Independent Republicun.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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Poet's Corner.

From the Syracuse Journal. DREAM-LAND.

MY H. S. CROMWELL. There lies a country far from Day's Dominions A clime of lethoun streams and silont seas, Whereto good angels upon silent pinions, Conduct by paths of ease.

There ancient Night, her starry rule sustaining Sways her mild scepter over sea and land, Serencly and inviolately reigning, With peace at her right hand.

And Sleep, a dusky Hercules before her. Entranced in visions resente and warm, With a half-emptied cup of mandragora Beside his prostrate form.

The mountains life their summits dim and hoary. In inclancholy grandeur, for away;
All all things wear a pale and languid glory, Unknown to brazen day.

There all strange beanties that rapt Fancy renders Enchant the sense! from marble cliffs around, Flashing cascades, mooulit with golden splendor Drop down without a sound.

Still meadows where all wondrous blooms are grow-Exhaling peace, lie lapt in slumb'rous calm, wood by soft winds melodiously blowing From groves of peaceful Palm.

he winding creek and sedgy-margined river, On bonding stems fantastic poppies doze; Narcotic sweetness fills the air forever, And all things love repose.

And round the land a jasper wall arises, Upon whose gates eternal starlight gleams, Showing this legend, with antique devices lawrought-" THE LAND OF DREAMS." And by the portals wait an elfin legion,

Who bear you onward through ambrosial bowe Into the fair recesses of the region, To beds of lotus flowers Then music rises, silver-cadenced, holy,

What time on mystic instruments they play A low and lydian melody that slowly iteals sorrow's soul away.

Or else von skim lone lakes in wizard barges. By slow and measured motion borne along, And hear at intervals, blown from the marges, The Fairies' choric song.

But on the left, there lies a valley lonely, Wherein is nought of quiet or delight, Haunted by fears and things unlovely only,

And go not there! for hideous and gigantie! Are they who there in wait for travellers lie,

They seize the wanderer in those paths of error, Bind him, and sit like lead-upon his breast. And glower, owl-eved, on his speechless terror And motionless unrest.

There Jack O'Lantern weaves his bright illusion, To lare the wight to his unhappy fate,-Who finds alse! his better resolution Come all too late-too late!

There hoots the owl from fens and caves abysmal, And vampires brood, and things that hate the day,

But them themerning comes the spelles broken And action all the wondrous record seems: Of the Dim Land of Dreams,

Tales and Sketches.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

lam an old man now. Time has almost with me. My limbs which once did ber work so well in supporting my youthld frame, now totter under their weight, and my vision is now so dim that all pature is at an indistinct shadow to me. And among he sentiered gray locks upon my head there elf of the youth now past and gone sad renembraneers of hours which can never come gain !- and I soon shall sink into my grave, s others have done before me, forgotten, unmown, save to a few whose hearts will still adden at the recollection of me. Think not, fear reader, that these are the querilous comanni of an old dotard, whose last act is an get your bonnet, and come on !" fort to being himself into notice, that his tame may live after him. It is not so. I do. not marmur. I am well content that so it should be I have a better object than the mere seeking of the "bubble reputation." I want to do you some good before I leave the world. Excuse, then, the simple style of an old man who has forgotten all his flowers of riletoric, and whose first attempt at authorship is in the when he can not even be inspir-Nature's beauties, when his head is if in the threshold of life inexperienced in troubles and also in the joys which matur-

My life has not been an eventful one; the ae puth which I have trod others have trod before ine. I have climbed its steeps, and casionally a serpent has crossed my path, an smiled before me in all its beauty, and when she had acted rightly. plucked it I have found treacherous thorns ; There was, however, a turning from this well- got it. beaten track-a passage in my life's history

blow traversed, even as I first remember it; be before me.

by lines of care; the deep blue eyes, too, with the shadow over them, showing that life had not been without its strifes to her.

She had rejoiced in the birth of many children; but bud after bud had dropped unblostection against some imaginary danger. Sometimes it was a rabbit, as timid as herself; sometimes merely a stump, which, in her eyes, was certainly an old and very ferocious man; and sometimes it was but a harmless denizen of the poultry-yard walking toward her. These dangers did not, it is true, require my exercise of courage to enhance a real happiness to feel that I was looked to it was thought advisable that I should go from Ishall never forget our grief in the separation;

and blushing face of the little girl, heard my never about from me afterward.

how Lify clang around my neck, and sobbed

as if her little heart would break; and how

my dear father took her in his arms, and

laughingly bade her, cheer up-that Willie

be his little wife. I saw the surprised eves

It was the day before I was to start for Enroje, where I must stay for two years. I had tried in vain to find an opportunity to tell utmost freedom, as I had been accustomed to do from a child, I told my mother every thing. It was my first real serrow. Even now I my check as she tried to comfort me. It would be different. Lily was shy; I had tenains only here and there a raven hair to grown so talk, and she had lost my identity with the Willie of former years. She advised me to seek an explanation. As I left her room I met Lily crossing the hall. " I went up to her, and said, in a playful way, "Come, Lily, I want you to go to walk with me this last evening. We will awaken a host of recollections by a stroll in the grove. Now go "Indeed, Willie, I can not go this evening.

I am sorry to deny you, but I must linish this

She looked at me in astonishment. The until the very roots of her hair seemed set in blood. "It is you who are changed," she blood neath the cares and sorrows of sevents said. "You are suspicious of me. You will ber. I heard him stop, surprised, at the foot winters; but who, notwithstanding, has not be my brother Willie any more. And I of my bed, at seeing me still dressed as I had end because I can not—" She stopped, and about calling me. He would walk about the hid her face in her hands, the flush upon her room, and then return to the bed as if, there clicek deepening more in shame than anger.-

a heart warm for those who yet stand am to be tormented from year's end to year's I drew nearer to her, but before I could touch foiled in the burden and heat of its day; but me solved; she loved me only as a brother, bayesting, walked in its pleasant valleys, and shad fathomed my wishes, and wished to avoid den refreshed by its cooling streams. Oc. giving me pain. I started off with a heavy heart. My disappointment was a bitter one;

From Paris I wrote to her, telling her that

bat I do not forget the flowers without thorns I appreciated her motives. I never received which gave to me nothing but pleasure. - an answer to my letter; indeed she never It was far from my intention, dear reader. which redeems it from monotony, and which to make this a love story; and, after all, this toay win you as a listener for a little while, is but to net as an introduction to the one las one passage, which, through a long vist grand event I have promised to tell you of. th of farty-nine years, quivers this aged frame | Neither is it my intention to give you an acwith a sickening borror, will send a thrill count of my travels in Europe; what I saw through your young hearts which will be rethere other travelers have seen, and put down compense sufficient for any trouble on any in books. My heart was not in them. My two years were spent in wild longings to get My life began in the State of Georgia, where home. I had not been able to shake off or my takker owned a large plantation. He had change the feelings I had for Lily. In spite started in life with but little, but by those of my most desperate efforts I had to ackstrange turns and quirks of fortune had amass nowledge that I was still boying on. I tried ed an immense property. It is not worth to improve myself in every thing, and did enter into a description of the personal ap- affection had worn out in my absence and character, and mental qualifications would give place to another and a tenderer est rapidity, but each one heard and felt by you could but hear me now telling how I by vile and cowardly detraction. The effect

as a noble, high-souled Southerner, warm- all my feelings clustered; in her all my barrell and generous to a degree which had thoughts centered. I mingled in society, but barrell fortune been less constant, would have the dark-eyed daughters of Italy, and the Dame Fortune been less constant, would have he and left him a bergar. It might with have been said of him that be was with; till leness of feeling and it till eness of feeling and it till en swell with honest pride to call him Father. companion of my boyhood, and I turned from reigning without.

with her soft brown hair, and smooth pure that my letter approunding my arrival might dead! I shuddered at the word; but the shell aid. I thought that my feelings must make advantage to their country.—Typographic the price of bread and meat is excessive.—

blow traversed, even as I first remember it; be before me.

June 1. Typographic that my feelings must make advantage to their country.—Typographic the price of bread and meat is excessive.—

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carriage had been sent some miles to meet words such as me, and old Juba was winning my thanks "On! had he been but a child of God, I to move to possess it, and I could not.

suited her well; she was just one to smile given. Then came the silent embrace of my, mass' Willie? but this did not prevent the lit was my mother's voice heard saying, and rejoice in the sunshine, but bend and droop before the storm. She was younger than my- and the tearful tenderness of my mother, as touched within. I was laid from my own bed, her arm was around the mourner. I heard self, and I well remember the pride I fook in she thanked God for bringing me sufely home; each limb straightened, each fold laid in its from Lily's bursting heart the exclamation, and I do not believe that any soldier's heart over throbbed in the excitement of the battery of the field with more pleasurable emotions than blue, falling in such graceful folds around her expression of grief they left me alone with my and then the sobs came quicker but more did mine when Lify would look to me for pro- slight but beautifully rounded figure. Her own dead body—the cool preezes sweeping, softly. Then my mother pointed her to the heart bound. The true, she was dignified row. I remember, too, a love outside my in the morning; and how, in the stillness of still; but there was a shy, timed conscious, window, whose mountail note seemed to good her closet, she had been wondrously com-

Thus our happy childhood passed away, with it! We were discussing the changes which from my living death. There seemed to be don't cry any more! We will meet our not a cloud to obscure its brightness; until I had taken place during my absence, and form- such a fixed immovableness about my body Willie in heaven. We must not intrinur at was fifteen years old and Lily twelve. Then | ing plans for the fature, when in father said, that I could not realize motion, and I half be- our Father's chastisement. He had to take with rather a meaning shalle, " And now, my lieved myself dead. The recollection of my our idol, in order to draw our rebellious home to school, and take my first lesson in boy, you must begin to look out for yourself mother's agonized cry of "Oh, had be but hearts to himself." Not one word of rethe minds and manners of my fellow-men. a wife. We shall sadly want a daughter been a child of God!" filled me with horror, projet was uttered nothing which could when our little Lily is gone."

and the idea of an entrance into the eternal wound; and presently the sobs ceased, and I was thunderstruck. I felt as if crushed world without preparation came over me with gently putting her arms ground her, my

to the other in mute amazement. At last I sed in review before me. Alas, what a scene managed to ask what was it what did he of black rebellion! I valuedid I search for would soon come home a man, and she should mean ?

father's hearty laugh, and I started off into told you. She went to Richmond last win. now for the first time, struck, me with their the world with a new idea in my head, and a ter and brought back with her an elegant, fine. enormity. I bated myself. It seemed just new love in my heart. The suggestion was booking fellow, a Dr. Allen, and she has taken in God to punish me thus suggestion was booking fellow, a Dr. Allen, and she has taken in God to punish me thus suggestion was a fancy to the name. I think she is doing kind, watchful care came to my view in a new I looked upon her with different eyes, and well, no doubt, but still I shall miss my little light. Why had I never seen it before-and Pooled upon her with athierent eyes, and wen, no doubt, but sup a shall miss my oute 1 how could hope for pardon on the bed—it was my connect a new my peopled dream-hand with her image. We lady-hard sadly. I had hoped it would have now too late! How could hope for pardon on the bed—it was my connect a new my peopled dream-hand with her image. We lady-hard sadly. I had hoped it would have now too late! How could hope for pardon on the bed—it was my connect a new my peopled dream-hand with her image. We lady-hard sadly. I had hoped it would have now too late! How could hope for pardon on the bed—it was my connect a new my peopled dream-hand with her image. We lady-hard sadly. I had hoped it would have now too late! How could hope for pardon on the bed—it was my connect a new my peopled dream-hand with her image. crote to each other; and when I went home been different, but there is no accounting for for a lifetime of sin? Oh no; I must deat ney vacation I found her grown more lovelastes. Well, good night, Will, my boy spar-I could not merit heaven-I could nevely, but I was conscious of a change in her I am glad you are at home once more;" and er do any thing to show my love and gratitude; manner to me. In her letters she would re- the old gentleman picked up Lis candle and and then, in connection with these thoughts, call old scenes and bring up old associations, flett the room. I do not know how long I lay came my mother's teaching amy prayers lispbut when in actual presence she would avoid with my head in my mother's lap, all my ed at her knee, and repeated, "Our Pather" all renewal of them. If I wanted to walk, hopes blasted, my dram at an end. Not one with a soit of tremulous carnestness I had never she was sure to be intain industrious mood; word was spoken; but sofily, sofily moved known before. But still I despaired; I seemif I proposed a private and confidential con- the velvet palm over my toveled brow. I ed the blackest thing alive, and I then underversation, there was sire to be an interesting closed my eyes. I felt that she read my heart, stood how devils would acknowledge the justiser. She was ever ready with an excuse, counter me her slight sympathy did. Every As these and a multitude of other thoughts some device to prevent a renewal of our old now and then she would stoop down and kiss passed through my mind a heard the door hamiliar intercourse. With my father and away the scalding tears which, in spite of my opened, and my mother side heard the door mother she was the same mischievous, play manhood, would flow, and say, "Dear child!" heard her subdued mount of gook; again the full child; but with me she was suddenly or "My poor Willie!" But the long hours soft hand smoothed my prive, and she said, transformed into the grave, dignified woman. We sat there she never pried into my secret, "My boy? my poor Willie!" an it be? Her manner puzzled, annoyed, and distressed only give me her silent sympathy. At last Oh! my God, thou alone canst comfort me Lily of my feelings toward her. With the one stroke. The thick darkness of night was iour, trusted in him, I could have given him in my own room, and the pale, auxious faces at the feeling; but the feeling is the feeling; but the feeling is the feeling in my own room, and the pale, auxious faces are feeling; but the feeling; but the feeling is the feeling in my own room, and the pale, auxious faces are feeling; but the feeling is the feeling in my own room, and the pale, auxious faces are feeling; but the feeling is the feeling in my own room, and the pale, auxious faces are feeling; but the feeling is the feeling in my own room, and the pale, auxious faces are feeling in the feeling in the feeling in the feeling in the feeling is the feeling in the feeling is the feeling in that I had ever been born. The many bless | child!" and shricking forth her anguish, they

hours I lay tossing, greating, and lamenting how-oh to hope! no hope! my child! my feel the pressure of her soft hand smoothing lings I had were as nothing. What were they tore her from me. in comparison with what was denied to me! Like a spoiled child I di-dained all my toys because there was one beyond my grasp. Oh, how is that night written deep on my memory-burned into my heart! No soft knew not where to find comfort when no earth. I my heart, but now it seeined wrung out.

ly friend was near. Hours must have passed before exhausted by my overwrought feelings, I fell into a strange slumber-so deep, that I was unconscious of my own breathing, and yet acutely conscious; of objects around. I had my eves closed but I felt, the darkness pressing upon I was provoked, and said; almost angrily, their lids. It seemed as if even my heart-Lily, you are capricious, and, I almost be- | stood still. So horrible were my sensations lieve, cold hearted; I never did see any one that I longed to rouse myself, but, like a person in a nightmare, I was "mable to stir; so I lay until it seeined to grow lighter. crimson tide rushed over her neck and face around me, and I heard James (the servant) enter the room. I heard him step carefully and noiselessly for fear of disturbing my slumbeen the day before. He seemed to hesitate was something in my appearance which drew han there; I longed for him to touch me, her she had flown up the wide staircase, and and arouse from my horrible ughtmare. At I heard her door slain. The mystery was to last he came close to me and dailed, "Mass William! Mass' William!" I did not move -1 could not move. He haid his hand on mine. It was iev cold against his and he rushed, horrified from the room. All this I adder has sting me. Sometimes a flower has but in my heart I had to acknowledge that felt, but could not move. Then I knew that was in a living death. Oh, why was it that the agony at my heart did not send the curdling blood through my veins! But no; the same awful stillness reigned through my whole frame. Oh, what would I not have

given to raise a finger, to move a muscle!felt that I was indeed a living soul in a dead body. My hands lay crossed screnely over features, I felt were placed and calm. My frame seemed no longer a part of myself .-My soul writhed in agony and silence within its shell. I heard my mother's shrick, my wail which had so chained my attention in father's grown ; and there was another sound -it seemed like a wail of anguish from a breaking heart. Whose was it? And the imprisoned feelings quivered and shook with something between pleasure and pain, but they gave no outward sign. I head the confusion about the house; the physician, the ministersent for; orders issued with the great-

making me young once more! What do I wings; but they passed at last, and I gladly with her soft brown hair, and smooth pure that my letter announcing my arrival might

It was a sweet, bright day in early May mother's form pressed the bed beside me, | -my hands still crossed upon my breast,that I drew near to my father's house. The her agony giving vent only occasionally in I must go down to my grave with my only

and praises by his efforts to hurry me on my could have borneit; but deads without hope !" soming from the parent tree until Lalone was journey as much as it was possible. Every the doctor came. My delids were raise "why did you come to torment me with left, and upon me was lavished all the tender-thing seemed to have been done with refered. Through those half-chied portals I gaz-vain hopes—why withdraw my thoughts from ness of her loving heart: There was one other ence to my return; every where I recognized once more on the faces I pologed; but my eternity? and I made an effort to be happy member of our family whom I must mention; ed the hand of affection, and even Nature's feelings gave no expression to those film-cove in the prospect of heaven; but my thoughts it was a ward of my father's—a young orphan girl, left to him by an intimate friend when the smiling flowers, and the joythe was but an infant. She was the only being who ever attempted to rival me in the me home. Oh, the magic of the word! My mother fall lifeless beside me—I heard my lation—I wanted to tell her to leave me, to pray for consomother fall lifeless beside me—I heard my lation—I wanted to tell her how, in my hour affection of my parents, and we loved each heart seemed to bound within me, and I could father's frenzied expression of grief, and I was of darkness, I had found light how, in my other too fondly for jealousy. From being not restrain my disposition to leap from the left to be shrouded for the grave. It was writing agony I had found rest in my Salar flower, we called her Lify. The name friends with as much heartiness as they were domestics, amidst many three over "poor opened, and I felt the light from a candle.—

click was a little paler than when I left, but over my silent frame—the sun, in its garish light beyond this darkness—the dark cloud there was a light in her eye that made my brightness, peeping in and mockingat my sur- brightly edged. She told of her own arony ness of the possession of feelings which she me to madness. They would drive it away, forted how she had been assured that the feared to betray. I was perfectly happy. I but it soon returned and sang to me in its child of so many prayers could not be lost had never felt in such spirits. I laughed and melancholy strain that live tong day. And —she was comforted by the unchanging talked in the wildest possible manner. At now I must think how I must stare the evil God. Every now and then she would hush their pleasure to my boy's spirit; but it was last we separated, or at least Lily left us, and in the face, I must look beyond the grave, the quick sobs, as if she were dealing with a my father, my mother, and myself sat down to which I would soon be taken. I do not re- little child. for relief, and I felt myself a man in giving it, for a quiet talk. How well do I remember that I had one hops of being saved

> by a mountain weight. I looked from one all its dreadful reality. My whole life yes mother led her from the room. one act with which I might, hope to appeade "Why, has not Lily written to you, the the great God. They alone fled from me, own reflectly little minx! I thought she would have and I seemed forced to view my sins, which happily.

we parted and retiring to my room, I threw under this most grievous chastisement. Oh, myself upon my bed, and gave way to my let me not muranur; let me but see the end bitter grief. I had never had such feelings to be worked out. Oh, if he had but given before. Heart and brain stemed crushed by time one word to show that he rested in a Sav-

Dear mother, when did you ever come near me without imparting comfort? Even now she spoke of a Saviour, upon whom I might rest, in whom I might trust, even sinful as I was, and I prayed carnestly to be led in the hand to scottle away the anguish, and alas! I right path. I had never before prayed from

Again I was interrupted by the opening of the door, and felt my length and my breadth measured, with the remark, in a strange voice, that he was a "stout corp, to be sure. What could ha' been the matter with the poor gentleman to ha' took him off sa suddint!" ending with an juquiry as to who the property

" To the young lady, I specs," said James: she is jest like old marster's daughter." "I suppose," said the stranger, " they wans satin lining, silver plate—every thing done in the first style?"

"Never mind expense," said James; "every hing must be done up in the very most gen-Imagine, if you can, dear reader, what my feelings must have been at hearing myself diseassed in this way. The mention of the ty so many years ago. done had stood alouf from the body of her | old friend; she did not care enough for her former playmate to induce her to look upon the fond wife-I thought of her husband rejoicing in my death, because by it Lily would

been given to my God. Through that long day many came to look ipon me. My poor father than hours beside me, mouning over the death of his brightest hopes. At last I felt it grow darker-I knew that the sun was going down. I must pass another long night, darkness amy breast, as if to tell of quiet within; my round and within me. If remember that I was trying to pray for submission and support, when I felt the sheet lifted from my face, and then I heard the broken hearted

> the morning.
> My feelings throbbed with pleasure—it was Lily! She had come slone, and such a sound could only come firm a loving, break-

"Oh Willie! dear Walie! if you could

ungratified wish in my grasp. I had only

"Oh Lily!" I said, or rather thought.

"There now, my own child, my little Lily. wound; and presently the sobs ceased, and the money.

Then came the servants bringing candles my own; and between their visits and my own reflections the long right passed not un-

My funeral was to take place the next day. I took the most intense interest in all that concerned it. I knew the time, was drawing near. I heard them set something down upthat I might lie within its too narrow limits. I remember the painfully-cramped feeling this gave me. I was then carried into the parlors. I heard the thick, deep sobs thro' the two rooms. Theard the tremulous ligning sometimes ceasing from emotion, and then taken up again. I heard the solemn voice of men' is of few days and full of trouble." I heard my own funeral sermon, and then the solemn, cloquent supplication to a throne of grace for the bereaved; and then the words, The services will be concluded at the grave, I felt the sheet lifted from my face, and knew that there were many loving eves fixed upon ing; more than one kindly tear fell upon my face. I made a desperite effort to open my eyes-and, reader, I succeeded! I have anlindistinct recollection of shricks, and the mingling of many voices and I sank into a state of insensibility. When I awoke, I was of my mother, my father, and Lily were bending over me. They looked wearied and worn, and I knew what they had suffered .-Those weeks I spent in bed were the happiest of my life; my grafitude, my love to God were unbounded, and lifelt that a lifetime of service would but feebly testify my change of purpose and feeling. I was at last able to sit up, and day after day was my Lily's sweet face beside me. Oh! so well do I remember one day, when left alone with her, to the scene in that very room; and asked her if she would indeed be my little Lily.little Bible beside her was opened, and the shining needle pointed me to what I read : "Wither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and the God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." This was our betrothal : our marriage was soon after; and we have trodden the path of

life side by side. Nor is the little, neatlooking old lady, with well-crimped cap and loving eye, less lovely and beloved to me than the Lily that bloomed in youthful beau-

THE PRESS .- How customary it is to call

the Press the noblest bulwark of our rights, him once again. I pictured her to myself as the palladium of our liberty, etc; and it certainly deserves these titles. But the best things are too often abused, and the press is come to him a richly endoyed bride. These thoughts brought fresh gues and I tried to banish them. I knew that I had given to her the ideletance to be a likely endoyed bride. These thoughts brought fresh guest and I tried to banish them. I knew that I had given to her the ideletance to be a likely endoyed bride. These the likely endoyed bride. These the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the bride to be a likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. These perverted from the glorious objects to be the likely endoyed bride. the idolatry of my heart, which ought to have genders personal cumity, and resentment leads to the base resort of calumny. It has been justly said that he who aspires to a public office must endure a fiery ordeal; every action of his life that will admit of censure is arrayed against him; and if his conduct has been so unexceptionable as to disappoint this array, misrepresentation and slander are employed in its stead. The comhim particular objects of ridicule-his closet and fireside are invaded, and his private feelings tortured by the scarrility of his opponent. These effects do not arise from the liberty of the Press, but from this licentiousness; it is a serious evil, and that man who would devise a remedy, would be truly a benefactor to his country. The virtues of a saint and the talents of an angel cannont secure a man from calumny; the best of our but speak to me-but look at me-but tell countrymen, Washington, Franklin, Jefferme that you died loving forgiving me; if son, and others innumerable, have suffered my dear father. Suffice it to say, that he feeling. She was the nucleus around which as another bigh sould S. cach circumstance vibrated painfully against —how from my very heart I have longed for good and able men stand aloof from politi- to the country, and had not proceeded far up and down I had mistaken for the country to the country, and had not proceeded far up and down I had mistaken for the country to the country, and bad not proceeded far up and down I had mistaken for the country when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and ed whole of one tremendous make."

POLYGAMY AMONG THE ARABS.

An Arab who has no wives is like an Englishman who has no baker, or cook, or tailor, or upholsterer. They are to an Arab gentleman what his slaves were to a patrician Roman. They grind the corn, prepare the couseoussou, make the honey cake, work the haiks and burnouses, and spin the tissue of wool and fibres of the dwarf, palm whereof the tents are made.

The courtship is somewhat of this charac-

The candidate for matrimony makes his incuiries for a woman who has the particular talent wherein his household is wanting, and having obtained the desired information, presents himself at the tent of the father.

After a long conversation upon indifferent matters the dover remarks: "Sidi. I am hiclined to marry your daugh.

"With all my heart. How much will you give for ther ?" "I don't think, from all I hear, that she is

"Sidi Ab-Alla! 25 dorros! You must be oking with me. I refused 50 only yesterday." I wonder very nucle at that, for I am old that she has been divorced twice, and they say she has only one eye."
"Well, what if that should, be so? Did

not your informants, tell you that there is not a woman in the tribe who is her equal in making the quobela haiks ?" "That is trugger you would not have seen

"Twenty-five douros Sidi Abd-el-Kader Not the warrior, be it observed, but a certain prophet of Bagdad. 1 "Twenty-five douros far a woman who cooks and works like Fathma !" "It may be little, but I cannot afford any n ore for her, and I can have Ayesha for half

"Well, well, give me the twenty-five douros down, and you shall give me an obliga-tion before the Kadi for thirty more. (Apart) the watchers, who were old companions of with this obligation I'll hold you in hand, my man, and sooner or later make you pay "God be praised! Between men like us

> bargain is made. (Aside.) You old Jew, if ever you see the shadow of Those thirty douros call me a Christian." "When shall the marringe take place?" "To-morrow. My three wives have prepared everything for the feast, and I have

such small matters are soon settled. The

" Agreed." "Agreed—go in peace.

er happy home, with shoots and frequent and spins, and fetches water from the distant well, fights with her sister wives, and, when I her lord and master is disturbed in his sub- as they come up to blow. lime contemplations by the distant sound of Flowers are very war-like in their displabig he distributes all around.

It is not surprising that Fathma plays her husband false, when she has an opportunity, Teave to the spring, most of their very politic or that her lord has no great faith in her af and fall of boughs.

A French lady in this city told me that he once asked a wealthy Arab, who dwells boot trees, for instance. in a house, and who so much affects French society, whether he was not affail to leave his wives so entirely to themselves, while he passed all his evenings abroad. The confiding hisband's only reply was to put his haid to his girdle and produce a very large key, which he placed on the table with a smile. Correspondence of the London Times.

Lose His Onation .- In the political strugrles of 1848, two Delegates from D----New Hampshire—a hwyer and a tailor tarted on their mission to the capital of that State together in a wagon. The tailor was quite as ardent a politician as his companion, albeit he was not so profound, but what he lacked in black learning and logic, he made up in abundant flow of words, set speeches, matches of political orations, &c.; which he had heard at different caucuses; and which his rejentive memory hoarded up, ready to be delivered on fitting occasions. They had not proceeded far on their journey when Mr. Broadcloth asked his companion if he intended to make a speech, and, on receiving an acfirmative answer, told him he should like to hear it if it was 'cut and dried.'

Accordingly our limb of law delivered himself of the speech—the labor of more than it a little, desired the lawver to go through with it again, which was complied with - away, and leave us to miss on their fided After discussing freely its merits, and chances leveliness? Why is it that the stars, which cially, the 'man of measure' actually prevail- i set above the grasp of our limited faculties ed on the speechiffer to go through with it forever mocking us with their unapproachable be bettered.'..

hey repaired to the chamber of the Conven- torrents upon our heart? We are born for tion, which had just been organized. Our a higher destiny than that of earther There man of cloth watched the chance, and before is a realm where the rainbow never fades. is companion could say 'Mr. Speaker, he where the stars will set out before us like inticipated him, got the floor, and to the sur- i-lands that slumber on the ocean, and where orise and astonishment of his friends in gen ral, and his companion especially, recited like the meteors will stay in our presence he whole speech as he caught it on the jour- forever." ney from the unconscious lawyer's lips, verbatim et literation, and coolly took his seat amidst thunders of adplause.

THE DEPTH OF THE SEA. - A portion of the door of Washington's house in Philadel. the Report of the Secretary of the Navy is phia. While they were there bowling in the devoted to the survey which has been made of the bed of the sea; and the scientific dia take precedence, up comes a Mr. Peters, coveries in this exploration of the great deep wit of the day, who, casting a sly glance from will be found deeply interesting. Specimens one to the other, pushed boldly between have been procured from the bed of the other, exclaiming, "Pardon me, gentlemen, ecan, and beautiful charts made, mapping out if in haste I dash through Thick and Thin." its depths at distances of thirty, forty, sixty and one hundred miles. The greatest depth obtained was two thousand and seventy fathoms-two and a half miles.

at Galway to conduct me some few miles in other, whose resplendent backs, as they went

WEALTH OF THE BRITISH ARBITOGRACY LABOR FARMERS EAT UP THE SMALL ONES. The Dako of Bedford's estate includes on in cluded, a mile square in the heart of London, where the British Museum, once Montague House, now stands, and the land occupied by Woburn Square, Bedford Square, Russel Square. The Marquis of Westmin ister built, within a few yours, the series of squares valled Belgravain Biafford House is the noblest phince in London. Northumberland House holds its place by Charing Cross. Chest rfield House remains in Audley-street. Sion House and Holland House are in the suburbs. But most of the his orient houses are masked or lost in the modern uses to which trade or charity has converted them. in the country, the size of private estates in

more impressive. From Barnard Castle I rode on the highway twenty-three miles from High Force, toward Darlington, past Raby Castle through the estate of the Duke of Cleveland. The Marquis of Breichlane rides out of his house a hundred miles, in straight line to the sea, on his own property: worth more than five and twenty docros. (51) The Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland stretching across Scotland from sea to see.

The Dake of Devonshire, besides his other estates, owrs ripeth-six thousand acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has forty thousand seres at Gordon Castle. The Duke of Norfolk s park in Sursex is fifteen miles in circuit. An Agriculturist bought lately the Island of Lewes, in Hebrides, containing five hundred thousant acres. The possessions of the Enri of Longdale gave him eight seats in Parliament,-This is the Heptarchy again; and before the reform of 1832, one hundred and fifty-four persons sent three hundred and seven fuembers to Parliament. The borough-mongers governed England. These large dominions are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1780, the soil of Egland was owned by two hundred thousand corporations and proprietors; and in 1822, by thirty-two thousand. These broad estates find room in this narrow island. All over England, scattered at short intervals among ship-yards, mines and forger are the paradises of the noble, where are life-long repose and refinement, hightened by the contrust with the roar of industry and necessity out of which you have stepped aside. It W. Emerson's English Traits.

Read what Captain Job Prest, in his table Kingdom:

The term wegetable-screetimes pronouc On the morning Fathma is conducted to peculiar long and pointed form of this description of esculents, hence originally called discharges of firearms. There she cooks, wedge-catable, then vegetables, and now refined into the present term. Annual flowering plants resemble whales

strife, receives her share of the heavy thrash sition, and ever armed with pistils.

They are migratory in their habits, for wherever they may winter, they are sure to

Like dandles, the coating of many trees is their most valuable portion. Cork trees and

Grain and seeds are not considered dang erous except when about to shoots.

Several trees, like watchedogs, are valued mostly for their bark. A little bark will make a rope but it takes

a large pile of wood for a cord. Though there are no vegetable beaux, there are a number of spruce trees.

It is considered only right and proper to ax trees before you fell them. Fruit trees have inilitary characteristics when young they are trained; they have many kernels, and their shoots are straight. Grain inust be treated like infants; when the head bends it must be eradled; and threshing is resorted to to fit it for use.

They are mostly found with smaller grains Great indulgence in fruit is dangerous and too free a use of melons produces a mel-

ancholic effect.

Old maids are fend of pears-but cannot endure any reference to dates. Sailors are a tached to bays; oystermon to becches; love-s ck maidens to pine:

IMMORTALITY. - How beautiful the follows Powing gem from the pen of Prentice, and he at the happy the heart that can see these beautable one long night—to our 'snapper of rifles,' as he portrays them :- "Why is it that the who, after applauding it much and criticising rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and thus pass 5. for improvement in the delivery flore espe- hold their festival ground the thrones, are again; then complimented the victim by tel- glory? And why is it that the bright forms ling him 'it was now perfect, and it could'nt of human beauty are presented to our view. and then taken from us, leaving the thousand hamediately upon their arrival at Concord streams of affection to flow back in Alpine the beautiful being that now pas as before us

Thomas Jefferson was tall and very General Knox-was very short and very thick. The two men met one day at street, each insisting that the other should

An English writer, in a recent work on Norway, states that he had a vision of the sea serpent in one of the Flords. "On exsea serpent in one of the Flords. "On examination," says he, "I found that it was
half a dozen porpoises following close to each

Say, did they have or not, Some niggers and an overseer To till their garden spot? If not, he was a working lad,
And Eve of course his help,
And he who scores his grandest did,

Must be a precious when