

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 29.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 22, 1859

Selected Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ALFRED DOMETT.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing arms—
Peace brooded o'er the hus'd domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home:
Triumphal arches glowing swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless awe;
What reeked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why
The world was listening unaware.
How calm a moment may precede
To that still moment, none would heed;
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that first no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Biographical.

[From the Century.]

CHARLES LEE, OF THE REVOLUTION.

On a recent tour to the Virginia mountains, I paid a visit to the rude and time-worn edifice to which General Horatio Gates, after his defeat at Camden, retired in sullen despair. To the left, as I entered, was a large apartment, apparently designed for a dining room, and sweeping clear from wall to wall of the building. On the right was a smaller room, with three front windows. There was here a curious old print, entitled "The Flower of New York," if I remember rightly, and opposite another sketch, highly colored, of an American dragoon in pursuit of an Englishman, from whose unfortunate back protrudes the butt of a bayonet, which has pierced him. But the object of most interest in the old apartment was a window pane, on which was scratched, with a diamond ring, the initials "H. G." surmounted by a coat of arms; and on another pane, in the room, unmistakable handwriting of the men of the Revolution, was the inscription "General C." At the letter "C" the hand of the writer had suddenly paused, and to one unfamiliar with the former tenants of the ancient mansion the rest of the name would remain a mystery. There is, however, no reason to doubt upon the subject. Local history informs us who visited Gates constantly at his house, here, in the far past. It was the hand of the victor at Saratoga which, in all probability, traced these letters on the pane, leaving the name unfinished. That name was "General Charles Lee," of Monmouth memory—the friend, then the enemy of Washington.

His life was a strange one—as strange as the character of the man. The general reader knows, probably, very little about the individual, beyond the fact that he was Major General in the American Revolution, and that he very nearly ruined the cause which he upheld, by his retreat at Monmouth. An old and curious volume, which I have lately secured, communicates a mass of matter upon the subject of his antecedents, and his strange adventures. It is entitled "Memories of the Life of the late Charles Lee, Esq., Lieut. Col. of the Forty-fourth Regiment, Colonel in the Portuguese service, Major General and Aid de Camp to the King of Portugal, and second in command in the service of the United States of America, during the Revolution, London, 1792." The volume is entertaining in a high degree, and contains a complete picture of the man. The main points are worthy of embodiment in a sketch. Born of parents who ranked with the gentry of England—for his father was John Lee, Esq., of Derham, in the county of Chester, his mother a daughter of Sir Henry Banbury, Bart.—young Lee entered life under the most favorable auspices, somewhere about the year 1730. From his earliest years military tactics were his favorite study, and the least discerning could see that the boy was sooner or later, to adopt the career of arms. At an early age we accordingly find him commanding a company of Grenadiers of the Forty-fourth Regiment, at the battle of Ticonderoga, where he was shot through the body in a desperate charge. On his death bed he remembered that charge, and murmured, deliciously, "Stand by me, my brave Grenadiers!" We next hear of him, after the reduction of Montreal, as returning to England, and attacking the ministry in a pamphlet, which espoused the American side so warily

that it entailed the praise and thanks of Dr. Franklin. Then we hear of him in Portugal, under General Burgoyne, with the rank of Colonel—defeating the enemy at Villa Velha, by a reckless assault, accompanied with great slaughter. This service secured for him splendid military distinction, and the public thanks of his Portuguese Majesty. Again returning to England, he seemed on the high road to fame and fortune. Recommended warmly to the attention of the ministry, and backed doubtless by family influence, he would have risen rapidly, says his biographer, but for his old weakness in favor of America. The Indian or Pondiacian broke out, and his scathing pen again assailing the ministry, he was ruined. Despairing of advancement in the English service, he then looked around him for some other field in which his military talents might secure reward. Poland was selected, and thither he accordingly went. His military reputation had preceded him. He soon secured the high respect and warm friendship of Stanislaus, who entrusted him with responsible employments and important undertakings. Fighting, diplomatizing, hurrying from place to place—now towards Turkey, then into Russia—thus passed some years. Then, driven by his restless spirit, we find him scouring Europe. The years 1771, '72 and '73 were spent in this manner, and his adventures were manifold. In Italy he fought more than one duel. From every capital which he passed in, issued bitter attacks on the English ministry; so bitter and terrible that they raised the suspicion of the identity of Lee with Junius. In 1773 he returned to England, and in the month of August of the same year embarked for New York, which he reached on the 10th of November. He had long foreseen the breaking out of the American Revolution. As far back as May, 1767, he had written to a friend from Warsaw: "I have an unexpressed curiosity of seeing this campaign. I wish, by practice, to make myself a soldier, for purpose honest, but which I shall not mention." There is little reason to doubt that he had conceived the bold and characteristic idea of offering his military experience to the North American rebels, with whose temper he was perfectly familiar. Indeed, there are but two hypotheses to explain Lee's career up to the time when he embarked for America. He was either the bravest and most disinterested friend of liberty, or he promised himself a rich reward for his adhesion to the American cause. The leadership of three millions of men against the Empire which he had grown to hate bitterly, was a glittering bait for a simple colonist and soldier of fortune. An examination of all the circumstances leads the present writer to believe that Lee's daring political philosophy, moulded upon that of the French school, united to his restless ambition, early pointed out this dazzling future. His reception did not disappoint him. The American leader clearly foresaw the impending conflict, and hailed the presence of a man whose military genius had been widely tried throughout Europe and America. A thoroughly trained soldier was an invaluable accession to a cause which needed above all the aid of men skilled in martial tactics, and Lee immediately found himself in rapport with the first men of the continent. He visited Philadelphia, Maryland, Virginia, Mount Vernon, pushing onward, with his conversation, and his ever active pen, the minds of all towards the contest. At Mount Vernon he met with Horatio Gates, another military adventurer of high rank and reputation. Naive, politic, cautious, diplomatic and plausible in his manners, Gates presented a strong contrast to the bitter and cynical partisan who, with his dogs trooping after him, to the great disgust of Mrs. Washington, strolled through the apartments of his host, breaking jests and sarcasms upon all which came in his way. The two men and their future military superior consulted long and profoundly upon the aspect of affairs. Lee and Gates had been old comrades, and they were doubtless impelled by the same ambition—that of leading the revolt of the Colonies against the Crown. The thoughts and motives of the third of the trio—the great patriot who had no ambition to gratify, no aim to accomplish, who looked to the good of his land alone, and never for a moment to his personal aggrandizement—the sentiment in the heart of Washington may well be understood. He no doubt read the minds of his guests, and his serene wisdom accepted the assistance which they promised to render.

Rapidly passing to Boston, Lee, we are told, now "blazed forth a Whig of the first magnitude." In May, 1775, we find him in Philadelphia, becoming "daily a greater enthusiast in the cause of liberty." The explanation may possibly be found in the presence there of the national delegates. The general Congress had assembled, and one of the first acts which they would proceed to would be the election of a Commander-in-Chief. Lee transmitted to Lord Barrington, Secretary of War, his resignation of his colonelcy in the British army, and was regularly a candidate for the great post to be filled by Congress. As all know, it was bestowed upon Washington, and Lee, to his great disappointment, was compelled to content himself with the rank of a Major General. He accepted, however, and set out with Washington on the 21st of June for Boston, the news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached them upon their route.

Thus commenced the official connection of the soldier of fortune with the American Revolution. He had foreseen that event, and played with extraordinary skill and boldness for the great stake, the post of Commander-in-Chief. It had escaped him; but he had gone too far to recede, and he took the place assigned him with outward cheerfulness, but doubtless with internal anger. If this representation of his designs and motives be unjust, the present writer can only regret it—he has written from a conviction of the truth of the sketch, which presents a fair compromise between the conflicting views of Lee's character, and is perhaps the fair hypothesis.

It is not the design of this paper to follow General Lee in his public career, during the Revolution. All the histories contain an account of his services, and of that last great

drama of Monmouth. The volume before me contains an elaborate defence, by himself, of his conduct on that occasion, and the account is drawn up with such skill and plausibility that it is difficult to resist the conviction of deep injustice on the part of his opponents. But the weight of argument on the other side is, unfortunately for the general, quite irresistible. Washington was not an unjust man; and Washington declared that Lee had distinctly disobeyed his orders, and nearly caused an irreparable disaster to the American cause. Congress was not disposed to commit a deliberate wrong, and one which would deprive the Revolution of a great military leader, who had done good service, and was capable of more. But Congress ratified the action of the Court-Martial which suspended his commission and banished him from the contest. It is impossible to believe that this deliberate action on the part of the General, his officers, and the representatives of the colony, was the cruel wrong which Lee declared it to be—and history has given her decision against him. The charge of treachery has been elaborately urged by later writers; but whether the act of Lee was treason or a mere blunder, it is not necessary here to examine.

He retired in high dudgeon to his estate in Berkeley County, Virginia. The property had been bought some years before, at the suggestion of General Gates—and one of the singular incidents connected with the lives of these two men, is the fact that both were disgraced and come to live within a few miles of each other. Lee occupied a small stone house near the present village of Leetown, commanding a fine landscape terminating in azure mountains. Many stories are told of his eccentricities, which have been often repeated. The house was divided by imaginary lines into a kitchen, a sitting-room, a chamber, etc., and in this cheerful abode the soldier lived, surrounded by his books, his dogs, and his servants, among whom was an Italian named Giuseppe Minghini, whose descendants still reside in the neighborhood. The house of Gates, as I have said—called "Traveler's Rest"—was only a few miles distant, and thither Lee often went, no doubt to compare bitter notes upon the respective incidents of their careers. Gates had written to him long before, inviting him to visit Traveler's Rest, "where a good bed is provided for you, two or three slaves to supply all your wants and whimsies, and space enough about as for you to exercise away all your spleen and gloomy moods, whenever they distress you." Mrs. Gates joined in the request, but whether that lady and the cynical soldier agreed very well is doubtful. Local tradition declares that she was "too fond of an extra glass of wine" would quarrel with her husband; and that on an occasion of this description, when she appealed to Lee for his opinion of herself, he replied, "Madam, you are a tragedy in private life, and a farce to all the world!" A more bitter piece of wit could scarcely be found in Junius. Another exhibition of Lee's malevolent sarcasm may be found in a correspondence with a gentleman of South Carolina, who had supported his dismissal from the army. "Until very lately," he writes, "I was taught to consider you only as a fantastic, pompous, dramatic person, a mere *Melodius*, never to be spoken of or thought of but for the sake of laughter; and when the humor for laughter subsided, never to be spoken of or thought of more. But I find that I am mistaken; I find that you are as malignant a scoundrel, as you are universally allowed to be a ridiculous and disgusting comical." Weary of the sameness and tedium of his life in the country, he basted himself with his celebrated "Queries, Political and Military," which contained a bitter attack upon Washington. They were published in Baltimore, but the indignation which they occasioned soon subsided into contempt. The hero was above the shaft of his foe, and Lee saw himself consigned forever to what was worse than hatred—indifference. Finally he grew tired of his monotonous life—of his dogs, whom, according to tradition, he had blasphemously named after the Holy Trinity and the twelve Apostles—of his books, his hunting, and the motionless mountain rampart, which greeted him daily as he went to his front door. He repaired to Philadelphia, and taking lodgings at an inn in Market street, which bore the sign of the "Convestige Waggon," was there seized with chills, which terminated in a violent fever. He expired on the 2d of October, 1782, exclaiming as has been said, in his dying moments, "Stand by me, my brave Grenadiers!"

Thus died a remarkable man, whose name will always be remembered for his connection with the great Revolution. His character was composed of fierce and impetuous elements; and the pages of the volume from which many of these details are taken, present a vivid picture of the individual. The first point I shall notice is the evidence here presented that Lee was no mere vulgar adventurer, a military gladiator or free lance spring from the dregs of society, and without social rank or family. He was distinctly one of the English gentry, and probably connected with more than one of the nobility. This might be deduced from the tone of his various writings, public and private, which are those of a man conscious of social position. He writes to a lady from Warsaw: "To speak proudly, I do not see why the declaration of my passion should so heinously offend you. I am born of a reputable family, my character I hope is a fair one; and as my fortune is sufficiently ample to make an honest man independent, and an honest woman content, I cannot see the mighty crime in wishing to unite your fortune with mine." The Earl of Pembroke signs himself "your most affectionate friend and humble servant." Edmund Burke writes, "It was extremely kind in you to remember your friends in our dull, yoracious hemisphere," and the leading men of America uniformly address him as an equal and companion. Thus much may not be unnecessary to remove an impression upon some minds that Lee was a mere homeless adventurer. It may be added that his biographer shows his possession of an ample fortune when he embarked

in the American cause. To that cause he undoubtedly contributed important services. He was for many years the constant and violent opponent of the oppressive acts of the English ministry. He took first at the Stamp Act, and wrote to the King of Poland: "If the humors which this accursed attempt has raised are suffered to subside, the inherent affection which the colonies have for their mother country, and clashing of interests one amongst another, will throw everything back into the old channel, which indeed is the case already;—but if another attack of the same nature should be made upon them by a wicked, blundering Minister, I will venture to prophecy that this country will be shaken to its foundation, in its wealth, credit, naval force, and internal population." "His thoughts, indeed, seem to have turned constantly to the Western continent; he writes to his friend Coleman in 1767, 'How does the hallowed Juliet? It is inconceivable how deeply I am interested for the welfare and success of that girl. If she does not succeed, let her marry me and settle in America.' And again in a letter to Lord Thane, in the same year, from Warsaw, he says that the Poles 'can have no idea of our carrying our abominations so far as to disfranchise three millions of people of all the rights of men, for the gratification of the revenge of a blundering, knavish Secretary, and a scoundrel Attorney General, a Hillsborough, and a Barnard.' These and other passages indicate a strong sympathy with the American colonies, and an intention to cast his lot with them in the contest which his acute mind clearly foresaw was approaching. Ten years afterwards he was evidently thinking of this long devotion when he wrote 'Great God! it is come to this? I am not, it seems, an American; but am I not (if I may so express myself) *Americanus ipsis Americanis*?' The probable motives of Lee—his mingled personal and political character—have been referred to. I shall terminate my sketch by a few of those private memorials which strongly exhibit the individuality of the man. His will is an odd document. To John Mercer, Esq., of Marlborough, in Virginia, he gives "all my swords and pistols, and ten guineas to buy a ring; I would give him more, but as he has a good estate and a better genius, he has sufficient if he knows how to make a good use of them." "To my excellent friend, William Steptoe of Virginia, I would leave a great deal, but as he is now so rich, it would be no less than robbing my other friends who are poor." "I had almost forgot my dear friends (and I ought to be ashamed of it), Mrs. Shippen, etc." He leaves them ten guineas each to buy rings—"I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting house; for since I have resided in this country I have kept so much bad company when living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead."

Such was the parting scowl of Charles Lee, to the world in which he had made so great a figure, and lashed with his bitter tongue, or his venomous pen, at his will. The heated, agitated, reckless existence ended with a jest at the moment when the grave opened its cold jaws to receive him. It was a splendid, brilliant world career which the soldier of fortune pursued—the last scene was like that of a tragedy. An obscure tavern was to see the fiery spark extinguished—as a remote cabin, far from civilization, and buried in the wilderness of the Western World, had been the place of sullen retreat to the lonely friend of the King of Poland. Thither he had gone, like a wounded wild beast to his den—growing, and showing his teeth, but powerless longer to oppose his enemies. So great was the contrast between this man's morning and his setting sun. He had been the object of admiring eyes at all the courts of Europe; his sword had been drawn on the frozen steppes of Russia, and had flashed beneath the sun of Spain; on two continents he had led his men in desperate assaults, or triumphant charges—and the rumor of these exploits had made his name another word for a great leader of battle. He shone no less in affairs of State.

His trenchant pen had made the great leaders of the English Government wince and writhe. Like Junius, with whom he was confounded more than once, his penetrating sarcasms pierced the thickest armor, and drew blood from the strongest combatants. His conversation, like his writings, ranged bitterly over the entire surface of political affairs, and the jest or the denunciation which his scornful lips uttered was caught up and repeated, and had the effect of a blow from a deadly weapon. Hobbling madly over Europe, almost crazy from the gout, he made the objects of his animosity shake with rage as they read his fierce invective; and thus triply armed, with tongue and sword, he set the laughiest at defiance, an advanced to the assault with the trained coolness of the fighting hawk, the disdainful gallantry of the cavalier. Thus, this man's character and career, were famous when he came to America. He played here for a splendid prize—and lost it. He lost all else at Monmouth. From that fated field he retired without hope, or future. He had cut off all prospects of advancement in England—he had ruined himself in America. Nothing was left but despair. He went to his hut beyond the Blue Ridge, and with dogs for companions, railed at fortune, and human life—at earth and heaven. Like a mastiff, grown old, and with broken teeth, he could only snarl in his corner—and the woful, terrible thing above all, was the fact that the world did not care for his snarling. The proud bitter soul of the disappointed man could endure anything but contemptuous indifference. Nobody would even take the trouble to hate him, though he hated them never so bitterly.

That life seems to have worn him out, more than fighting, hardship or exposure, had ever done. He rusted away like a sword thrown away in battle, and never found any more. His condition was insupportable. His visit to Philadelphia was to look upon something besides the monotonous forest and mountain—and there his fate approached. He was seized with "a shivering," and lay down to die

His end, like that of Napoleon, was in the midst of a dream of war. He passed away, not stretched on a tavern bed, but leading his grenadiers in a desperate assault on the enemy.

Such was the fiery ending of the fiery life of one of the most conspicuous figures of the last century. J. E. C.

The Victoria Tubular Bridge.

Our own continent now possesses, in completion one of the wonders of the world in constructive art. The tubular iron bridge over the Menai Straits, was designed and erected by the late Stevenson, and led to the construction of the Victoria bridge, at Montreal, which is now after several years of assiduous labor, completed, and will be thrown open for continuous use on the 19th inst. The first locomotive passed over it on the 14th of Nov., conveying about fifty persons, among whom were two ladies. The company consisted otherwise of officers, directors, and engineers, with a few distinguished gentlemen. With cheers, three times three, for the thrice royal lady whose name the wonderful structure bears, the train touched the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. After other rejoicings, "God save the Queen," was sung in English and French; the Hon. Mr. Cartier, prime minister of Canada, who was present, leading the national hymn with much spirit. The Victoria bridge, as is generally known, is composed of plates of iron, riveted together in the form of tubes, 22 feet high by 16 feet broad. There are 24 of these tubes, each 242 feet long, except the central one, which is 339 feet making in all 6133 feet or almost a mile and an eighth. These tubes rest upon piers, which are 90 feet long at the base, and 33 feet at the top, the up-stream side being wedge shape to divide the ice in the winter. The abutments at either end are 250 feet long, and with the piers they constitute the most extraordinary work of masonry of modern times. The tubes are sixty feet above summer water-level, and the river steamers pass under the central one. The entire weight of the iron is 8000 tons. The contraction in length of each tube by the extreme cold of a Canadian winter is 3 1/2 inches, the ends of the tubes being placed upon rollers to allow freedom for this variation. There is no wood used except string pieces for the rails, and a narrow side walk for the passage of employees. Every plate was prepared and even punched, before being brought to the ground; and so great was the scientific nicety of the calculations, that it was found, on taking away the scaffolding, upon which the tubes were laid that they settled precisely as much as was estimated, which if we mistake not was about 5 1/2 inches in the centre. The cost of the work is \$6,500,000, and it belongs to Grand Trunk Rail Road, which presents now one of the largest continuous lines in the world, being about 1000 miles.

EXCESSIVE CLEANLINESS.

Even cleanliness can be exaggerated, as in the case of the Pharisæes, and the late Duke of Queensberry, who would wash in nothing but milk. Our own Queen uses distilled water only for her toilet; but this not a case in point, since it is for the sake of health, I believe, with her. A sad case, however, was that of the lovely Princess Alexandra of Bavaria, who died mad from over-cleanliness. It began by extreme scrupulousness. At dinner she would minutely examine her plate and if she saw the slightest speck on it, would send for another. She would then turn the napkin round and round to examine every corner, and often rise from the table because she thought she was not served properly in this respect. At last it became a monomania, till on plates, napkins, dishes, tablecloth, and everything else she believed she saw nothing but dirt. It weighed on her mind, poor thing, she could not be clean enough, and it drove her to insanity.—*English Handbook of Etiquette.*

One of the saddest mistakes, says Titcomb, which good people have made is in supposing the world to be a mistake. To these people—and their number is not small—the earth is but a theatre of pain and sickness, and sorrow and death. Joy is illusive, pleasure a cheat, laughter a mockery, and happiness a thing impossible, and not even to be looked for on this side the grave. The performance of all duty is the "taking up of what they call a cross." They are actually afraid to be happy, under an over-shadowing impression that they have no right to be happy in this life. They believe that there is something bad in the world they inhabit and all the joy that proceeds from it. They have an idea that the moral evil which afflicts the human race has its origin in all the sufferings of the brute creation—their throes of labor, and sickness of body, and pains of death—are so many voices proclaiming the fatal failure of Adam. Human nature itself is an awful thing. God is a great law-giver, an inexorable avenger, an awful judge, a being to be feared more than loved. Life is a trial—severe, unrelenting, perpetual. All that seems good and graceful and glorious in the world is a hollow sham, for the deception of the unwary and the ruin of the wise.BLACK WORK WELL PAID. A clergyman meeting a chimney sweeper, asked whence he came? "I have been sweeping your reverence's chimneys." "How many were there?" "Twenty, Sir." "Well, and how much do you get a chimney?" "Only a shilling apiece, Sir." "Why, I think a pound is pretty well for your morning's work." "Yes, Sir, we black coats get our money easy enough." "I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary is he not?" "No, sir, no." "What makes him stop, himself?" "Oh, he's 'frail somebody'll say 'whoa,' and he shant bear it."

Winter Scenes.

The following from the *Chicago Journal* is worthy of being placed beside the winter sketches of Jacob Abbot and N. P. Willis:

"That old sleigh with its long box that never was full, for down in the straw, wrapped in the robes, or on one another of the four seats it contained, there was always room for one more. What a grouping of bright young faces there used to be in it! Faces in hoods, in caps and in blankets; hearts that have loved since; hearts that have broken; hearts that have moldered. And away we went over the hill, and through the vale, under the moonlight, and under the cloud; when the stars were looking down; when the sun kindled the world into a great white jewel, but those days have gone forever away, and the sweet old necklace of bells, big in the middle of the string, and growing small by degrees, has lost its power over the pulses.

In that old sleigh brides have gone away before now—those that were married to manhood, those that were "married unto death." Great sighs have gone over the waters with less of hope and happiness, than that rulo craft has borne over the billows of winter; swan-like shapes now glance along the arrow way, but give us, for its sweet memories of yesterday, the old rod sleigh.

Then, the days when we were "coasters;" and down the big hill, by the maple wood, through the little pitches, far into the valley we came with merry shout each, the solitary Falinurus of his own small craft. How like a flock of swallows we were, dashing down the declivity, in among a group of sleds, side by side with a rival, shooting by like an arrow, steering in gallantly ahead, like a jockey, and on our way up with a sled in tow, ere the party had reached the valley below.

And then it was, when the wind had swept away the snow from the pond and stream, and the ice was glair, that we put on the "rockers," and darted hither and thither, and out sixes and eights, and curves without number, and drew the girls we loved, and whirled them like leaves over the highway of crystal.

And the schools where we spent each other down, and the schools where we sang Windham and Mear, and the schools where we cyphered and wrote, and "went up," gone, all gone, teacher and taught, like the melting snows under the rainbows of April.

And when, sometimes after the great snow, the winds came out of the north for a frolic, what wringing and carping of cold shabbers there were. What contention adornings surrounded the fence posts; what mouldings were fashioned beside the way; what fairy-like caves in the drifts; what flowers of rare fish and pendants of pearl on the trees.

Have you quite forgotten the footprints we used to find in the damp snow; as delicate, some of them, as a love letter; the mysterious paths down to the brook or by the old hollow tree, that we used to wander over and set "figure-fours" by, if perchance we might catch the makers thereof? Have you quite forgotten how sorry we were for the snow birds that fluttered among the flakes, and seemed tossing and lost in the storm.

And therein the midst of that winter Christmas was set, that made the Thanksgiving last all through the night of the year, and what wonder the stars and fires burned more brightly therefore! Christmas with its gifts and its cheer; its carol and charm; its evergreen branch and its bright morning dreams. Christmas, when there were prints upon the chimney tops, if we were only there to see them, where Santa Claus set his foot as the clock struck twelve. Christmas, when stockings were suspended by hearth and pillow all over the land; stockings sicken and white; stockings homely and blue, and even the little red sock with a hole in the toe. Blessed forever be Bethlehem's star!

The "Vatican" at Rome, the palace of the Pope, is a pile of buildings covering a space 1,200 feet in length and 1,600 in breadth, on one of the seven hills of Rome. The site was once the garden of the Emperor Nero.—Early in the sixth century the Bishop of Rome erected there a humble dwelling, and this has been added to from time to time by the Popes, until it is now one of the most spacious and magnificent palaces, stocked with paintings, statues, books, and antiquities of the rarest kind.

Very Cool.

A gentleman, on a visit to Washington, one day very coolly opened the door of the Senate Chamber, was about to pass in, when the doorkeeper asked, "Are you a privileged member?" "What do you mean by that?" asked the stranger. The reply was "A governor an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister." The stranger replied that he was a minister. "From what country or country?" asked the official. Very gravely pointing up, the stranger replied, "From Heaven, sir." To this the doorkeeper waggishly replied, "This government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power."

"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes, sir," said the boy, "I've been practicing ever since I was a child."

A preacher lately said, in his sermon, "let women remember, while putting on their profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

Mrs. Farrington desires to know why the captain of any vessel don't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of "weighing anchor" every time he leaves a port?

KEEP THIS IN MIND.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more; encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.