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66 FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG.

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"Poets' Corner."

An April Day. Did poet ever pen lines more beautifully descri tive of the season than those of Clare in his "Wi ow's Walk?" You can hear the pattering rain-drops and almost smell the rich fragrance of the honey-

All day the low-hung clouds have dropt Their garnered fuliness down, All day that soft gray mist hath wrapt Hill, valley, grove and town.
There has not been a sound to-day To break the calm of nature: Nor motion, I might almost say, Of life or living creature; Of waving bough, or warbling bird, Or caule faintly lowing, I could have half believed I heard The leaves and blosspins growing. I stood to hear. I love it well, The rain's continuous sound; Small drops, but thick and fast they full, Down straight into the ground. For leafy thickness is not yet Earth's naked breast to screen, Though every dripping branch is set With shoots of tender green. Sure since I looked at early morn, These honeysuckle buds Have swelled to double growth. That ther Hath put forth larger studs; That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing! The very earth, the steamy air Is all with fragrance rife; And grace and beauty everywhere Are flushing into life. Down, down they coule—those fruitful sto Those earth-rejoicing drops! momentary deluge pours, Then thins, decreases, stops;

Frow Syria.

And ere the dimples on the stream

Lo! from the West a parting gleam

But yet, behold! abropt and foud

Comes down the glittering rain; The farewell of a passing cloud, The fringes of her train.

Have circled out of sight,

Letter from Rev. J. L. Lyons, to his little

. Выяст, Syria, Feb. 18, 1856. EAR BROTHER GEORGY :- I am pretty lired nearly all day, but still, as the steamer goes The poor girl declared her innocence in the out to morrow, I will spend a few moments most wild terms, but circumstances were hard in answering your last letter. You ask me several questions, which I will reply to. 1. You ask where we get water, since during, cess there. four many of the year, from June to October, we have go rain. I will tell you. During the winter mouths that is, from November to April warge quantify of rain falls, and in the spring and summer, the immenseisnow banks melt upon the tops of the mountains, and thus all the springs and fountains are filled, and in sufficient quantity to last through the ver. There is an old Arab who supbles as with water every day from one of these fountains. The fountain is a mile off and the old man brings his four water fars in a curious wooden frame on the back of a donkey. These jars hold about five gallons each. We use two jars of water a day and pay the of the people are too poor to buy water and therefore the women bring it in these stone jars, on their heads, just as they did two thousand years ago in the time of our Savior.-You say you should think every thing would and the tender plants get pretty thoroughly scorched, but the grape vines and fig trees have got so used to it that they do not mind it. All garden vegetables and grains are green peas next month. In some places in in the mountains, where the fountains are

2. You ask what do you have for lights? We burn olive oil, which is made from the fruit of the olive tree. About an hour's ride from Beirut there is an olive grove, or orchard several miles in extent. The olive oil gives a soft and beautiful light and is much superior to the lamp oil which you use at

3. 'What do you have to eat?' We have a great many things that you have at home and a great many things that you do not have. We have meat, potatoes, bread, milk, butter, reggs, and all sorts of regetables and fruits in their season. We have the same American dishes that we used to have at home and several Arab dishes besides. As far as eating is concerned we live in fact very much as you do at home, for we cat the Arab dishes only when we wish them. Our cook has lived so many years with the missionaries that he understands our American way of cooking.

4. You inquire 'How do you like the little Arab boys about my size, do they act like me, or do I act like them? Well, I like them on the whole very much. There are you. my curious customs. They are famous for continued the feet of a state of the prisoner's continued to read, and that no one else had access there and the prisoner's the farming by the form the right hand toward the left. They walk with the big end of their causes down, and when they ride, the right power and the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the room the prisoner's the principle to toil, further the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the content purple to the printing office, and there on the printing office, and there are the boy that the wedstored to total, multiple to the printing office, and there is the printing office, and there is the printing office, and there is the printing office, and there has a present on the printing office, and there has a present of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the purp I said the content purple to the printing office, and there has a present of the purp. I said, as soon as I had lood the purp I said the content purple to the printing office, and there has a present of the purp. I said the printing office, and there has a present of the purp I said to the word of which the word of which the prin

goes round the earth every day; and the won-der is, among so many contrarieties, that they do not count backwards and that they walk on their feet instead of their heads, "

I am glad to hear that you are making progress in your studies, and that you hope to be somebody yet.' Keep on trying to be somebody, try to be useful, try to be good, above all, give your heart to God, love Him and serve Him and then will you be truly good and truly happy:

Give my respects to my little friends Willie and Bennie and Monroe and Pulaski, and vour other playmates. Your affectionate Brother,

Igles and Sketches.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

In the spring of 1848 I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning and immediately had a long conference with my client. The stolen mail bag had been recovered, as well as the letters. from which the money had been rifled. These; letters were given to me for examination, and I then returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my private pre-liminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into the court in the afternoon to see what was going on. The first case that come up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl, not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look which we soldom find in a culprit. She was pale and frightened and the moment my eye rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too much fright-

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from a Mrs. Naseby; and as the case went on, I found that this Mrs. Naseby, a wealthy widow livto hight, for I have been studying Arabic ing in the town, was the girl's mistress .against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one who had ac-

> At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking mans and big tears stood in his eyes. They tell melyou are a good lawyer, he

I am a lawyer, I answered. 'Then do save her! You can certainly do , for she is innocent. 'Is she your sister?'

'No, Sir,' he said. 'But, bu-Here he hesitated again. 'Has she no counsel?' I asked.

None that's good for anything-nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll give you all I've got. I can't give you much, but I can raise something.

I reflected for a moment. I east my eyes wher carrier eight cents a week. The most towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of humble entreaty I read in her glance resolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl, and asked if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then I informed the court that I was ready to enter dry up in the sun mer. It is true, the grass into the case, and I was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction which ran quickly through the room told me where the ympathies of the people were. I asked for moment's cessation, that I might speak with my client. I went and sat down by her side, raised in the winter. We expect to have and asked her to state candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago; she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollarge and the water abundant, the people

make dams and ditches and turn the water She missed it from her drawer, the girl on to their gardens and thus are able to raise said to me, 'and she asked me about it, but I all kinds of vegetables in the summer. The knew nothing about it. The next thing I people do this at Ain Zehalta where we spent knew, Nancy. Luther told Mrs. Naseby that | she saw me take the money from the drawer that she watched me through the key-hole. State? Then they went to my trunk and found twenty five dollars of the missing money there.-But, sir, I never took it—and somebody elso must have put it there.

I then asked her if she suspected any one. 'I don't know,' she said, 'who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook. I was the cham-

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years old, with a low forehead, small grey eyes, a pug nose and thick lips. I caught her glarice once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment there. I was convinced that she was the the receipt."

Nancy Luther did you say that girl's ken in upon me. -

'Is there any other girl of that name about

Then rest easy. I'll try hard to save

I left the court room and went to the prossome bright sharp-eyed little fellows among ecuting attorney and asked him for the letthem, and they are very polite. They all ters I had handed him the ones that had ways bow and wish me good morning or good been stolen from the mail bag. He gave evening, and sometimes as is the custom with them to me, and having selected one, I re had burst at her feet. She turned pale as many when they meet those whom they think turned the rest, and told him I would see death, and every limb shook violently. Ifetable creations made on purpose to go with that he had the one I kept before night. I waited until the people could have an opportold, dusky buildings; and this yew tree is

dishonesty?'

'No sir.' 'Should you have thought of searching her runk had not Nancy Luther advised you and informed you?"

glance, as much as to say, trap me if you can.' She gave her évidence as follows:

was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up, she suspected all was not right. So she fellowed her up. 'Elizabeth went into til i cum hum. i cant kepe it hear coz i am Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after afrade it will git stole. dont speke wun word her. I stooped down and looked through the key hole, and saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out, I hurried away.' Then she went on, told how she had informed

search the girl's trunk. I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand. You say that no one, saye yourself and the prisoner, had access to your rooms, I that the letter is directed to Dorcas Luther, said. Now could Nancy Luther have entered Somers, Montgomery county. And you will the rooms if she wished?'

'Certainly, sir. I meant no one else had I saw that Mrs. Naseby, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery. 'Could your cook have known, by any

neans in your knowledge, where your money Yes, sir; for she has often come up to my room when I was there, and I have given her money with which to buy provisions of

market men, who happened along with their One more question; have you known the vas stolen ?'

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever. Miss Luther,' I said, 'why did you not inform your mistress at once, of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask about the

Because I could not make up my at cace-to expose the poor young girl,' she answered promptly.
You say you looked through the key-hole. and saw her take the money ?? 'Yes, sir.'

'Where did she place the lamp when she did so ?". . On the bureau

'In your testimony you said she stooped. down when she picked it up. What did you The girl hesitated, and finally said she didn't mean anything, only that she picked up the

Very well, said I How long have you been with Mrs. Naseby? Not quite a year, sir.

"How much does she pay you a week!" 'A dollar and three quarters. Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?

'Yes, sir.' ! How much?'. 'I don't know, sir.' 'Why don't you know?'

'How should 1? I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no 'Now if you had wished to harm the pris oner, could you have raised twenty-five dol-

lars to put in her trunk?
'No, sir,' she replied with virtuous indig-Then you have not laid up any money

since you have been there?' 'No sir—only what Mrs. Naseby may 'Then you didn't have any twenty-five dollars when you came there ?"

* No, sir, and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the very mondy that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that if you'd only remember what you hear. This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she could have put the money in the prisoner's trunk. However I was not overcome entire

'I do, sir.' 'In what town?'

She hesitated, and for an instant the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered, 'I belong in Somers, Montgomery Coun-I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.

Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them? 'Always. 'Can you send and get one of them for

payments, said Mrs. Naseby. O, I don't doubt it,' I replied, 'but occu-

lar proof is the thing for the court room.— I detected the look of hatred which I read So if you can, I wish you would procure me She said she would willingly go if the court said so. The court did say so, and she went: name was?' I asked, for a new light had bro- Her, dwelling was not far off, and she soon

returned, and handed me four receipts, which took and examined. They were all signed in a strange, strangling hand by the witness. 'Now Nancy Luther,' I said, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, 'please tell the court, and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventyfive dollars you sent in your letter to your sister in Somers?

The witness started, as though a volcano English literature.

The witness started, as though a volcano English literature.

She turned nale as "Here in England, I think, they have veg-

Had you ever before detected her in any and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post-mark, you will observe that it was Mrs. Naseby left the stand and Nancy Lumailed on the very day after the hundred ther took her place. She came up with a dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant drawer. I will read it to you if you please. The court nodded assent and I read the following, which was without date, save that She said that on the night when the money made by the post master upon the outside.

I give it verbatim: " Sister Dorcas: - 1 cend yu heer sevente five dolers, which i want yu too kepe fur me tu a livin sole bout this coz i dont wont nobodi tu kno i have got enny mony. yu wunt now wil yo. i am fust rate heer, unly that gude for nuthin snipe of liz madworth is hear no i rote to yu bout her. giv my luv to awl her mistress of this, and how she proposed to inquirin frens. this is frum yure sister. til deth NANCY LUTHER."

'Now, your honor,' I said, as I handed him the letter, and also the receipts, you will see Somers, Montgomery county, And you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed these receipts. The jury will also observe. And now I will only add: It is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars was sent off for safe-keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real

criminal. Of the tone of the parts of the letter. I leave you to judge. And now, gentlemen, I leave my client's case in your hands.' The case was given to the jury immediate y following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, prisoner's having used any money since this and without leaving their seats they returned a verdict of " Not Guilty."

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek the protection of the officers, or the excited people would have mairned her, at least, it they had not done more. The next morning I received a note, toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no handsomely written, in which I was told that comfort to herself, and a burden gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of n poor defenseless maiden. It was signed Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth who first begged me to take up the case, called upon me with all the money he could raise, but I showed him that I was already

fair client being the happy bride. A good story is told by H. P. L., or one

paid, and refused his hard earnings. Before

I left town I was a guest at his welding-my

Dory—a great sportsman—who met in Arkansas a regular ' child of the woods' (rather | teen-eighteen, sounded out the enraptured large for a 'child' being full six-leet-four.)-The twain commenced talking about all sorts of hunting, and Dory grew quite eloquent over the beauty of snipe-shooting, which he regarded as the finest sport in the world. He 'drew it strong' about his own exploits

being away from home—and went on sawing away about how the snipe rose and fell until Ruckensækian woke up with the ques-* What ar' snipe?'

'Snipe,' said Dory, 'are the best game that flies. The kind I mean are called English or Wilson's snipe, and are splendid! Long legs, long tails, dusky bue'-

Stranger stop than! I've seen the critters-know 'em like an old boot,' returned Rackensackian. 'I've been down in the Lewisianny swamps I have! Do you raally eat them ar critters up North? 'Certainly we do,' said Dory; 'but you

said vou had seen 'em down in the Louisiana swamps—they winter there, I expect.'
'Winter and summer both: That ar a few, I should think in Arkansaw! Two of my boys was down choppin' wood for the steamer t'other day, and them ar snipe sung so loud they come back at night and said thar was a camp meetin' goin' on down the

'Sing?' inquired Dow. 'That is singular. At the North, as they fise, I have heard them utter a low whistle, int never knew they

sung before! Sing!' said the Rackensackian-they sing so they make my hair stand on eend. You raally shoot themar' critters on to the no trouble now, demands no love, no soft North? Stranger, if you'll only come up words, no tender little offices. A look of pato my plantation and thoot off the crop thar, tient endurance, we fancied also an expression I'll give you the best torse you can pick out, of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marand throw in a nigger to take keer of him.' ble features. Her children there, clad in

a horse and a negro.' Wall, stranger, I live at Powder Horn P'int on Meto Creek, bout thirty miles from about my off them ar birds for he don't be my eternal friend, he will! Look here, the eternal things pitched into in youngest child after

big /s a pumpkin! Pitched into your child !-swelled head! -bg as a pumpkin! Did snipe do this? skid Dory, in great hopes of having discovre something new.

/Well they did. Leastwise what you call npe. We call 'cm nus-kec-ters!' Grand tableau. Cartain descends to slow usic of toddy sticks, broken see and the she of an Arkansas snipe!

and," gives the following description of the lew tree, of which we have read so much in

'She Has Outlived Her Usefulness." Not long since, a good looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied: "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be our home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, You have met with a great loss." "Well-yes," replied the strong man, with esitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us sons and daughters; and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. yit—but i hope tu git rid ov her now. yu But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when her time was out; and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was

a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up. Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nersery. Wo gazed upon the little faces which smiled or grew sad in inlitation of ours-those little ones to whose car no word in our language is half so sweet as "Mother;" and we wondered if that day would ever come when they would say of us, "She has out lived her usefulness, she is no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children!-Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial we went to the sanctuary to pay our ony token of respect for the aged stranger; for vesfelt that we could give her memory a tear, even though-her own children had none to

She was a good mother in her day, and

the within' was but a slight token of the body else!" These cruel, heartless words rang in in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud. until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One-two-three -four-five. How clearly and almost merrify each stroke told of her once peaceful slamber on her mother's bosom, and of her sent at nightfall upon her weary father's knees. Six-seven-eight-nine-ten-rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadow, and by the brook.-Eleven-twelve-thirteen-tourteen-lifteen the household joys an cares. Sixteen—sevenvisions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. - Nineteen, brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood-of the love and cares, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm hearted mother and grandmother, living over again herown joys and sorrows in those of her children and her children's children. Every famfly of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but lark! the bell tolls on! | Seventy gins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she, goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toil and weariness it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty-eighty-one -two-three-fourah, she is now a second child-now " she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;"that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from the "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! there she lies now, in the coffin, cold and still—she makes Where do you live? asked Dory, 'if ev- weeds of woe, and in frony we remembered er I am up your way fou'll have to owe me the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day.' When the bell ceased tolling, the strange

minister rose in the pulpit. His form was Napoleon, and cuss in if the man that shoots | very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passa ges of scripture expressive of God's compassion to féeble man, especially of his tenderit was born, so that it head-swelled up as ness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touch ing remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they night claim his promise whom heart and flesh should fail them. "Then" he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thep shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverent-THE YEW TREE. Mrs. Stowe, in her new ly, "From a little child I have honored the ork, entitled "Sunny Memories of Foreign aged; but never till grey hairs covered my an acquired intelligence far beyond his years. own head, did I know truly how much love He had but little opportunity at the com-and sympathy this class have a right to definon school, but he said he had read some. mand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel and what he had read he well understood and it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, remembered. In addition to the ripe intelliwho now lies in death before us, was a gence manifested in one so young, and whose stranger to me, as are all these, her descend instruction had been so limited, there was a ants. All I know of her is what her son has single-mindedness, a truthfulness and comabove them, take my hand and press it to then returned to the court room, and then repeated one of them. It has altogether a most gob. then returned to the court room, and then repeated one of them. It has altogether a most gob. then returned to the court room, and then repeated one of them. It has altogether a most gob. then returned to the court room, and then repeated one of them. It has altogether a most gob. then returned to the court room, and then repeated one of them. It has altogether a most gob. told me to-day—that she was brought to this mon sense in what he said, that at once combon from afar sixty-nine years ago, a hard some form afar sixty-nine years ago.

forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures. Adieu, then, poor, toil-worn mother; there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom longed-for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold. Horace Greeley's Apprenticeship. It was our a fine spring morning in the year 1826, about 10 o'clock when Mr. Amos Bliss,

mother cannot live so long as that! No;

when she can no longer labor for her children.

the manager and one of the proprietors of the Northern Spectator, in East Poultney, Vt., might have been seen in the garden behind his house planting potatoes. He heard the gate open behind him, and, without turning or looking round, became dimly conscious of the presence of a boy. But the boys of country villages go into whosesoever garden their wandering fancy impels them, and supposing this boy to be one of his own neighbors, Mr. Bliss continued his work and quickly forgot that he was not alone. In a few minutes he heard a voice close behind him a strange voice, high pitched and whin-

It said, 'Are you the man that carries en the printing office? Mr. Bliss then turned, and resting upon his hoe, surveyed the person who had thus addressed him. He saw standing before him about fifteen years of age, and arid waste, (except where forest trees of a light, tall, and slender form, dressed in abound) or drenched with soaking rains. the plain, farmer's cloth of the time, his gar. There is really no half way work about it. ments cut with an utter disregard to elegance And yet with hardly a shower for six months and fit. His trousers were exceedingly in summer, California produces the largest

his shoes were of the kind denominated high most upon the very summit of its highest lows, and much worn down; his hat was of mountains, and though surrounded by eternal telt, one of the old stamp, with so small a snows, their waters never freeze. On the bring that it looked more like a two-quart, east of the Sierras, the rivers run inland and measure inverted than anything else; and it instead of discharging their waters into the was worn far back on his head; his hair was ocean they are dried up. With a climate white, with a tinge of orange at its extremities, and it lay thinly upon a broad forehead and over a head 'rocking on shoulders which eemed too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to the general outline.' The general effect of the figure and its costume was so outre, they presented such a combination of the rustic and the ludierous, and the apparition had come upon him so suddenly, that the amiable gardoner could scarcely keep from laughing.

He restrained himself, however, and replied, 'Yes, I'm the man, Whereupon the stranger asked, 'Don't you want a boy to learn the trade? Well, said Mr. Bliss, 'we have been

thinking of it. Do you want to learn to 'I've had some notion of it,' said the boy in true vankee fashion, as though he had not

been dreaming about it, and longing for it Mr. Bliss was both astonished and puzzled astonished that such a fellow as the boy Looked to be, should have ever thought of learning to print, and puzzled how to convey to him an idea of the absurdity of the notion. seventy-one-two-three-four. She be- So, with an expression in his countenance, such as that of a tender-hearted dry-goods merchant might be supposed to assume if a hod-carrier should apply for a place in the pands and shrinks largely endwise. ace department, he said, Well, my boy— Thousands live in the enjoyment but, you know, it takes considerable learning be a printer. Have you been to school

> 'No,' said the boy, 'I haven't had much hance at school. I've read some.
> 'What have you read?' asked Mr. Bliss. Well. I've read some history, and some ivels, and a little of most everything.'

Where do you live?' At Westhaven.' How did you come over? I came on foot.' What's you name?'

'Horace Greeley,'
Now it happened that Mr. Amos Bliss had, een for the last three years an Inspector of common Schools, and in fulfilling the duties of his office-examining and licensing teachers-he had acquired an uncommon facilty in asking questions, and a fondness for that exercise which men generally entertain for an employment in which they suppose themselves to excel. The youth before him was -in the language of medical students-a fresh subject, and the Inspector proceeded to try all his skill upon him, advancing from easy questions to hard ones, up to those knotty problems with which he had been wont to stump' candidates for the office of teacher. The boy was a match for him. He answered every question promptly, clearly and modesily. He could not be stumped' in the ordinary school studies, and of the books he had read he cold give a correct and complete analysis. In Mr. Bliss' own account of the interview, he says, 'On entering into conversation, and a partial examination of the qualifications of my new applicant it no chattering aunts, and grundling grand required but little time to discover that he possessed a mind of no common order, and

she has been to you of late. When you go the remarks of the boys. The foreman at back to your homes, be careful of your words first, was inclined to wonder that Mr. Bliss and your example before your own children, should, for one moment, think it possible for the fi uit of your own doing you will sure- that a boy got up in that style could perform ly reap from them when you yourselves tot the most ordinary duties of a printer's apter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you prentice. Ten minutes talk with him, howas a friend, as one who has himself entered ever, effected a partial revolution in his mind the "evening of life," that you may say, in in the boy's favor, and as he was greatly in the presence of your families nor of heaven, want of mother apprentice; he was not fa-"Our mother has outlived her usefulness- clined to be over particular. He tore off a she was a burden to us." Never, never; a slip of proof-paper, wrote a few words upon it hastily with a pencil, and told the boy to take it to Mr. Bliss. I his piece of paper was nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call ter try him. Away went Horace to the garforth by her helplessness all the noble, genden, and presented his paper. Mr. Bliss, whose curiosity had been excited to a high pitch by the extraordinary contrast between the appearance of the boy and his real-quality, now entering into a long conversation with him, questioning him respecting his history, his past employments, his parents, their circumstances, his own intention and wishes: of luffpile Love, but there shalt thou find thy and the longer he talked the more his admiration grew. The result was, that he agreed to accept Horaco as an apprentice, provided his father would agree to the usual terms; and then, with engersteps, and a light heaved the happy boy took the dusty road that led to his home in Westhaven.

A Country of Contrarieties.

California, including that portion of Utah lying betwen the Sierra Nevada mountains and the deserts on the east, is of all others, a land of contrarieties. For six or eight months of the year our climate (we are speaking of the mountain country of California) is one of gental mildness and almost uninterrupted sunshine, followed by months, weeks and days of alternate rain or cloud and sunshine, and this makes our winter; and yet the temperature is so mild that it seldom freezes. Some seasons we get much more of drenching rains than we have the past winter; but when it does rain, or snow even, we have little or no wind to give force or terror to the

The whole earth for months together is either one continuous bed of flowers, a dry endless forest of great beauty, we have very few birds, and such as we have, seldom if ever sing, high among the mountains. The face of the country is one uninterrupted succession of ups and downs, there is very little level land here. High bills, deep gorges and canons characterize the mountain slopes on either side. Our valleys are almost on a level with the waters of the ocean, and our nountains are so high that they are ever decked with snow.

The extremes of morality and dissipation are seen everywhere, and Sunday is the great business and market day. Our women are either transcendently beautiful or homely as Diggers. Our people are rich and making money, or miserably hard up; or one day poor, and the next counting their gold by pounds. A man may be without a dime in his pocket, and yet be treading upon gold at every step. He may have no wife, or he may have a dozen, just as he chooses, and a whole church to sustain him in his privilences and principles. Animals, supposed to have attained their full growth in the States, on being brought here, increase in size and weight. Nor is this phenomena entirely confined to the brute species, whilst lumber made into furniture of almost every description ex-

Thousands live in the enjoyment of per fect health from year to year; many die from disease or violence. Kind friends may minister to the dying, or the taunts and jeers of fiendish men may mock at the dying throes of their victim. Some are buried in the quiet tomb, others upon the burning pyre are hastily resolved into their original elements. and some in their last repose occupy places unknown so men ; while thousands have, and other thousands may, return to their eastern homes, and with their families around them, pass down through life, ever grateful to a kind Providence for having directed their thoughts and guided their footsteps to the land of gold, extremes and contraricties - Placerville Amer.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE-ADAM'S WEDDING -An English journal, the Brittantia, has an imusing article under the head of "Adam's Wedding." The editor says that he likes short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man he fell asleep a bachelor and swoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have "papped the question" immediately after meeting Ma'amselle Eve; and she without flirtation or shyness gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in poetical mood have wished we were the man that did it. But the deed is or was done: the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden, it is in good taste. We like a private wedding, and Adam's was strictly private. No envious beaux were there, no croaking old maids, mothers. The birds of heaven were minstrels, and the glad sky shed its light upon the scene. One thing about the first wedding bringa queer ideas into our heads, spite o scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married a some two or three years old, according to the sagest speculations of theologists inere babes larger, but not older without a house, without pot or kettle-nothing but love and Eden!