# Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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## "Poet's Corner."

Evelyn Hope. From Robert Browning's New Poem, "Men and Women."

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! Sit and watch by her side an hour. That is her book-shelf, this her bed; She plucked that piece of geranium flower, Beginning to die, too, in the glass. Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,
Save two long rays through the binges' chink.

Sixteen years old when she died! Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name-

It was not her time to love; beside, Her life had many a hope and aim, Duties enough, and little cares, And now was quiet, now estir, Till God's hand beckoned unawares, And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope !-What! your soul was pure and true, The good stars met in your horoscope, Made you of spirit, fire, and dew— And just because I was thrice as old, And our paths in the world diverged so wide, Each was nought to each, must I be told? We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No. indeed! for God above Is great to grant, as mighty to make, And creates the love to reward the love,— I claim you still, for my own love's sake! Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come-at last it will. When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say, In the lower earth, in the years long still, That body and soul so pure and gay? Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red— And what you would do with me, in fine, In the new life come in the old one's stead.

t have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times, Gaired me the gains of various men, Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes: Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope, Either I missed on itself missed nie— And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while; My heart seemed full as it could hold-There was place and to spare for the frank young And the red young mouth and the hair's young

gold. So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep-See. I shut it inside the sweet cold hand. There, that is our secret; go to sleep; You will wake, and remember, and understand

# Scenes of Winter.

The following lines telling the horrors of Winter, are from Longfellow's new poem:

O, the long and weary winter; Of the cold and cruel winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker, Froze the ice on lake and river; Ever deeper, deeper, deeper, Fell the snow above the landscape, Feil the covering snow, and drifted Through the forest, round the village. O the famine and the fever! O, the wasting of the famine! O, the blasting of the fever! O, the wailing of the children

O, the anguish of the women! All the earth was sick and famished: Hungry was the air around them, Hangry was the sky above them, And the hungry stars in Heaven Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

# Tales and Sketches.

### THE BLANK HOME. A New Year's Story.

DY & N. LUCKEY.

'Here, James,' said Mr. Urner, 'it is five o'clock, and nobody will trouble us after this hour. Take this, my boy, and a happy New 1 am sure we love you, do we not James?" Year to you and your sister and mother.-And, James, you need at come down at all to morrow. Don't thank me. Is the shutter heavy? Here let me help you; and John Urner bustled about the shop, until evbidding James good-night, with a light heart the man of honest soul wended his way to his little home.

and not her tongue gave utterance to

home, but in the same manner that his fivefeet-ten frame contained a heart large enough burned brightly. The table was there,—so to fill the universe and dispense happiness evenually arranged by her hands, as though fate to fill the universe and dispense happiness everywhere, the soul of that little home was his life, and more than the gaudiest palace to grievous. What were the outside movements of the world to him, save so far as that he heaved a

His little home! Yes, it was a little

sigh of sympathy for the distressed, and smiled with the happy, when that little home engrossed his heart, his head, and hand. And his heart is honest, and his brain is

thoughtful, and his hand is labor-loving for the repose and peace of that little home. And now, on New Year's eve, with a bundle under his arm, he is hastening homeward | brought forth the supper.

to hide the present from Mary until morning dawns, when he heard a plaintive voice at his side, trembling and nervous, 'Charity around, and her form was not there,

supon the beseeching sufferer, and passes, 'Just about Mary's size, poor creature .-Shan't I turn buck and ask her if I can't serve

her further ? Oh; no! she's gone; Poor girl. Thank Heaven, in my selfish vein, she the fittle woman of the soft eyes, will pevet suffer. Never at least, while God spares me my health; and he swung his arm as though confident that he was well able to protect pended upon him for care and nourishing And how proud John was of her utter de-

pendence and entire confidence in him. and low he wondered he could ever doubt that she had loved him, when he looked into ber sweet, pensive eye; and what a thrill of joy the felt as he pressed the fond kiss upon her gentle brow, I cannot tell you; but suffice it, ed and esteened highly, and I fell. I have John was very happy. travelled far, to ask he Mary? he softly said, as he entered the let me die at his feet.

It was strange! Mary had always flown into his arms before he had fairly entered the "Mary" he spoke again, as he stopped at the door of the sitting-room.

He entered the neat little kitchen:

'I have it,' he muttered, running to the

closet, 'she has gone to get something for our merry New Year. But I wish the dear, good little woman would come back. It'll be dark stood by him looking up into his noble face, waves and behind him the back of the fero-He took hold of the Irons and heartily

shook the dwindling faggots. The flames burst forth again, more lively. 'Blaze away! It's like my feelings now.

And Urner looked through the mirror of

the past. It was three years ago, and he had said to the daughter of his dear friend: 'Mary, dear, I love you, truly, honestly, and constantly.— I am comfortably situated in life, though not able to offer to you all the affurements that a more favored suitor might. I ask you to

be my little wife? And her blue eyes gazed up into his, while her levely countenance beamed a blush of had leved so well—his darling wife. On the truthful modesty, and she answered him, 'I chair by his side was the hood and cloak, and

His heart throbbed with a stul-felt love and gratitude. He pressed a virtuous kiss appeared so, too, till within a day or two, and | nice.' now some event of which he' had no knowledge, appeared to have cast a slight shade

over her countenance.

He new that if it were proper he would have learned from her own lips what had oe tered, curred to cast a ray of gloom over the sun of his life. Oh, there was no doubt here-no room for doubt!

'I wonder if Henry will ever join himself late. in wedlock to some dear woman. 'Ah! if he dear!' knew how happy was, he would not live He the rambling reckless life he does! He is a noble fellow though, and I wish him all good fortune. Ah! what is that? A note-and directed to me? I supopse some business them both. letter, and Mary has placed it on my plate. He nevel that I may get it immediately on my arrival. Home. Gook, circful soul! Who can it be from! It's unusual for a business letter to be direct-

ed to my residence.

He breaks the scal and reads. As he peruses the note his face flushes, then turns pale, and for a moment be sits like a statue, gazingupon the hand that held the letter. The letter has fallen on the floor. 'Great God! It cannot be!' And he strives to reach the missive, but is unable to

move. The note read thus: 'I have gone, God knows that I am wretchyour thought or remembrance. But I love

him, your cousin, and have gone to share his lot. Eray for the erring, MARY. worshipped her—the hand that had constant-

and purfect happiness! It cannot be !-Oh, no! He rises, goes up stairs, returns, and falls into a chair. Her wardrobe was stripped.

'This is no place for me.' He started from his chair and seized his hat. A knock came at the door.

'It is she !- she has returned. Oh, Heaven. I thank thee.1 He again fell back and buried his face within his hands.

'Oh, can we do anything for you, dear The voice was sweet and plaintive—so like

-because'-the light form approached close

to his side- we had a note from her'-The wretched man grouned. 'It was a shortenote; it only said you had met with an affliction-that we must come and comfort you. because you loved us; and

and cap in hand, mumbled, 'Yes.' And so we came to comfort you. passed her tiny arm around his neck. May we not lave you! You have been so good erything was closed and barred; and after and kind to us and mother; let us do some

> her prayer.
>
> John Urner raised his head. The fire still was determined to make his wound more and most formidable of sharks. He brushed back his hair, and taking the

tiny girl upon his lap, kissed her. Oh, thank you, thank you,' she said, haid her head trustingly upon his breast. · It was so like her, in olden days-days of rightness gone forever.

Look up! There's Heaven and Faith,' said John Urner's soul to him. 'I will,' he answered; and he did. They went to the table, and little Ellen

There was anguish in his soul. He tried to appear calm, but he would mechanically gaze A time passed-to-him a very, very long time; and one hight it appeared to him like

swer to that appeal, and as he places a coin Christmas again he was sitting in that same within the hand of poverty, he turns to look place, with Ellen noon his knee. There was a knock at the door; and as Ellen opened it. he heard a voice: Charity, sir. He had heard those tones before, but he

could not tell where—using those same Bid her come in. Ellen dear,' he said. The woman trembled as he spoke. She

artered: 'I have come a long, long way, and distance behind the swimmer, they beheld adthe gentle, faithful, loving creature, who de Lam cold and weary. A sinner like me is always cold and weary. I am on an errand those waters. f penitence,' and she advanced towards him, and stood by him.

I left my home—a happy home, and a good husband long, long ago. (He felt a thrill of anguish through his whole frame.)— Another person poured evil words into my ears—one whom my honest husband had lovtravelled far to ask him to forgive me, and

ly pressing his hand to his forehead. She fell at his feet. Oh, hear me, she wailed forth piteously, as her ringlets of glossy auburn leaped from ger. beneath her hood, as if, in their loveliness, to H

ry!' he again said.

Silence dull silence. He sat down.

The Tknow I have plunged a dagger into your advesary closed rapidly upon him.

The noble heart, and destroyed your peace forev
'Pull, boys, for dear life;' was the shout of "Oh, no," replied the drover, and perceiv-

She ceased for a moment, and he nervousspoke again:

He who was so treacherous to you, his best and confiding friend, lured me from you and then deserted me. I have begged my way here. You cannot refuse me:

He still looked upward. This was once my happy home. Here, long, long time ago, your arm protected me -von love nourished me, and I was happy in doing good-I banished the happy spirit from your hearth stone; but I am miserable

'Mary,' he ejaculated. He looked, and before him stood her he the basket set upon the table.

upon her brow, and so-they were married. Triend Hettie's who in sted upon my calling He had been so happy ever since, and she for them for our supper-and they are so

> She laid them upon the table. John stood motionless. Had it all been a dream, then ! The door opened, and Ellen and James en-

See, dear husband. Here are your proteges. I insisted upon their joining us, and my calling for them was what kept me so late. You did not get anxious, did you He answered nothing, but pressed a kiss

upon her lips. It was a happy supper to John Urner, for caster with his knife in his teeth, plunged in-the light of his life was there. God bless to the water, where the captain had also sunk He never realized his dream of the BLANK

The Newfoundland Dog's Vengeance.

BY OLD GRAY.

I was always fond of dogs. Goldsmith, in his touching and eloquent plea for the dogwhere, ailiding to a sort of mania for dog the came again, and but a few seconds too late the language they speak, we, the people of killing, which prevailed at the time of which to snap off the captain's legs, as his body was he speaks, in consequence of an unreasonable | drawn into the boat. apprehension of hydrophobia-says, among It is true, and the truth should bind man

to be the log's protector and friend. The American brig Cecilia, Capt. Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splen-did specimen of the Newfoundland breed ly been lifted upward in prayer for her peace named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions-his intelligent is ad-broad white chest, white feet and white-tipped tailthe rest of his glossy body being black, made him as beautiful as his peerlees namesake-

> Capt. Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccount- Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a able and especial repugnance to dogs, as source of grief to me as long as I live," much so, indeed, as if all his ancestors had died by hydrophobia, and he dreaded to be

bitten like his unfortunate predecessors. This dislike he one day manifested in a very shocking manner; for Napoleon had sev-

ging of his great banner of a tail, knocked poor animal's tail off!

ting off any more dog-' tails. The result was that Lancaster was put in

cruel deed, on learning that Napoleon had, is sitting there with those negroes for? once saved his owner's life. The white shark, as all my nautical friends sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have my life." seen one twenty-seven and a half feet long .--

But a few days clapsed after the catastroro of a more thrilling occurrence, the very

In vain did his master, fearful for the life

'Man overboard! Captain Symmes over-

board! was the cry. All rushed to get out as they saw a swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to, as they felt, especially ap- possible? pre hensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude.

By he time the boat touched the water their worst fears were realized, for at some vancing towards him the fish most dreaded in "Hurry! hurry men-or we shall be too late!' exclaimed the mate.

'What's that?' The splash which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea. The noble animal had been watching the cause of the tumult from the captain's fall, and heard the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if he had been conscious of the paril of his Mary, ejaculated John, rising, convulsive enemy, and gratified at it. His growls, however, were soon changed into whines of sympathy, which so often show the attachment of the dog to man, when the latter is in dan-

He rapidly made his way to the now nearmock the abject misery of their carrier, and ly exhausted captain, who, aware of his doub-"Ma toughed the floor. I have suffered so long le danger, and being but a passable swimmer, "Well, then, da

table was set, with its white cloth, but no er. I have journeyed many, many miles to the mate, as the boat now followed the dog, ing that Mr. C. did not comprehend the suask your forgiveness and your blessing, and whose huge limbs propelled him gallantly to

the scene of danger. : Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his ly grasped the hand of the frail child who way, ever and anon his head sinking in the as though to join her pleadings with those of clous animal told him what fearful progress the supplicating unfortunate before him. She he was making, while Laucaster in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer and the faithful dog which had saved hie own life.

There was a fixed look of determination in his face, which convinced all that should the dog become a sacrifice to the shark, Lancaster would revenge his death if possible, even at the risk of his own life. Good God! what a swimmer,' exclaimed

the men, who marked the speed of the anitake my heart to make you happy, so long as and want to die. Will you not forgive mal. 'The shark will have them both if we Heaven shall spare us together. Will you me?' The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous

the captain, and suddenly turned over on his er was evidently far over the sea. It was more like back, preparatory to darting on the sinking 'Here, dear John,' she said, 'see, here is a man, and receiving him in his vast jaws, which of a great I nice pie and cake I have brought from my now displayed their rows of long triangular his God." The wild shrick of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, seemingly inspired with increased strength,

had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leap-

ed upon the gleaming belly of the shark and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh while the boat swittly neared him. 'Saved! if we are half as smart as that dog s,' cried the mate, as all saw the ferocious monster shudder in the sea, and smarting with the pain, turn over again, the dog re-

taining his hold and becoming submerged in the water. At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lan-

But a few moments clapsed ere the dog aroye to the surface, and soon after Lancaster with the insensible form of the captain. 'Pull them in and give them a bar,' cried the mate, 'for that fellow is preparing for

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water into his eyes as

Foiled a second time, the shark passed the apprehension of hydrophobia—says, among the other fine things, that the dog is the only author fine things, that the dog is the only author fine things, that the dog is the only author fine things, that the dog is the only author boat, plunged, and was seen no more, but left worse. We use too many words, and we heard. imal which will leave his own kind volunta- a stream of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the wound from

The boat now pulled towards the Cecilia, and not many hours clapsed before the captain was on deck again, feeble from his efforts, Polonius asked him what he was reading, and but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero; and most bitterly to lament his own cruel set which had mutilated him for-

as he patted the Newfoundland, who stood by who would, no doubt, have been proud to his side, 'if I could only repair the injury have done to that splendid fellow. Laneaster, you are avenged, and so is he, and a most

A WHITE MOTHER FOR SALE.

Mr. C., a dry goods merchant of Boston, was with me at the little city of M., where he eral times entered his room, and by the wag- went to visit a partner in trade. He had not been in a Slave State before and was bitterly paper and ink off his desk. On the next oc opposed to emancipation. Two merchantscasion, the captain seized a knife and cut the Slaveholders-had been in our company on the way to the city. Whenever Slavery was The dog's yell brought his master to the talked of, Mr. C. uniformly concurred with spot, and seeing the calamnity and the author them. The next morning after we arrived. of it, without a moments hesitation he felled we saw a handbilk in a bar-room, in which the captain to the floor with a sledge hammer four female slaves were advertised for sale. The boy, who had stood with hanging head blow, which, had it hit the temple, would Stepping out into the street we found those have forever prevented the captain from cut- girls sitting on the sidewalk, At the further end of the row was a very beautiful girl, apparently perfectly white, and neatly dressed. irons, from which however, he was soon re- The moment Mr. C. discovered her he exleased. Captain Symmes partly repented his claimed, "What do you think that white girl

"That can't be!" replied Mr. C. "just look are well aware, is one of the very largest of at her! Why I never saw a prettler girl in

Now, Mr. C. had heard that likely quad It is generally considered to be the fiercest rooms are held as slaves and sold in market; but he had never believed that a young lady, so entirely American, so elegant in form and phe of poor Napoleon, ere he became the he- feature, so intellectual in appearance, with pure blue eyes, and the perfect red and white thought of which has often filled me with hor- Caucassian complexion, was in the same de ror. During the time, the noble beast was graded position as the African girl. And his not at all backward in exhibiting his wrath at fine sensibilities were greatly shocked at the the captain by his growls, whenever he approached. It is heart was steeled against sympathy for the blacks, but it was of his dog, essay to check these signs of his unshielded on the side towards the white race, anger, Capt in Symmes, however, made the to which his mother, wife and daughter bellowance and offered no further harm to longed. Hence he was unprepared to believe

it, when I said to him, "she is a slave, sir!" There was the precise number, including her, advertised in the bill. Still incredulous, One morning as the Captain was standing on the howsprit, he lost his footing and fell her, advertised in the bill. Stin increomosa, overboard, the Cecilia then running at about Mr. C. stepped up to the drover and asked, "Is that white girl a slave, sir?"

"That's not a white girl, she is a nightersir." replied the drover. Mr. C. bit his lips with suppressed indig nation, paused, and then ejaculated, 'Is

"Does she belong to you?" said he to the

"Yes, sir," replied the drover. I doubt not but I shall be able: say, that "What do you ask fer her I" inquired Mr

"I was offered \$1,800 for her last night .want \$2,000 for her. "What do you ask for that one?" said Mr C., pointing to a light quadroon sitting next

to the white girl.

"I will take \$1500 for her.". "Well, how much for the black ones here it this end of the row?" "I will take eight hundred spiece," raplied the drover.

"Why can that white girl-" "That isn't a white girl; that's a niggersir, I tell you," interrupted the drever, contemptuously. At the same time he removed a woolen cap from her head, which exposed the light brown hair, and added, " you see her.

perior value of female beauty, to physical ability in a slave, he added-" but you know she is a high-priced faucy girl."
"By Heavens!" vociferated Mr. C., "'tis

too bad!" and turning to me with clenched hands raised towards the heavens, he added, "I will never say another word against the abolitionists so long as God lets me live."

## Annie Laurie.

We give below the words of "Annie Laurie," now the most popular ballad in the British Camp. It was sung by the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the night prior to the attack on the Great Redan .-A correspondent who was present on the occasion writes: "Hundreds of voices, in the most exact time and harmony, sang together-

"'And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doune and dec.

"The effect was extraordinary; at least I felt it so. I never heard any chorus in an Oratorio rendershark had arrived within three oars' length of ed with greater solemnity. The heart of each singa psalm than a ballad; for at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier only thinks of his love and

Maxwelton brace are bonnie, Where early fa's the dew, And it's there that Annie Laurie Gie'd me her promise true; Gie'd me her promise true; Which ne'er forgot will be; And for bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me doune and dec.

Her brow is like the snaw drift-Her throat is like the swan-Her face it is the fairest That e'er the sun shone on-That e'er the sun shone on-And dark blue is her e'e; ... And for bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me doune and dee. Like dew on the gowan lying, Is the fa' o' her fairy feet, And like the winds in summer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet. And she's a' the world to me And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doune and dee.

BAD ENGLISH. If the publication of grammars and the lucessant repetition of grammatical rules in school could make a people acquainted with matical of nations. But we are not. We which we attribute to the practice of compelling pupils to express ideas ("in compositions") before they have any ideas to express.— "Words, words, words" said Hamlet, when

the remark is an accurate description of a majority of modern books. Our literature is lost in words; our history is-a fourth-of-July oration in countless volumes. But this is nothing to our present purpose. Burgess & Co., of this city, have published little volume called "Mistakes of Daily Oc-

urrence in Speaking, Writing and Pronuniation. Corrected." from which we have seceted a Column or so of the most common. errors, for the benefit of our readers. Let no one be offended, for these errors are committed by the educated as well by the ignorant. The other night we heard a noted orator pronounce the word Rise as though it were spelled Rice, and District as though it

ly instead of plentiful. Read and correct your bad English: Mr. Dupont learnt me French: say, taught. The master teaches but the pupil learns. "We have no corporeal punishmen here,"

were Deestrict; and some one of our own

paper is wont to declare that money is plen-

said a achoolmaster: corporeal is opposed to spiritual: say, corporal punishment. Corporcal means having a body. He may go to the antipodes for what care: pronounce antipodes with the accent on tip, and let des rhyme with ease : it is a word of four syllables, and not of three, as most

persons make it. They committed a heinous crime: pro-nounce nermons as in the hannus: NEVER call the word hee-nus or hain-yus. Put an udvertisement in the Tribune: pronounce advertisement with the accent on ver, and not on tise. Have you seen the Miss Browns lately?

ay, the Misses Brown. We keep them at various prices: pronounce rices exactly as written, and not prizes. Jalap is of great service; pronounce jalop exactly as it is written; NEVER jollop. The drought lasted a long time; pronounce

drought so as to rhyme with snout, and not I prefer radishes to cucumbers, pronounce radishes exactly as spelled; and not redishes, and the first syllable of cucumber like du in luel, and not as if the word were cowcumber.

The horizon is the line that terminates the view; pronounce horizon with the accent on ri and not on ho, which is often the case. Not as I know: say that I know. Sar-da-na-pa-lus: pronounce it with the accent on pa, and not on ap, as is almost uni

versally the case, He always prenches EXTEMPORE: pronounce EXTENPORE in four syllables, with the accent on tem, and never in three, making pore to rhyme with sore: but with story. You have sown it very badly; write, sewed ; pronounce sewed to rhyme with road.

It, is not improbable but I may be able rocure you a copy; say that I may, etc. There can be no doubt but that he will succeed : leave out but. Who do you mean? say, Whom.

Do you know who this book belongs to? say, whom, etc., or, to whom this books be Who do you think I saw yesterday? say.

Do you know who you are speaking to ? say, whom, etc., or, Do you know to whom, Who did you inquire for ! say, Whom or, For whom did you inquire!

He did it unbeknown to us; say, unknown,

now become excited, and he exclaimed— saying dook and doyty, or doo for dea or to the union." He is taller than me; say than L

He is much better than me; say than I.

John went with James and I; say, Jumes Between you and I, he is not very gener-

ous; say you and me.

I fear I shall discommode you: say, incom-

I can do it equally, as well as he; leave out The man was hung last week: say hanged; but say, I am fond of hung beef. Hang, to take away life by hanging, is a regular

He made out the inventory : place the accent in inventory on the syllable in, and ney-If you are a Western man, you are liable to give your vowel sounds too great breadth.

guess, I calculate, too frequently,
The uffair was compromised; pronounce compromised in three syllables, and place the accent on com, sounding mised like priz-

ed; the word has nothing to do with promis-Rinse your mouth; pronounce rinse as i is written, and never rense. " Wrench your

mouth," said a fashionable dentist one day to a patient.

The Bedouins are a wandering tribe of Arabs; say, Bed-oo-eens-ir-abs, accenting, in each instance, on the first syllable.

His language was quite blasphemous; beware of placing the accent on phe in blasphemous. A very common mistake, and by no means confined to persons of ordinary education. Place the accent on the syllable

the week; leave out latter, which is unneces-

Gibbon wrote the "Rise and Full of the Roman Empire:" pronounce Rise, the noun, so as to ryline with price: Rise, the verb, J. Gridley, of Amhorst, married for his second wife a daughter of the late Hon. Myron I saw him somewheres in the city: say,

somewhere. N. B .- Nowheres, everywheres,

chie, and do not say mischevious. She is a matron: say, may-tron, and not mately interwoven with the history of the There are many more errors in very common use among us, some of whichare not set throughout all the difficulties in Kansas. down in the work before us. Thetrath is that a large number of our best read people become acquainted with words through the me dium of the eye alone. They never hear langaage correctly pronounced, and it is no wonder that they should pronounce such words as epitome, antipodes, Penelope, Pegasus, and thers, according to the usual analogy. We suggest to the publishers either to enlarge Madison's remains are in the vault of the contheir book so as to embrace within it all the common mistakes, or to prepare another volme of plain directions for the correct pronunlation of all words likely to be mispronounc-

# needed .- Life Illustrated.

d by those who derive their knowledge of

words from reading only. The rapid sale of

Leap Year. The recurrence of reap year has called out nany interesting reminiscences of the privileges of the ladies. Among other things of said that he had a house rented to a lot of the kind, it is mentioned that-

"By an ancient act of the good old Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Margaret, about 1288, it was 'ordanit, that during ye reign of her maist blessit Majestie, ilka maiden ladee of baith high and low estait shall hae liberty to speak ye man she likes: gif he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulet in the sum of a hundrity punds or less, as his estate may be, except and always gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to unither woman; then he shall be free."

From the Sieur de Beauglan's "Description of the Ukraine, including several provinces of the Kingdom of Poland," published at Rouen, in 1662, it appears that, at that period, the Consack damsels also made proposals of mar-

riage. M. Beauplan says: "Here, then, contrary to the custom of all other countries, may be seen young girls making love to young men; and a superstition very prevalent among them, and carefully observed, causes them scarcely ever to miss their object, and, indeed, renders them more sure of success than the men would be, should the latter attempt the wooing. They proceed somewhat after the following manner:

"The maiden goes to the house of the father of the young man whom she loves when she thinks the family are all together, and says, on entering, Pomagobog, which means, 'God bless you.' She pays her compliments' to him who has made so great an impression upon her heart, and tells him she thinks he will know how to govern and love his wife. Thy noble qualities, she continues, have led me to pray thee very humbly to accept me for thy wife.' She then asks the father and mother to consent to the marriage. If she receives a refusal or some excuse, as that he is too young and not ready to marry, she au-swers that she will not depart until he has espoused her. Thus she perseveres and per-sists in remaining until she has obtained a favorable answer to her demands

"After several weeks the father and mother are not only constrained to give their consent, but also persuade their son to look upon her more favorably. At the saine time, the young man, seeing the maiden so determined to posterity.

In her affection for him, begins to regard her as the one who is destined to be the mistress as the one who is destined to be the mistress the devil for his bedfellow. A was desired of his desires. Finally, he prays his father and mother to permit him to espouse her. Thus she accomplishes her purpose, and the entire family, through fear of incurring the This is regarded as evidence that African blood is mingled with the white. Mr. C. had to give the slender, clear sound of a. Avoid house, are constrained to give their consent now become excited, and he exclaimed.

This is the eighth week since the com-You are stronger than him; say, than he. and yet no Speaker of the House is elected. entirely of American manufacture,

# AN HONEST MAN.

Many years ago there lived on the bank of us; say you and me.

Let you and I take a walk: say, Let you dark waters of Renduskeng, an eccentric old Let you and I take a walk: say, Let you and me, or Let us. Who would think of saying, Let I go.

A steam engine: pronounce engine with en, as in pen, and not like in, and gine like gin.

A courier is expected from Washington; pronounce cou in courier so as to rhyme with too; never pronounce courier like currier.

dark waters of Kendliskeag, an eccentric old man by the pame of Bodge. Misfortune and run had reduced him from a position of considerable wealth. The people there, espetially those who had known him in better days, had a sympathy for this decayed old citizen, and were not disposed to criticise has some what erratic conduct with much particularity. Moreover, whatever other failings he hadrier.

"Old Bodge" was a man of truth. There was a theory that he would sometimes steal, but he scorned a lie. This was a distinction upon which he stood with something like

ride. One summer's afternoon there came up upon the lazy tide the old schooner which was then the chief communication with the rectropolis, and among the crowd of men and boys waiting her arrival on the shore, was our friend. A worthy deacon of the village church took him aside and informed him, with his business like frankness, that he had a large variety of merchandise on board, particularly You should not say bar for bear, hum for a lot of fine salt fish; and he proposed to give home, dauler for dollar; and it is better to Bodge five of the latter, with the understandavoid using such expressions, as I reckon, I ing that he was not to take anything else.

Bodge hesitated. It was a hard case but if the deacon would allow him to solect nine of the best fish on board, he would pass his word-" and so the empromise was

It was a larger cargo than Bodge expected. The shades of evening began to fall before it was half landed, and opportunity seemed to serve better than he had supposed. He repented his bargain, but never thought of breaking his word. He left a course like this to his betters; but he deliberately brought back the fish he had received, laid them on the

I shall have finished by the latter end of wharf and said:

"Deacon, I've brought back those fish.

The fact, is I think I can do better." Dr. CHARLES ROBNISON OF KANSAS.—The Springfield Republican has an extended sketch of this gentleman nominated for Governor by the Pree State party of Kansas. Mr. Robnison was born in Hardwick, Worcester County. Massachusetts. He was a medical student in the office of the late Dr. Timothy Lawrence, of Belchertown, has been an agent of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, and anywheres are also very frequently and accompanied one of the first parties that emigrated from that region. The settlement You are very mischievous: pronounce mis- at Lawrence City was made, and Dr. Robinretains. His history since that time is inti-

> steady judgment and a fearless spirit, The illustrious Madison lies with his family in a grave yard a short distance from the old family mansion; the family cemetery is surrounded by a brick wall the gate of which is broken down. Not a stone marks the great man's resting place. A dark running green vine wraps it with verdure and 'tis a solemu calm and peaceful spot. Mrs. gressional burying ground in Washington her directions were to be interred by the side of her husband but her son has never

Territory. He has carried a cool head

fulfilled her request. FUNNY REASON.—In the Arrison trial at the) present collection shows that such a work | Cincinnati, says the Columbian, one of the gentlemen who was chosen as a juror, and who lives almost within a stones throw of the place where the infernal machine exploded, stated in his examination, that he had never "heard of the case," and in excuse for this want of knowledge of what was going on-Irish, and they gave him so much trouble that be couldn't think of anything else."

During the search instituted by the ditor of the Times for female compositors, it is reported that the following short dislogue took place: Brister-Good morning, Mr. Henpeck,

have you got any daughters that would make

good type setters?

Henpeck-No, but I've got a wife that would make a very fine 'devil,'-Zanesville American. Consequences of Smoking.—A lady once declared that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. It certainly short-

ens their lives, said she.

there's my father, who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old. 'Well,' was the reply, 'if he had never smoked he might have been eighty.' A curious custom prevails in Paris of innually declaring the King of the Pumpkins, and of making a solemn procession in honor of the largest vegetable of the species

which can be discovered. The King of the present year was grown at St. Mande, and

weighed 348 pounds, being a little less than seven feet in circumference, The religious world of England is ist now excited by rumors that Prince Alpert has embraced Unitarian Doctrines, and that his wife, the Queen sympathizes with him in sentiment; and therefore the visible or temporal head of the Churck of Eggland has ecome beterodox.

CENSUS TAKEN. - Well. Mrs. Finnigan. how many have you in the family !

Mrs. Finnigan — Well, let me see, there me, and Misther Finnigan, and Mary, and Megy, and John, and Michael and Patrick; and eleven checkens, three gase and a Dootch WARTED. - By a maiden lady, a local hab-

itation and a name. The real estate she is not particular about, so that the title is pret He who goes to bed in anger, has the devil for his bedfellow. A wag desires

us to ray he knows a married man, tho though he goes to bed meek and gentle .. lamb, is in the same predicament. Among other blessings, says Dr. Franklin, a man should thank God for the vanity, because it makes him feel happy.

A manufactury has been establia mencement of the present session of Congress, in New York for the production of watches

# Still no answer.