom, he fell into a sleep. The young wife looked at the supper, all untouched, upon the table; then, classing her innocent babe closer to her breast, she sat down by the bed side, and wept bitterly. The wondering infant looked up in its mother's face, and smidd, while the shadows o night deepened, and while the shadows o night deepened, and the twinkling stars came forth in beauty bright. The evening breeze sighed mournfully; the cricket chirped its sad notes; the clock ticked regular and monotonous, and the young wife, kneeling in that calm hour, prayed for her earing husb nd unto God. Her husband, and the father, lay slumber-

him, dreaming not of a wife's loneliness, her misery, or her tears.

Oh, woman! many are the trials thou hast to undergo—trials the world knows not of! And thou, dread terror—Rum! thy poisonous power blasts many a happy heart, and strews the ashes of desolation over the fairest gardens of blooming affection!

ing, unconsious of what was passing around

CHAPTER IV. When Leoni awoke the next morning, he experienced a deep feeling of shame-shame, with a crimsoned blush, tinged his cheek, when he came into the room where his young wife had breakfast all. Prepared for him. He looked toward the stove, and there a nice plate of buttered toward and a curr of tea was waiting for him. He sate cup of tea was waiting for him. He sat down at the table, after he had bathed his flushed face and burning brow; and Adle placed the morning meal before him, in-quiring, kindly at the the same time— How do you feel this morning, Leo 7 it.

The young man looked up at her. Her forbearance and kindness touched his heart. for new and kindness touched his near.
For an instant he looked down. His manly breast began to heave. A deep, long
drawn sigh came heavily forth; his lip trembled, while bitter tears gushed forth from his eyes, and trickled slowly, one after another, down his cheeks. He could not eat, for, the fountain of affection had been tenderly touched, and its waters were troubled. After his anguish and remorse had subsided. he requested Adle to come and sit beside him. The young wife did as he desired I have made you a great many promises to do right—have I not, Adle?

Yes my dear husband, you have, Well, dearest, if I should make you one more, could you believe me?

Yes, teo. God bless you, my own wife! I will promise you, before God, that I will never again raise to my lips the cup that holds that poison which intoxicates and steals away, my reason! I will shan it in every way, and strive to win a good and noble name to make thee happy! God hears my!. This is my last promise!

There was a solemn slienge in that little room. It seemed as if the Recording Angel of the Mont High had deceded from above, and borne the glad tidings up, to other worlds—A soul is saved from de-

They sat, with their arms around each ther—their innocent babe between them—illed with new and better hopes. The darkness had gone, and the light shone in upon them.—It was the light from the burning beams of an unseen world that penetrated the chantle midnight of their souls trated the chantle mindight of their souls and bade them be of good cheer. Theirs was a happy heme, although it was poor. Friends suited when the young wife told them her bushand had reforedmed. Some laughed and rediculed the idea-others said. Don't you believe it till you see it. Not one breathed in her ear a solitary word of con-

solation or of hope.
Still she believed her husband -still she strove to cheer him onward when others al-most scorned him—still she clong to him when all the rest forsook him knowing well that his brilliant talent and his alumbering ambition, once fully aroused would carry him onward and onward up the crargy steeps of Fame's high mount, until at last he could look far back, far downward on the path he had trod, and side by side they could stand together. Then, as the admir-ing world wove Fame's green wreaths of praise, she'd twine them round his weary brow, and with him smile on those whom he had rised far above. Theirs would be a glorious triumph-the victory of right and resolution over contemptous and sneering

Leoni De Forrest found one friend. He did not despise him because he had been foolish or unfortunate, but did according to the passage which some people ought to have continually before them. Do ye also unto others as xe would that others should do unto you. And Leoni began a new life. He rose higher and higher in society: he gained wealth and fame - and none are hab-

pier now than himself and his faithful wife. Friends thronged around thom, even those who had refused him aid in his hour of need. He welcomed all alike, yet sought not the friendship of any; living contended within the limits of his own happy fireside. Old maids and old bachelors had grown old and more crusty, Dame Rumer and Dame Gossip had lost their teeth and wore wigs, but still their tongues had not rusted their hinges, and still they invented numerous stories that never hurt anybody but themselves. We will leave them in their

oung men shun the intexicating how! Fly from it as you would from the plague! If you have promised to reform time and again, and have repeatedly sinned. Don't give up the ship! Find a new channel in ean of life in which to sail-take in a good cargo of firmness and resolutions and throw the rum over board—then spread your canvas of hope to catch the gale of fortune; stand firm at the helm, and you will weather the fiercest gale, you will outride the wildest storms, and anchor safely at last in a peaceful port, if you stand bold on your banner-THE LAST PROMISE.

At a church where there was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached an elegant discourse from afternoon, Adam preached from these words, THE WILL.

The old lady who related the outline of the following singular story, heard it told in her youth, by no means as a fiction, but as a real occurrence.

She even once knew the name of the nor-thern family concerned in it; but that, with the exact dates; she has now forgotten, if she ever knew the latter, and having never written down the story, she had no means of re-covering them. However, from her express mention of a tight wig, worn by the benevo-lent old here of the tale, we have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier than the last

Contury. Towards the end of a gusty October day, about the year 1830, a barrister of the Temple was sitting reading, when the opening of the door, and the servant's announcement of 'gentlement,' interrupted him. He rose to eceive his visitor, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly, but extremely old-fashioned appearance. He was dressed in a grave colored suit, of antique out; a neat, tight, gray wig, surrounded his serious, and oven solomn physiognomy; silk stockings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe buckles of gold; a cane, headed with the cocked hat, completed his equipment, which was in fashion of the last three years of William the Third, or the first of his successor. Having stiffly bowed, in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered to him by his host; and, after a preparatory hem, thus began in a slow and serious manner; 'I think, sir, you are the awver employed by the S--- family, whose property in Yorkshire, you are, therefore, ware, is about to be sold.

now, peaceably enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has heen lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S—has now given up all hope of finding it; the sale is to completed in the course of next week; and the fine old place must pass into the

hands of strangers.' 'You are mistaken once again, young man. floor; 'I say, sir, the will exists. Go immediately,' continued he, in an authoritative tone; 'travel night and day. You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end room of the left wing, now unhabited, is a closet in the wall.

. We have looked there, interrupted the barrister. 'Silence, sir, there is a closet, I say. that closet is a large chest; that chest has alse bottom, and underneath that is the dead. I am certain of what I say : I saw the paper doposited there, no matter when or by whom.
Go, you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S—. 1, am not now personally known to the proprietor of S—Hall; but I am his relation, and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my

So saying, the old gentleman rose, again howed, and at the door put on his hat, in a fashion that would have enhanted an elegante of Queen Anne's day; and sliding the silken string of his cane on the little finger of his right hand, on which the lawyer had remar ked a very fine brilliant ring, he descended the stairs and departed, leaving the barris-ter in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax; then, again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house, to be able to describe the closet so exactly in which the chest was, he could not but believe him to be sincere.

At langth, after much deliberation, he de cided upon immediate departure; and ar rived on the evening of the fourth day, at S — Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through within twenty miles of his destination; and much and loudly was it la mented, that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his rights as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On the entrance into the mansion, signs of approach ing ramoval everywhere met his eye. Packages filled the hall, servants, with sorrowful comitenances, were hurrying about, and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their old

regretted home. Mr. S. greeted his friend with a surprise which changed to incredulity, when the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance.

'It cannot be,' said he. 'Is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention? Depend upon it, you have been de-ceived, my dear friend. I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble to so lit-The barrister mentioned the name of his

' Hugh S- !' exclaimed the gentleman, laughing, 'I have not a relation in the world of that name. 'It is worth the trying, however,' said the,

in Medford, as follows:

Mr. S —, seeing his friend so determined, at length consented to satisfy him, and ac phen and George, each cost £60 sterling, companied him towards the apartment he and I would take £50 apiece for them. Ha-

been dead these thirty years.' What was his name?

'Hugh S---, the only one of the family

of that name.'
'That is the man who called upon me. His dress, his hat, his very ring are there.' They proceeded to the closet, lifted the also bottom of the trunk, and—found the deed !

The kind old uncle was never again seen. ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NU YORK, NEAR FIFTH AVENOO HOTEL, ? Org 31ct. Spr. —Yrs, into wich you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents of my life so you can write my bogrfy for the papers, oum dooly to hand. I have no doubt that a article onto my life, grammattyoally jerked and

properly punctocated, would be a addition to the choice literator of the day.

I was born in the State of Maine, of proenta. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my gradle for hours, and say, "How brite that little face looks! How much he ficee!" The young ladies would carry me round in the poung ladies would be p thare arms, saying I was "nuzzer's: bezzy darlin, and sweety 'cety 'ittle ting." It was nice, though I wasn't old enuff to appreciate it. I'm a healthy old darlin now.

I have allue sustained a good moral karacter. I was never a railroad director in my

Altho in early life I did not invariably confine myself to truth in my small bill, I have bin gradouly grown respectabler and respectabler every year. I lav my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but I firmly beleve in meetin houses, and should not feel safe to fake a dose of landanum, and lay down in the street of a village that meeting—either to add fuel to the deadly flames of civil war or to top off with prayer the discordant cries for blood and murder of ambitious demagogues and thioving politi-

tion with my biogrfy, please have me en-graved in a languishing attytood, leanin on marble pillar-leavin my back hair as it is

Trooly yours, SLAVE PEN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A Slave-trading Professorship in Harvard College. contemporary from Boston, says:

discovered in that city an auctioneer's old block, from which negroes were sold. He block, from which negroes were soid. He procured it; whether by purchase or in the way some Massachusetts chaplains are charged with coming into possession of libraries and pianos, which they send home to their families, is not stated, and amazed at his distributed in the did before the rebellion is praiseworthy. Heidentified himself with a pulme class, never specking a word or doing be held in the great public places in Boston, distinguished scholars end cloquent speakers procured, and the mass rushed to get a sight of the horrible auction block. Little did these speakers, and exhibitors, and crowds imagine that the labor of travelling all the way to Charleston, South Carolina, might have been saved in the search of some relic of barbarity, by simply passing through Charlestown, Mussachusetts, to its northern limits; that almost vithin sight of Fancui Hall, and fairly in sight from Bunker Hill nonument if not the slave block at least the lave-pen still exists! Into what a Quaker neeting could those excited and noisy ngs have been turned, had some one suddeny held up a piece of the old slave, pen built n Massachusetts soil, and still standing en ire, a monument of Massachusetts and New England guilt, and presenting in itself, the strongest motive to modesty and humilication n them, and to charity and forgiveness to

others guilty of the same sin, when they lament over it and forsake it! And irresistible curiosity impelled me to search out and see with my own eyes this strange relic, and humiliating as strange, and setting off without a guide. I found it on the outskirts of the large, central village .-There stands an ancient spacious and well preserved house, set far back from the street, n the centre of balf a dozen acres of land. with inside graveled walks leading to it, and elegant trees embowering it and scattered around the grounds, a handsome garden and summer house, the works of the first owner, lying back of it, while in the rear of the alost princely mansion, and near one corner, stands a house for the domestics of the successive owners, who were gentlemen of wealth and position.

The slave-pen, which was just back of the house of the domestics, has been united with it, and both now make one building while the slave-non remains unimpaired and entire. Col. Isaac Royall was the owner of this estate, with which an extensive farm was once connected. His father came from the island Antigua, where the son was born, who with father emigrated to this country in 1738, and settled in Medford, where the father died, who was also a Colonel, and a rich planter and slave holder in his own island, and a Tory when he came here. The son was simply a coward; and, upon the outbreak of the Revolution, fled to Halifax, and thence to England, where he died in 1781. He was a possible for the could strenge the possible for the could be possible for the could be prize the possible for the possible for the possible for the period of the peri slave trader on the coast of Africa, and in the South till the time he fled the country. lawyer, and since I have come so far, I will In 1776 he wrote from Halifax to his agent in Medford, as follows:
. "Please sell the following negroes: Ste

specified. As they crossed one of the rooms, in their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full length picture. For heaven's sake, cried he, who is this?

Colonel Royall did not forget the country he had made his home, even after he had dehe had made his home, even after he had deserted it, and found another in England. By his will he bequeathed 2000 acres of land to lay a foundation for a professorship of law in Harvard University, while the rest of his eatate was confiscated. The proceeds of the land were left to accumulate till they were sufficient to support a professor. The professorahip bears his own name, every catalogue proclaiming to the world that the greatest enti-slayery State in the Union educates st enti-slavery State in the Union educates at this very day her sons by the endowment of a slaveholder and a slave trader, and the proceeds of the sale of innocent men, women and children stolen on the coast of Africa, penned in Medford, and sold again in Virginia and South Capatina. ginia and South Carolina! Sostrangely are things connected, and so little has Massachu-setts and New England whereof to glory!

NO. 24.

A WORD TO METHODISTS.

Times without number you have listened to your preachers inveighing against the Ca-tholic priesthood, and as often have you heard from them mingled terms of commis-eration for and consure of the "ignorant been made to feel that you alone belonged to the true democratic church—the church wherein true freedom had an abiding place. How do you feel now? How have you felt for the whole period of the war lately terminated.

nated? Were you "priest ridden" or not? You are award that nearly nine tenths of your preachers were rampant "loyalists."You know that every town and village in the North had its Methodist preacher, whose services were always at the disposal of a war property in Xorkentre, you as ware, is about to be solid."

I have, sir, answered the harrister, full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duy to mo, must be performed.

It is an duty you may dispose with, said the visitor, waving his hand; 'the property meed not be sold.'

May I presume to ask, sir, whether you mare any relation to the family? If so, you must, be acquainted with the absolute necessary of selling it, in consequence of the claim of a will to the contrary, and who desires its naturally possessor of the estate, in default in money, instead of the land. The property also and the relation as an analytic in money, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it, and must therefore depart:

When the money, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it, and must therefore depart:

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When the money instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it, and most present possessor of the catate, in default on the contrary, and who desires its value in money, instead of the land.

The man and possessor of the catate, in default in the world.

I live in Baldinsville, Indiany. My next do will be a print of a will to the contrary, and who desires its value in money, instead of the land.

The present the property of constitutions of sin therefore, depart in default in the world.

I wave the man and p you or have you not, therefore, been "priest-ridden"—priest-ridden, too, as wofully as your preachers told you were the ignorant Catholics?

And; even now, when hate has eaten itself out and revenge has spent itself, are you free to act and talk—regardless of your "loyal"-shoddy priesthood, whose pockets are lined with the wages of political service? We do not think so, for many of your pulpits still give out some of the vapid loyal platitudes, and your church organs — the "religious A correspondent writing to a New York press" -almost excel in rabid radicalism the most malignant of the shoddy newspapers .-Not long since, sometime last winter, I believe, an individual, whose travels had extended as far as Charleston, South Carolina, and the south Carolin

amuze others. Meetings were announced to he held it the restant and the same announced to an act that; bespoke the existence of real principle within him, much less its He became a slaveholder, though he knew is was wrong; vilified the abolitionists, though he know they were right, which villification he allows to remain in this edition, though he strikes out his tirade against John Brows. so much had his conscience grown. Wi this lack he was an earnest Union man, willing from the start that slavery should cease rather than that the Union should die. That courage served him well when the Union was on trial. If he will take the new steps Providence orders, that courage will insure a fit-ting crown. Whether he will or no remains to be seen. His present course is dark and perilous. Yet it may lead to safety. Had he followed his predecessors views and made amnesty and suffrage equal and universal, all would be well. To such a conclusion the authorized speeches of this volume do not point.- Words spoken in midnight meetings at Nashville look that way, but not addresses as Senator or President. Two months will show his real stuff. We trust it will prove the strain, and make him immortal. If he says to Congress, Admit these States only when they have made loyalty and suffrage identical, he is safe. If he seeks to push them on any other course, he will be hoisted with his own petard. His accidental eleva-tion, as in the case of Tyler and Fillmore,

will result in his everlasting degradation. As a writer of orations nothing can be less attractive. Neither Lincoln's piquancy, nor Sumper's fervor, nor Seward's grace, nor Webster's waves of the sea are here; neither scholarship nor stasesmanship. It is earnest, straight-forward, vehement, with good sense for its body, the style of a practical American who has an object to gain and sims at

that alone." This is the kind of stuff that is smuggled into your households by villainous politicians, to exercise a corrupting influence upon the impressible minds of your children. Snakelike, it is glided into the company of saints and apostles, and, covered with the outer habit of sacredness, it goes straight to the minds of youth, as almost a part of the Sacred Volume itself. It is time that good, unsuspecting Christian Methodists should be told of this, so that they may compel those that good and the same of the sacred volume itself. "religious" journalists to confine themselves to spiritual things, or to banish the pernicpose sending their children to the prize ring or cock-pit to be educated; why, therefore will they allow politicians to enter their own domicils every Sunday—and that too, in disguise—to pution the young minds of their children will political prejudices; to teach them to deify John Brown, the traitor and murderer, and to convert them to the odious dogma of Negro Suffrage? Will they not see to this evil at once?-Patriot and Union.

sake, 'cried he,' 'who is this?'

'My granducle,' returned Mr. S—, 'a it being a good place. As to Betsey and her good old fellow as ever lived. I wish with all my heart he was alive now; but he has been dead these thirty near?'

The man Fuller, who used Secretary Harlan's name to obtain money from the 'Notation and the second these thirty near?' Nancy you may put out to any good family months imprisonment in the Old by the year.