The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS. | MONTROSE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1855. | FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. I. NO. 34.

Poet's Corner.

From Putnam's Monthly for August.

MY LOST YOUTH.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides,
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sun-rise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat, repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendship old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Tales and Sketches.

THREE ADVENTURES BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

I have had more than one adventure in those East India Jungles, among which so many of my early years were spent, but not one that possesses more of truth and less of the appearance of it than that which befel my friend Chirsholm. For many years he was my brother officer and *chum*. We arrived at Madras together, having shared the problematic comforts of the same cabin as passengers on board the David Scott, a vessel of which the only distinct recollections I retain are, that it was freighted with young ladies, cadets and horses; and commanded by an uncouth no- sailor, with whom I was incessantly getting into all sorts of scrapes from which the cool, manly, affectionate bearing of Chrisholm was as incessantly extricating me. We were posted to do duty with the same regiment, drilled together, quizzed together as the most enormous and incontrovertibly green griffins that ever quitted the oatmeal bannocks of bonny Scotland for the curry and rice of India, and studied together the gutturals peculiar to the Hindustan language under the same moonshine.—At length the companions were separated.—Chrisholm was ordered to Charwar; I to Bangalore; and after two years, when he obtained a month's furlough to the latter gay station to visit me, the incidents I am going to tell, in straightforward, soldier's phrase, were in effect the adventures of a single evening.

He had pitched his tent for the night among the low, rocky, barren hills, on one of which stands the *droog*, or fort of Chittledroog, and after spending a part af the day in inspecting this still considerable possession of the Mysor rajah, one of the strongest fortresses in India, he resolved on devoting the long afternoon before him to his fowling piece, for he was an inveterate sportsman, the best shot in his regiment. At that period there was no battallion garrisoned in the Spotted Fort (for such is the meaning of Chittledroog,) which, though a romantic and picturesque station, is yet considered unhealthy. The water is scanty, and of a bad quality; and the *maïdan*, or plain, extending for ten miles from north to south, and about four from east to west, consists of that black soil called cotton ground, which the natives assert to be the matrix in which is generated unwholesome exhalations. In the customary style of Asiatic fortified rocks, Chittledroog is surrounded by several walls within one another, the outermost of which might be taken without endangering the safety of the inhabitants of the central citidel or fortalice.

It was toward the eastern jungles beyond the plain, that on a sultry afternoon, Chirsholm directed his steps, having told his domestics not to expect him before dusk, but to prepare for an early start on the following morning.

'I had a village lad with me as a beater,' said Chisholm; 'and though once or twice he refused to accompany me in certain directions affirming that there were tigers and panthers in those parts, I found him expert in the use of his beating pole, a poor substitute, notwithstanding, for a pointer; and so successful was I that before five o'clock I had already bagged a brace of florikin, that most delicate species of bustard, a hare or two, and a sirus, which latter bird I presented to the boy, to his great delight; and as I was unwilling to return so soon, I sent him back with the game, having received instructions from him how to steer my course.

'When he left me I flung myself down on the short, crisp herbage, in repose, and there in that dreamy sort of wakefulness, which, beneath the blue skies of India, when the cooler breezes of coming night breathe, but do not blow, is one of our chiefest luxuries, I might have peaceably remained until it was time to retrace my steps tentwards, had I not been aroused by the shrill cry of a peacock, rising slowly from behind me, steadily winged its way, scarce two feet from the ground, to the woods beyond.

'Shall I seek for the vein of gold,' thought I, 'or for the sage bird that avoids it?' For remember the common Hindoo superstition, which asserts that the peacock has so great a horror for gold, that aware of its presence and though averse to make use of its heavy wings, it flies over the earth in which a vein of the pernicious ore is concealed. Neither did I forget the more probable belief, that where peafowl are found, there, too, inhabits the tiger. But I had never shot a peacock, and the sportsman's lust overcoming both the miser's greed and prudent man's caution, I started up from the voluptuous rest into which I had fallen, and was deep in the thick mazes of an undeniable, though thick forest, ere I felt convinced that this was the principal quarter prohibited by my guide.

'I had twice raised the gorgeous bird, and twice fired in vain, when, as I was crossing a narrow *dangaur*, or ravine, over which it had passed, and through which ran a little thread of water, my eyes became all at once rivited on certain marks in the sandy soil—the unmistakeable *bagh-ka-punja*—the traces of a cheeta's feet! Knowing that the leopard and panther frequent the deepest dells, making their dens in such cool retreats as are likely to furnish water as well as shade, I resolved on instant return; but had not retraced my way forty paces ere a loud growl in advance startled me into the certainty of near and imminent danger. Before me, and in almost the very track I had come, and glaring through the acacia bushes, I saw a pair of fiery globes—the eyes of the crouching peril; whilst lashing its tail, it gave in truth, dreadful note of preparation.

'I was, as nearly as I could calculate, within two springs of it. My Manton was loaded, but not with ball; to my right was an open space, leading to a few scattered *kareet*, or wood-apple trees, between which and me the ground seemed to have been recently broken up for several yards, for it was here and there cut up, divested of turf, the grass lying about while leaves and branches were strewed over all. A glance was sufficient to convince me that, if attainable, my post of defense would be the hole of the nearest, which was also the largest tree; almost despairing of reaching it ere the cheeta made his attack, instead of turning back, I effected a sudden leap to the right, and in another moment gained the desired position, yet, not without running another and an unexpected risk; for in in my momentary descent upon the intervening space, I found the leaf-strewn soil give way under me and instantly became aware that beneath it was a hollow chasm of some sort.

'In another instant the unsteady footing I had there occupied was invaded by the pursuing cheeta! The enormous and ferocious creature, lighting within a foot of me, at the very verge of the pitfall—for such indeed it proved—had scarcely touched the treacherous superstructure, ere the whole giving way he was precipitated backwards—still, however, clinging by his fore paws to the margin, whence his hot and feted breath struck against my forehead! In the utmost terror I could yet gaze with strange fascination on the grand but awful appearance of the animal—itself full of fear as well as rage, its eyes red and ravenous, sent a chill to my blood, while from its distended jaws, covered with spumy foam issued the appalling discord of its voice. Once it raised itself so completely from the chasm in which its hinder parts depended, that I made sure that it would effect its escape; and with a last effort I raised my fowling piece, levelled it at his eyes and fired. The cheeta, yelling hideously, fell into the pit; and breathing a fervent thank-giving for such an issue to my well-founded apprehensions, I sank, utterly unable to stand, upon the ground.

'But it was no time for delay, the evening was fast advancing, shadows were already lengthening into gigantic grotesqueness; and I had so entirely entangled myself in the jungle, that I could not be certain of my way out of it. On however, I struck, till finding myself more deeply involved in its fastnesses I paused to reflect. The sun was setting; its golden light falling like the intangible shadows of a troop of bright spirits on the green branches of the trees, reminded me, that as I had come towards the east, I would now turn my face towards the sinking luminary. But the thickets increased in size, the jungle thickened—there were numerous ravines and gullies in the course I had taken; and I really felt very uncomfortable. Presently I found myself at the mouth of a sort of cave, and concluding it might be the lair of the cheeta or his mate, I turned away from it, and ascended a slight mound covered with soft moss and parasite plants, which, indeed, proved to be the roof of the antre; for whilst I groped on hands and knees, escalading the slippery yet gradual ascent, a sound of human voices reached me, and I paused to listen when, lo! the whole gave way, whilst, as if in ridiculous imitation of my recent foe, down I fell, unhurt, but sorely alarmed—amongst a group who were assuredly more terrified than myself! Screams, cries, imprecations assailed me!

'*Bhaw! Bhaw!* It is a tiger,' cried one.

'*Afreet! ghowl! peeshosh!* It is a goblin, a spector, a demon," said another; and when at length I got up, picking up my uninjured limbs and Manton, I found myself in the centre of a subterranean hut; the occupants of which were an old man, a woman and a boy—all of whom had evidently been busily tending a great fire, on which were placed the simple utensils employed by the natives in the distillery of smuggled arrick. it was, in fact, the secret retreat of a *kulol*, or distiller of spirituous liquors.

'In a few words I explained the nature of the accident—the adventure of the cheeta—and my desire to bestow a *buchshish* (gratuity) on whoever could point out the path I should take. Great was the joy of the poor people to hear the cheeta had been snared; they assured me its escape from the pit was impossible, and its mate had been killed some weeks before. Beseeching me to retain the secret of their retreat between the lips of silence, they directed the boy to put me in the right track, from which I had considerably deviated, and I left them. But the terrors of the night were not yet over.

'It was now dark, quite dark. The sudden and brief twilight of our Indian climes had come and gone whilst I remained in the underground hut, which, indeed, I found to be on the very borders of the plain, hidden among the last thicket of the jungle. We had not gone a mile of the six which I was told I had to proceed, before my little guide tumbled over something in the narrow pathway, cutting his right knee against a stone. I had, fortunately, the East Indian's usual supply of diachylon about me, which I applied to the wound; but as the poor child walked with difficulty and seemed anxious to return, I made him describe the direction I had to pursue and dismissed him, enriched beyond all former experience, in the possession of a rupee. He told me I had but to follow the straightforward track to reach my place of encampment, and I did not think it likely I could diverge from the one limited path into any soil more rugged and unbeaten. There was no moon as yet, and the wide open plain, here and there intersected by slight gravelly ravines, the summer-dried beds of mountain torrents, in the monsoon, and here and there a tuft of bushes or a clump of trees, seemed almost boundless. Behind me I could define the dusky shadows of wood and hills, but all in front was level vacancy, except far in advance, where a twinkling light denoted the night-fire of a pilgrim, the habitation of a man, or the shrine of a faquir. This was the point given me, to march up to, and whilst it lasted all went well; but it soon disappeared and I saw it no more.

'All the sounds and sensations peculiar to an Asiatic night were gathering around me as I slowly proceeded. The air was agreeably cool, a myriad of insects, born of darkness, filled the atmosphere; the fetid green bug stuck in my hair, mosquitos buzzed hungrily about my ears, and large white-winged moths, with obtuse pertinacity, mistook my eyes for luminous food; crickets and grasshoppers chirped loudly around, occasionally a nightowl hooted across the waste, and as I crossed a small runnel of water a flock of huge white herons, called paddi-birds from their frequenting the wet paddi, or rice fields, rose simultaneously from their drink, looking as they flew lazily away like a troop of ghosts in snowy shrouds. There was the boom of a bittern, and the croak of many bull-frogs; and, by and by, beautiful in the pitchy darkness which precedes the rise of the moon, the sky was thronged with fire-flies. They danced, and gleamed, and glittered around me, like floating gems; they decked the trees of a *tope* or grove, through which I passed, till every branch seemed festooned with fairy lamps, every leaf dewed with drops of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds; and I paused in mute admiration to look at them.

'Suddenly, as suddenly as they had appeared before me, and as if swayed by some inscrutable policy of their own, they vanished and all again was obscurity. Indeed, it was now so dark that I knew the moon must soon arise, and feeling a certain security in remaining still, I resolved to wait till the night grew lighter. I had descended a slight sandy defile, and was seated on a bank near the little rill, which in width was not a yard across; the delicious coolness of the breeze, the rich odor that came wafted from the golden blossoms of some *babools* (gum-arabic trees) near me, the disappearance of the annoying insects, and a considerable degree of fatigue, combined to drowse my faculties, and I was supinely yielding to the irresistible clasp of slumber, when, all at once, something hurled past me, a whirring sort of noise was heard, some sharp substance struck me painfully on my extended leg, a sound as of the clattering of many rods struck together in quick succession followed, and all was again silent! In violent terror, I put my hand to my leg, and found that, in truth, something had pierced through my trousers, for blood was running from the wound. I could see nothing, but drew something from the ground. Could it be an arrow? Nay, it was the *newly dropped quill of a porcupine!* The shy animal, so rarely seen, had come to drink, and, in unexpected contact with my leg, had been deprived of a quill; one of those beautiful dotted quills, of which the expert natives of some parts of India make such elegant workboxes.

'It was still dark, though the pitchy denseness of the atmosphere had subsided. I however deemed it advisable to remove from the proximity of water; and creeping up into the plain, threw myself down on the dry hispin spear grass, where I contrived for a few minutes to keep awake; but alas! a word which the clever young author of *Eothen* avers is never spoken, though often written) just as I was conscious of a coming grey to the skies, the god of sleep was too strong for me, and I succumbed.

'No doubt of it; I slept soundly—sweetly; no doubt of it. I have never since then slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my waking was full of horror. Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but, as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of them or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs up to the knees.

'My God, I am lost!' was the mental exclamation I made as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralyzed. It slept, or at all events, remained stirless; and how long it so remained I knew not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up, the moon shone out, the stars were over me; I could see them all as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it, nor dared I look upward to the loathsome bed-fellow which my evil stars had sent me.

Unexpectedly a new object of terror supervened; a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert; for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upwards to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—u[illegible] the reptile. There was a shrill cry fro[illegible] the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf, in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously. I beheld them—a *munghoos*, or *ichneumon*, and a *cobra di capello*. I started up and watched that most singular combat, for all was now as clear as day. I saw them stand alone for a moment; the venomous fascination of the snake glanced powerless against the quick, keen, restless orbs of his opponent; I saw this duel of the eye exchanged once more for closer conflict; I saw that the munghoos was bitten, that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juice is its alleged antidote against snake bite; that it returned with fresh vigor to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the cobra di capello, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto erect position, with a baffled hiss, whilst the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of fierce leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

'Little, graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet munghoos, the most attached, the most playful, and most frog-devouring of all favorites.

'I very soon found my way to my tent, where there were some strange surmises about my absence. Need I tell you how I enjoyed my curry and rice that night, late as it was? or how I countermanded the marching orders next morning? or how soundly I slept after those 'Three Adventures before Midnight?'

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE YOUNG BRIDE IN THE PARSONAGE.

The spontaneous soliloquy which issued from the heaving bosom of the youthful bride, as she sat solitary in the parlor, may excite a smile in those who never knew such sorrow; but now, as well as in the days of Solomon, 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness.' She had but recently left her father's house and removed to the parsonage, and the parson (!) had gone to make some pastoral visits. She mused upon the past and the present when her thoughts assumed a form like the following: 'I cannot say that I am really happy in my associations in this place.—I have been accustomed to polite and refined society, and often sigh under a sense of my loss. The manners of our society *here* seem rough, and almost vulgar; they talk very well upon religion; but then, we don't expect to be always talking about that.'

The clock aroused her attention, and she exclaimed: 'Three times that clock has struck since I have been *here alone!* O how heavily time hangs upon me; if I only had my piano, with the last issue of music, it would beguile this death-like stillness. I was constrained to leave it at home, for they told me there was no place for it in the parsonage. What were the trustees thinking of when they built this house? Did they not want a pastor who possessed a musical taste, and cultivated intellect; and would he not be likely to choose such a one to sympathize with him in his labors? Why did they forget to prepare a place for a piano? *There now*, I see what can be done—strange, that *all these men* did not perceive it—that partition can be moved back, and leave a recess just large enough for my piano, and it will be a real improvement, and a delightful ornament to the parlor. I will speak to my love when his tardy steps shall bring him home, and he will have the matter attended to at once, and then I may hope for some relief in my trying situation. But stop, let me see, that will ruin the bed-room, which is hardly half large enough now! What shall I do? I see no remedy, and I lack patience to bear the calamity. I had been advised of the care, privations, sufferings, and hardship of preachers' wives; but had fondly cherished the idea that modern improvements had extracted those bitter dregs from their cup; but now I am compelled to feel my error, and droop under this weight of accumulated perplexity.'

We need not suppose this a solitary case. Doubtless, many such pilgrims have watered their couch with their tears, to whom I would speak a few words of encouragement. Much has been said of the *pioneer preachers*, who were generally *single men*; but who has told the story of the labor, destitution, and scanty fare of those 'heroic wives' who held up the hands, and cheered the hearts of the Christian soldiers? The record of many is on high, whose virtues may be cherished by the living.

Until 1816 the Discipline made no provision for rent, fuel, or table expenses. The preacher was allowed $80, and his wife the same, making $160; and generally their quarterly collection did not amount to half that sum. If the wife had the ability, it was expected she would *work her own passage.*

Now, doctor, a great change has taken place. We begin to compare our support with that of other denominations, and *murmur* a little now and then.

Mr. Wesley charged his preachers not to forget their calling, and if we should look back to former times, and compare them with the present, we might find cause of thanksgiving and praise to our covenant-keeping God.

With your consent I will give a true sketch of Abbey C——, who may be considered as a specimen of what the wives had to pass through, forty or fifty years ago. We had no places called parsonages then, for we had no parsons to occupy them; but we will use those phrases that we may be easily understood.

ABBEY joined the itinerancy in Athens, Vt., in the spring of 1806, and in June her husband was stationed on Landaff circuit, N. H., one hundred miles distant. The custom then was for the preacher to go to the circuit, and find a place to live; nobody was required to do this for him. Indeed, the general feeling seemed to be, 'If we make provision for wives they will be likely to multiply, and we cannot support them.' He went to his circuit, and from Oxford to Wentworth, Warren, Coventry, Haverhill, Bath, Landath, Lisbon, Franconia, Bethlehem, Littleton, Waterford in Vt., West and East Lyman, with over 20 preaching places, and found no place for the young bride. At length it was arranged she should board with brother S. Langdon of Warren. He brought her there on a Saturday, preached on a Sunday, and left her on Monday and hasted to his work. In four weeks brother Langdon told them he had concluded to move to Ohio with his brothers and they must find another place. Abbey felt keenly, and the preacher had enough to do, as his colleague, J. P., was not acceptible and soon went home, and left him alone on that large circuit. He rode early and late some days and finally brother Porsath of Coventry let him have a room in his hired house, with the owner's consent. On his return he found Abbey quite sad. A sister, with more goodness than prudence, had been explaining to her, as an apology for the circuit, 'they did not expect a married preacher; had no place for them to live; did not know what could be done, &c.' He told Abbey, 'This is really trying to the heart of a stranger; but let us make the best of it, and reckon this affliction among the 'all things' that shall work together for good to them that love God.' We shall soon be housekeepers.' They bought a few articles of brother Langdon, and borrowed some and entered the parsonage, August 29.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARSONAGE.

The room was about fourteen feet square, containing a bed, tables, chairs, a spinning-wheel &c.; no closet, but a curtain drawn across one corner, of the room supplied a place for necessary articles. The house contained another large room and bedroom, and was the regular place to hold meetings—a class and prayer meeting weekly, and preaching once in two week, and sometimes on the Sabbath. When more room was wanted, they threw open the door of the parsonage, and bed, table, &c., were occupied for seats.

The parson (!) had no time to store his domicil with provisions, but left Abbey in care of sister F., of precious memory—one of a thousand—and after one night, took leave for three weeks. On his return he found her described in Prov. xxxi, 13:—'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.' 'Now,' said she, smiling, 'I will tell you how I have planned my business for the fall and winter, with your concurrence. I will card, spin, and weave a piece of woolen—use part for flannel, and send enough to the clothiers to be fulled and dressed, to make you a suit of clothes, including an over-coat. Then I will spin and weave another piece of linen warp and cotton-filling, which we may need. This will so occupy my time that I shall not be so lonesome in your absence. Come, now, tell me if you will supply the stock?' 'Ah! Abbey, I understand you; and surely you must feel an exquisite sense of loneliness, if you cannot devise some easier method of cure. Will not the remedy be worse than the disease?' 'Not so, for the gain will be equal to all the labor; and I think you can have no objection to *that*, since *your salary for the first quarter fell short of ten dollars.*' 'Well, well; you see I needed a help-meet, and my part shall not be lacking; cotton is scarce, I think fifty cents a pound, but I may be able to find it.' 'If that cannot be obtained, I can substitute tow in its place.'—Carding-machies, and spinning and weaving factories, were then unknown, and the labor was performed by main strength.

I imagine that some of my 'young readers' may wish to ask this question: 'Did they take no time to *unbend their minds for relaxation and amusement?* I must claim a little indulgence in giving an answer, in order to adapt it to modern usages; for the old method of *recreations* might hardly be understood by the rising generation. Yes, the parson felt as if nature required that he should unbend his bow, and change the scene, after he had been two or three weeks daily preaching, meeting classes, attending prayer-meetings, and visiting from house to house, &c. Then they had stirring times in the parsonage, which exhibited a scene of lively animation: not a 'donation visit,' where pert young sprigs of self-conceit paid their entrance money, and then had a good time in their own way; nor a religious *fair*, with post-office, grabbox, and ring-cake, to raise money for the Lord, in hope the *end* would sanctify the *means*. But they held real concerts.—Both were lovers of music, and could play on instruments; and in their concerts 'discoursed profitable music.' Abbey was a *professor*, and played her instrument by *contracting* and *distending* the strings. The parson had learned some *pieces* in early life, and his instrument was a proper *accompaniment* of Abbey's—the operation of which, to the tune of *spoolingwarp*, rendered the performance doubly interesting. Neither of them attempted to show off their skill by fanciful *interludes*—that tedious flummery is a modern innovation, 'light as a puff of empty air.' Their voices chimed most sweetly, especially when they sang those expressive lines,

'The Lord will provide.'

When there was an urgent call for repeated *rehearsals* they could continue to a late hour without any very painful sense of weariness.

They were not confined to those instruments. Abby borrowed an old one, badly out of tune, and so large that it occupied as much room as her bed. She would have been glad of a *recess*, or some proper place for it to stand; but she was obliged to give up a large share of the floor to its use. This with its attachments, and the bed, table, chairs, &c., showed a parsonage fully furnished. They could cook and eat very well; but, for the time being, could not conveniently entertain much company. To perform on this large instrument required *strength*, as well as *skill*. The tread of the foot, and the motions of the hands and fingers, must be in perfect unison with the beating of time; not like playing the 'battle of Prague' upon the piano, when the foot is only used now and then to produce the thunder of the cannon; but in this the thunder began with the second note, two beats in a bar, and was kept up in a perpetual succession with a mode of time. The practiced ear of a professor of harmonies would have at once detected a sorry disarrangement of flats and sharps, majors and minors; and if some of the auditors had been of a nervous temperament, (though, happily, in those days there were few such in the land,) they must have been somewhat relieved to have her, now and then come to a *rest*, and allow the parson to perform with his attachment a *solo* upon a flat-key, to the tune of 'winding quills.' Those concerts were not like many in modern times, that do not pay the expenses; neither were they *composed* on the principle of a succession of sounds, so modulated as barely to please the ear, but rather of pure *utility* and *economy*; and, by general consent, Abbey was allowed to receive a *benefit* at every performance, and with the avails the parson obtained a good suit of clothes for the winter, which was no small matter in those *hard times*, besides many other needful conveniences.

We do not suppose that the description of those antiquated instruments is the best that might have been given, and perhaps some of my young readers will not be able to comprehend the various parts of the music alluded to; but I will suggest to them, if they will apply to their grandmothers, they will be able to explain the matter to their entire satisfaction.

My next will give Abbey's ejectment from the parsonage. A. KEST.

New-Bedford, July 25, 1855.

DEMOCRATIC LAW.

The writ of *habeas corpus* is the great writ of personal liberty, and its design was to serve as a shield to every individual citizen against false imprisoument, or an improper detention of his person. Every man has a right to claim it, and when he can show that he is illegally restrained of his liberties, he is entitled to a discharge. As the name of the writ imports, it is a command to produce in Court the body of the person or persons held in durance, and is always issued at the instance of those who are interested in restoring the prisoners to freedom. Hitherto no Judge authorized to issue such a writ has felt at liberty to refuse it, when asked for, reserving to himself only the privilege of refusing to discharge the prisoner, if satisfied that he is legally imprisoned.

In Philadelphia, however, under the legal reign of such men as *Kane* and *Lewis*, all this has been reversed. Judge Kane issues a writ of *habeas corpus*, not to restore any person to freedom, but to return a woman and two children into Slavery!—not to inquire into the imprisonment or detention of any one, but to require the production of bodies that were known to be at liberty! It is the first time in legal history, we are told, in which that writ, sacred to the purposes of liberty, has been prostituted to the purposes of oppression, or in which a writ designed for personal deliverance was used for personal enslavement. But even this preposterous abuse of power was excelled by the commitment of a man for contempt of Court, without bail or mainprize, for making a true return to a writ of *habeas corpus*. Taking the two together, they form a judicial outrage before which the atrocities of Jeffries pale their ineffectual fires.

When Williamson was thus committed for contempt, there arose a case in which it was eminently proper to apply for a writ of *habeas corpus* in his behalf. It was to meet just such cases that that writ was originally framed. And when, therefore, application was made to Judge Lewis for a writ to inquire into the propriety of Williamson's commitment, the refusal of it was as great an outrage as the original commitment. It was virtually a denial to a citizen of the State of the rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution; it placed the Courts above and beyond the reach of the Constitution, and left the rights of every citizen of Pennsylvania at the mercy of an unscrupulous judicial officer of the United States. It deprives us, in fact, of all our boasted State rights, and places us in the position of mere vassals to the central government. In the presence of Judge Kane and his assumed dignity no citizen of Pennsylvania is safe.

But, it is said, Judge Lewis merely uttered the law as it exists; he simply recognized the existence of Judge Kane's Court, and refused to interfere with it. We do not stop to question his law, or his array of authorities; it is enough to be assured that the Constitution of this State is its *supreme* law, and that Judge Lewis has treated it as if it did not exist. In deciding that each Court is the judge of its own dignity, he pronounces that dignity so transcendent and exacting that its maintenance admits of not even constitutional limitation. The United States Court and Judge Kane are greater than the Constitution, in his view, if, indeed, he regards our fundamental law as being of any authority whatever. He was asked to extend the protection of the Supreme Court of the State to one of its citizens, and his decision was, that he was only bound to extend its protection to the dignity of a Federal Court, absolutely engaged in the violation or negation of all civic or State rights. This, of course, once admitted, the old Democratic dogma of State sovereignty disappears before the adjudication of Judge Kane. A citizen of the State is deprived of liberty, substantially for life—for the injustice capable of the original committal is capable of the most vindictive endurance—and neither by his own act nor by the interference of any arm of justice in his favor, nor by resort to the manifold guarantees for personal freedom supplied by *Magna Charta*, Right of Petition, Constitution and law, has he any chance of release.

Such is Philadelphia law, as last promulgated. In the meantime, poor Williamson, innocent of any offence, languishes in prison, disowned by his own State, and oppressed by the government of the nation.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

A HENRY WARD BEECHERISM.—This brilliant clergymen recently preached a sermon against old Calvinism, in which he said he wished it fully understood by his people, that he served them not as the minister of a sect, but of the truth. "I am not," he declared, "a Calvinist, an Arminian, a Universalist, a Unitarian, a Pelagian, nor a Swedenborgian; but I am simply Henry Ward Beecher, a preacher of the gospel, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and trying to make other people believe in him—that is all!"

☞ The following toast was read at a celebration of the 'glorious fourth,' at Fayette Springs, Pa., 'My Bleeding Country—May she never be Pierced again.'

A ROMANTIC SAIL.

The Rev. Dr. Leyburn, who has recently visited the Mammoth Cave, thus describes the sail on one of its subterranean rivers, in the *Presbyterian*, of which he is the editor:

"A few moments more, and we stood on the banks of what the guides call 'Echo River,' though it is in reality, probably, only a continuation of the Lethe. Mat had now disappeared, and Stephen had sole charge of the flat-boat on which we had embarked. The prospect of the voyage was not inviting.—The course of the stream led at once under a solid ceiling of rock, probably not over three feet above the water. Stooping as low as possible, the boat glided along until in a few minutes we reached a point where the arch overhead was elevated to some five or six feet from the surface of the stream. For three-quarters of a mile this extraordinary navigation continued. We were three hundred and twenty-five feet below the surface of the earth, gliding on the bosom of a mysterious river, shut in on either side and above by walls of masonry, that seemed as if they might have stood since the dawn of creation.

With the sense of the dramatic which Stephen so often evinced, he could not fail to make the most of these extraordinary materials for effect; and to his heart's content he succeeded, as no portion of our underground experience impressed me so strangely, so deeply, and I may say, so delightfully, as this sail on Echo River. The uniqueness of the scene at the outset subdued our hitherto sprightly party into silence. Not a word was spoken; not a sound was heard, save the dip of Stephen's oar, which he struck out only after long intervals, and just with sufficient frequency to keep us in motion. The stillness seemed as profound as if it had lasted from eternity. The lamps threw a lurid light over the dark water and the darker openings to the unexplored caverns that penetrated the rocky walls on either side, and at the same time projected the magnified shadows of our group until they resembled spectral giants flying over the stygian stream.

The stillness, which had grown to be almost painfully impressive and sublime, was at length broken by the sweet voice of Stephen, singing 'The last Rose of Summer,' pausing between each note until it had been wafted through the caverns, and softened and enriched by the returning echoes. The last strains died away, and again we moved slowly and silently on. All at once, notes of the most delicious music, as if from the heavenly shores, came sweeping over the dark void ahead. 'Beautiful!' 'Exquisite!' 'Heavenly!' burst from our lips, as the strins fell on our delighted ears. A moment's reflection explained the mystery. Mat, on leaving us, had gone to the further end of the river by some other route, and the delightful surprise and entertainment was occasioned by his own solitary songs. Though there was in reality but one voice, it seemed as if a score or more were united in the melody.—Each note, as it was slowly breathed out, was taken up and echoed from the chambers and caverns until it sounded as if all the spirits of the Cave had joined to swell the chorus.—The strains, too, seemed to be purified and sublimated, from all that was earthly, and rung out in clearer and more silvery and mellowed notes than one could ever hope to hear from mortal lips. A very slight effort of the imagination was necessary to make us feel as if, on leaving our place of embarkation, we had bid farewell to the shores of time, and were now on our passage over the gloomy river of death to the scenes of a glorious immortality, whence the music of the ransomed was already falling on our ears.—To complete the illusion, all at once, as we doubled a projecting rock, a brilliant star beamed out of the midnight gloom, apparently far ahead of us, its rays mirrored back by the dark water.

It was Mat's lamp, but it looked like the morning harbinger of joy and blessedness, after the gloomy night that had overhung the pilgrim party. I must not forget to mention that in the intervals between the music, Stephen occasionally struck the boat with his oar in order to furnish another illustration of the echo. The slightest stroke resounded and reverberated through the caverns, booming on the ear like the discharge of the heaviest ordnance. Our charming and never-to-be-forgotten sail at length ended, we disembarked, and on the borders of the stream of our late enchantment, joined in singing

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

There were fine voices in the party, and with the different parts swelling up under the massive archway, 'Old Hundred' sounded grandly."

THE DESERET ALPHABET.—Our readers are aware that the Mormons have adopted an alphabet very similar to that known as the phonetic alphabet, by which the number of letters is greatly reduced, and a uniform sound always given to the same character.—It would appear, from the following extract from Bro. Phelps' letter to the News, that a commencement has been made towards introducing the new alphabet in the schools:

"Eld. John B. Miller is teaching the Deseret alphabet with considerable success, having sixty scholars at Lehigh, twenty-eight at Amer can Fork, twenty-five at Mountainville, twenty-eight at Pleasant Grove, twenty-two at Provo, first ward, who are making good progress." Such an alphabet will be of great assistance in enabling the many foreigners among the Mormons to acquire the English language.

☞ A Quaker had a quarrelsome neighbor, whose cow being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him: 'Friend T——, I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again—' 'Suppose you do,' his neighbor angrily exclaimed, 'what will you do?' 'Why,' said the Quaker, 'I'll drive her home to thee again, friend T——.' The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

☞ A little boy, while writhing under tortures of an ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. 'Powder! powder!' said he, raising himself on one elbow and putting on a smile, 'Mother, I ain't a gun.'

☞ A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband? 'Oh, is,' said she, 'I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom.'