# Independent Republican.

66 FREEDOM AND RICHT ACAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

# MONTROSE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1857.

## Poet's Corner.

## Lady Clara Vere de Vere. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

- Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Of me you shall not win renown; You thought to break a country heart For pastine, ere you went to town. At me you smiled, but, unbeguiled,
- I saw the snare, and I retired: The daughter of a hundred carls, You are not one to be desired.
- Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you're proud to hear your name; Your pride is yet no mate for mine, Too proud to care from whence I came. Nor would I break, for your sweet sake, A heart that doats on truer charms;
- A simple maiden in her flower
  Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Some weaker fupil you must find, For, were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop to such a mind. You sought to prove how I could love,
- And my disdain is my reply; The lion on your old stone gate Is not more cold to you than I. Ladr Clara Vere de Vyre, You put strange memories in my head; Not thrice your branching limes have blown,
- Sime I beheld young Lawrence dead, O your sweet eyes! your love replies! A great enchantress you may be, But there was that neross his throat Which you had hardly cared to see.
- Lady Clara Vere de Vere, When thus he met his mother's view, She had the passions of her kind-She spoke some certain truths of you. Indeed I heard one bitter word That scarce is fit for you to hear; Her manners had not that repose That stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
- Lady Clara Vere de Vere, There stands a specter in your hall:
  The guilt of blood is at your door,
  You changed a wholesome heart to guil. You held your course without remorse To make him trust his modest worth; And last, you fixed a vacant state, And slew him with your noble birth.
- Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, From you blue heavens above us bent, The grand old gardener and his wife Smile at the claims of long descent, Howe'er it be, it seems to me, Tis only noble to be good;
- And simple faith than Norman blood. I know you, Clara Vere de Vere, You pine among your halls and towers; The languid light of your proud eyes Is wearied of the rolling hours. In glowing health, with boundless wealth You know so ill to deal with time. Your needs must play such pranks as these.
- Lady Clara Vere de Vere, If time be heavy on your hands, Are diere no beggars at your gate, Oh! teach the orphan boyde read, Or teach size orphan girl to sew : Fray Heaven for a human heart, And let the foolish veoman go.

# A Christmas Story.

### [From the New York Knick-rbocker.] WHAT JEDD PALLFREY FOUND IN

### THE COFFIN. BY T. B. ALDRICH.

# CHIMES OF MEMORY.

Menny Christmas? Ah! but it used to be. It used to be, betore the dreamy mond of boyhood melted away like a silvery mist. Merry, merry Christmas, then ! The very words tinkled musically. I can hear them trembling yet, in memory, like that faint jingling of sleighbells which steals up from the street and in through the snow-muffled easements

streets, gazing in the shop-windows-the El Dorado of "fancy articles," the Australian lands of bon-bons and rock candy! What stereotyped visions I had of kind St. Nick, and his rein-deer equipage on the house-top, and his huge pack filled with trumpets that wouldn't blow well, and carts that wouldn't go well, and dear old Hans Christian Anderson's story books, which never failed of being Areadies of delight. Then at home, when the apples and nuts were disposed of, my grand-sire, God love his white hairs! would take me on his knee, and read about "Christ in the Manger," with such quaint pronun-

Touched with these memories, and sitting once more, as it were, in thehappy sunrise of life I am moved to write a Christmas story for Ida Maye, and little Carrie, and tiny-fingered Mabel, who are sleeping in the next room. I will put it in the most diminutive of the three mimic stockings—it is all the poor author can give to the little dreamy angels! And some of these days, when this weary, pen is quite tired out, when there is nothing left of the but two or three volumes in some up.
of the way book-case, their mother, some up.
"The last one, Sir?" repeated Jedd, mimof me but two or three volumes in some out-Christmas eve, may-hap, will call the darlings to her side, and read the time-worn, yellowed manuscript to them. And Ida Maye will listen thoughtfully, with the long ebon lashes bands together like two white-rose leaves! All this may be.

But before I write, I will steal softly into the next room and look at their young faces. Oh! but they are newly from Heaven, their tiny mouths are made up for prayer! An infantile glory is only half shrouded by the drooping eyelids, and those sweet faces light up the shadowy room as the tulips do some shady nook of the summer woods. I shall be better for looking at them. I will kneel at the hed-side-perhaps I shall be weeping, for to-morrow night, when the children dance round the Christmas-tree, a little Loy, with do it, and thankfully." wonderful blue eyes, will not be there! and our lips will quiver, though laugh and jest go the melody of Shelley's Queen Mab.

And Judd shuddered.

THE ANCIENT UNDERTAKER. Old Jedd Palifrey turned down the gas a

in the long streets of the city. Every night at that same hour, eight o'clock, the gas, locked the door, and placed the same key under the same mat, and stood in the same position for a moment by the window Jedd. before turning into the parrow zig-zag street which, to him, ended at his supper table.

But this time he was not going home. The antique Mr. Hans Spuyten Duyvel, ed to place confidence in a fellow-mortal. - in our great city one night, without money, a century, had died that day; and old Jedd manity. Among other things, the old man mad wrangling of sleigh-bells—a new music ted been sent for to put the habiliments of of three score years had not learned this. to him—and so dazzled by the slope-windows, the grave on Mr. Spuyten Duyvel's body, and two bright half dollars on his eyes. The small change was afterward Mansferred to small stove; all sorts of grotesque shadows the pocket of the ancient undertaker.

Now old Palliry had made coffinsever since his youth, and for thirty years really had long narrow houses of the dead, made them more intimacy with the dead than dealings look frightful. A coffin is an ugly looking with the living. There was nothing in the thing any way one can fix it, and twenty cofwhole world so beautiful to him as a coffinunless it was an order for one. He had work- "Queer place," solilogused Tomtit. "I ed at his trade at all hours of the night; he rather like it though." And the boy smiled had made little coffins !- O such touching litthe coffins! -- and fat ones, and slim ones; and A man who has been on a whaling voyage-" nght, he had laid the cold white dead in the to his full height- isn't likely to be scared varnished boxes without feeling one throb of by two, four, six, eight ten, twelve, fourteen, sympathy in that iron-bound heart of his.

But that Christmas-eve he shuddered as he guess not." turned down the the gas, and the long woodon tenements, with their covers off, seemed like so many satis-lined gate-ways leading to on one of the tall black stools, than he sank perdition. He felt as if a thousand strong into a profound slumber. His body swayed corrents of air were blowing him toward to and fro in a very unfecided manner. At them! He could hardly keep from stepping last he gave an extra curve, and Tomtit fell, into one; and it required all his strength to He broke neither his sumber nor his neckreach the door and lock it. Jedd-drew a heroes never break their necks, I believe, -- dered what it was, and where it could be! long breath.

the counter, and those two slim black stools the grave." which we all have seen in our homes, God pity us! But as he looked, his dim almondshaped eyes grew suddenly to orbs. A strip of the flooring had commenced swelling, and bulging, and warping! Little by little it grew into the shape of a mound; tiny emerald spears of grass shot out of it in every direction; then it was dotted all over with yellow-eyed daisies, and a rose bash, with a single white bad, spring up from the centre.-

could see the perfume of the rose floating up in beautiful soft folds like the fumes from a delld rubbed his eyes as well he might -When he looked again he saw the shadow, then the skeleton of a tree; then this took miracolous form, and a willow trailed its green lengths over the mound. And he saw the moted sun-hine falling upon the place,

Jedd Pallfry's sight became so acute that he

and heard the robins singing-singing in his Jedd looked and looked, but when the grass and the daisies grew tremulous, as in a sudden wind, and the grave begon to open, Jedd could look no longer, and he shut out the strange sight by placing two lank, bony hands over his eyes.
"Merry Christmas, Sir!" said a hesitating

voice at his side. Jedd started. "Merry Christmas, Sir!" repeated the

voice dolefully. 🕝 And then Jedd turned his eves on the speaker. It was a very shabbily dressed lad. He had on a felt hat of no color whatever, a round-about jacket, and a pair of white duck trowsers, much too well ventilated for the season. His physique was as delicate as a girl's; and if it had not been so dark, Jedd It was fine, then, to loiter in the crowded could have seen a face in which there was a strange mixture of the Madonna and the devil—the expression of beyhood and manhood

contending, and a sad expression written all But the snow was falling heavily, and he only saw a very little fellow surmounted by a very shocking hat.

"If you please, Sir," said the boy plead-

· Hump! And Jedd was about to bid him go his way, when it struck Jedd that after what he had seen, not even the love of his charming coffins could tempt him to turn on the gas again in his shop; and to leave it burning until morning was a bit of extravagance not-to be thought of. It occurred to him to hire this promiscuous wisher of merry Christmases to sit in the shop till he should have returned from Spuyten Duyvel's; then he could turn on the gas and turn off the boy at the same time. So he changed his brusque manner, and inquired, in a tone which was intended to

"What's your name, bub?" "The last one, Sir?" asked bub, looking

be extremely conciliatory."

icking the lad. "How many have you?" "A good many, Sir. In Nantucket they used to call me poor Tommy, and orphan resting on her cheeks; and Carrie's roguish Tom, and Tomtit. But on board ship the ryes will laugh out-right though the story is sailors called me Nantuck-and they called a sad one, and Mabel will clap her little Nantuck very often, and made him work a good deal." And the boy shivered with cold. as the keen north wind swept around the corner with evident predatory designs on his

tattered jacket.
P. Nantuck?" said his interrogator, turning up his pinched nose with disapprobation, as f the name filled his venerable nostrils with "very ancient and fish-like smell."

"Well, Tomtit, (Hikethat best you know,) f you will keep shop for me an hour or so, 'll give you a shilling."

"I don't know how much a shilling is." said Tomtit, alias Nantuck, eagerly, "but I'll

in all the presents hung upon the emerald door, and don't touch anything. Don't jar there will be none found for "Charlie!" And and kill you, you know." Jedd never once when we think of "the little boy who died," looked towards the shop. "If you see a grave in the middle of the floor, you mustn't

"I don't see any grave," said Tomtit, throwing open the door.

lighting on the chimney-tops and roofs, and "You won't seed anything, because there isn't without as much as the cognizance of his beanything to steal, you know."

very strong.

However, there was no alternative but to trust him. Somehow or other, and God wills

.Tomtit glanced over the apartment. There was only the ghost of a fire in a peopled the room, and the dim blue light, which fell like an imitation of moonrise on the fins are, of course, twenty times uglier.

a sickly smile, "He thought I'd be afraid. sixteen, eighteen, twenty, empty boxes. I

The child must have been exceedingly weary, for he had no sooner located himself The critics, however, sometimes do it for "It's always so every Christmas-ever them. I know an instance.

Tomtit lay at the foot of his respendicular As old Jedd Pallfrey muttered this between bed, and there we will leave him—leave him his thin, bloodless lips, he flattened and whit- sleeping with one of his thin, brown hands ened his nose on the window glass, and look- grasping the leg of the stool, and one foot in ed into the gloomy shop suspiciously. He a coffin—the first time, I think, that such a saw nothing at first but the accustomed num- fact has been recorded of any body, though ber of coffins, and the velvet pall folded on we often hear of people having "one foot in But while I whisper in your ear, let him

# THE SKELLTON.

sleep.

There is a curious skeleton in Jedd Pallry's heart, and every Christmas-eve it turns and twists, and makes the old man feel queer pains and see strange sights.

These skeletons are very common to the human race generally. They are the phantonis of evil deeds and malignant thoughts-mental afrites that grow up in a single night, like toad-stools. Be wary, that you may not have one growing in your bosom. It will show users. More Mark to be been been with all the silks and brocades in Stewart's, nor old Three-per-cent his; it goes to the very bed-chamber with him and rides in his cushioned carriage. It walks with him in Wall street and sits beside him at Church.

But the undertaker's skeleton for the present. There was never any body prettier than Nannette Pallfry. Indeed, it would be hard to find in any woman's eyes a more enchanting fight than that which lay in Namette's. Her voice, like the poet's western wind, was sweet and low. She was as lovely and

natural as a Summer wild flower, and so good that sin in her was not evil. Mr. Theologician, you would interrupt

I will explain: if she had been less worthy of heaven, if she had been more worldly wise, still lay under the charmed influences of sleep cautious instead of laying, artful instead of sincere, in short, any thing but the very augel slie was, Nannette's life would have seemed purer in the world's eyes; but not in

God's. I know that. Nannette's history is an old story, told every day. For shame, man! that it is told every day! She lived, and loved, and trust and ambergris, of Nantucket and fish, and si-

ed, and that is all of it, or nearly. One December night she came in the snow o her father's door, and he turned her away -Nannette, the only thing in all God's world weep, she did not even murniur: she only pressed the hand of a child who waiked wearily beside her, and pressed on.

fering, yet so womanly and true, that the angels might sit and listen to a narration of it with delight. Namette went far away sea-shore taught her boy to pray. Year after year went by.

busy—oh! so busy! Now while shrouds opened his eyes—to the fact that it was growwere being made, and coffins varnished, and ing intensely cold. the old world was turning on its axis, Nannette died.

The night of her death, just as old Jedd ose-bush, and he heard the singing of birds! another mound just like the one beside him. over the house-tops like little white mice!

Every Christmas-eve, at the same hour, ledd sees this phantom mound with its sighing willow-tree, and its lovely flowers, and night he has a fearful dream. He fancies that four Fever-fiends are tossing him in his into it without hesitation, and once more made best velvet pall. Yellow Jack, with his great a coverlid of the heavy pall. jaundiced visage, Brain-fever, shouting deliri-The key is upder the mat. Unlock the their disgusting hands, and kiss him on the mouth till poor old Jedd is near going mad

with agouy and fear. Nannette's child was adopted by a fisherman's wife, and very badly adopted; for when poor Tom was not busy catching fish, ho was catching something else. So between boating and heating the child was not as happy as he night have been with more of one and less of the other, or a gentle sufficiency of coffins on each side of him locked the shopdoor and stood in the street.

It was Christmas eve, and the snow-flakes, like tiny white birds from Paradisc, were

Then, facing his clerk pro term,

Then, facin

loved mother, Amphitrite, he placed his name | ed back, The boy looked wearily around him, and on the books of "the good ship Marie Thefor ten years, the indertaker had turned down seemed to think that the temptation wasn't resa," and sailed out of port with a light heart, the spectral grave sprang up yearly, lay a one suit of clothes, and a prospect of hard "But he might take a lid, though," thought work, which is all the "rig out" a true sail-

or needs, Heaven bless him!

But Tom was too delicately made for a whaling voyage, and after wasting three years | direction, like sparks from a scissor-grinder's | red men: it so, the most suspicious are sometime oblig- of the golden part of his life, he found himself grind-stone. The stiffness in his knees gave whose death his amiable relatives had been Not you and I gentle reader; we would do or friends, or a place to die in. He wander impatiently awaiting for the last quarter of it willingly, for it is good to believe in hu- ed from street to street so charmed with the to him—and so dazzled by the shop-windows, for which philosophy's self cannot account.— continue to make liberal appropriations for that he forgot his hunger, and the web of dif. With resolute and fearless steps heapproachised ducation among them. The Thomas Asyficulties which Time and Fate, the busy mon- ed the coffin and lifted the pail. The light, lum on the Cattaraugus reservation is comsters! were weaving for him. But hunger which seemed to brighten up a little, fell pleted, and is now rapidly filling with orph under such circumstances, like a renewed note, aslant on Tom sleeping. The strange young an and destitute children. The Indians on only spares one for a little while. It came face, shaded by tangled curls of nut-brown this last reservation have had the kind offices, back to him with interest, his hunger, and he hair, and lacking the soft influence of his closs and aid of the Society of Friends, and the grew disconsolate.

the happy children buying toys in the grand not lifted; and he lay a double picture—Life pewas of Saginaw and Swan creek and Black above, El Haso, 1200 souls. From this vale shops, and the merry sleighs darring through and Death! the street like swallows, gave-him an acute sense of loneliness. There were no motherby the ghastly flickering of a lamp at midhere little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockmidline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockmidline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and sisters to put gay presents in his stockline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and an all thirteen years-old drew himself up, and an all thirteen yearsline little thirteen years-old drew himself up, and an all thirteen years-old drew h ings. Indeed, if there had been, they might The nature and humanity of the man had 1855, by which every family is to receive a us would scarcely be called a creek, may, in have bought the stocking too, for never a one broken their fetters like reeds, and the love homestead from the public domain, and the many places, be leaped over by a man of

grew maddening. He turned from the heaped delicacies, fearing that he might be tempt- that belongs to woman. ed to thrust his hand through the thick plateglass and help himself. He turned away in derfully like Namette!" gastronomic agony, did Tomtit, and hearing the children cry "Merry Christmas!" won-Poor Tom, I have been looking for it these

five years! Nautuck passed rapidly up Broadway, and then, to avoid the heedless throng, crossed over to the western part of the jown. Fate nette's child!" led him, for Fate deigns even to shape the lives of such estrays as Tomtit.

Once he paused at a baker's door and look. ed so longingly at a waiter of fresh tarts on knelt down by the coffin and wept. the counter, that the shop-girl gave him one, and her glossy earls shook all over with delight at the ravenous way he devoured it. " Poor fellow," said the girl, sphering, "he

noust have been fearfully hungry," He was ratherish, and he annihilated two tarts with enthusiasm. As he turned out one of the cross-streets gled an with his burden. which led into Sixth avenue, he beheld an

that night, broke musically over his lips:

"Merry Christmas, Sir!" Then it was that Jedd Pallfrey turned and looked at him, and said: " Humph!"

POOR TOM'S A-CULD, We left Tomtit floored, literally, at Chap-

The hours went by like shadows, and he -Sleep, the little sprite, from the land of Nowhere, that sits upon tired eye-lids, and weighes them down so kindly. Erratic and coquettish Sleep, that will and won't, and is so very like a woman; so hard to win, so exquisite and true when won.

Tom lay dreaming of ships, and anchors,

"Where calm and deep The sun-shine lieth like a golden sleep!" In the midst of this the fire in the diminutive he loved with a human love. She did not stove went out; and now commenced a combut between the warmth of the dreamer's faney and the coldness which was gradually taking possession of the room. The alarm of a Her life from that time was so full of suf- canflagration in the next street, the muffled sound of the engine, dragged furiously past the door by nich who seemed like demons red hot from Pandemonium, and the jubilant from the city, and in a little town by the sedgy clash of sleigh bells now and then, had failed to move the sleeper. But the silent, invisible lips of the Chill-fiend were eating into his The world rolled on like a great wheel: slumber, and he dreamed of icicles! His litmen, and women, and children dropped off the embrowned hand lost its hold of the stool, like flies, and Jedd Pallfry's hammer was and after one or two involuntary turns, he

It was in vain that he drew himself together, like the turtle; the cold touched the outor circles of his body, and sleep deserted him. was fitting the lining to an infant's coffin, a He spied the velvet pall on the counter, and grave grew up at his feet-a willow and a in a moment he had enveloped himself in its dreadful folds. But the death-cloth warmed He knew what it meant. He knew that some. him no more than if he had been dead. In where he could not tell where there was fact it threw a chill over him, and he seemed covered with a black frost, colder than the Oh! how blithely the little birds sang to Jedd: snowy tracery which grew like magic over There was a new heaven and a new earth for the shop windows! He threw the pall from some body that night, and how merrily the him as if it had been a pest, and tried to warm robins sang about it! All this happened his hands by the jet of gas which burned azure, while the snow flakes were running nimbly and yellow, and all colors. But it only aggravated his coldness.

The idea of freezing to death took hold of Tom, and out of this grew a strange act. His eyes fell on a coffin which he thought would its fairy birds, flitting here and there like the hold him comfortably. It nearly exhausted fragments of a broken rainbow! And at his strength to lay the silk padded box on the floor. This being done, he settled himself

Then Tomti: fell asleep again and com ourly. Scarlet fever, with red-hot eyes and menced dreaming of dreary oceans and lonely putrid lips, and Typhoid, still and dreadful— isles, and "fairy lands orlorn," of cross-bones he sees them all! and they paw him with and eye-less skulls, church-yards and epitaphs, and God knows what! Just then a bruzen lipped sentry in a neighboring belfry solemntolled out the hour, and, unseen, rave by God's own eye, high up the steeple in the snow, and wind, and sleet, a ghostly finger pointed to the cabalistic figure XII.

Jedd Pallfry was detained at the Spuyten

LIFTING THE PALL.

When Judd threw open the door, hestart-

There, in the middle of the shop, just where pall-covered coffin, the gas going out, and the boy gone! The place seemed chilly and damp, like a vault, and Jedd shivered so, that the snow-flakes flew from him in every teresting statement respecting the civilized out, and he supported himself against the schools are well sustained among these Indi-

Now one of these changes came over Jedd ed eyes, was almost wild in its beauty. The patronage of the department has also been The city, with all its strange newness, was parted lips seemed ready to speak, but they extended to them. forgotten in turn. The snow chilled him, and moved not; the eye-lids twitched, but were The Ottowas and Chippewas and the Chip-

"Nannette!" he said softly; "oh! so won-

him confusedly. He attempted to rise, but his strengh had succumbed to cold and hunger; and he sank back with a ghastly smile. habit reservations in the northern peninsula "I'm so very hangry, Sir!"

with emotion; "only say if you are Nan, St. Louis river and the British line have been "Namette, Namette," said the boy dream-

The old man said not a word at this, but thing heavy in his arms-something wrap articles for household use. The effect of this ped in a pall. A drowsy policeman, en- policy is quite perceptible and salutary, and

ily, "Is some one calling my mother?"

old man looking in an undertaker's window, as if he were weary of life, and a desire to account which lies before finding it, overcame his price which were his price which with the exception of a night-cap which tity to which they are entitled, and which one newspaper account which lies before finding it, overcame his pride, which was but she had forgotten to remove—hurried to they may designate from any of the public us states that "in this territory are to be a remnant of its former self. He approach and fro in "a state of mind," collecting more domain not otherwise appropriated. a remnant of its former self. He approach and fro in "a state of mind," collecting more domain not otherwise appropriated. ed the man, who took no notice of him whatjugs of hot water than would be required to
ever, but continued to glare at the window
warm the feet of all her Majesty's subjects Michigan, proper schools are now maintained considerable rivers, while the soil allows the from his design. Novement startled Tom in the Crimen. Close by the grate, in a lat L'Ance, Bad river, La Ponite and Grand from his design. Now had been was in the Crimea. Close by the grate, in a more the Chippewas of Lake never blessed, or affler as the case may conscious rome with Judd southing one of Superior. never blessed, or afflice his the case may conscious room with Judd soothing one of somewhat at loss as to low he should open a conversation with the eccentric and conversati

> wind to the shorn lamb!" When I have said that terrible dreams and after that night, I have said all. So is my story done.

The snow has ceased falling, and through my window I can see the crisp stars twinkle ike bits of chrysolite. The city bells are ringing a requiem for the dying midnight, for the dying year. Silver voices from d'zzy turret are calling to each other mournfully,

dolefully. A chill and a foreboding hang over all! And now the bells clang merrily; "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new. Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind. For those that there we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, "Ring out a slowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife: Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin, Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, And ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right,

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the narrowing lust of gold Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant men and free. The larger heart, the kindlier hand : Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the CHBIST that is to be."

And, of all Christian souls! I pray God, God be

JURY TRIAL AMONG THE SQUAFTERS .- A Mr. Montague, one of the escaped prisoners n Kansas, gives the following unique account of a Tecumsch Grand Jury, and how they were discharged:

"I understand the Grand Jury were discharged in Tecomseb, the other day, under rather peculiar circumstances. The Tecumseh district is rather a peculiar one; there are too many free State men in it, so that it is hard to fill out a board of jurors without getting, now and then, a free State man .-While they were going on, finding indict-ments against sundry individuals, a witness was called up and questioned thus-

"Do you know of any horse stealing, comnitted in the territory?" "Yes, sir, I do." Well, do you know who from ?" " Myself. had six horses, a wagon and a hundred dollars in money stolen from me.". "Could you. recognize the men that took the goods, if they were near you?" I could," "Are any of them here?" "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, point them out." "Yes, sir—well, your foreman is one of them—that jurer is another, and that another,—that another, and that another." Jeru! what is to be done? The judge was applied to, and discharged the jury at

## Miscellaneous.

## The Indians of America.

Churches and religious influences and ans, and all seem impressed with a desire to educate their children. The State of New Pallfry which happen to us all at times, and York and the American Board of Missions

river, all within the State of Michigan, con-Jedd started, but not with fear. He felt time gradually to increase in numbers, as something trembling, throbbing warming in well as to advance in the arts of peace; and is, reached, a distance of two hundred and Tom looked in Maillard's window at the rare pastry and confections, and his hunger like had lain in a transcost a dozen years, friendly feelings manifested toward them by agility, and after meandering about a hundred the people of the State, present indications miles, is swallowed up by the sands of the grew maddening. He turned from the horizontal friendly feelings manifested toward them by agility, and after meandering about a hundred the people of the State, present indications miles, is swallowed up by the sands of the grew maddening. He turned from the horizontal friendly feelings manifested toward them by agility, and after meandering about a hundred miles, is swallowed up by the sands of the grew maddening. He turned from the looked in Maillard's window at the rose up within him, and would be heard!—

The turned friendly feelings manifested toward them by agility, and after meandering about a hundred miles, is swallowed up by the sands of the grew maddening. He turned friendly feelings manifested toward them by agility, and after meandering about a hundred miles, is swallowed up by the sands of the grew maddening. fin, and he bent over him with a tenderness attain a much higher state of givilization, and posse's more of the comforts of life than they have heretofore done. They are beginning to locate on the lands assigned them, and ap-The boy opened his eyes and looked about parently highly appreciate the separate homes

to which they are entitled. The Chippewas of Lake Superior, who inof Michigan, the northern part of Wisconsin "Only speak to me!" cried Jedd, hourse and that portion of Minne ota between the furnished with a liberal supply of farming implements, carpenters' tools, household furdian having a house and residing in it, has been supplied with a cooking stove and the The clock struck one as Jedd Pallfry pas- usual cooking utensils, a table, bureau, chairs, sconced in a door way out of the storm, hailed has stimulated many to erect and provide for knee-deep-but Jedd, heeding neither, strug- al other places. Certificates have been is-

conversation with the eccentric and industry closed; and Jedd Pallfry took him in his possible for the agent to devote as much individual before him. In this dilemma, the arms, and the old man's whole heart was a time to the Indians under his charge as is words he had heard spoken a thousand times prayer—a prayer to Him who "tempers the absolutely necessary. There is ample busi- ken of, and the San Pedro, a little muddy that night, broke musically over his line: ness for two agents, and with two faithful stream some twenty feet broad and which men to aid them, in making most available strange visions never haunted Jold Palfry the liberal provisions of the recent treaties, mer. As to fertile plains, there are none; much for their good may be accomplished, for how can there be fertility where there is They are prepared to take advice and re- no soil, and when rain does not fall for eleven

ceive instruction. The jurisdiction of the Northern superintendency has been extended over the Indians yet to be discovered. of Minnesota, the Oncida, Stockbridge and Menonomee tribes in Wisconsin, still re-

maining within its limits.

The condition of the Oneidas of Wisconsin has changed but little since last year, and no event of importance has occurred among them, except the murder of one of the chiefs by a member of the tribe. This event has than we at the North suppose, and it looks produced much excitement, and has caused apprehensions of serious disturbances. The to be made up of this ten million desert and murder was committed under the influence southern California - Providence Journal. of intoxicating liquor.

Under the operations of the treaty of February 15, 1856, between the Stockbridge and Munsee Indians and the government, it is to be expected that the Stockbridge difficulties, which for a number of years past have been a source of trouble and vexation, will soon be terminated. An arrangement has been made by which a tract of land on the west end of the Menomonce reservation has been selected for a permanent home for the Stockbridges and Munsees.

effected. It is to be hoped that any factious and the sweat is not brought out again in a opposition which may manifest itself among very few moments, sudden and painful sicka few of these Indians may meet with no encouragement, either in Wisconsin or elsewhere. The necessity of the case and the of air while we are at rest, after exercise, or interest of the Indians require that they should remove from their present location rest while it is so. Getting out of a warm at Stockbridge without delay.

The advancement of the Menomenees is constant and steady. Although obstacles ans, and the vicious and unscrupulous have of unprincipled white men, in seeking to obtain their property in defiance of justice and right, has rendered them somewhat restless.

A young lady went to her window in her right, has rendered them somewhat restless and uneasy; yet, notwithstanding all this, years, will completely and perfectly adopt for life.

habits of industry and civilization. Indian Sir Thomas Colby being in a profuse sweat laborers have been exclusively employed to one night, happened to remember that he do work of the tribe. The agent, farmer, had left the key of his wine cellar in the parmiller, teacher, and one blacksmith, are the lor table, and, fearing his servants might imemployed on the reservation.

of the young Menomonces have become expert carpenters, providing not only the general carpenter shop with hands, but the different bands have carpenters among them, who are erecting houses for the various families, to facilitate which the council has requested that a set of carpenter tools be furnished to each band.

In the southern part of Minnesota Territo-Duyvel's longer than he had anticipated once. Of course this witness was brought in ry, the Winnebagnes have assigned to them, The undertaker summoned all his courage of both. Having indulged in four years extant and glanced into the room; but the mound perience in being whaled, he took it into his as he whirled round the corner, and brought on the jury, who probably got sick of the cellent tract of land for a permanent home;

Of all the humbugs of the day, that of creating a new territory out of the country acquired from Mexico by our late treaty through Mr. Gadsden, is the greatest. It is stated that the inhabitants of this district have lately taken the preliminary steps to form a territorial government, with which view they have elected a Mr. Cook as a delegate to Congress, who, being provided with the requisite

credentials, will endeavor to scenre the carly

organization of a territory, under the name of Arizona. One account states the population of this district to be 13,000, another 9000, the lowest of which is greatly exaggerated, even, if we include in the number all the wild Indians who now roam over it, but who cannot make it a permanent abode on account of its utter sterility and great deficiency in water. The Mexican population of this district, which is about as large as the state of Pennsylvania, was, in the year 1853, as follows :- Lat Mesilla, a village on the Rio Grande, forty miles ranch (farm house) until the Santa Cruz river late region where man can gain a subsistence, that a few settlements made here by the carly Roman missionaries, nearly two-hundred years ago, have never arisen to the import-

ance of a village of a year's growth in our ... western territories. The following are the villages in the valley of the Santa Cruz :- Tueson; 90 miles south of the River Gila, has a population of less than 400 souls. Tubec, 51 miles south of that, 200. San Xavier, a village which three years since contained but a single Mexican family and about 500 Papago Indians. This niture, and cooking utensils; and every in place contains the finest church in the State of Sonora, to which it then belonged. Lastly, Santa Cruz, with a population of 2,300 souls. From the Santa Cruz river westward to the sed through the blinding sleet with some bedstead, looking-glass, and many smaller Colorado, a distance of nearly 300 miles, there is not a village or hamlet. A sterile desert. without trees, water or grass, extends the whole distance. With the exception, therehim, and the drifted snow was more than creeting new houses at Bad river, and sever- fore, of the miserable villages on the Santa Cruz, the entire Gadsden purchase, west of sued to all the half breeds who, by the pro- the Rio Grande valley, out of which it is pro-Then a brilliant coal-fire threw a lurid and visions of the recent treaty, are entitled to pigsed to make the new territory of Arizona,

mineral wesith, fertile plains, and one or two abundant production of the grains and other crops peculiar to the genial clime of Texas."

for half its length becomes dry in the summonths in the year? As to minerals, they "probably" exist in the mountains, but have

Another writer, alluding to the subject, comes much nearer to the truth in saying, that of the "10,000 inhabitants of this district. over 9000 are men in buckram suits, children of the mist, which sometimes descend from the California mountains upon the plains of Sonota." There is more in this movement like a project to carve out a new slave State.

Checked Persoiration There are two kinds of perspiration, sensible and insensible. When we see drops of water on the surface of the body as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is sensible perspiration, perspiration recognized by the sense of sight. But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water-drops, when no moisture can be felt, when it is known to us only by a certain softness of the skin, that is insensi-Some of these Indians have already com- ble perspiration, and is so gentle that it may menced to build themselves homes at their be checked to a very considerable extent withnew location, and measures have been taken out special injury. But to use popular lanto insure the final removal of all of them, as | guage which cannot be mistaken, when a man soon as this can be prudently and properly is sweating freely, and it is suddenly checked

> ness is a very certain result." What, then, checks perspiration? -A draft getting the clothing wet and remaining at bed and going to an open window or door, has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard the cry of fire at midnight: have been thrown in the way of these Indi- it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bedendeavored to thwart all the efforts made for | hois ed the window, the cold chilled her in a their improvement, and the grasping avarice moment. From that hour until her death, a

night clothes to look at something in the their progress is very gratifying, and the re- street, leaning her unprotected arms on the sults already attained leave no doubt but stone window-sill, which was damp and rold. that the Menomonee Indians in a very few She became an invalid, and will remain so

only white persons located at the agency and | prove the inadvertence and drink some of his wine, he left his bed, walked down stairs, the All the work in the fields, as well as in the sweating process was checked, from which shops, is done by Indian hands. A number he died in a few days, leaving six millions of dol'are in English funds. His illness was so brief and violent that he had no opportunity. to make his will, and his immense property was divided among five or six day laborers who were his nearest relatives.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the readers is this: When you are perspiring freely, keep in motion until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft or air whatever. —Hall's Journal of Health.