

VOLUME 10 **NUMBER 10**
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWNSHIP, BAY COUNTY, FLA., BY D. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

LESSON 6

Let us go to the shore where the sea-buds lie,
And first we will sing a song of the sea-buds.
With many a note, with a deep joy glow,
And sweet, sweet music of lutes is breathe
Ere morning comes, the scene will be dead.
Faded will be the dream of bliss,
The song will be hushed, and the songs dead;
Is there naught to be learned by this?

Let us go to the shore where the sea-buds lie,
And the sand with weeds and wrecks is strewn
Where of the rocks the cold waves fly,
And make their halcyon nest;
Those dead ships that were cast away
From the false breast of the raging seas,
And there they are sadly left to decay;
Is there not a lesson in these?

Let's go the graves where our loved ones are,
And let us choose the midnight time,
When the heavens are glorious with many a star,
And silence and grandeur rise thoughts sublime,
And as we look from the moldering dust
Up to the cope of the beautiful sky,
To call our spirits ascend, in their trust,
To the Holy Spirit that dwelleth on high.

Few things will meet the eye of an Americaner, in the course of his rambling over European novel and curious, than the appearance of German towns. He may have visited other objects of usual attraction, cathedrals, that have sprung from their antiquity and mechanical appliances that have survived in glory, generations after generation of their original owners and combinations of natural scenery worthy the praise and admiration of men. He will reserve one field of study, and satisfy his most ardent taste for the strange and marvellous in viewing most sights, in the character, one can always trace a resemblance, to things of a like character, which he has never been familiar. But remark will no longer free, when an American for the first time, enters within the walls of a German town.

It is no exaggerated account of the streets of the town. They are very narrow, seldom being twenty-five feet in width, except such as are caused by the irregularities of the exceedingly winding, and saved unlike a horse to house, with round doors, the gradually from the sides to the middle, forming a channel for the flow of water and mud. Very little effort is expended to prevent filth, and yet one great evil pedestrian is, the swinging of brooms in the hands of sweepers, a small mindfull of their duty to the personal welfare of unfortunate. In a word, one must put in place a democratic feeling of independence. Houses are constructed for the most part on four points, so that the occupants of opposite sides, are brought into a view almost than those of the first. Thus it affords a greater convenience to the sun's bright and genial rays. A state of things, intolerable odors, and an atmosphere are inhaled, obnoxious to the system.

As we pass along in our rambles, we reach the Market Place, which is a large square, comprising usually an area of several acres, and is a place where every variety of goods, the necessary, the useful, and the ornamental, are adapted for every class of purchase.

The tall man needs to watch the dangers to which upper and lower extremities are exposed; the short man, although having no upper extremity, yet finds the same urgent necessity, to guard where it ought to be; and amid the cracking of whips and braying of asses, the barking of dogs and the unintelligible imprecations of drivers, he is bewildered, almost overcome, but at last escapes into some corner, when taking out his note book, he records a distressing and hairbreadth adventure.

The german holds in great esteem these time-worn edifices. And why should he not? Witness these same walls, generation back of generation of his ancestry have assembled. These walls now trodden by him have been worn by the footstep of his fathers. And as he bows before the confessional, he remembers that it has received confessions of sorrow and of wrong from those whose blood now courses his veins. But these buildings are, moreover, closely associated with the history of Fatherland, and for that reason alone become objects of endearment. A most unyielding opposition is maintained in regard to any change in these sacred monuments of past ages. It may be a superstitious feeling, but it has reserved for our eyes to behold, the works of remote periods, which otherwise would have been swept away. An incident in the history of the Cathedral at Cologne exemplifies this strong partiality for things as they exist. That cathedral was begun in 1248, but has remained a fragment and a ruin. On the summit of one of its unfinished towers, stands a crane employed by the masons for the raising of stones. Some years ago it was taken down, but a thundering storm occurring soon after, was verified to its removal, and the crane was replaced; thus it will stand until in some future age, it gives way to the advancement of the work.

Such are some of the few peculiarities, which make the eye of a traveller in an old German town, there are many others. Indeed, every thing new, and new only, because so old and unfamiliar. If one desires to lose his identity with the age to which he lives, let him resort to such a place as has been described, and he will leave with the strongest conviction, that the old world in which he is, cannot be the old world of the nineteenth century even, but must be that of mediæval times.

A Woman that does not love a flower—perhaps a lady as a snower—deserves not to be loved.

followed silently, until the old man reached the
top of the west side of Paris Hill.
"There," said he, "on this spot was erected the
I shall never forget the first time I visited it
and the story I was told."

"I reasoned a moment," said the animal, "and I was not even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. If it was I to do it? It was at least ten miles to my home, and there was not a single human being near that to me. I first thought of self-defense, but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a moment, I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the esqui-mout too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape, if I was caught in the camp. I knew, too, that he would attack my camp, and I hoped that the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he could not follow me after eating it."

"I had not proceeded more than half a mile, before I knew by the shrieks of the animal that he was in sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the beast should have my supper, although I declared that I would not have run if I had my rifle with me. But there could be no occasion in my running from an infuriated esqui-mout, doubly torious, probably, by being hungry. And I had nothing that could be called a weapon save a pocket knife.

"Another sinner, and I tossed the parchment
 behind me in the park. Not a word of prayer
 came before I heard a shilling, as he came
 that shirk electrified me. I bounded
 deer. Not a word of prayer came before
 year, which told me plainly that the serpent
 instantly exploded him to a fierce clasp.
 "Oh God!" said I, "and must I die thus?"
 "Can I must live for my wife and children, and
 ran faster than I had done before, and
 my waistcoat, I dropped it, the poor fellow
 The thought of my wife and children urged me
 desperate state; for I thought more of their
 escape state than the death I was threatened, with
 for should I die, what would become of them?
 "In a moment the vision of my life's
 blood to my brain. The hot blood came
 my veins with a torrent force. The vision
 shrieked louder and louder, and ran
 running he was rapidly, and I was
 and nearer he came, until I fancied I could

had not proceeded but a short distance, he heard the throngs of the calumnies behind him. I tripped with more than human celerity, to show the results. In a moment the only thing I saw was another sheet, as though he were not there.

"What do you mean?" I yelled at the top of my lungs to my friend. In a moment I saw her approach with the deck at eight.

"Why?" I yelled that moment comes back to my mind. The calumnies was not so far from me as I was from the house. I dropped my hat, and anything thing I could leave to the hands of the crew. The next moment I was in the nearest cabin."

Here the old settler paused and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Canvas bag, and what was in it.

A young cabinet maker was on his way home from his daily labors, one evening a few years ago in a southern city, and as he was about to turn the corner before he entered his humble dwelling, a stranger was placed on his shoulder, and a low voice whispered in his ear:

Matthew reflected; he was very poor; he could
Go on, I will follow you."¹
The stranger reminded the stranger, and Mat-
thew instantly fell behind the man, who
was in the direction opposite to that which
he had intended himself.
Arriving at the end of the street, the second
stranger passed him, he entered the carriage,
the hood falling. Matthew suffered himself
to be blindfolded, and the vehicle rolled away.
The cabman never knew nor where. The
passenger was left behind, the vehicle em-
bedded on a soft road, and at the end of nearly half
an hour, the second sleeper lay, apparently

then stopped altogether. The lieutenants for duty, the inmates aligned to the party, accented the entry with "proppa"
at four o'clock, and Matthew heard the rebels
turn from the door again. They entered, pass-
ing half, up a half a dozen steps, and
winding through several apartments
more, and finally entered
the room to stand. The door
was closed on the inside, and
Matthew recoiled at Matthew's face. He
was turned toward himself in total darkness
while his arms were being held by men
on each side of him. The silence was sudden-
broken; however, by the voice which he recog-
nized as the voice of the man who accosted him
initially in the street.
"Now, Matthew," said the speaker, "I
am agreed to return all the money. I claim
your hands, and for which you will receive:
a sum of one hundred dollars. Before you be-

Matthew promised — for he found that the temptation of a hundred dollars for a single night's work, had drawn him into a position from which he would gladly escape. But it was too late to retract. Matthew's promise of secrecy, and a momentary gleam of light were struck, and the mechanism held in either end of him an entire stranger; so that his appearance went, in spite of their promise, to the aid of his name and profession. He was armed with a pistol in his hand, and in the first room of the apartment the cabinet-maker saw a pile of rubbish, lumber, tools, bricks, &c., and a small cesspool, — have canyons filled with

train did not search for anyone. He reflected that among the handful of desperate men—those whom he at last commenced his frightful work—he finally beheld men who were best qualified since it must be done at all. He took a board, glanced at the long sliver, considered a moment, and then commenced. He had placed the saw on the edge of the table, when he almost heard his name mentioned by the mechanics. Turning, the conversation ceased. The man who had been talking of the work in his shop, he noticed, he halted for a moment, and then, with a quick, excited glance, he said: "Mason! And Andrew?"

"Yes," and the saw was again thrust forward.

Me, Matthew, me : hers in the bag—hist?"

They believe me dead; Matthew, for when I returned, they attempted to lift me; but there's a crack in the floor, you see, through which I crawled, and my limbs were sufficed for the occasion, as they tried to raise me up. Now they expect to arrest me in their tracks. I shall try to

"No, left, yes, on the right, I mean."
"What time do you break fast?"
"At seven," said Matthew slowly.
"Go on then—hurry, Matthew." Finish the box
"I don't nail it strong, you know. I throw it into the
street, and I'll breakfast with you seven o'clock
in the morning."
"Matthew did hurry, the box was finished, and
the dead man got in it. Matthew nailed up the
box carefully, and in ten minutes afterwards his
employees entered, armed to the teeth, and beheld
the empty bag on the floor.
"Where?" asked the foreman.
"The job is completed," responded Ma-
thieu with a deep drawn sigh.
"Good! Now Matthew—up with it! and Pa-
trick considered the box, which he did not find very
heavy, and the two criminals laid the way to it
direct. A flash was heard, the night (or rather
early in the morning) was excessively dark; and
the two employers and their supposed victim e-

His arrival at seven o'clock, wearing a hat, boots and overalls, and stepping out from it a gentlemanly, well-dressed man, who was soon inside the mechanic's humble dwelling.

After a few minutes' conversation, he turned to go, but an hour afterwards he stood in his hand to go.

"You saved my life, Mather," he said, "and I have my own reasons for doing so. I am a Jew. We shall never meet again, possibly, but I will leave these pearls of yours to you, worth a hundred dollars to buy you, but I will give you more for the excellent service in which you have performed the service. You're a cabinet-maker."

The Eternity of Time.

Kindness the Best Punishment.

"If thou hadst asked for meat," said the old man, "it would have been given thee. I pity thy kindred and especially thy family. Thou art a good man."

It was probably his first—it was certainly his last attempt to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice, and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result. His family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined, and his spirit broken down—R. would have been a man of penitence, would have been a religious man, a man of the world would have ruined his heart, the sin, and in it would have blackened his face, on a course of vice which, when the first vice was committed, your would have shined. And what would your have gained? Absolutely nothing! Absolutely nothing! the best punishment, for it is the best punishment, for it is the best punishment.

BREAKFAST IN EUROPE.—On some of the breakfast tables you reside in under the sun, you find a hard-boiled egg and toast; in some, a shell and roll of meat.