### H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER-VOL 8, NO. 6

## Poet's Corner.

# BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Still on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane, And saw the altar cold and bare. A clog of lead was round my feet, A band of pain across my brow; Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet

Before you hear my marriage vow." I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song And then we met in wrath and wrong-We met but only meant to part. Full cold my greeting was, and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw, with a half-unconscious eye,
She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest, With half a sigh she turn'd the key, Then raised her head with lips comprest, And gave my letters back to me; And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please As looks a father on the things Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

She told me all her friends had said : I raged against the public liar; She talk'd as if her love were dead, But in my words were seeds of fire. "No more of love; your sex is known; I never will be twice deceived, Henceforth I trust the man alone-The woman cannot be believed.

"Through slander, meanest spawn of Hell, (And woman's slander is the worst,) And you, whom once I loved so well-Through you, my life will be accurst."

I spoke with heart, and heat, and force, I shook her breast with vague alarms-Like torrents from a mountain source We rush'd into each other's arms.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars, And sweet the vapor-braided blue, Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars, As homeward by the church I drew. The very graves appear'd to smile, So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells; "Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle.

#### Miscellaneous.

## A NIGHT OF YEARS.

#### BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

My READER: I have sat some minutes

with my pen suspended in the air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point l am in a position. You will perhaps recketches was entitled "Lucy Dutton." authoress gave the true name to one of her ideal creations? Shall I sacrifice truth to

aid no. did you not? Then Lucy, Lucy Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen a year or two younger. The first named was winningly, rather than strikingly beautiful .--Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and nun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of

thrilling and haunting sweetness. Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister: a "born beauty" whose perogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way, in all things and at all times.— An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, who had unconsciously contributed to the rum of her nature not at first remarkable for strength or generosity. Where, in all God's creatures, is heartless-

detestable, as in a beautiful woman? Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well read New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station in that then half settled portion of the country. In those days many engaged in school-teaching from the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few month previous to the commencement of our sketch, Luch Dutton left for the first time her fire-side circle, to take charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town. For some while her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving while imparting good. But when there came a change: then were those seconds for home characterized by fitful and lears seemed striving for supremacy

but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved; so for a time, that beautiful second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mists of the morning. But one day brought a letter which could not alon be forgotten in the house of the absent, and a letter traced by a hand that trem. going they knew not whither, bled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited for her parents' approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of young Edwin W---, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she. had been teaching. The father and mother

the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy loved:

accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers. To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving-what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudwhen an angel may look with intense and fearful interest upon her mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from its budlike innocence and freshness of girlhood and taking to its very core the tervid light of of old rags, dried herbs, &c. love, grow and crimson into perfect woman-

At last the plighted lovers came, and wel-

fashion; but in manner, and apparently in forsaken her; down in the dim chaos of her FAMILIAR CONVERGATIONS ON IN- ters of the earth when it does not shine on [Translated from the French of Voltaire, by Helen character, the opposite of his betrothed. It was decided that Lucy should not again

The bridal birth-day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of sur-passing loveliness—the busy hours had worn late a touching little incident connected with away and now it was nigh sunset, and neither the bridegroom, nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet in her neaf little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright-eved, affectionatehearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones,

Lucy smiled quietly and replied, 'Oh, something has happened to detain them a while; we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by and by, never fear,'

Evening came, the guests were all assembled and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whisperings, surmises and wonderings and a shadow of anxiety passed over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door. 'They have come!' cried many voices and

Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W. muttered something about 'unavoidable delay,' and stepping to the side-board, tossed off a glass of wine, another, and another.-The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed.-Better late than never, young man-so

lead out the bride.' .W- strode hastily across the room, placed himself by Ellen and took her hand in his! Then, without during to meet the eye of any one about him, he said:

'I wish to make an explanation-I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife!'
Then, turning in an apologetical manner to

Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added: 'I found that I had never loved until I

knew your second daughter!' And Lucy? She heard all with a strange nness, then walking steadily forward, confronted her betrayers. Terrible as pale Ne-Now it happens that the real name of the mesis herself, she stood before them, and heroine of the," ower true tale" which I am her looks pierced like a keen, cold blade into I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that shout to do myself the honor of relating to their false hearts. As though to assure here they were married! Only think, Ellen maryou, was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall self of the dread reality of the vision, she ried to Edwin! Strange 'tis that I should rob her of her birth-right—compel her to laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it dream that.' vent a nomine dequerre because my sister glide down her arm-but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unliappy wife first gazed full into her sister's all true.' face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of delicacy? that's the question. " No!" You her cheek-the dilated nostril-the quivering into tears, while the young husband, awed by go to them.' the terrible silence of her be had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hands on her forehead and first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could ring forever through the soul of that guilty

> After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the like an old woman's. room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W-, but the tears so is mine; yet we had fair, plump hands and prayers of his young wife, the petted when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you Mexicans used to fast imagining that the moon beauty and spoiled child, at last softened know me? I am Maria Allen-I was to was wounded by the sun in a quarrel. Other somewhat the anger of the parents, and an have been your bridesmaid! opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

pair, and fell in a death-like swoon at their

A sorry explanation it proved. The genlovely face had weakened the empire for her ness so seemingly unnatural—is selfishness so honor, and never told his love, until, when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C-.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours. When she had revived and apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her lalso.' strange silence. This continued for many weeks, when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief, that her reason had fled-that she was helplessly in- years?' sane! But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but frequently sighed and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of MEN. She also seemed possessed of the spirit of unrest. She could not, she would not, be confined, but

was constantly escaping from her friends, and While her parents lived, they, by their watchtul care and unweary efforts, in some measure controlled this and propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn, Through laughing springs, and rosy sum-

mers, golden autumns and tempestuous winters, it was tramp, tramp, tramp-no rest for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain. I remember her as she was in my early hildhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or door on the unfor tunate, "Crazy Lucy" often spent an hour or two by our fire-side. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched YEARS. ded star-shower of life. If there is a season with many colors, and her shawl or mantleworn and torn, until it was all open-work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle on her arm. and sometimes she had a number of parcels

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which grabgame. The P. M. General kindly points At last the plighted lovers came, and well she gathered in the woods or by the wayside, comes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W. Her love for these and there were voice were all that were left her of the station, mother, and the station of the

spirit, the smile of His love still gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she leave home until after her marriage, which still heard His voice at eventide, and she was at the request of the ardent lover, was to be not afraid. Her Bible went with her everycelebrated within two months, and on the where-a torn and soiled volume, but as holycoming birth-day of the bride. It was there- still; and may be, as dearly cherished, my fore arranged that Ellen should return with mr. W. to M——, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

leaves. one of Lucy's brief visits to us. The poor creature once laid her hand on

asked him his name." 'William Edwin,' he replied, with a timid upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said : 'I knew an Edwin once, and he made me

broken-hearted!' This was the only instance in which she was ever-known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

Thirty years from the time of the com mencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough, country wagon drove into the village of C- It stopped at the alms-house,an attenuated form was lifted out and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.

She had been in a decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the far West; so Lucy had no friends, no home, but the alms-house.

Oce day about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, full. Five is the greatest number we can and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time she slept visible at particular places at one time; what trary direction; for then the sun raises the tranquilly until morning. The matron who is the cause of that?" was by her bed-side when she awoke was "The moon, you k startled by the clear, earnest gaze which met than either the sun or the earth, and of course tides." her own, but she smiled and bid the invalid 'Good Morning,' Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to re-assure her, and she exclaimed: 'Where am I?-and who are you?-I do

iot know you. A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron; the long-lost reason of the wan- they have an eclipse of the earth?" derer had returned! But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly,-

Why, you are among your friends and rejoined the invalid; 'have they come? Oh,

'My poor Lucy,' said the matron with a 'All true!' cried the invalid: then Ed

win must be untrue, and that cannot be, for lip and intensely mournful eyes, she cover- he loves me; we loved each other well, and ed her own face with her hands and burst Ellen is my sister. Let me see them, I will She endeavored to raise herself, but fell

back fainting on the pillow. 'Why, what does this mean?' What makes me so weak! Just then her eye fell on her own hand-

that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank astonishment. \*Something is the matter of my sight, she said smiling faintly, 'for my hand looks

'And so it is,' said the matron gently, 'and

I cannot say more-I will not make the ful revealing-to reduce to inexpressive words tleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow. To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years plainer sister over his affections. Frequent were as though they had never been. Of not it with Columbus? It is so long since I read interviews had completed the conquest of his, a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest, it, that I have forgotten the particulars." lovalty; but he had been held in check by remembrance, since the recreant lover and traitorous sister stood before her, and made

their terrible announcement. The kind matron paused fraquently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and They had thought it best, in order to save fearful calmness, 'Go on, go on,' though the pain to Lucy,' and prevent opposition from drops of agony stood thick upon her fore-

When she asked for her sister, the matron 'She has gone before you, and your father

'And my mother!' said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope.

'Your mother has been dead for twenty 'Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying Oh God, my cup of bitterness is full!' and

she went aloud. Her friend bending over her, and mingling tears with her, said affectionately:

But you know who drank that cup before Lucy looked up with a bewildered expres

sion, and the matron added: 'The Lord Jesus, you remember him.' A look like sun-light breaking through cloud, a look which only saints may wear, ir-

radiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied: 'Oh, yes, I knew him and loved Him be fore I fell asleep.'

The man of God was called. A few wh had known Lucy in her early days, came also. There was much reverential feeling, and some weeping around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal. Then they grew still and poor Lucy was dead-dead in her gray-haired youth. But those who gazed upon her placed face, and remembered her harmless life and nationt suffering, doubted not that the morn of an

REGISTERING LETTERS.—We have a word to say about this abomination. Nine out of ten of our losses by mail, so far, have been registered letters, and in no one instance has one of them been traced up. Is the thing not evident. Rogues do not have to play the

## TERESTING SUBJECTS.

"Mother, what causes an eclipse of the Moon ?" foon?"
"It is caused by the moon passing through the earth's shadow."

"Then it can only take place when it is in opposition to the sun, that is, when it is full

"That is all." "But how is it, then, mother, we don't

have an eclipse every time the moon is full?"
"Because the orbit of the moon does not exactly coincide with the earth's orbit; therethe curly head of one of my brothers, and fore, the moon generally passes above or below the earth's shadow."

"When can it be eclipsed, then mother?" "Only when the full moon happens in or near one of the nodes, which never happens more than twice a year." "What do you mean by node, mother?"

"That point where their orbits intersect each other." "What is the reason that an eclipse of the

moon lasts so long, mother ?". "Because the earth's shadow is much wider than the moon's diameter. It is by knowing the exact distance between the earth and moon, and the width of the earth's shadow to that distance, that astronomers are enabled to tell many years before when an eclipse will take place."

ill take place."
"How are the eclipses of the sun caused, mother?" "By the moon passing between the earth and sun, which deprives us of the sun's light. This of course, can only occur at the time of

the new moon." "But we do not have an eclipse of the sun every new moon." " No: for the same reason that we do not have an eclipse of the moon every time it is

have in one year." "But, mother, an eclipse of the sun is only

"The moon, you know, is much smaller its shadow can only cover a small portion of the earth, never more than two hundred miles in diameter. Thus you see, an eclipse of the sun cannot be visible to but few of the inhabitants of the earth at the same time. " And I suppose, mother, if the moon is inhabited, when we have an eclipse of the sun,

"Is the whole of the sun ever eclipsed

mother ?" ""It is, sumetimes, but cannot than three or four inputes. "And is it perfectly dark, then mother?"

"Just as dark as midnight." "Oh how gloomy it must appear !"

"Yes, gloomy enough, I should suppose, Clara. It is said of one that took place in Portugal, above a hundred and fifty years gush of tears, 'That was not a dream; 'twas | ago, that the darkness was greater than that of night; the largest stars made their appearance, and the birds were so terrified that they fell to the ground,"

" Has there been none since that, mother?" "Yes: there was one in New England, on the 16th of June, 1806. It was a beautiful clear day, and many stars were visible; the beasts appeared much agitated, and the chickens went to roost, as if it were night." " Was not Columbus much benefited one

time mother, through an eclipse?" "Yes; eclipses have ever been regarded with terror, by the ignorant and unlearned of all ages; and numerous ridiculous stories have been invented, by superstition, to account for these wonderful phenomena. Many of the heathens suppose, that in an eclipse of the sun a great serpent is devouring it. The nations supposed that the sun was angry with vain attempt to give in detail all that mourn- turned his face away from them in abhor- small elevations." rence. By fasting they thought to reinstate

themselves in his favor." "Oh, mother, how absurd! But how was

"He was at one time driven to great distress in consequence of the natives refusing to supply him with provisions. He had sufficient skill in astronomy to know that there would soon be an eclipse of the moon; so the wanderings; but the invalid would say with day before the eclipse was to take place, he assembled all their chief men together, and told them that the Great Spirit was displeased with them for their conduct towards the Spaniards, was about to visit them with great vengeance; and as a token thereof, he would cause the moon that very night to withdraw its light, and appear of a bloody hue-a sure sign of Divine wrath."

"Did they believe him, mother?" "Some did, and some did not; but as soon as the moon began to be darkened, all were

"Then I suppose they took him food, did they not, mother?" "Yes; they hastened to their homes, and loading themselves with provisions, returned instantly to the ship, beseeching Columbus, who was shut up in the cabin to intercede with the Deity for them. that he would avert the threatened calamity. Columbus told them he would do so, and as soon as the eclipse was about to pass off, he came out and told them, that the Great Spirit had promised to forgive them, and would again restore the

moon to its usual brightness. "I suppose they had no lack of provisions after that?" "No; and from that time Columbus was

regarded with peculiar awe and reverence, as one who not only knew what was passing on earth, but had intimate communion with the "Do the eclipses take place at the same time each year, mother ?" "No; every year is different from the pre-

eeding; yet after the lapse of nineteen years, they will occur again, on the same month and day, and with little variation. Thus the that alone. eternal day had broken on her Night or almanac of the present year will be found correct enough to use for the year 1871." " Mother, you said a few days ago, that the moon was the cause of the tides, didn't

> "Will you explain to me how, mother ?" "That is just what I intended doing this she had the hoopin-cough once, and she ain't morning. Although the tides are occasioned chiefly by the attraction of the moon, yet they are affected by that of the sun."
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"I don't know exactly what you mean, Clara." "Why, mother, you know we have high

water in the middle of the day sometimes, and sometimes in the morning or afternoon, when the moon is on the other side of the earth. How can it attract them then?" "All bodies, you know, attract each other. Now as the moon passes round the earth, the

will be heaped up under the moon as it were. cals at that time, was written, in a manner Do you understand this?" "Yes, but then I should think high water

would only be at hight." which is more immediately under the influence of the moon, the waters are less attracted than the solid parts; consequently the earth is drawn away from them, which causes high water there also. Can you understand now how it is ?"

"Yes, and I suppose as the waters are raised under the moon and on the opposite side of the earth also they must flow from the parts between which causes low water." "Exactly; and thus you see the attraction of the moon causes high water at two places, and low water at two places on the earth at the same time."

"But, mother, you said that the tides were likewise affected by the sun." "Yes at the time of the new and full moon. when the action of both sun and moon are united and draw in the same straight line, the tides are the highest; and the nearer these luminaries are to the equator, the more this elevation is increased."

"At what time are the tides the lowest, mother ?" "About the first and third quarter of the moon, when the sun and moon act in a conwaters at the place where the moon causes them to be lowest. These are called near posed one act and a half. This was assured them to be lowest. These are called neap

"Where are they raised the most, mother; under the sun, or under the moon?" "Under the moon."

"Then the moon has more power than the "Yes, on account of its nearness to the earth. If it had not, we should at these times have no tides at all."

well as the moon?" "If its power was greater, it could; but n account of its great distance, it does not have as much effect on them as the moon pelled to approve the fantastic under the

"It is not high water at the same hour each day, is it mother ?"

"Not unless it is the same as that which causes the moon to rise fifty minutes later | urp the government in his country; he would each day."

" What is that?" "Because while the earth was making its daily revolution on its axis the moon was advancing in its orbit, so that more than a complete revolution is necessary to bring the same parts of the earth opposite to the unfortunate King, Charles I.; he was among question, we have a pumpkin story in the nicom.

"You are right, and I am glad to see you remember so well what I have been telling

"But, mother, are there not some bodies of water that have no tides?" "Yes, in small collections of water, such as lakes, for instance, there are no tides, because the moon attracts every part alike, and thus no part can be raised higher than another. It is partly on this account, and partly because the inlets by which they communicate with the ocean are so small, that the them for some cause or other, and thus had Baltic and Mediterranean seas have such

" Are the regular tides affected by any other causes mother ?"

"Yes, strong winds greatly affect them .-In the gulf of Hamburg the ordinary tide is from six to eight feet, yet when the wind blows violently from the north west, it has been known to exceed twenty feet. In the bay of Fundy they sometimes rise as high as seventy feet. Continents also stop them in their course, and the resistance offered from the banks of rivers frequently causes them to rise very high and very sudden." Who was the first to ascertain that the ides were caused by the moon, mother?" "Kepler, and it was afterwards reduced to

Hear the story of the child which vent forth into the mountain ravine. While the child wandered there, he called aloud to ing Paradise Lost. He had then very little ingly. And this we do with a perfect under break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called II. either did not know him or had no re- twenty cents on the dollar for the money. again and as he thought, the voice again mock- spect for him. It is not surprising that an Persons wishing to square up with us can do ed him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to incient secretary of Cromwell, grown old in so. If however, they get off at a chapper find the boy who insulted him, but could find retirement, blind and without wealth, should rate, they can withhold even these bills and none. He then called out to him in anger, be ignored or despised by a court which to we promise during the coming year, to reand with very abusive epithets, all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking tector, succeeded all the gallantry of the and file our claims against them in the High with rage, the child ran to its mother, and complained that a boy in the woods had abus- ished only affeminate poetry—the softness of their God in the world to come ! And to ed and insulted him with many vile words. Waller, the satires of the Earl of Rochester, leave all without excuse, we further agree to But the mother took her child by the hand, and the spirit of Cowley. Let this be thy lesson through life. The Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a

and even in the flowers shall lurk curses,-Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and A CHRONIC COMPLAINT, -- Woman (to little boy)—Jimmy, are your folks all well?

Little Boy.—Yes, ma'am all but Sally

cloudy day; carry about a vindictive spirit.

Little Boy. Oh nothin' partic'lar-only

Woman .- Why, what's the matter with

St. Clyde.] MILTON.

Milton, traveling through Italy in his youth saw represented at Milan, a comedy entitled,

which fully carried out the design. The scene opens with a choir of angels and Michael thus in the name of his confederates: "Stop a moment, and you will see how it violin of the heavens; let the seven stars be is. On the side of the earth opposite to that the seven notes of our music; let the seasons fall exactly in unison; let the winds play our organ," &c. The whole piece was hisbandry: He will discourse with orsculatafter this style. I inform only Frenchmen, wisdom about soils and subsoils, rotation. who laugh at it, that our own theater was but little better at that time; as an example and every other possible topic about plain of which the death of John the Baptist, and of which the death of John the Baptist, and and fancy farining.

a hundred other pieces written; only that He knows at sight whether a new pattern we have no "Pastor Fido," or "Aminta." we have no "Pastor Fido," or "Aminta." of a plow is practical; and is altogether cal.

ation, discovered, through the absurdity of rollers, and agricultural implements generalthe work, the sublimity hidden in the subject. ly. In fact, when the Governor dies ( Serve He found there, in some things, where to the en coelum redeat dinque bieto intersit popvulgar all appeared ridiculous, a foundation | glo!) it will be a question what niche in the of grandeur, perceptible only to men of genius. The seven deadly sins dancing with the Devil, was assuredly the height of extravagance and folly; but the universe rendered unhappy by the weakness of a man; the goodness and justice of our Creator; the subject we wish to preserve the following and source of our misfortunes and our crimes, are thentic anecdotes subjects worthy of depicting of the boldest.

There is throughout the whole of this subject There is throughout the whole of this subject an inexpressibly gloomy horror, a melancholy and somber sublimity, which agrees passing a beautiful field of grain just beginnot illy with the English imagination. Milton conceived the design of making a trage horse and burst into rapturous admiration of

me by some literary persons, who had it of his daughter, who died since I was in Lon-The tragedy of Milton commences with or? the monologue of Satan, which we find in the

fourth canto of his epic poem. While he was laboring on this tragedy, the sphere of his ideas enlarged in proportion as ive no tides at all."

What! could not the sun raise waters as his pen, and, at length, instead of a tragedy, which after all had been only whimsical and uninteresting, he imagined an epic poem, a

The civil wars of England for a long time Jeprived Milton of the leisure necessary tor the execution of so great a design. The love who could not tell oats from wheat? No, it is fifty minutes later each day."

Ine execution of so great a design.

So prove this sentiment always prevented him from taking constituents, who had profound admiration side with those parties which desired to us for his talents and practical knowledge, wrote submit to the tyranny of no human opinion, improving his stock of sheep. The Govern and there was no church which could boast or's answer was instant, brief, sententions, of counting Milton as one of its members. | sincere: Get a Hydravlic Ram better than But he observed none of this neutrality in the civil wars of the King and Parliament. He was one of the greatest enemies of that the foremost in favor of Cromwell; and by a fatality which is only too common, his republican zeal was made to serve a tyrant. He was the Secretary of Oliver Cromwell. of Richard Cromwell, and of the Parliament, how admirable are the provisions of Proviwhich lasted until the restoration. The En- dence in the mechanism of the world. Startglish employed his pen to justify the death of their king, and to reply to the book which Charles II. had caused to be written by Sau-where its waters retain both their elevated maise on the subject of this tragic event. - temperature and their northerly direction Never was a better cause, and more boldly for many thousands of Teagues. Liquiterant plead on both sides. Saumaise pedantically Maury's recent observations, which possess defended the party of a king who died on the so much scientific interest and practical valscaffold; of a royal family, wandering thro' ue, have brought to light very many facts Europe, and even all the kings of Europe in- respecting this remarkable current, terested in this quarrel. Milton rantingly England and the whole of western Europe supported the cause of a victorious people, owe a portion of their fertility, and the mild who boasted of having judged their prince according to the laws. The memory of this where stern winter reigns during five months. strange revolution will never perish among on the American continent to the Gulf Stream men : the Books of Saumaise and Milton are | which Lieutenant Maury aptly calls the conalready buried in oblivion. Milton, whom ducting pipe of an imense heating aparatus

a very bad prose writer. included in the amnesty which Charles II. were sheated with ice, found no other way gave to the enemies of his father; but he of thawing themselves out, than by running was declared by an act of the same incapa- into this benificent Gulf Stream. ble of holding any office under the royalty. a system by Newton. As I have finished it was then that he commenced his epic poem Brownlow of the tides, we will stop at the same age that Virgil finished his.— BROWNLOW'S LAST.—Parson Brownlow of the Knoxville Whig, does not yet give up Scarcely had be put his hand to the work, those Jonesboro debtors of his but makes when he was deprived of sight. He found the following final appeal: We will take himself forsaken and blind, and yet was not the bills of the Bank of East Tennessee. 1 discouraged. He was nine years in compos- PAR, for all these debts, and receipt accordreputation; the literati of the court of Charles standing, that we can only realize some the austerity of the government of the Pro- ceipt them in full through the paper for over court of Louis XIV., and in which they rel- Chancery of Heaven, and let them settle with

But the mother took her child by the hand, and said, "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hilside. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. The been more than a hundred thousand crowns retail store!" world will be the echo of thine own spirit, value to his (Thompson's) heirs; but this bookseller was so fearful of making a bad bargain, that he stipplated half of the thirty tion complain to some extent, of rhoumatic pistoles should not be payable except in case they made a second edition of the poem, which Milton never had the consolation of sleans have it in their power to mitigate an seeing. He remained poor, and without immense amount of severe antiering, by prefame: his name ought to be added to the scribing the volatile oil of mustard. It is list of great geniuses persecuted by fortune, employed as rubsfacient, being first dilated.

Paradise Lost was thus neglected in Lonin its own weight of alcohol at forty degrees.

don, and Milton died without suspecting that it would have its day of reputation. It was Lord Somers and Dr. Atterbury, since Bishop of Rochester, who discovered that Eng. land had an epio poem. They engaged the day, and protect that part with soft finnel, heirs of Thompson to publish a fine edition. Mustard mills are in operation in the cities

Gov. WRIGHT ON AGRICULTURE -GOVERN or Jo. Wright, of Indiana has recently set up almost as many pretensions to the character of a learned agriculturist as to that of an astute politician. He has been the President of the Indiana State Agricultural Association; "Adam, or the First Transgression," write and has been making grandiloquent speeches ten by a certain Andreino, and dedicated to ten by a certain Andreino, and dedicated to Marie de Medici, Queen of France. The subject of this comedy was, The Fall of Man. The actors were God the Father, Devils, Ancruel stories of the Governor's practical waters at any place over which it is passing gels, Adam, Eve, the Serpent, death, and the knowledge on agricultural subjects are pubyield more readily to this influence than the seven deadly sins. This subject, worthy of lished by the Wabash Express. We are insolid parts thereof; consequently the waters the absurd genius which prevailed in theatriagriculture, and that he knows still less as A

politician:
Joe Wright—we heg his pardon the Hon. Joseph A. Wright, our present worthy. Executive and Senatorial aspirant, is par excellence the agricultural Governor of Indiana; He is wonderfully familiar with farmers lore -a second poor Richard in the economy of draining, crossing, seedings, ' roots and tops,

cratic Platform, or in the Agricultural De-

partment. With a view to the elucidation of this

Not many springs ago, His excellency, in ning to head, the Governor reined up his

the wheat. Quoth Ned-'Governor, how much will that wheat yield to the acre?

Oh, from seventeen to twenty bushels." 'What kind of seed is that from, Govern-\*Common winter. That is the best for

this soil. You are the President of the Indiana Agricultural Society, are you. not, Governor?

'I am, sir.' Delivered the address before the Agri-

cultural Society of New York, last year? 'You are the author of an eloquent passage

about the cultivation of roots and tons 'A mere trifle, Ned.' Well, you are the only ass I ever saw to him for advice as to the best method of

the southdown for mutton, and equal to the merino for wool.4. The Express adds : If this don't settle the

serve that may cast some light upon it. THE GULF STREAM.—The offices of this wonderful current of water in the ocean, show

the English now regard as a poet divine, was of which the torrid zone is the focus, and the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribian Sea the res-He was fifty-two years of age when the ervoirs. During the past winter, many of royal family were re-established. He was

BROWNLOW'S LAST. - Parson Brownlow of

Where one third of the male popula-