

# The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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MONTROSE, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1855.

FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. I. NO. 15.

## School Poetry.

### THE LOGAN GRAZIER.

BY THOMAS DENN ENGLISH.

At dawn to where the herbage grows,  
You find the grassy green,  
Obedient to his every foot,  
Before him stalk the lowing herd.  
Reclining in the misty morn,  
With lengthened hoof and tossing mane,  
Go black and dappled, red and brown,  
Through drain and hollow, up the hill  
They pass, obedient to his will.  
The slender ox and mighty bull,  
The greater thinks them both.  
You see less beauty in the herd  
Than in the orange-tinted bird,  
You fix your better pleased gaze  
On the broad breast of emerald maize,  
You naples on the hill-side high,  
Or on your field of waving rye.  
More pleased with maize, or rye, or trees—  
The grazer's sight is not on these.  
He sees a better pasture of gold,  
In every hollow three-year-old.  
He sees new comforts round his home,  
When buyers down from Tazewell come.  
He sees his cabin high the creek,  
His mud-floored chimney changed to brick,  
His rule goes by the clap-board sawed,  
Split shingles on his roof and eaves.  
New patches on the worn-out floor,  
A picket fence before the door,  
And cups of tin and plates of lead,  
And pewter spoons under the shelf.  
Close where the rick hangs on hooks,  
On cupboard top are rows of books—  
The Pilgrim of the dreaming John,  
And Wren's life of Mason;  
The well-thumbed speeches of Calhoun,  
The pictured life of Daniel Boone,  
D'Aubigne's story told so well,  
How Luther fought and Cranmer fell;  
To please his wife a yellow gown,  
And beads to deck his daughters brown.  
A jack-knife for his youngest son,  
All these to him the cattle low,  
As up the hill they slowly go.  
He fears no ravage of disease,  
"Mong brutes so strong and fat as these,  
There's salt enough for them in store,  
Brought from Kanawha's muddy shore.  
The herbage on the hill is good,  
The fern is thick within the wood,  
There's tender grass in yonder drain,  
And peavine on the summit plain.  
High thought of gain that moment thrills  
The grazer of the Logan hills.  
He envies not the hero hold,  
He cares not who may office hold.  
The statesman's pride, the stout man's limb,  
The lover's hopes are sought in him.  
His mind three things alone receives—  
His wife, his children, and his bees.  
So these may flourish and be fair,  
All else around is smoke and air.

Oh, Logan grazer, stout and strong,  
Dropping foam from living wrong,  
Brave as thine antagonists who bore  
The scars of combat, long and sore,  
And fearless met in battle-choke,  
The wild and painted Shawawock;  
True as the rick in thy hand,  
And generous as thy fertile land—  
Fall off I've eaten by thy side,  
Thy cakes of corn and venison fried;  
Off in thy cabin as thy guest,  
Have stretched my weary limbs to rest.  
I love to note the honest brow,  
Smash friend and true companion too;  
And know no member form is seen  
Than that which dwells in the green eye;  
Trust fills those eyes, keenly set,  
Beneath thy fox-skin cap;  
I would not that my tin were dross,  
I would not that my lot were thin;  
Guard thou thy bees and count thy gold,  
Be glad when those great brutes are sold.  
For me, by midnight light, I pore  
My manuscript in silence o'er.  
Each to the path that suits his feet,  
Each toil, for time is moving fast,  
And soon in woolen shroud arrayed,  
Both in our narrow coffin laid.  
It matters not if cattle fair,  
Of making songs has been our care.  
The poet's and the grazer's form  
Shall feed like the greedy worm;  
Shall pass the poet's glowing words,  
Shall pass the grazer's loving herds;  
And from men's memory fade away  
Both grazer's shout and poet's lay.

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE WIDOW'S TALE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

They advised me not to marry him. They told me he was wild—unprincipled—bad; but I did not care for what they said. I loved him and I disbelieved them. I never thought about his goodness—I only knew that he was beautiful and gifted beyond all that I had ever met within our narrow society. I loved him with my whole heart, my whole soul, my whole life, my hope without him, and heaven would have been no heaven to me if he had not been there. I say all this simply to show what a madness of devotion was mine.  
My dear mother was very kind to me throughout. She had loved my father, I believe, almost to the same extent as she could sympathize with me while discouraging. She told me that I was wrong and foolish, and that I should repent; but I kissed away the painful lines between her and made her smile when I tried to prove to her that love was better than prudence. So we married, not so much without the consent as against the wish of my family; and even that wish withered in sorrow and in love. I remember all this now, and see the true proportions of everything; then I was blinded by my passion, and understood nothing.  
We went away to our pretty, bright home, in one of the neighborhood of London, near a park. We lived there for many months in a state of intoxication rather than of earthly happiness, and he was happy, too, then, for I am sure he was innocent, and I know he loved me. Oh, dreams—dreams!  
I did not know my husband's profession. He was always busy, and often absent; but

he never told me what he did. There had been no settlements when I married. He said he had a conscientious scruple against them; that they were insulting to a man's honor, and degrading to his wife. This was one of the reasons why, at home, they did not wish me to marry him. But I was only glad to be able to show him how I trusted him, by meeting his wishes, and refusing, on my own account, to accept the legal protection of settlements. It was such a pride to me to sacrifice all to him. Thus, I knew nothing of his real life—his pursuits or his fortunes. I never asked him any questions, as much from indifference to everything, but his love as from a wifely blindness of trust. When he came home at night, sometimes very gay, singing opera songs and calling me his little Medora, as he used when he was in good humor, I was gay too, and grateful. And when he came home moody and irritable—which he used to do, often, after we had been married about three months, once even threatening to strike me, with that fearful glare in his eyes I remember so well, and used to see so often afterwards—then I was patient and silent, and never attempted even to take his hand or kiss his forehead when he bade me be still and not interrupt him. He was my law, and his approbation the sunshine of my life; so that my very obedience was selfishness; for my only joy was to see him happy, and my only duty to obey him.

My sister came to visit us. My husband never felt a little of her before our marriage, for she had often been from home when he was with us down at Hurst Farm; and I had always fancied that he did not like even the little that she had seen of her. Ellen was never loud or importunate in her opposition. I knew that she did not like the marriage, but she did not interfere. I remember quite as well the only time she spoke openly to me on the subject. I do not think she said a word to me, but she flung her arms round my neck, with a passion very rare in her, beseeching me to pause and reflect, as if I had sold myself to my ruin when I promised to be Harry's wife. How she prayed! Poor Ellen! I can see her now, with her heavy, uncurled hair, falling on her neck as she knelt, half undressed, her large eyes full of agony and supplication, like a martyred saint praying. Poor Ellen! I thought her prejudice against me, and this unspoken injustice has lain like a heavy fetter on my heart ever since; for I know that I judged her wrongfully, and that I was ungrateful to her love.

She came to see us. This was about a year and a half after I married. She was more beautiful than I ever, but somewhat sterner, as well as sadder. She was tall, strong in person, and dignified in manner. There was a certain majesty character in her beauty, as well as in her mind, that made one respect, and fear her. I do not think she meant that she was insolent, or coarse; she was a true woman in grace and gentleness; but she was braver than women in general. She had more self-reliance, was more resolute and steadfast, and infinitely less impulsive; and was more powerful in body.

My husband was very kind to her. He paid her great attention, and sometimes I half perceived that he liked her—he used to look at her so often, but with such a strange expression in his eyes. I never could quite make it out, whether it was love or hate. Certainly, after she came, his manner changed toward me. I was not jealous. I did not suspect this change from any small feeling of wounded self-love, or from any envy of my sister; but I saw it—I felt it in my heart—yet without connecting it with Ellen in any way. I knew that he no longer loved me as he used to do, but I did not think he loved her; at least with the same kind of love. I used to be surprised at Ellen's conduct toward him. She was more than old; she was passionately, rade and unkind; not so much when I was there as when I was away. For I used to hear her voice speaking in those deep indignant tones that were worse to hear than the harsh, stern passion; and sometimes I used to hear her words—speaking at the first, soft and pleadingly, often to end in a terrible burst of anger and impetiveness. I never could understand why she quarrelled with me; and I did not like to ask them, for I was afraid of both—much more afraid of Ellen as my husband, and I felt like a reed beneath any storm as if I should be crushed beneath any storm I might chance to wake up. So I was silent—suffering alone, and bearing a cheerful face so far as I could.

Ellen would not return home with her. When she came, and soon after I heard the first dispute between them, she urged me to go back to Hurst Farm, at once, and for a long time. Weak as I am by nature, I was always been a marvel to me since, how strong I was when my love for my husband was concerned. It seemed impossible for me to yield to any pressure against him. I believe now that an angel could not have turned me from him.

At last she said to me in a low voice—'Mary, this is madness—it is almost fatal. Can you not see—can you not see?' And then she stopped, and would say no more, though I urged her to tell me what she meant. For this terrible mystery to weigh on me so painfully, and for all that I trembled so much to fathom it, I had begun to feel that my truth would be better than such a life of dread. I seemed to be living among shadows; my very husband and sister not real, for their real lives were hidden from me. But I was too timid to insist upon an explanation, and so things went on in their old way.

In one respect only, changing still more painfully, still more markedly—in my husband's conduct to me now, he was so altered. He seldom spoke to me at all, and he never spoke kindly. All that I did annoyed him, all that I said irritated him, and once (the widow covered her face with her hands and cursed me, one night in our own room, when I had been before him, supplicating him for pity's sake to tell me how I had offended him). But I said to myself that he was tired, annoyed, and that it was irritating to see a loving woman's tears; and I so excused him, as oftentimes before, and went on loving him all the same—God forgive my idleness! Things had been very bad of late between Ellen and my husband. But the character of their discord was changed. Instead of reproaching, they watched each other incessantly in the pursuit of mind of fencers—my husband on the defensive. 'Mary,' said my sister to me suddenly, coming to the sofa where I was sitting con-

brooding my poor baby's cap. 'What does your Harry do in life? What is his profession?' She fixed her eyes on me earnestly. 'I do not know, darling,' I answered, vaguely. 'He has no profession that I know of.' 'But what fortune has he then? Did he not tell you what his income was, and how he obtained when he married? To me, he said only that he had so much a year—a thousand a year; and he would say no more. But has he not been more explicit with you?' 'No,' I answered, considering; for, indeed I had never thought of this. I had trusted so blindly to him in every thing, that it would have seemed to me a profound insult to have even asked of affairs. 'No, he never told me a word of his fortune, Ellen. He gives me the money when I want it, and is always generous. He seems to have plenty; whenever it is asked for, he has it by him, and gives me more than I require.'

Still her eyes kept looking at me in that strange manner. 'And this is all you know?' 'Yes, all. What more should I wish to know? Is he not the husband, and has he not absolute right over every thing? I have no business to interfere.' The words sounded harsher than they did, though I spoke lovingly.

Ellen touched the little cap I held. 'Does not this make you anxious?' she said. 'Can you not make as a mother, even while you love as a wife?' 'Fear, darling? Why? What should I fear, or whom? What is there, Ellen, on your heart? Or what you added passionately—' 'Tell me, for once for all, what you have some terrible secret concealed from me; and I would rather know anything, whatever it is, than to live on, longer, in this kind of suspense and anguish! It is too much for me to bear, Ellen.'

She took my hands. 'Have you strength?' she said earnestly. 'Could you really bear the truth?' Then seeing my distress, for I had fallen into a kind of hysterical fit, I was very delicate then—she shook her head in despair, and letting my hands fall heavily on my lap, said in an undertone, 'No, no! she is too weak, too childish! Then she went up stairs abruptly, and I heard her walking about the own room for nearly an hour after, in long steady steps.

I have often thought that had she told me then, and taken me to her heart, her strong, brave, noble heart, I could have derived courage from it, and could have taken the truth. I was forced to know afterwards. But the strong are so impatient with us. They leave us too soon; they are often strong revolts at our weakness; so we are often left, broken in this weakness, for want of a little sympathy and patience.

Harry came in a short time after Ellen had left me. 'What has she been saying?' he asked passionately. His eyes were wild and looked at his own black hair flung all in disorder about his face. 'I do not know, Harry,' I answered, tremblingly. 'She only asked what was your profession, and how much we had a year. That was all.'

'What did she ask this? What business was it of hers? Her husband's! Tell me, and she shall see me roughly; what did she say to you, Harry?' 'Oh, nothing,' I answered, in a low voice, but he was brighter than I. 'I said what was true, that I knew nothing of your affairs; as indeed, what concern is that of mine? I could say nothing more, Harry.'

'Better that than too much he muttered, and then he flung himself harshly back on the sofa, saying, 'tears and fully and weakly.' The same round, always the same! 'Why did I marry a mere pretty doll, a plaything, a mere doll?' And he seemed to think he had said too much; for he came and kissed me, and said that he loved me. But for the first time in our married life, his kisses did not soothe me, nor did I give his assurances.

All that night I heard Ellen walk steadily and unceasingly through her room. She never slackened her pace, she never stopped, she never hurried; the first foot, never lifted, falling as if to music, her very step the same in its regularity and womanhood as her character. I felt my heart beating as if it were a drum, and I felt my hands as if they were iron.

After this burst of passion Harry's tenderness to me became unbounded; as if he wished to make up to me for some wrong. I do not say how soon I forgave him, nor how much I loved him again. All my love came back in one full boundless tide; and the current of my being set toward him again as before. I had asked me for my life then, as his more fancy to destroy. I would have given it to him. I would have laid down and died, if he had wished to see the flowers grow over my grave.  
My husband and Ellen grew more estranged as his affection seemed to return to me. His manner to her was degrading; hers to him contemptuous. I heard her call him a villain once, in the garden behind the windows, and that he laughed, his wicked laugh, and said, 'tell her, and see if she will believe you!' I was sitting in the window working; and there was a cold damp day late in the Autumn, when the chilling winds of November are just beginning; those fogs with the frost in them, that steal into one's very heart. It was a day when a visible blight was in the air, when death is abroad everywhere, and suffering and crime. I was alone in the drawing room. Ellen was up stairs, and my husband, as I believe, in the city. But I have remembered since that I heard the ball door softly open, and a footstep steal quietly by the drawing room up the stairs. The evening was just beginning to close in, dull and gray; and ghostlike; the dying daylight melting into the long shadows that stalked like wandering ghosts about the fresh-made graves of nature. I sat working still, at some of those small garments about which I dreamed such fond dreams, and wove such large hopes of happiness; and as I sat, while the evening fell heavily about me, a dread presentiment, a consciousness of ill, that made me tremble, as if in agony—angry at myself though for my folly. But it was reality. It was no hysterical sinking of the spirit that I felt; no mere nervousness or cowardice; it was something bad never known before; a knowledge, a presence, a power, a warning word, a spirit's cry, that had swept by me as the fearful evil marched on to the conclusion.  
I heard a faint rattle up stairs. It was so faint I could hardly distinguish it from a sudden rush of the wind through an opening door, or the chirp of a mouse behind the wainscot. Presently I heard the same sound again; and then a dull muffled noise overhead;

as some one walking heavily, or dragging a heavy weight across the floor. I sat petrified by fear. A nameless agony was upon me that deprived me of all power of action. I thought of Harry and I thought of Ellen in an inextinguishable cypher of misery and agony, but I could not have defined a line in my own mind; I could not have explained what it was I feared. I only knew that it was sorrow that was to come, and sin. I listened, but all was silent again; once a muttering voice, which I knew to be my husband's, speaking passionately to himself.

And then his voice swept stormily through the house crying wildly, 'Mary! Mary! Quick here! Your sister Ellen.'

I ran up stairs. It seems to me now, that I almost flew. I found Ellen lying on the floor of her own room, just inside the door; her feet towards the door of my husband's study which was immediately opposite her room. She was fainting; at least I thought so then. We raised her up between us; my husband trembling more than I; and I unfasted her gown, and threw water in her face and pushed back her hair; but she did not revive. I told Harry to go for a doctor. A horrid thought was stealing over me; but he lingered, as I fancied, unaccountably, and cried, though I knew that he was to go, that then thought that perhaps he was too much overcome; so I went to him and kissed him and said, 'she will soon be better, Harry,' cheerfully, to cheer him. But I felt in my heart that she was no more.

At last after many urgent entreaties, and after the servants had come up, clustering in a frightened way around the bed, but he sent them away again immediately; he put on his hat, and went out, soon returning with a strong man, not our own doctor. This man, who was rude and coarse, and ordered me aside, as I stood behind my sister's face, and pulled her arm and hauled roughly to see how dead she felt, and stooped down close to her lips, I thought he touched them even all in a violent way, that shocked me and bewildered me. My husband stood in the shadow, ghastly pale, but not interfering.

It was a fearful sight, that the strange man had said so coarsely. She was dead. Yes; the creature that an hour ago had been so full of life, so beautiful, so resolute, and young, was now a stiffening corpse, inanimate and dead, without life and without hope. Oh! that word had set my brain on fire! Dead! here! in my house, under my roof—dead so mysteriously, so strangely—why? How? It was a fearful dream, it was no truth that lay there. I was in a nightmare; I was not sane; and thinking how ghastly it all was, I flung myself on the bed, no one knowing, I found it after, that I had fallen and was not praying. When I recovered I was in my own room alone. Crawling feebly to my sister's door, I found that she had been washed and dressed, and was now laid out on her bed. It struck me that all had been done in strange haste; Harry telling me that the servants had laid her in a coffin, and that I knew afterward that she had died there, and that I would have been no help. The mystery of it all was to be soon unravelled.

One thing I decided on—to watch by my sister this night. It was in vain that my husband opposed me; or that he evaded me by his excuses, or tried to terrify me with angry threats to have taken my sister's name he had positively prevented me from doing so; no other means would have any effect. He gave way to me, angrily, and the night came on and found me sitting by the bedside watching my dear sister.

How beautiful she looked! Her face, still with the gentle mark of sorrow on it that it had in life, looked so grand! She was so great, so pure, she was like a goddess sleeping; she was not like a mere woman of this earth. She looked like a saint, and I felt that I was not worthy to stand by her side. I felt my heart breaking, and I felt my hands as if they were iron.

By degrees a strange feeling of her living presence in the room came over me. Alone in the still midnight, with no sound, no person near me, it seemed as if I had leisure and power to pass into the world beyond the grave. I felt my sister near me; I felt the blessing of her life about me, as when she sleeps; but still is conscious that another life is warring with ours. It seemed as if her breath fell warm on my face; as if her eyes were looking through the darkness at me; as if I held her hand in mine, and her long hair floated around my forehead. And then to shake off these fancies, and convince myself that she was really dead, I looked again and again at her lying there; a marble corpse, ice-cold, and white as marble, and I thought of her life beneath her chin. There she was, stiff in her white shroud, the snowy linen pressing so lightly on her life within, no warmth about her, and all my fancies were vain. I turned my face in my hands, and wept as if my heart was breaking; and when I turned away my eyes from her, the presence came around me again. So long as I watched her it was not her; I saw the corpse only; but when I looked at her, then it seemed as if a barrier had been removed, and that my sister floated near me again.

I had been praying, sitting thus in these alternate feelings of her spiritual presence and her bodily death, when, raising my head and looking toward the farther corner of the room, I saw, standing at some little distance, my sister Ellen. I saw her distinctly, as distinctly as you may see that red fire blaze. Sadly and lovingly her dark eyes looked at me. She looked so gentle, so smiling, and by her look and posture, she showed me that she wished to speak to me. Strange! I was not frightened. It was so natural to see her there, that for the moment I forgot that she was dead.

'Ellen,' I said, 'what is it?' The figure smiled. It came nearer. Oh! do not say, it was fancy! I saw it advance, it came gently; I remembered afterward that it did not walk—but it came forward to the light, and stood not ten feet from me. I looked at it still, in the same sad way, and somehow, do not know whether with the hand or by the turning of the head—it showed me the throat, where were the distinct marks of two powerful hands. And then it pointed to its heart; and looking I saw the broad stain of blood above it. And then I heard her voice—I swear I was not mad—I heard it, I say to you, distinctly—whisper softly, 'Murdered!'

And then the figure vanished, and suddenly the whole room was vacant. That one

word had sounded as if forced out by some strong agony, like a man revealing his life's secret when dying. And when it had been spoken or rather waited forth, there was a sudden sweep and chilly rush through the air; and the life, the soul, the presence fled. I was alone again with Death. The mission had been fulfilled; the warning had been given; and then my sister passed away for her work with earth was done.

'Brave and calm as the strongest man that ever fought on a battle-field; I stood up beside my sister's body. I unfasted her last dress, and threw it back from her chest, and shoulders; I raised her head and took off the bandage from round her face; and then I saw deep black bruises on her throat, the marks of hands that had strangled her from behind, and that had strangled her. And then I looked further, and I saw a small wound below the left breast, about which hung two or three drops of blood, that had oozed up despite all care or knowledge in her manner of murder. I knew then that she had first been suffocated to prevent her screams, and then stabbed, where the wound would bleed inwardly, and show no sign to the mere bystander.

I covered her up carefully again. I laid the pillow smooth and straight, and laid the heavy bed gently down, and drew the shroud close about the dreadful mark of murder. And then—still as calm and resolute as I had been ever since the revelation had come to me—I left the room, and passed into my husband's study. It was, on me to discover all the truth.

His writing table was locked. Where my strength came from, I know not; but with a chisel that was lying on the table, I picked the drawer and broke the lock. I opened it. There was a long and slender dagger lying there, red with blood; a handful of woman's hair, rudely severed from the head lay near it. It was my sister's hair—that way I knew I had never had it. I had always loved and admired so much! And near to these again, were stamps and dies, and needles and plating, and hand-writings with facsimiles beneath them; checks and a heap of ledger-leaf, and piles of incomplete bank-notes; and all the evidences of a coin-er's and a forger's trade, the suspicion of which had caused these bitter quarrels between poor Ellen and my husband—the knowledge of which had caused her death.

With these things I saw also a letter addressed to Ellen in my husband's hand-writing. It was an unfinished letter, as if it had been left on the table, and had made another copy. It began with these words—'no fear that I should forget them; they are burnt into my brain. I never really loved her, Ellen; she pleased me, only as a doll would please a child; and I married her from pity, not from love. You, Ellen, you alone could fly with me. Here, the letter ends. I have to explain all the meaning of the first words of my sister's story, here, and why she had called him a villain, and why he had told me that she might kill me, and that I would not believe.

I saw it all now. I turned my head, to see my husband standing a few paces behind me. He was pale, and his eyes were fixed on me; but the same man I had loved so long and fondly. The strength of horror, not of courage, upheld me. I knew he meant to kill me, but that did not alarm me; I only dreaded lest his hand should touch me. It was not death, it was his I shrink from. I believe if he had touched me then, I should have fallen dead at his feet. I stretched out my arms in horror, to thrust him back, uttering a piercing shriek; and while he made an effort to seize me, I overreaching myself with my fury, I rushed by him, shrieking still, and so flew away into the darkness, where I lived, oh! for many, many months!

When I awoke again, I found that my poor baby had died, and that my husband had gone some knowledge. But the fear of his return haunted me. I could get no rest day or night; I was restless, and I felt going mad. I was sitting in the room, and I felt less pursuing me—that I should fall again into his hands. I put on widow's weeds—for indeed am I too truly widowed! and then I began wandering about; wandering in poverty and privation, expecting every moment to meet him face to face; wandering about, so that I may escape the more easily when the moment does come.

SCRIPTURE WELL APPLIED.—The Ohio Organ gives the following instance of the right use of Scripture in a time of temptation. It is stated that Bishop Doane of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to temperance. A short time ago, Rev. Mr. Perkins, a member of the 'Sons,' died with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the Reverend gentleman to drink with him; whereupon he replied—

'Can't do it, Bishop, 'wine is a mocker.' 'That's a glass of vanity, then,' said the distinguished ecclesiastic, and he began to drink. 'Can't do it, Bishop, 'strong drink is raging.' By this time, the Bishop, become restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins—

'You'll pass the decenter to the gentleman next to you.' 'No, Bishop, can't do that; 'we unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.' 'What was the particular mental condition, or moral state of the Bishop at this stage of the proceedings, our informant did not state. The Broken Bridge.—An Irish nobleman, on a journey, was informed that his way lay over a ruined bridge, which he would be obliged to pass at night. He ordered the postilion to call him when he reached the dangerous place, then wrapping himself up in his cloak went to sleep. When they reached the bridge the postilion called, but as his master did not awake he drove on and left the nobleman to his fate. Some time after, the traveller awoke and called out—

'How is this, John, have you passed the broken bridge?' 'Yes, your honor.' 'Why did you not wake me, as I ordered you to do?' 'I did not like to disturb your honor.' 'Upon my honor, if I had fallen into the water and been drowned, I would have put a bullet through your head.'

## PINNEY'S PEPPER BOTTLE.

A Temperance Story.

'We have a nice town here,' said Mr. Pinney. 'A very pretty village,' I replied. 'You have known it for many years?' 'Yes, I came 'out west' from old Connecticut when it was all woods here; deer and wild turkeys were as plenty then as sheep and chickens now.'

'You own large tracts of land; I presume you had money in your purse when you immigrated?' 'Not five dollars in the world,' answered Mr. Pinney, as a shadow crossed his features, which seemed to me to be cast from an image of sorrow that dwelt in his heart.

I dare not ask leading questions, and there was a pause in the conversation. I was riding with the richest man of township, in one of the northern counties of Ohio. He had reined in his horse at a point near the village where he resided. While we conversed, we looked down upon a valley along which lengthened shadows were creeping and dying, while the tops of the forest trees near us were glowing in the evening sun's farewell smile.

When he had answered my question respecting his wealth at the time he became an immigrant, Mr. Pinney struck his horse with his whip, and we were whirled through the village. I was introduced to Mr. P.'s family at his farm house, for such his residence was, in fact, though it stood upon a village street. Behind it lay a large tract of land, cultivated under Mr. P.'s immediate superintendence.

'Supporter of 'em,' as city ladies employ the word, is not taken at farm houses in the West.—Mr. Pinney invited me to walk in the garden. I was anxious to give the conversation a turn which would explain to me why Mr. P. had appeared sorrowful when I spoke of his settlement in the township; but, without special design at the moment, asked—

'Has property changed hands often in this neighborhood?' 'Quite so—quite so,' answered Mr. P., with a sharp glance at my countenance. 'Such of the old settlers as are here yet are no doubt well off in the world. Are there many of them?' I ventured to inquire. 'About half a dozen—not more,' replied my host.

I expressed some astonishment at this intelligence, and Mr. P. said: 'I'll take a seat and arrange our business now, but I wish to show you my farm and stock in the morning, and then I promise to give you an outline of the history of our village.'

I had an intuition that this history would reveal the cause of the sorrow I had suspected in Mr. Pinney's heart, when I saw the shadow which passed over his countenance on alluding to his wealth, and I was grateful for the opportunity. However, I consulted my host before I ventured upon a calculation about values and incomes, which did not permit Mr. P. to show me to my chamber till very late hours.

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I had an adventure which delighted my romantic disposition. I became rich and vigorous, and was soon able to help the squatter clear up the farm. We went twenty miles to mill—had a saw-mill for five years, and never had a sermon preached, (though there were many roads,) till we had put three crops of grain in our log barns. Then other settlers came in, and a Methodist preacher met those who were disposed to hear him, at one of the log cabins, once a month. Meanwhile I had taken a squatter's daughter for a wife, and had a cabin and a few acres of ground, for which the government had been paid. I had been a hunter and farmer, wood-chopper and school teacher about six years, when I received word from Connecticut that a small stock of goods had been consigned to me at Pittsburg. I went out to the Ohio, and up to Pittsburg with an ox team, and when I returned I opened a store in a log cabin, on the spot where my son's store now stands, on the corner opposite my house. It would make a shabby appearance now-days, but it was a great affair in our settlement. I had a few groceries, nutmegs, and spices, combs and nails, garden seeds, and pieces, thread and coarse cloth, candles and tobacco, and a very small stock of either, but there was no other store within a circle of fifteen miles, and I soon did what I considered a brisk trade.

'Some of the land had been low, and here there were small marshes. When the country was cleared up, and it began to look like a farm, there came a sickly season, and in almost every family some one had the fever and ague, and the doctor from the nearest town was getting every body in his debt; but the ague was not eradicated. There had never been any whiskey sold in the settlement, but now it was needed for nitrous to keep off the chills, and when I sent for goods I ordered a barrel, and had a lot of drugs with it, and every body got a bottle of bitters. When winter came the ague pretty generally disappeared, but the fashion of taking bitters did not disappear with it. The pioneers had disheartening times, and too many of them endeavored to cheer their hearts with that which stole away their

brains. I did not blame them much in those days, but I see it now so clearly, where I was to blame them. What think you?' 'This was a strange question to me, under the circumstances, but I answered it.

'Assuredly, Mr. Pinney, you have had experience enough in the world and opportunities of observation enough to convince you that such indulgences as you speak of, to express my thoughts in common parlance, 'don't pay,' but after all, I always exercise compassion for those unfortunate men who never have a gleam of joy in their hearts, unless it is reflected from the fire which alcohol lights in the brain.'

'Exactly my idea,' said Mr. Pinney; 'but while we compassionate, we should never forget to instruct. That's where I went astray. Now let me tell you the consequence. Many men had lost their wives—many their children—but opportunities for a strict education or encouragement were not frequent, and when they did occur, were generally unavailing; and with hard work and watching, men were worn out. I had kept in my store a bottle of whiskey, impregnated with pepper, as a sort of guard against chills, and some times offered a glass to my most particular friends. They grew fond of it, and my bottle became empty. The popularity of my medicine increased, and I soon found myself selling large quantities of whiskey and black pepper; and in a few months drunkenness had widely extended in our settlement; and did we stop it?' 'Mr. Pinney looked at me as if expecting an answer, but I was silent, and he continued—

'No; farms were neglected—every body was in debt to the farmers to the shoemaker, the tailor and the blacksmith, and all these to me; and when I saw the evil for itself stop it, and in a few years, I was virtually owner of one third of the farms in the settlement, and all on account of my ague bitter and my pepper bottle. Drunkards who owed me heavy notes for goods to support their families, died, and the farm was given me to pay the debt; and I felt myself doing a great wrong, but I was getting rich; and if I had undertaken it, I could not have changed the course of events. But a Yankee school teacher came into the settlement, and a hadn't been here a month till he called a meeting at the school house for a lecture, and the school-house was crowded, for it was a great novelty, and to the astonishment of every body, he exposed the liquor business among us and showed me to be a living curse. Some were struck at him, and he was interrupted, and the people would have thrown him out of the school, but I promised to pay him out of the school, and he declared that the school master told the truth. Then the people listened attentively, and the next day I made a bonfire of my liquors; and there was no more whiskey sold in our neighborhood till we had the canal built within a few miles of it; and now no man dare sell it in our town.'

'What have you to regret, Mr. Pinney?' 'You ask that to query my reply. I have no need of such quiet. Every foot of land which could go to friends or kindred here is left.'

## SUNDAY IN THE CAMP.

We find the following picturesque and striking passage in a recent letter from the Crimea: 'Yesterday, being Sunday, the routine was broken by the impressive ceremony of an open air church parade. Each division, on these occasions, has divine service performed by its own chaplain. Ours was drawn up on the rising ground, just beyond the tents, in a dense hollow square. The clergyman and officers, seated in the ceremony, were surrounded. Some of the men wore forage-caps, the lack of shakos; and on dit that the loss of these stiff and ugly varieties of head gear is submitted to with great resignation by the line generally. The chaplain, with his dark velvet skull-cap and black moustache and beard, reminded me of a foreign padre in canonicals.

We were scarcely placed in position, before the loud rattle of round-shot from the fort was heard again, and again, and again, causing sundry dislocations of the squares, and men grinning and swaying about at each whirl in a kind of jocular disorder. Nothing was left for it but to move off. So we took up ground a few hundred yards lower down; and here—though a fleecy little cloudlet which announced its birth in a thunder clout, showed that a shell had burst above us, not very far off to our rear—the service was conducted to a close. Every body of course, stands on these occasions, except the ceremony. The inevitable fatigue, therefore, the tummy and complexion are omitted. The chaplain preached, extemporaneously and with so excellent a voice, that though the wind was blowing his surplice about, it did not drown his tones. I am amused by his British sang-froid. His congregation might perchance roar the walls of Sebastopol before next church parade—a theme which the threatening missiles exploding about him would render but a trifling consideration. Some of the men wore forage-caps, the lack of shakos; and on dit that the loss of these stiff and ugly varieties of head gear is submitted to with great resignation by the line generally. The chaplain, with his dark velvet skull-cap and black moustache and beard, reminded me of a foreign padre in canonicals.

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