The Independent Republican.

"Freedom and right against slavery and wrong."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1856.

FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS---VOL 2. NO. 2.

"Poet's Corner."

The Child of Earth.

BY MES. NORTON.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day : Death's hand is heavy on her dark ning brow : Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say, "I am content to die; but oh, not now! Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such laxury to breathe-

Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing-Not while bright flowers around my footstep wrearlie.

Spare me, Great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die—but_oh! not now."

The spring has ripened into summer time;

The season's viewless boundary is past!
The glotious sun has reached his burning prime:
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish, while o'er land and sea,
With silent steps, the Lord of Light moves on; Nor while the murmur of the mountain bee Greets my dull car with music in its tone! Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die—but oh, not now."

Summer is gone: and autumn's sober hues

Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving dorn; The huntsman swift the flying game pursues, Shouts the hallo! and winds his eager horn. "Spare me awhile, to wanger forth and gaze On the broad meadows and the quiet stream; To watch in silence while the evening rays Slant through the fading trees with raddy gleam. Cooler the breezes play around my brow; I am content to die—but oh; not now!"

The bleak wind whistles; snow showers, far and near, Drift without echo to the whit ning ground; Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear, Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound. My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd; Our home fire blazes broad, and bright and high, And the roof rings with voices light and lond. Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow;
I am content to die—but ob, not now!"

The spring is come again-the joyful spring! Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread: The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:

The child of earth is numbered with the dead! Beaming, all redly, through the lattice parte The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break, Nor fond, familiar voices rouse again. Death's silent shadow vails thy darkened brow-Why didst thou linger !- thou art happier new!"

Correspondence.

to his Father, bearing date;

Вапаст, Nov. 21, 1855. home, &c. &c., he proceeds to say :

he has gone home. He rests from his labors | rie grant, which is the sole dependence of the and his works do follow hum. He was the settler for his winter hay, is killed at the first oldest Missionary in the field, having been frost, and, beside, it will take all his time to here more than 25 years. He leaves no chil- get a house built by the time it gets too cold dren. Mrs. W. will probably return to to camp out.

has flown. The sun has sunk beneath the in western Wisconsin is not quite as good as pletely put to rout by the young man's idea waters of the Mediterranean, and now the full that of Illinois or Iowa, but is better adapted round moon, having risen over the lofty sunt to wheat, and timber and water are in greatmit of Lebanon, pours a flood of silver light | er abundance. There is still much govern | perceptibly curling; and the tailor measured upon the sea. The sun still shines on you, ment land in the La Cross and Mineral Point It is 9 o'clock in the evening here, while you districts. But "I am going home, going are probably just returning from the after- home," and if your readers can find anything noon service. We have three services at the that will pay for their perusal, well. I have with the measure and hears in one hand, Chapel, Arabicato A.M., English preaching at got my pay for my trouble in what I have and the cloth in the other, and gaping, with a 11. Arabic at 3 P. M. After sunset, C. and seen. I have our little family prayer meeting, just as you do at home. To night we read the 5th Eccl. To-day it was my turn to preach in English. I preached from John 1-46, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth. Come and see."-Subject. Prejadice against the christian religion. In examiming this prejudice, we proceed to consider. The causes the consequences, and the cure. 1st. The causes of this prejudice, pride of heart, love of sin, and in some cases (as in Syria) veneration for old systems. 2d. The consequences of this prejudice. Some embrace a false religion, some reject all religion.-Many become indifferent to religion, an uneasy conscience, unhappy life, iniserable death; ruin of the soul. 3d. The cure. A tian religion. The Christian religion invites dinner table. "have you heard of the dreadthe closest scrutiny; false religion dreads

I preached up my small stock of written sermons some time ago, so that now I preach extemporaneously, and this sort of preaching seems best to suit the people.

Nov. 26. You ask, in one of your letters, if I put up my flag on the 4th of July. Certainly I did. We had a grand celebration on the 4th, on Mount Lebanon, in Bhandur where Mr. Benton resides, and where two other Missionary families spent the summer. We the Mission Houses, with my beautiful flag wavering over our heads. I have hunted up the programme made at the time and here is

FOURTH OF JULY ON MOUNT LEBANON. 1st. Prayer by Rev. D. Smith. 22d. Singing. Before all lands in East or

3d. Reading of the Scriptures. Ath. Singing. The Cedars of Lebanon.

5th. Declaration of Independence read, and remarks by J. L. L.

7th. Address by Rev. M. A. Benton. 8th. Singing. My native Country, thee. 9th. Retreshments.

The Lidies had prepared a very nice supper, with cakes, biscuit, lemonade, &c., then followed more singing with some toasts, one of which was. The Orntor of the day (M. Benton.) may be ever remain bent on promoting the highest good of the people of Lebanon.' There were four Missionary families pres- of melanchely to his full brown eyes. ent. Messrs Smith's, Benton's, Hurter's, and mine, making twenty persons in all.

Correspondence of the Independent Republican.

Prima River Jan. 1st 1856. MESSES EDITORS :- From Decorah to the Minnesota line the country is somewhat brod ken but all susceptible of a high state of cultivation. It is mostly taken and held at from three to five dollars per acre, that is the prairie, timber, at from eight to twenty. Yet there is some very good prairie unentered in Winneslie k county. Where we entered the territory, on the St. Paul road, the Extract from a Letter from Rev. J. L. Lyons country is fine and timber can yet be got at government prices (the timber is always most sought after and first taken.) . The country noble presence entered the room, After mentioning of receiving letters from through here for many miles is settled by Norwegians. - They are quiet and industrious, "Our winter (that is, the rainy season) com- contented with ah "eighty." or at most "a bearing and rich, rustling silks, might have menced day before yesterday, and it was re- quarter" and a list, they do not show much been a fit companion piece formed, to the freshing to see the train once more. There of the Yankee enterprise and resolution. The Lady Clara Melbourne, dead a hundred years, his square shoulders, as he pinched up his had been none in Beirut since the first of country towards the Mississippi again be- who hung in such state between the windows shirt collar, 'my reasons, capting, seeing's May, though we had it in the Mountains in comes broken, to such an extent as to make to her favorite couch, and seared himself you're sot on knowing cm, are the same ones September. It was good, too, to hear once it almost impossible that it should ever be at her feet. more the rolling thender; it reminded me of cultivated. Though even there after having home. There is something very sublime in climbed at an angle of sixty degress for half watching the approach of a storm, as it comes a mile we would come suddenly upon table of our relatives, Jonathan responded .-- La Fontaine. raging over the sea. We can see it at a lands as beautiful as I ever saw, which would great distance, and have ample time to pre- often extend four miles. I should indge, the pare for the deluge of water which it may that wells of lasting water would be at least five hundred feet deep. The method of de- kee? Since I last wrote you, we have experienced scending these mountain hills with teams is a a great loss in our Missionary circle. Fath- little novel; the traveller cuts a tree a foot er Whiting has gone to his heavenly rest, - In diameter at the but, trims it out and chains He was the Missionary Brother in whose fam- it to the hind axle and then down he goes, Be sensible, will you? Marry little Clara Look to that poor thing, he went on with ily we boarded the first two months after our dragging the three after him. The land of Vernet, and become a good husband and arrival in the country. He came down from fice of this district is at Brownsville on the a useful citizen? the Mountains about the 1st of Nov. On Mississippi. The country is thronged with Tuesday eve, the 6th, he was attacked with new comers, and there is a fair prospect for Cholera, and died before sunrise, Thursday much suffering among them for want of sheltmorning. I watched with him, the night he er and food. Pork is now twelve dollars died. For ten hours before his death he was and a half per hundred in the carcass, flour ey little Clara Vernet within a month after unconscious of anything that was done or said lifteen dollars per barrel, and butter a hunto him. On Friday morning a stricken band | dred miles off. I saw many families moving | of Missionaries, with a few other English and in, even this late, with no hope of getting a taken me three hours five minutes and fifteen The marginal taken me three hours five minutes and fifteen the properties of the marginal taken me three hours five minutes and fifteen the properties of the marginal taken me three hours five minutes and fifteen the properties of the marginal taken me three hours five minutes and fifteen the properties of the marginal taken me three hours five minutes and fifteen the properties of the propert American triends, followed his remains to the house until they could build one. No family seconds to mature; never thought for so little Protestant burying ground. I loved ought to go into an unsettled country after Mr. Whiting. He has always been like a the middle of September as the autumn frosts Father to me, ever since we came here, but usually occur soon after that, and the prai-

America, in the Spring. The cholera has The country on the east side of the river. been raging here for six weeks. It will proble opposite Brownsville is very similar to that ably soon cease now since the rains have com- on the west side, but above, at Prairie La menced. Eight thousand persons, about one | Cross, there is some splendid country, but all fifth of the entire population, have fled to the taken. From there to the Kickapoo the mountains. There has been no cholera here country is quite rolling and generally heavibefore for several years. The deaths hard by timbered-soil rather Sandy. There is a "smart sprinkling" of Yankees in there,

> "You Know" "Says Hr."-While upon matters of speeds, there is a class who need conversation, constantly indulge in such expressions as "you know" and "says he."— Let such consider the following reading from Halleck's beautiful poem of "Marco Bozarris," and judge of the fitness of these verbal sible to be hungry.
>
> "Luckity," said Jonathan, 'I have those

"At midnight, in his guarded tent—you know, The Tuck lay dreaming of the hour—you know, When Greece her kned in suppliance bent-you know,

Strike, till the last armed foe expires—says he, Strike for your alture and your fires—says he, Strike for the green graves of your stres—says he.

Mrs. Briggs," said a neighbor, who stepped into the flouse of the former, ju-c as thorough examination and trial of the Chris, she was in the act of seating herself at the umph and Johnny Bull Austration. tul accident?' "Why, no what is it?"-

Jales and Sketches.

JONATHAN IN LONDON.

BY M. A. DENISON.

It was somewhere about the year 1787, and nearing the fourth of July, that Jonathan Melbourne re-nived to go to London. Jonathan was a genius in his way, an oddity, a rang with the ways and sayings of the queer a fat turkey and suitable fixings, fine scholar and a young man of wealth. His held the exercises on the terrace of one of father had been dead three years, and had left a splendid fortune to his only son.

> ward finish and inward decorations, that liftall day; beautiful girls with their dashing brothers; and Jack had kept them in one inressant roar-pardon, shades of the Melbournes-of laughter, until the last bright eyed coquette, throwing a reckless glance over her shoulder and looking very roguish-Jack's wit had almost killed her; whereupon Jack looked uncommonly serious, thus eliciting another burst of mirth.

But now, as I said, he sat listlessly in his mother's stately room. The setting sun and hanging curtains, together, threw a wondrous; celt, inimitably expressed, provoked smiles, ly rich glow of crimson over his features and and semetimes laughter.
his contemplations, of whatever kind they What a splendid prof were, made his face serious, and gave a shade

The room was very large, and filled with antique but massive furnitures. On its walls hung portraits of old time recople, with ruffles how can Lord Amien and Lord Bentley and powdered wigs, and short waists, and enormous curls and ribbons. These pictured men and women the ancestors of Jonathan Melbourne, some of them old English nobles with hau hty lips, and eyes that plainly said, We look not on common things.' Darker shadows with stately steppings moved over the great room; the sun was gone, the twi- information. light was gone, and the servants brought in candles; still Jonathan never moved. At brought his head in confact with the massive course you find more real splendor, more jected one over each arm of the great chair, he exclaimed, 'I'll do it, by Jupiter!' Do what, my sou?' said a low, rather

sweet voice, as at that moment a woman of Instantly going to her side with a respectducted his mother-who, by her haughty

Do what my son? she asked again, lay- chicken. ing her white hand upon his head. Go to London, mother, and hunt up some There!' he exclaimed, rising again, and brushing his hair straight behind his ears, as-

"I am tired of laughing at your anties." as to your going to England and leaving me

Come mother, I'll tell you what!' exmonstrance. If I don't convert one of old scratched its way in solitary glory. Baronet what's-his-name's daughters into as demure a Yankee as ever you saw, I'll marmy return, but go to the old country I must and have my fun out; come confess now, it much time consecutively before all my life;' and he returned his gold repeater to his vestwith great reluctance.

JONATHAN'S FITTING OUT.

His tailor asked no questions, but followed, with a rueful face, the young man's directions with regard to the cut of the cloth. It was a fine and very costly blue cloth, the very best in Mr. Snipshear's immense estabishment; it grieved the retailer of fashionable costumes, that admirable getter-up of Parisian fashions, to fit such superb limbs, so handsome shoes.

'If I might suggest-' spoke Mr. Snip-'I am to make all the suggestions this

time,' said Jonathan, quietly, his mouth imaway in despair, while great drops of sweat, drawn from the artist, not the man, stood on, or heavily dropped from his forehead. "Ruin my reputation!" said he, standing silly paralyzed stare after Jonathan, who was going down street. Plague take him. I'd rather give a suit away, than let such work go out of my shop;' and it was three days before the tailor recovered sufficiently to eat his breakfast. His wife saved it however, on the third shelf of the kitchen pantry, where it was 'found devoured by the 'rats,'

shirts that Madam Necker made, with the ruffles half as long again as I wear them, but which I paid her for all the same, poor woman, because she was poor; they'll be just the thing; and with this 'slick' new hat, that sets so nicely on the back of my head, these collars, and my new blue suit, I shall give my venerable relatives, on the other side, one opportunity to see the original singer of Yankee Doodle, as performed on fife and drum, at a particular period of colonial tri-

when Mr. Snipshears became sufficiently sen-

such scrutiny. Would you know whether good can come out of Nazareth, come and good can come out of Nazareth, come and see" &c. &c.

See" &c. &c.

See " &c. &c.

Little closest scrutiny; false religion dreads with a moment. Shall it be your annel, and the crest-fallen nobleman, ne left the here in a moment. Shall it be your annel, annum of the wealth of Boston annu JONATHAN IN ENGLAND.

Crusoe; and, as he had promised the good seemed glued to her sweet face. lady, his mother, that he would read a chapter in the Bible every day, he had finished the last of Revelations when they came in baron, his attention arrested by his keen vis-sight of old Albion. For some time, Jona- itor. than indulged his eccentricity to the utmost in a public way; putting up at the best hotels, spending money lavishly, and always at above ground—I may be below—but if I'm when the invitation came, 'well, I shall go tired in his raw costome, until all London alive, I guess I'll be somewhere, where there's perhaps.'

Yankee, who spent like a prince. 'And by the way,' said the Marquis of company on that day to dinner,' said the bar-to his friend, the Earl of M., 'it onet. The Melbournes resided in Boston at the is said he boasts of a connection with the old date of our story. No mansion in that prim Melbourne peerage, city was more elegant, both, as regards out 'Psha!' returned the earl, with a dignified is said he boasts of a connection with the old

frown, 'I'd like to have him claim kindred ed its noble front in the vicinity of that rural with me! I'd take the starch out of him.'—
plot of ground then called 'the commons.'

The Earl of M—was a relative of that dis-The Earl of M-was a relative of that dis-Jack Melbourne sat listlessly in his moth-tinguished family; any one might have er's stately room. There had been company known it, by the manner in which he said

That very night Jonathan and the marquis met at a great party, where all the former's little oddities were amiably forgotten, as it appeared, by his retaining the apparel that must have looked encouth beside the splenly out of her little blue hood and bluer eyes, did dresses of that period. But Jonathan declared, as she tripped down the steps, that, was the lion. Standing where the light struck out his handsome, intellectual features, he looked an Apollo-till he spoke. Then ye verdant nymphs of Young America! how fashion opened her eyes, and nobility. stared, dumbfounded, until some quaint con-

> What a splendid profile he has!' said the Duchess Laugenold, agitating the atmosphere with her scented feather fan, as she passed him with a haughty look. 'Yes, but what a fool when he speaks!

pend their time with the ereature. What s he? one of the native enriesities of the 'I'll tell you, whispered a bright, fluttering little creature, 'he's a specimen of Amer-

ican aristocracy; and with a dear little titter, the young lady glided off to spread the - And what, on the whole, are your impressions of England, Mr. Melbourne, now you

last, springing up with a bound that nearly have traveled so much of it over? Here of historic interest, than in any other portion of the globe; said the pompous marquis of

> 'And pray what are your objections? asked the other graciously.

'Why,' said Jonathan, drolly shrugging the old hen gave for not liking the speckled

quis; 'I see,' he a lded, 'you're a disciple of

'No, capting, I 'aint a disciple of anybody -I'm a true-blooded Yankee, and nothing suming a look of wise simplicity and a drawle else. But about the old hen. You see she my accent. How shall I pass for a raw Yan-, had a fine brood of chickens, two or less .--One was a delicate white one, the other was speckled; the speckled one seemed to be the said his mother, laughing nevertheless; and old hen's abomination. One day Chanticleer, he took it up; says he, why in thander do here alone, I shan't hear to it for a moment. You treat your progeny so mightily unequal? tears in his eyes-'I must read you a lesson

on parental tenderness. Well, the old hen she looked up and turnclaimed Jonathan, after some further re- ed an eye to where the speckled chicken

> 'I should like the thing well enough,' said, with a toss of her comb, 'if it wasn't so peskily spotted; so with me, capting,' continued Jonathan with the same droll manner, 'I like the place well enough, but it's so pes-

'True as natur, capting'-continued Jona-

than-' there's some spots in that confounded and he returned his gold repeater to his vest tower of your whole aristocracy, and tuck in muther's soment, though is war giver under comfortably, he added, with a wink. 'Pshaw! said the earl, who stood a little back-'I'll make him pay for his imperti-

It was three days before Christmas, and Jonathan was still in England. So completely had he carried out his idea, that no one mistrusted he was other than that redoubtable Yankee-Jonathan-a type of American wit that the bottoms of the legs should stop by and American crudity-a green, grand-neph: a couple of inches' of his large, but not un- ew of portly Johnny, whose surname is Bull. And yet they hardly understood him; they were afraid to measure humor with him because he always turned the laugh upon them. The ladies thought him so handsome-and so comical, but then, poor thing, such an ignoramus, to be sure

The Baronet Anytwell had five pretty daughters, and only one of them sensible.-Not that the rest were idiots-by no means -only they were swallowed up so completely, brains and all, like thousands of our own fair country women, in the fashions-in style and caste—that they were but little better, in a certain rense. But Anna Anytwell was charming. Beautiful as an angel, she yet was modest, gentle and appreciative. Having said this much of her, I shall say no moretill I speak of her again.

Jonathan had 'scraped' an acquaintance with the kindly old Sir Robert Anytwell who was a good natured, happy soul, and immensely fund of curiosities. At this particular time, three days before Christmas, our Yankee chatted with the baronet in his old li

'Well, what about Christmas?' exclaimed Sir Robert, rubbing his hands, and holding them towards the blazing fire alternately. 'Well, Christmas is coming-at least they

say so, down our way, bout time!' rejoined Jorathan. Will you be round by that time? asked the other, a smile and the fire light together

making his face raddy, 'Well, I don't know, capting-can't tell replied Jonathan, surveying his slender proportions ruefully. 'I don't grow on the principle of rotundity, anyhow-but May nole fashlon-no; rather guess on the whole, I

'Then, in plump, proper terms, where will you be at Christmas? again interrogated the you perceive it? asked the eldest Anytwell

'Ah! colonel-that there ain't a possibili-

Many thanks, capting; much obliged, all the same if 1 shouldn't be here; and Jonathan took his departure, donning, for a moment, his own graceful, courtly mien, as he bowed, particularly to Miss Anna. She, all blushes and palpitation, ran to her sisters to tell them the news.

'My gracious!' exclaimed Nell, the eldest. (the words are on record,) 'stars!' cried the how graceful! He looks this way; and Ansecond; 'mercy on us!' cried the third, na, all blushes, sank back on her cousin's the husband was thereafter a firm believer in aghast; 'creation defend us!' cried the fourth; and the Earl of M——to be here!'
'Pool! he's ten times handsomer than the

Pooh! he's ten times hand omer than the carl of M——,' Anna protested with clare he does look like him.' spirit; 'such eyes you never saw, and he

'Right at you, you ninny; see her blush!' cried the tour sisters; 'ha, ha! Anna's in caeouw ''-and the poor girl ran out of the room-they jeered her so. Mem.—She did love him. However, Christmas day came, but no Yan-

The baronet failed in convincing the Earl of M---that Jonathan was not a

A burst of laughter almost rude, greeted the baronet and the Earl of Mreturn. The latter stepped back for a moment while Sir Edward advanced and cordi-

ally offered his hand.

Scated in the chair of state, sat Jonathan, his long limbs drawn loosely together as he leaned towards the cheerful blaze. Enormous rufles protruded from his bosom-he wore an awkward vestembroidered with gold, and his buttons, severely gilt, shone like so many oval mirrors, each with a Christmas and his fingers, spread in gesticulation, wore several cumbrous rings that blazed and spar-Well—it's a nation fine place,' drawled Jonathan, but then I have my objections to it—oh yes? and he speculatively contemplation it was doubtless his contentions as well as his witty anecdotes, that caused the clear. kled, and were adorned with jewels of great ringing mirth of the maldens. It ceasedhowever, after the earl came forward with a dubious face, speaking as plainly as the conntenance can speak- I'm doubtful about this sort of familiarity'-and the baronet intro-

duced him. Jonathan sprang nimbly up, and in a true Yankee style offered his seat. The earl bowed low, with a mocking sort of a way, saying in a voice acutely sarcastic, 'I did not anticipate the honor, sir.'

'Not at all-not at all: exclaimed Jonathan, in quick sharp tones-but not beforethe ladies had noticed an exceedingly graceful movement of the hand and inclination of the body, entirely foreign to his usual ab-Not at all; don't apologise; he added.

with a smile, 'I'm accustomed to that honor -do be seated-and capting,-turning to the baronet, who enjoyed it all hugely, 'take the chair of ceremony sir : perhaps you didn't anticipate the honor. Nevertheless, I hope it won't overcome you.' This sally provoked a laugh that went the

rounds, and the earl, too dignified to retort and quick enough to see the impropriety of with listening in kingly silence, not deigning Again and again did the laugh ring out, as

Jonathan, lengthening his mobile featuresand making a panorama of his intelligent face kept the tide of conversation flowing in his own channel. Things were spoken that night | related, with humorous look and gesture, his that the jeweled ears of aristocracy had nevor listened to before; the nobility he dissected with the keen edge or transporters satire—their follies lashed, their improprietion, buresqued, their immoralities whipped with an unsparing hand, and all in such a way, that his dainty audience treated it as delectable wisdom, done up in sweets, like bitter pills coated with sugar. 'I expected you to dine with us to day."

said the baronet, during a pause in the run-

Wal, capting, I would a come,' replied Jon than, with a twang, 'but I dined with his majesty sir-may his shadder never be-wal I was going to say, less; but on the whole it would improve him to lose a little flesh.'

This was too much; the idea of Jonathan dining with King George, affected even the sensibilities of the carl; but Jonathan looked

solemnly at the fire. 'And what do you think of his majesty? asked the earl, with a supercilious sneer. Wal, he seemed a purty reasonable sort of fellow, I thought, and to tell you my pri-

'I do not understand your idiom, sir,' said

vate opinion, I think he'll knock under.

he duke, his lip curling. Well, capting,' rejoined Jonathan, in his driest manner, 'I dunno as I can help you understanding much; as to my idiom—hisy be I'd better give it to you in Latin,'-and to their astonishment he repeated his his answer in good Latin-' now, if you don't understand that, will you take it in French, or German, or Italian?' and he rattled off his reply in

mean-his dignity-he respected intellect almost as much as rank; the rest were elecrified-while little Anna's eyes sparkled like

And if that don't help your understanding, Mr. Earl, continued Jonathan, will you have it in Hebrew or Greek-Spanish, low Dutch, Cherokee, or Yankee over again? he added with a twing so nasal, that the old room echoed with laughter. Gracious! he continued, the fact is capting, you don't hunderstand reaching mind with this fact, that King George had not better take a tour to the coloniesthis year, on account of his digestion; they proof. dies, good night, capting I and without glan-

all sorts of ribbons; three times Robinson dark eyes-and then blushed because they the Anna Anytwell; and she threw the flimsy hut beautiful fabric from her brow.

'How pettish Anna is growing lately ; do ure of this ball doesn't seem to inspirit her

fat turkey and suitable fixings.'

Because I should like the pleasure of your ments, the beauty of the dresses of that period, the glorious light flashing over all, and making the scene one of bewildering splen-

dor, why describe minutely? See,' cried Anna, clasping her sister's arm only see—Mr. Melborne."

Nonsense, child! what a fool -where no-he would not be tolerated here.' But yonder superb figure, dressed in the violet tunic-there-look to the right; he is talking with the Duchess of Montrose-oh

'I tell you, no-no,' added Bell somewhat

'Do you know what became of our Yankee?' asked a merry young countess of the sisters. 'Lo! look at his transformationthe most elegant gentleman, upon my word, love with a Yankee who says 'fayther' and I have ever met with. So courtly ! so polished! The whole ball room is wondering; did

you ever hear of such a freak? here he has been hoaxing us all this time; I declare, it's sinful. But," and she clasped bands, laughing archly, "won't those who have quizzed him get it now? They say he's a rich young boor; and after ten the two gentlemen left the ladies and went out for a walk on the crisp lawn.

Lari of M = they say he sa rich young the boor; and after ten the two gentlemen left the lawn. In the control of Melbourne family; see, the Earl of M. — is shaking hands with bim.

Jonathan soon gained the side of the girl who had charmed him. Her blushes made her ten times more radiant, and Jonathan guessed to some purpose, when he guessed to might easily win the baronet's gentle daughter. To get the cream of Jonathan's visit read the following to-

Dear Jonathan :- I hear with surprise the singular sensation you are creating in London. My dear boy, will you never quit playing the monkey and put on the dignity that becomes you so well? What can our august rel fives think of your course? As for me. I am blushing this moment for my dear noble madeap son. Had I dreamed you intended to burlesque the country for which your father, Colonel John Melbourne, spilled his best blood, I had never consented to your

departure. But I hope—I know there must be some ulterior object in your assuming so outre a disguise, and playing the innocent country clown. My dear boy I regret to tell you that little Clara Vernet is married to that great Clement Davis; quite a rising-lawyer he is, too. Ah! I had hoped-but regrets are vain; I only trust you may not feel the disappointment as keenly as I do. YOUR MOTHER."

Dear Mother :- Glory ! that means, how glad I am that Clara Vernet is gone. I did use to hate to cloak her so, she was so far beneath me, so very tiny. I always felt as if she ought to be helpless, and I take her in my arms. But mother- I'm coming home. Hurrah! get the parlors new papered, buy the costliest carpet in Boston city, for that sunny room up stairs, and exercise your inimitable taste in fitting it up into the most elegant boudoir-for my wife! Yes mother, my own little (and here let me say I haven't any prejudice against Mrs. Clara Davis for being so tiny) Anna; just the sweetestloveliest, and most loveable girl you ever saw. You will mourn no more for Clara when you see the angel I shall bring you;' which he had been guilty, contented himself and then followed a long description of the charms with which he had been so incurably

Jonathan brought his English wife home and many a laugh the trio had together, sitting by their pleasant hearth, while Jonathan not vet able to subdue his old propensities, experience in the great city of London. -Saturday Evening Mail.

BOMANCE OF MAGNETISM.

Eugene Guizot gives us an incident in Parisian life, which he regards as romantic and which is at least amusing.

The scene is laid in the pavilion attached to a country house, in the neighborhood of the great city. The time a few minutes of 11 P. M. Mons. Armand awaits with impatience Madame X, with whom he has arranged an interview at that hour, quite innocent; but lest prudish people should not so regard

Close to the appointed time Mons. Armand hears footsteps! It is a lady! the door opens! He stands stupefied in the presence of the husband. M. X. had returned from Paris, and deeming it too late to awaken the sleepers of the house, comes to share the room of his friend in the pavilion;

The conversation between the lover (shall we call hun so?) and the husband is amusing, and as the hour approaches the perplexity of the former increases. His agitation leads him to the most inconsistent remarks. and the most inexplicable questions.

'What is the matter with you?' asks the husband. ! Nothing at all.' 'I discompose you—how strangely you look? Have I interrupted something se-

rious? odr as little table, weak and nervous with agitation. Ah! exclaims the husband, 'I see! You were about to try an experiment in table turn

The suggestion saves the lover. Gradually recovering, he admits the fact. The whole public was then in the rage of table turning and the most marvelous effects were attribu

Yes, avelaims Mons. Armand. I admit it. You smile at me. You doubt! Shall I prove to you, by an exhibition of true soience, one of those miraeles of magnetism of hous Henglish; I meant to impress your far- which I speak? Will you close your eyes to the evidence of facts ? - No. I ask nothing better than an actual

Mons. Armand, with an air of intense tho't leans on the table, and inwardly exerts his magnetic will.
In a few moments Madame X, enters and perceives her husband, stands mute, pale, with

air of stupor wholly unaffected. 'Prodigious,' exclaims the husband. Hush—silence, says the magnetiser.— Do not wake her. Do you, at last admit the power of magnetism? Do you acknowledge the mystery of somnambulism

dilated eyes and outstretched arms, and an-

and the magnetic currents? 'I am indeed convinced, murmurs the asonished husband. Fearful of wakening the somnambulist, the magnetiser forbids the hosband to speak or approach; and with a few words and gestures willed her departure and the sleeping

medium walks off. We will not pursue the story further. All learned a lesson by the experiment, and

A PIECE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

The ancient town of Rennis, in France, is a place famous for law. To visit Rennis without getting advice of some sort seems absurd to the country people round about.—
It happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to town on business. bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of a lawyer named Foy, who was in such high repute that people believed a law suit gained when he undertook their case. The countryman went to his office, and after waiting some time was admitted to an interview .-He told the lawyer that having heard so much about him, and happening to be in town he thought he would call and consult him. You wish to bring an action perhaps, re-

plied the lawyer. 'O, no,' replied the farmer, 'I am at peace with all the world.'

ith all the world.'
Then it is a settlement of property that you want, is it! Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and have never made a division, seeing that we draw from the same well, as the saying is. this then to get me to negotiate a pur-chase or a sale, that you have come?

Oh, no. I am neither-rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell. Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?' said the lawyer in a tone of sur-

Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawer, replied Bernard; 'I want your mean to pay for it of course.' The lawyer smiled and taking pen and pa-

per asked the countryman his name. Peter Bernard, replied the countryman. happy that the lawyer at leggth understood what he wanted.

Your age ? Thirty years, or very near it."

Your vocation? 'What do you do for a living.'

Oh! that is what it means, is it? Why am a farmer.'
The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper and hunded it to his client. Is it finished already?' said the farmer.

Well and good !- What is to be the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer? Three francs. Three francs.'
Bernard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he had made use of this oppor. tunity to get a piece of advice from the great lawyer. When the farmer reached home it was four o'clock; the journey fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile the hay had been gut two days, and was completely made. One

of his men came and asked if they should draw it in. . What, this evening? exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. 'It would be a pity to begin the work so late, since it can be done as well to-mor-

Bernard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

'Wait a minute,' he exclaimed. I have an advice and a famous one, too that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here wife, see what it says, you can read this written hand better than L' The woman took the paper and read this line: 'Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day,'

'That's it exclaimed Bernard, as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts, 'Come be quick! get the carts and away! Come. boys, come girls! all to the hay field! It shall not be said that I bought a three franc opinion and made no use of it. I will fullow the lawyer's advice. Bernard himself set the example by lead-

ing the way to the work, and not retaining till the hay was brought in. The event secured to prove the wisdom of his conduct. and the foresight of the lawyer. The weather changed during the night on unexpected storm burst over the valley; the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed-Bernard alone had not suffered. The success of his first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that time forth he adopted it as his rule of conduct, and became consequently one of the most prosperous farmers in the country wil hope that you my reader, will fake a hint from his success, and 'noter put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day!

WEALTH OF ATLANTIC CATIES. The wealth contentrated at the great commercial points of the United States is truly astonishing For instance, one eighth part of the entire property of this country is owned by the cit-izens of New York and Boston. Boston alone in its cornerate limits owns one twentieth the property of this entire Union, being an amount equal to the wealth of any three of the New Eugland States, except Massachu-sets. In this city is found the richest community per capile, of any in the United States. The next city in point of wealth according to its population is Providence R. L. which city 'You shall have it. My will can traverse is one of the richest in the Union; having a dies, good night, capting l' and without glan-cing at the crest-fallen nobleman, he left the room.

space and overawe distance. Name some valuation of fifty six millions with a popula-tion of fifty thousand. The bare in a moment. Shall it be your annual annual of the wealth of Boston is equal to the