Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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From the Lewisburg Chronicle. HON. DAVID WILMOT,

Great Leader of freemen So truthful and bold, How like in thy spirit Our sages of old!

John Hancock, and Adams, And Jefferson too, Were just such "fanatics," Dear Wilmot, as you.

For man and his birth-right, To the law's utmost verge, Thy pen and thy suffrage

The combat would urge To Shylock thou rieldest Of flesh his full pound

If blood stain the wound If States in their sov'reignty

The scourge and the chain Thou seekest no quarrel-Thou proclaimest no war-All their oun, be the nuisance

Which mankind abhor! But within our own bounds, And our common domain, No blood-hound, no slave-whip, No torture, no chain !

The decree of our fathers In the year eighty seven, Had the sanction of good men— The blessing of Heaven.

Without wrath or malice,-We sternly avow, That the act of our fathers Is law to us now!

No Judge's dictation,

No President's frown, Shall shake our old Fortress Of Liberty down! Where the free lab'rer buildeth

His wilderness home, No baleful miasma God bless thee, brave Wilmot, For thy words bold and true! The rapt gaze of thousands

Is now fixed on you. In light and in beauty,

Thy banner of Freedom
In triumph shall fly! The old "Declaration"

And Marshall than Taney Is dearer by far. Thou didst form thy opinions

In Washington's school And then holdest as valid The great Golden Rule. The right which thou claimest Thyself to control,
Thou accord'st to each brother

From tropic to pole. And thousands just like thee Thy voice shall call forth.

From the great Eastern cities From the South, West and North. Hurrali for brave-WILMOT.

He's like, in his spirit,
Our sages of old!

JAMES AIKEN.

From Putnam's Monthly .. UNCLE JOSH.

Josn CRANE was a Yankee born and bred. a farmer on Plainfield Hill, and a specimen. If some strange phrases were grafted on his New England vernacular, it was because for lifteen years of his youth he had followed the sea; and the sea, to return the compliment,

His father, old Josh Crane, kept the Sunbury grist-mill, and was a drunken, shiftless old creature, who ended his days in a tumbledown red house a mile below Plainfield Centre, being "took with the tremens," as black Peter said when he came for the doctor-all too late, for the "tremens" had, indeed, taken

Mrs. Crane, our Josh's mother, was one of those calm, meek, patient creatures, by some inscrutable mystery always linked to such men; "martyrs by the pang without the palm," of whom a noble army shall yet rise out of New England's desolate valleys and melancholy hills, to take their honor from the Master's hand. For years this woman lived alone with her child in this shattered red house, spinning, knitting, washing, sewing, scrubbing, to earn bread and water, sometimes charity-fed; but never failing at morning and night, with one red and knotted hand upon her boy's white hair, and the other on her worn Bible, to pray, with an intensity that boy never forgot, for his wellbeing forever and ever; for herself she never

Then came the country's pestilence, consumption, and after long struggles, relapses, rallies, all received in the same calm patience, Hetty Crane died in a summer's night, her little boy asleep beside her, and a whippoorwill on the apple-tree by the door sounding on her flickering sense the last minor note of

When Josh woke up and knew his mother was dead, he did not behave in the least like good little boys in books, but dressed himself without a tear or a sob, and ran for the nearest neighbor.

"Sakes alive !" said, "Miss" Ranney. never did see such a cretur as that are boy in all my days! he never said nothin' to me when he came to our tolks's only jest-'Miss to see mother, she don't seem to be alive.' 'Dew tell!' sez l, an' so I slipt on my Shaker bunnet jist as quick's I could, but he was off, a settin' the room to rights, he'd spunked up respect than ever for Miss Eunice, and a a fire, and hung on the kittle; so I zed nothin' but stept along inter the bedroom, and turned down the kiver, and gin a little screech, I was so beat, for sure enough Hetty Crane was dead an' cold. Josh he neerd me, for he was clos't onto me, and he never spoke, but he come up to the bed and the put his Good'in she come in, and she said he'd stopped there an sent her over.

"Well, we laid out Hetty, and fixed up and Miss Good in she'n I calkerlated to set his mother's Bible, and now they awoke to up all night, and we was jest puttin' a mess, be answered. of ten to draw, so's to keep lively, when in come Josh, drippin wet, for the dews was dreadful heavy them August nights, and he with the oddest of all people under excitesaid nothin' more'n jest to answer when he was spoke to, and Miss Good'in was a real there he was, fast asleep on the bed beside of i metre tune, adapting the words-

the corpse, as straight as a pin, only holdin' hoo-ed right out, but I kinder strangled it doubtful matter to Parson Pitcher whether when Josh came back, dripping, atd exclaimdown, and we set to work to figger out what he should haugh or cry; and he was forced was a goin' to be done with the poor little to compromise with a hysterical snort, just chap; that house of their'n, that old Josh as Josh brought out the last word of the verse had bought of Mr. Ranney, hadn't never been on a powerful figue-

paid for, only the interest money whenever Miss Crane could scrape it up, so't that So earnest and honest was he, that, for a would go right back into husband's hands, whole week after he had been examined and an' they hadn't got no cow, nor no pig, and we agreed the alectmen would hev to take him and bind him out.
"I allers mistrusted that he'd waked up,

and heered what we said, for next morning when we went to call him he was gone, and his shirts an' go-to-meetin's, too, and he never come back to the funeral, nor a good spell

"I know after Hetty was buried, and we'd resolved to cell what things she had to get her a head-stone, for Mr. Ranney wouldn't never put in for the rest of his interest money, I took home her old Bible and kep' it for Josh, and the next time I see him was five and twenty years after, when he come back from sea-farin' an' settled down to farmin' on't, and he sot by that Bible a dredful sight, I expect, for he gin' our Sall the brightest red an' yeller bandanner you ever see; she used to keep it to take to meetin'!"

"Miss" Ranney was certainly right in her guess." Josh had heard in that miserable midnight the discussion of his future, and, having a well-founded dread of the selectmen's tender mercies, had given a last caress to his dead mother and run away to Boston, where he shipped for a whaling-voyage, was cast away on the Newfoundland shore after ten years of sca-life, and being at that time a stout youth of twenty, sick of his seamanship, he had hired himself to work in a stone-yard, and by the time he was thirty-five had laid up enough money to return a thrifty bachelar, and, huying a little farm on Plainfield Hill, settle down to his ideal of life, and become the amusement of part of the village,

and the oracle of the rest. We boys adored Uncle Josh, for he was always ready to rig our boats, spin us yarns haps he felt le had received one in Miss Eua week long, and fill our pockets with apples red and russet as his own honest face. With the belles of the village, Uncle Josh had no such favor; he would wear a pig-tail in spite or demonstration, but very happy. Uncle of scoff and remonstrance; he would smoke Josh united with the church, and was no disa cutty-pipe; and he did swear like a sailor, grace to his profession, save and except in from mere habit and forgetfulness, for no one thing—he would swear! Vainty did man, not professedly religious, had a diviner deacons, brethren, and pastor assigl him with instinct of reverence and wor hip than lie: exhortation, remonstrance, and advices, vainbut it was as instinctive for him to swear as ly did his meek wife look at him with pleadit was to breathe, and some of our boldiy ing eyes; vainly did he himself repent, and

gosh" and "thunder" were in us; for really he meant no inore. However, Uncle Josh did not quite recip-Deacon Stone's to "brush his hat o' mornings," to step spry, and wear a stiff collar naulin had been dismissed the service; so manfully. the village directly discovered that Josh Crane was courting the school-mistress, "Miss Eunice," who boarded at Deacon Stone's. What Miss Eunice's surname might be I never knew, nor did it much mat- Josh. ter; she was the most kindly, timid, and lovable creature that ever tried to reduce a district school into manners and arithmetic.: she lives in my memory still, a tall, slight figure, with tender brown eyes, and a sad face, its broad lovely forehead shaded with silky light hair, and her dress always dim-

Everybody knew why Miss Eunice looked so meek and sad, and why she was still "Miss" Eunice: she had been disapp inted;" she and loved a man better than he loved her, and, therein copying the sweet angels, made. a fatal mistake, broke her girl's heart, and

went to keeping school for a living. All the young people pitied and patron-ized her: all the old women agreed that she was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cue in an abject state of penitence and humility; riosity, first, for having a breakable heart, and, as the Parson emerged like the full and, next, for putting that member to fatal harm for one of their kind: but boys ranked charitably toward Josh than he had done be-Miss Eunice even above Uncle Josh; for fore. "It is a very bad thing, Mr. Crane." there lives in boys a certain kind of chivalry, said he, mildly. "Not merely for yourself, before the world has sneered it out of them, that regards a sad or injured woman as a creature claiming all their care and protection; and it was with a thrill of virtuous indignation that we heard of Josh Crane's intentions toward Miss Eunice; nor were we very pitiful of our old friend, when Mrs. Stone announced to old Mrs. Ranney, (who.

was as deaf as a post, and therefore very useful, passively, in spreading news confideddidn't want nobody to tell on't," so every-

It was beside, true, Miss Eunice was sincerely religious woman, and though Josh Crane's simple, fervent love-making had stirred a thrill within her, she had thought Ranney, guess you'd better come cross lots quite impossible, still, she did not think it was right to marry an irreligious man, and his reprover, but he was gonc. she told him so with a meek firmness, that quite broke down poor Uncle Josh, and he spry's a cricket, an' when I got there he was went back to his farming with profounder miserable opinion of himself.

But he was a person without guile of any sort: he would have cut off his pig-tail, sold his tobacco-keg, tried not to swear for her sake, but he could not pretend to be pious, and he did not.

A year or two afterward, however, when head down and laid his check right along hers, both had quite got past the shyness of meetand 'twent no redder'n her'n, an' staid so ing, and set aside, if not forgotten the past, 'bout a minnit; then he cleared out and I there was a revival of religion in Plainfield never see him no more all day, but Miss no great excitement, but a quiet springing up of "good seed," sown in past generations, it may be, and among the softened hearts and moist eyes were those of Uncle Josh. His the House, and put a curtain to her winder, mother's prayers had slept in the leaves of ruler could throw.

It was strangely touching, even to old state. ment—rugged New-Englanders—to see the tien. "Miss Eunice she helped me, she's a preternatural keenness of her disease, she simple pathos that vivified Uncle Josh's story master cretur for inventions. I sugar! read the truth in his eye and tone, and, feelin' woman, she guessed he'd better be let of his experience; and when, in the midst of there! that's it! When I'm a goin' to speak though she had long looked on to this end, alone; so he drink't a cup of ten, and then of a sentence about his dead mother, and her quick, I catch up somethin else that's got the and was ready to enter into rest, the nearhe started off into the bedroom, and when petitions for his safety, with tears dripping same letter on the bows, and I tell yew it ness of that untried cure agitated her and for she went in there, long towards midnight down both cheeks, he burst into a hallelujah goes — r else it's somethin. Holla! I see bade her sleep; but faith, unfailing in bitter

"Though seed lie buried long in dust," etc.

approved by the church committee as a probationer, he never once thought of Miss Eunice; when, suddenly, as he was reading his Bible, and came across the honorable mention of that name by the apostle, he recollected, with a sort of shame-faced delight, that now, perhaps, she would have him: so, with no further ceremony than reducing his gusty flax-colored hair to order, by means of a pocket-comb, and washing his hands at the pump, away he strode to the school-house, where it was Miss Eunice's custom to linger after school till her fire was burnt low enough to

Josh looked in at the window, as he "brought to" (in his own phrase) " alongside the school 'us," and there sat the lady of his love, knitting a blue stocking, with an empty chair most propitiously placed beside her in front of the fireplace. Josh's heart rose up mightily, but he knocked as little a knock as his great knuckles could effect, was bidden in, and sat himself down on the chair in a paroxysm of bashfulness, nowise helped by Miss. Eunice's dropped eyes and persistent knitting? So he sat full fifteen minutes, every now and then clearing his throat in a vain attempt to introduce the point, till at length, desperate enough, he made a dash into the middle of things, and buibled over with: "Miss Eunice, I've got religion! I'm sot out for to be a real pious man; can't you feel to hev me

What Miss Eunice's little trembling lips answered, I cannot say, but I know it was satisfactory to Josh, for his first reverent impulse, after he gathered up her lew words was, to clasp his hands and say-"Amen," as if somebody had asked a blessing; per-

When spring came they were married, and were happy Yankee fashior, without comment neculative and law-despising youngsters held strive and watch; "the stump of Dagon rethat it was no harm in him, any more than mained," and was not to be easily uprooted.

At length Patson Pitcher, being greatly scandalized at Josh's explctives, used unluckily in a somewhat excited meeting on church rocate the contempt of the sex; before long business, (for in prayer-meetings he never he began to make Sunday night visitations at answered any calls to rise, lest habit should get the better of him, and shock the very sinners he might exhort) Parson Pitcher himand stock, instead of the open tie he had kept, self made a pastoral call at the farm, and with the pig-tail, long after jacket and tar- found its master in the garden hoeing corn

"Good-day, Mr. Crane!" said the old gentleman. "Good-day, Parson Pitcher, good-day d-hot day, sir," answered the unconscious

"Not so hot as hell for swearers!" sternly responded the Parson, who, being of a family renowned in New England for noway mineing matters, sometimes verged upon profaulw himself, though unawares. Josh threw

down his hoe in despair.
"Oh Lord!" said he, "there it goes again. tinted, faded perhaps, but scrupulously neat I swear! the d-dogs take it! If I don't and stable. | Level and stable | Level and stable | Reson Pitcher, what shall I dew? it swears of itself. I am clean beat tryin' to head it off. con-no! I mean confuse it all! I'm such an old hand at the

Luckily for Josh, the old Parson's risibles were hardly better in hand than his own profanity, and it took him now a long time to pick up his cane, which he had dropped in the current-bushes, while, Josh stood among the corn-hills wiping the swent off his brow, moon from the leafy currants, he felt more but it scandalizes the church-niembers, and I think you should take, severe measures to

break up the habit." "What upon airth shall I do, sir?" piteously asked Josh, "it's the d-dest plague! oh! I swan to man l've done it agin! And here, with a long howl, Josh threw himself down in the weeds, and kicked out

like a half-broken colt, wishing in his soul the earth would hide him, and trying to feel as to her, as this was in the church porch,) that bad as he ought to, for his honest conscience Miss Eunice wa'n't a goin' to hev' Josh sturdily refused to convict him in this mat-Crane, 'cause he wa'n't a professor; but she ter, faithful as it was in much less-sounding tor?"

I grieve to say that Parson Pitcher got behind an apple-tree, and there-cried, perhaps! for he was wiping his eyes and shaking all over when he walked off, and Josh, getting up considerably in a state of dust, if not ashes and sack cloth, looked sheepishly about for

Parson Pitcher convened the deacons and a few of the uneasy brethren that night in his ing; had to drink bitters for their stomachs' sake; never came to missionary meetings for fear of the contribution box; or swore without knowing it: and as Deacon Stone did now Eldridge had a "rheumatiz" that nothing but chokeberry rum would cure, and that is very apt to affect the head, and Brother Peters had so firm a conviction that money is the root of all evil, that he kept his from spreader smiled as he shut the door behind them, thinking of that first stone that no elder nor

Nevertheless, he paid another visit to Josh the next week, and found him in a hopeful

"I've hit on't now, Parson Pitcher!" said he, without waiting for a more usual saluta- night after Dr. Sawyer's visit, for, with the Josh. them d-dipper sheep is in my corn—Git sout! need, calmed her at length, and with peace decency, do you mean by marrying that wo Sall Ran dropped her name for "Aunt Sal-

on to one of its hands. Miss Good in come and adding to the diversity of thythm the dis- just in time for the Parson, who had quieted back cryin', and I thought I should 'a boo- cordance of his sea-cracked voice, it was a his face and walked in to see Mrs. Crane, ing "Peppergrass! them is the d-drowndedst sheep I ever see,

This new spell of " Miss Eunice's," as Josh always called his wife, worked well while it was new; but the unruly tongue relapsed, and meek Mrs. Crane had grown to look upon it as she would upon a wooden leg, had that been Josh's infirmity-with pity and regret, the poorest result of a charity which "endur-

ruling trait. Everything else went on prosperously: the farm paid well, and Josh laid up money, but never for himself. They had no children, sore disappointment to both their kindly rearts, but all the poor and orphan little ones n the town seemed to have a special claim on heir care and help: nobody ever went away nungry from Josh's door, or unconsoled from Miss Eunice's "keeping room;" everybody loved them both, and in time people forgot that Josh swore; but he never did: a keen pain discomforted him whenever he saw a child look up astonished at his oath. He had grown so far toward "the full ear," that he you must consent." understood what an offense his habit was, and it pained him very much that it could not be

overcome even in so long a trial; but soon other things drew on to change the current of Josh's penitent thoughts.

He had been married about ten years when Miss Eunice began to show signs of failing health: she was, after the Yunkee custom somewhat older than her husband, and of too delicate a make to endure the hard life Connecticut farmers' wives must, or do lead.-Josh was as fond of her as he could be, but did not know how to demonstrate it; all sorts of comforts she had, as far as food, and fire, and clothing went, but no recreation: no public amusements over visited Plainfield, a sparse and quiet village far off the track of any railroad; the farmers could not spend time to drive round the country with their wives, or to go visiting, except now and then on Sunday nights to a neighbor's; sometimes to a paring or husking bee, the very essence of which was work; once a year a donation party at the minister's; and a rare attendance upon the sewing circle, distasteful to Josh, who must get and eat his supper alone in that case—these were all the amusements Miss Eunice knew. Books she had none, except her Bible, Boston's Fourfold State, a

dictionary and an arithmetic, relics of her spairing wretchedness of the funeral hymn, school; and, if ever she wished for more, she enough: she did not know, or dared not be house to which they carried his wife in her and, with the ascetic devotion of a Guyonist, without interference. They had not gone its lesser and trivial life, that "by all these prayers and hymns above her who now need- end, though his soft and kindly heart-would ered, and then there was as much mounting thir.gs men live," as well as by the word and So she drudged on uncomplainingly, and

after ten years of patience and labor took to her bed, and was pronounced by the Plainfield doctor to have successively "a spine in "gittaral complaint of the lights" (was it catarrhal?). Duly was she blistered, plastered, and fomented: dosed with Brandreth's pills, mullein root in eider, tansey, burdock. litter-sweet, catnip, and honeset teas; sowbigs tickled into a ball and swallowed alive; dried, rattlesnakes' flesh; and the powder of a ed squirrel, shut into a red-hot oven living. baked till powderable, and then put through that process in a mortar, and administered

Dearly beloved, I am not improvizing .-All these, and sundry other and filthier medicaments, which I refrain from mentioning. did once, perhaps do still, abound in the islands of this Yankeedom, and slay their thou sands yearly, as with the jaw-bone of an ass. Of course Miss Eunice pined and languished, not merely from the "simples" that she swallowed, but because the very fang that had set itself in the breast of Josh's gentle mother gnawed and rioted in hers. At length-Josh's mind: he tackled up Boker, the old horse, and set out for Sunbury, where there lived a doctor of some eminence, and returned in triumph with Dr. Sawyer following in

Miss Eunice was carefully examined by the physician, a pompous but kindly man, who saw at once there was no hope and no help for his fluttered and panting patient.

When the millennium comes, let us hope it will bring physicians of sufficient fortitude to forbear dosing in hopeless cases. It is vain to look for such in the present condition of things, and Dr. Sawyer was no better than his kind; he hemmed, hawed, screwed up one eye, felt Miss Eunice's pulse again, and uttered, oracularly:

"I think a portion of some sudorific feb rifuge would probably allay Mrs. Crane's

"Well, I expect it would," confidently asserted Josh; "can I get it to the store, doc-

"No sir! it should be compounded in the family, Mr. Crane."

"Dew tell!" responded Josh, rather crestfallen, but brightening up as the doctor went on to describe, in all the polysyllables he could muster, the desirable fluid; at the end Josh burst out joyfully with—
"I sw-swan! t'ain't nothin' but lemonade

with gumarable in't!":

Dr. Sawyer gave him a look of contempt. study, and expounded to them the duty of and took his leave, Josh laboring under the charity for people who would sleep in meet- profound and happy 'conviction that nothing ailed Miss Eunice, if lemonade was all that she needed; while the doctor called, on his way home, to see Parson Pitcher, and to him confided the mournful fact, that Miss Eunice and then snore under the pulpit, and Brother was getting ready for heaven fast, could scarcely linger another week by any mortal help. Parson Pitcher grieved truly, for he loved and respected Eunice, and held her as the sweetest and brightest example of unobtrusive religion in all his church; moreover. ing, they all agreed to have patience with he knew how Josh would feel, and he dread-Brother Crane's tongue-ill; and Parson Pitch- ed the task of conveying to him this painful intelligence, resolving, nevertheless, to visit them next day with that intent, as it was now too near night to make it convenient.

But a more merciful and able Shepherd than he preceded him, and spared Josh the ingering agony of an expectation that could

sudden pang awoke her, and her start roused Josh; he lifted her on the pillow, where the jed morning light showed her gasping and gray with death; he turned all cold.

Good-bye, Josh!' said her tender voice, fainting as it spoke, and with one upward rapturous look of the soft brown eyes they closed forever, and her head fell back on Josh's shoulder, dead. There the neighbor, who "did chores" for

her of late, found the two, when she came in. Josh had changed since his mother died, for eth and hopeth all things," eminently her the moment Mrs. Casey lifted his wife from his arm, and laid her patient, peaceful face back on its pillow, Josh flung himself down beside her, and cried aloud with the passion and carelessness of a child. Nobody could rouse him nobody could move him, till Parson Pitcher came in, and taking his hand, raised and led him into the keeping-room.—
There Josh brushed off the mist before his drenched eyes with the back of his rough hand, and looked straight at Parson Pitcher. "Oh Lord! she's dead," said he, as if he alone of all the world knew it.

"Yes, my son, she is dead," solemnly replied the Parson; "it is the will of God, and to make b'lieve my way's yourn, which'll suit -the man married, was extravagant in his

"I can't! I can't! I a'n't a goin' to," sobbed Josh-"ta'n't no use talkin', if I'd only 'xpected somethin', its that - doctor! Oh Lord I've swore, and Miss Eunice is dead! oh gracious goody! what be I a goin' to do? oh dear! oh dear! oh Miss Eunice!"

Parson Pitcher could not even smile-the oor fellow's grief was too deep. What could be think of to console him, but that deepest comfort to the bereaved, her better "My dear friend, be comforted! Eunice is with the blessed in heaven!" "I know it! I know it! she allers was nigh

about fit to get there without dyin'. Oh Lord! she's gone to beaven and I ha'n't! No-there was no consoling Uncle Josh; that touch of nature showed it. He was

alone, and refused to be comforted; so Paring, that unawares merged into a thanksgivng for the dead, and went his way, sorrowfully convicted that his holy office had in it no supernatural power or aid, that some Josh's grief raved itself into worn out de- beneficial effects, rather against his will.

jection, still too poignant to bear the gentlest touch; his groans and cries were heart-breaking at the funeral, and it seemed as if he would really die with agony, while the de-

After this, Josh retired to his own house, and, according to Mrs. Casey's story, neither slept nor ate; but this was somewhat apoc- by the time Sall Ran had been in Miss Eu- lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard ryphal, and three days after the funeral. Parfirm, frind Uncle Josh whittling out a set of clothes pegs on his door-step, but looking rejoiced over it in heaven, even as his brethvery down cast and miserable. Good-morning, Mr. Crane!" said the

good divine. "Mornin' Parson Pitcher! hev' a cheer?" The Parson sat down on the bench of the stoop, and wistfully surveyed Josh, wonder-

loss: but the refractory widower gave no sign, and at length the Parson spoke. "I hope you begin to be resigned to the will of Providence, my dear Mr. Crane?" "No I don't a speck!" honestly retorted

Josh. Parson Pitcher was shocked. "I hoped to find you in a better frame," "I can't help it!" exclaimed Josh, flinging down a finished peg emphatically. "I a'n't resigned! I want Miss Eunice! I a'n't wil lin' to have her dead, I can't and I a'n't, and that's the hull on't! and I'd a --- sight ruth- Josh. er-oh goody! I've swore agin. Lord-asome idea of this kind occurred to Uncle massy! 'n she a'n't here to look at me when tion of mine about Sall did, come out night on-I do, and I'm goin' straight to the d- ter right; didn't it?"

Oh land! there it goes! oh dear soul, can't a

feller help himself nohow?" barn, from whence he emerged no more till the minister's steps were heard crunching on the gravel path toward the gate, when Josh, the barn window, and repeated in a louder and more strenuous key, "I a'n't willin' Parson Pitcher!" leaving the Parson in a dubious state of mind, on which he ruminated for some weeks, finally concluding to leave than the crimson peonies on her posy-bed, Josh alone with his Bible, till time should blunt the keen edge of his pain, and reduce him to reason; and he noticed with great satand conference meetings, and at length re- he had to go home without taking leave of afraid I must kill that raseal.

sumed his work with a due amount of com-There was in the village of Plainfield a youth, and had in nowise softened since .--Her name was Sarah, familiarized into Sally, and as she grew up to middle age, that pleasant, kindly title being sadly out of keeping with her nature, everybody called her Sall. Ran., and the third generation scarce knew

she had another name. Any uproar in the village always began with Sall Ran, and woe be to the unlucky boy who pilfered an apple under the overhanging trees of Mrs. Ranney's orchard by the road, or tilted the well-sweep of her stony-curbed well to get a drink; Sall was down tinly changed. I don't believe she's got riled upon the offender like a buil-storm, and cuffs and shricks mingled in wild chorus with her shrill scolding, to the awe and consternation of every child within half a mile.

Judge, then, of Parson Pitcher's smazement, when, little more than a year after Miss Eunice's death, Josh was ushered into his study one evening, and after stroking a lished." The Parson drew a long breath, partly for the mutability of man, partly from nure wonder.

" Who are you going to marry. Mr. Crane?" said he after a pause: another man might do him no good. Miss Eunice had a restless | bave softened the style of his wife to be not

"Sall Ran," said he, undauntedly. Parboth hands in his pockets advanced upon Josh "What in the name of common sense and However, Uncle Josh's troubles were over.

"Well, ef you'll set down, Parson Pitcher.

died," here Josh interpolated a great blub beside Miss Eunice, the young minister who bering sob. "And I'm gettin' so d- bad! and I ai'nt no more resigned to her dyin' sor had to instill resign then I used ter, be, and I can't stan' it, so I set sion, into Uncle Josh. to figerin' on it out, and I guess l've hved too easy, han't had enough 'flictions and trials; so I concluded I hed oughter put myself to the wind ard of some squalls, so 's to learn navigation, and I couldn't tell how, till suddenly I brought to mind Sall Ran, who is to spread in the newspaper line. the d—— and all, oh dear! I've nigh about a young man who ardently des swore agin'! and I concluded she'd be the was visited by his Satanic management. nearest to a cat-o-nine-tails I could get to

time, seein' it's Sall !" singular screed of doctrine, or the shrewd and rates of interest for all the money he could self-satisfied, yet honest expression of face borrow, but though the devil made wry faces with which Josh clenched his argument.-Professing himself in great haste to study, he all paid. One expedient after another failed promised to publish as well as to marry —the devil counted the time, only two years. Josh, and, when his odd parishioner was out that he must wait for the soul, and mocked of hearing, indulged himself with a long fit of the efforts of the despairing man. One more laughter, almost inextinguishable, over Josh's trial was resolved upon—the man started a patent christianizer.

Great was the astonishment of the whole congregation on Sunday, when Josh's intenson litcher made a fervent prayer for the liv. tions were given out from the pulpit; and strangely mixed and hesitating the congratulations he received after his marriage, which took place in the following week. Parson Pitcher took a curious interest in the success things are too deep and too mighty for man. of Josh's project; and had to acknowledge its

Sall Ran was the best of house-keepers, as Quakerly clean, and every garment of her husband's scrupulously mended and refreshthe wailing cadences of "China," poured ed; but if the smallest profanity escaped Un- out for a friend's mansion several miles disround the dusty and cobwebbed meeting cle Josh's lips, he did indeed "hear thunder," tant, where the rites could be solemnized nscious, that humanity needs something for coffin, one sultry August Sunday, to utter he endured every objurgatory torrent to the far, however, before their flight was discoved no prayer, and heard the hymns of heaven. now and then cringe and quiver in the pro- and racing and chasing as occurred on the

> nice's place for an equal term of years, Un- the noise of approaching pursuers and gave son Pitcher, betaking himself to the Crane cle Josh had become so mild-spoken, so kind, their horses the spur. But alas! their encno mook, that euroly his dead wife must have ren did on earth.

> life. Uncle Josh was made a deacon. Sail celebrated the event by a new black silk clergyman. The idea "took," and the pastor freck, and asked Parson Pitcher home to tea at once commenced the ritual. All parties after the church meeting, and to such a tea as covered themselves with glory, and just as ing how best to introduce the subject of his is the great glory of a New England house | the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein, keeper. Pies, preserves, cake, biscuit, bread, short-cake, cheese, honey, fruit, and cream, were pressed, and pressed again upon the unlucky Parson, till he was quite in the condition of Charles Lamb and the omnibus, and gladly saw the signal of retreat from the table, he withdrawing himself to the bench on tion of the handsome and novel manner in the stoop, to breathe the odorous June air, and talk over matters and things with Deacon Josh, while "Miss Crane cleared off." Long and piously the two worthies talked, and at length came a brief pause, broken by

> > "Well, Parson Pitcher, that 'are calkerla-

"Yes, indeed, my good friend!" returned related by another gentleman, newly returned the parson; "the trial she has been to you from the continent, of a barrier duel that had taken place in Paris. A young Englishman. And with that Josh burst into a passion of thas been really blessed, and shows most tears, and fled past Parson Pitcher into the strikingly the use of discipline in this life." "Yes!" said Josh, "if Miss Eunice had lived, I don't know but what I should 'a been a swearin' man to this day; but Sall, she's persistent as Galileo, thrust his head out of rated it out of me; and I'm gettin' real resigned, too."

The meek complacency of the confession still gleamed in Uncle Josh's eyes, as he went in to prayers, but Sall Ran looked redder er?" and on his replying in the affirmative, Parson Pitcher made an excellent prayer. particularly descanting on the use of trials: and when he came to an end, and arose to in taking a pinch of snuff to hear the story, isfaction, that Josh came regularly to church say good-night, Mrs. Crane had vanished, so and observed with great placidity, "I am

her. Strange to say, during the following Miss Deacon Crane" had not been heard to certain Miss Ranney, daughter of the afore-scold once for months; that she even held only incidently mentioned in the course of the regular under provocation; this last fact the evening, "Gentlemen, I killed that rasperts, and of course an old maid. Her tember immediately put to the test by a few cal!" He had gone over to Paris on purpose, per and tongue had kept off suitors in her evil-minded and investigating boys, who pro-youth, and had in nowise softened since.—— ceeded to pull her fennel-bushes through the house, had thrown a glass of wine in his face mild request not to "do that," which actually shamed them into apologizing.

With this confirmation, even Parson Pitcher began to be credulous of the report, and ing had happened.—Household Words. sent directly for Deacon Crane to visit him. "How's your wife, Descon?" said the Parson, as soon as Josh was fairly seated in

the study. "Well, Parson Pitcher, she's most onsar-

months. "Very singular!" said Parson Pitcher. "I am glad for both of you; but what seems to have wrought upon her?" "Well!" said Uncle Josh, with a queer

glitter in his eye, "I expect she must 'a ben to the winder that night you'n I sot a talkin' new stove-pipe hat for a long time, at length on the stoop about 'flictions and her; for said he had "come to speak about bein' pub- rext day I stumbled and spilt a lot o' new like horse and foot together; but he stood his take to swearin. I guess I shan't, but I do nial in the same way .- Springfield Repubfeel kinder crawly about bein' resigned."

here he scrambled away after the stray sheep, written upon her face she slept till dawn: a man, Josh-uway Crane?" thundered the Par- 1y," and finally joined the church, and was as good in her strenuous way as her husband in his meekness, for there are "diversities of I'll tell ye the rights on't: you see I'm dread- gifts:" and when the Plainfield bell, one auful pestered with this here swearin' way I've tumn day, tolled a long series of eighty got; I kinder thought it would wear off if strokes, and deacon Crane was gathered to Miss Eunice kep a looking at me, but she's his rest in the daisy-sprinkled burying-yard succeeded Parson Pitcher had almost as hard there! you see Parson I do swear dreadful; a task to console Aunt Sally as his predecessor had to instill resignation, on a like occa-

> How the Devil Lost .- The following is too good to be lost. We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of some persons who feel disposed

A young man who ardently desired wealth. was visited by his Satanic majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity, tewtor me, and then I reklected what old if he could be supplied on this earth with all Cap'n Thomas used to say, when I was a boy the money he could use. The bargain was aboard of his whaler: 'Boys,' sez he, 'you're concluded—the devil was to supply the monallers sot to hev' your own way, and you've ey, and was at last to have the soul, unless got ter hev' mine, so's its pooty clear that I the young man could spend more money than shall flog you to rope-yarns or else you'll hev the devil could furnish. Years passed away all round.' So you see, Parson Pitcher, I living, built palaces, speculated widely-lost wa'n't a goin' to put myself in a way to and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers quarrel with the Lord's will agin,' and I don't | were always full. He turned politician, and expect you to hev' no such trouble with me bribed his way to power and fame without twice, as you've hed sence Miss Eunice up reducing his "pile of gold. He became a an' died. I swan, I'll give up reasonable next "filibuster," and litted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He Hardly could Person Pitcher stand this went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual when he came to pay the bills, yet they were newspaper! The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, "dead broke," at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was

A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH. - A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a runaway match that came off in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, scolds are apt to be; or is it in reverse that notwithstanding the opposition of parents the rule began? She kept the farm-house and relatives of every degree, and securing the co-operation of a friendly clergyman; they all three mounted their horses and set occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated It was all for his good, he often said, and elopement with the Netherby maiden. The mies were better mounted and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felictious inspiration of And now came the crowning honor of his the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. When the old gentleman first learned what had been done, he was inclined to be furious; but being a gallant old fellow and admiring a dashing action, he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in considerawhich they triumphed over him.

> gentleman, who was a regular frequenter of the green room of Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Lord Byron's committee, and who always stood quietly on the hearth rug there with his back to the fire, was in his usual place one night when a narrative was -a mere boy-had been despoiled in a gambling house in the Palais Royal, had charged a certain Count with cheating him, had gone out with the Count, had wasted his fire, and had been alain by the Count under the frightfal circumstances of the Count's walking up to him, laying his hand on his heart, saying, "You are a brave fellow-have you a mothremarking coolly, "I am sorry for her," and blowing his victim's brains out.

A Cool Avenger.—A certain English

The gentleman on the hearth rug paused

A few nights elapsed, during which the venr, a rumor crept through the village; that green room hearth rug was without him, and then he re-appeared precisely at before, and pickets, and nip the yellow heads, receiving in presence of all the company assembled for their audacious thieving no more than a there, had told him that he was come to. avenge his young compatriot—and had done it by putting the Count out of this world. and coming back to the hearth rug as it noth

NATURE AND MATRIMONY .- To decide against marriage is first to trample upon nature and philosophy. Natural affinities and sympathics must be ignored. Miss Sedgwick's experience with girls must have taught more'u once, or gin it to me once for six her that a hat-band is charged with heartquickening suggestions, that a bass voice is wonderful music, and that the vision of a pair of spurs is more charming than all the landscapes in Lenox, to a company of Misses & anywhere between thirteen to eighteen years d. As for boys, we know all about them. We recognized an unaccountable charm in a waist at the premature age of eight, the waist being five years old" or thereabouts," and milk onto the kitchen floor, that allers riled was killed at thirty paces by the graceful her; so I began to say—'Oh, dear! I'm sor-ry, Sall!' when she ups right away, and sez golden septenniad of the teens. Our youngshe—Josh Crane; you've done with 'flictions est, a daughter, who is said to resemble in this world; I snan't never scold you no well no matter, whom-is already talking more. I sint a going to be made a pack- about a husband, and she has not seen her horse to carry my husband to heaven! and fifth winter. Where she got the idea is more she never said no more to me, nor I to her, than we can tell, but her doll is a boy, "as but she's ben nigh about as pretty-behaved as true as you live." Falstaff was a coward Miss Eunice ever since, and I hope I shan't upon instinct; perhaps children are matrimo-