The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS. | MONTROSE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1857. | H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER--VOL. 3, NO. 47

Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come,
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When He built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And carved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

JOHN BRODIE'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE TWO "PANICS."

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Marry her if you will, sir; but the consequences be upon your own head. Mind that!"

And Silas Brodie, as he thus spoke, gazed sternly upon his son. He was very angry, and his lips were compressed until their hue was bloodless.

"She must be my wife, father," John Brodie returned, calmly and decidedly.

"*Must!* Will you set at nought a father's authority?"

"You have no right to put the question in that way," the young man said, reprovingly. "You know very well that in all things just, I will still obey you. But not in this—not in this. I cannot. I love Alice Darcy—I have loved her a long time—and I cannot sacrifice my whole of joy and peace for coming life to a false, pernicious idea of fashion or expediency."

"Very well, sir," cried the old man, with a waive of the hand. "Go! I will not retract. Marry with Isabel Ogden, and a hundred thousand dollars are yours. Marry with this low girl, and—*not one penny!*"

"My father—one hundred thousand dollars cannot buy your son!" And thus proudly spoaking John Brodie turned from his parent's presence.

There was a gleam of pride upon that father's face as he gazed upon the erect, handsome form of his boy; but it faded quickly away, and his foot came down with a stamp, as though he would crush forever the emotion he had for a moment experienced.

Silas Brodie had retired from business, and he was very wealthy. John was his only child, and he had long held a plan for a "brilliant alliance" for his heir. He had even made arrangements with the parents of Isabel Ogden for a union between herself and his son. Hence, when he found that John had shaped his own course, and resolved to marry a poor, unknown girl, his rage was deep and bitter. He would not think of it—he would have the low girl apprehended for robbing his son of his love—he would stop it in some way. But when, in the end, he found that he could not stop it, he took an oath that he would disinherit his child if he persisted in his rebellious course. We have seen the result.

In the home of an humble artisan, and engaged in knitting, sat Alice Darcy. Her pure, handsome face was lighted up by a happy smile, for a little child—a child of her only brother—gamboled by her side. Alice had been spending the winter in the city with her brother, and had intended to return in the spring to her home in the country, where she had been living with an uncle, her parents being both dead.

In a little while the child went away, and then Alice stopped knitting, and became sad and thoughtful.

"Eh? How now, Allie, my darling?" cried a stalwart man, of some five-and-thirty years, whose garb bore upon it the dust and wear of toil. "Why so sad? Tell me."

"Sit down, Tom, and I will tell you."

So the brother sat down, and took both his fair sister's hands in his own. There was an earnest, honest, loving look upon his face which gave Alice confidence at once.

"Now what is it?"

"I'll tell you, Tom,—I must not——"

"Not what?"

"Not—not——"

"Oh, fudge! Don't tremble so, and tell me what you want to say. You mean to say that ye mustn't marry with John Brodie. Eh?"

"Ay, Tom,—the very words I would have spoken," returned Alice, bowing her head, and trembling more violently still.

"Why—what a silly girl. Pooh! Nonsense! Look up here, darling mine. You don't know what you're talking about. Not marry with John? And why not?"

"Because," said the sister, with more composure, "I shall only rob him of his patrimony. His father will disinherit him."

"And what of that? John Brodie has made his own selection; and let me tell you, he has made a good one. When I started out to learn his true character I found him all I could wish for the husband of my sister.—And I found out one more thing, too: I found him to be one who would count all the gold of all the world as dross and a curse were it heaped up in one great pile, and offered to him if he would sell his heart. No, no,—John Brodie loves you too well—you love him too well—you would both be miserable if you were to leave him. But then I know you won't. John won't let you."

Just as Tom spoke John Brodie entered the room. The latter took the brother's seat, and was then informed of what Alice had been saying. He gazed into her beautiful face a moment, and then he clasped her to his bosom.

"Never!" he cried. "Leave me? Oh, every hope of joy in the future is centered in you. Leave me? You cannot. Together, with youth and health, we'll start up Life's hill, and carve our own way. Say, love—you cannot deny me."

She did not.

John Brodie took sweet Alice Darcy for his wife, and, true to his promise, the old man cast him off, and even closed his doors against his disobedient boy. John was sorry, for he still loved that old man who had been his father. But the young husband was happy. He had found a wife more valuable than houses and money, and he knew how to prize her. He went to his father once and asked that he might be received, not as an heir, but as a child; but he was indignantly rejected.

"But you will love me some time again," the young man said.

"Never!" was the parent's response.

John went no more to his father's house. Alice did all in her power to make her husband happy, and she succeeded. And she did more. She helped him in his business, and encouraged him and sustained him in all his efforts.

In a few years fortune smiled upon John Brodie. He had saved enough, with his wife's help, to go into business, and an excellent opportunity was found. All the young merchant's ventures proved favorable. Gold came to his coffers, and he grew rich.

In course of time John Brodie saw a group of four children about him—three daughters and one son—and his home was one of affluence and solid comfort. He had placed his gentle Alice at the head of a costly establishment, and the future promised much.

When Alice's oldest daughter was sixteen, the mother received word that her old uncle—the one who had brought her up—was dead, and that all his property was left to her. It amounted to a farm worth some five thousand dollars, beside good buildings, farming utensils, good stock of oxen, horses, pigs, sheep and hens.

"We do not need it," said John Brodie.

"But I shall keep it nevertheless. Who knows but the time may come when our boy may need a home. I'll keep it, John."

A good man was obtained to live on the distant farm, and from that time John Brodie almost forgot that there was such a thing.

A few more years sped on, and then came a cloud over the business world. The cloud grew more heavy and dark—the lightning-bolt followed—and the crash came. Fortunes sank like wrecked ships; men arose in the morning worth tens of thousands, and returned to their homes at even, penniless; strong firms became weak and tottered; magnificent business schemes fell through in a day, carrying their projectors down to ruin; and a wail of woe and distress went up from the land.

John Brodie came home one evening and sank into a chair. He was pale and wan, and a deathlike damp stood upon his brow.

"I know it all," whispered Alice, winding her arms about his neck. "You have lost your fortune."

"Aye," the merchant groaned, "every penny!"

"Is all lost, John? Have you saved nothing?"

"Nothing, Alice—nothing! I have lost thirty thousand dollars by one bank, and nearly as much more by the failure of a single house. I am ruined! Oh! I could bear it for myself—but for you—my wife and children. 'Tis terrible?"

"What is terrible?" asked Alice, in a whisper.

"Such ruin."

"Ruin of what?" said the wife, eagerly and earnestly, with her arms still about her husband's neck. "Are we not richer than we were when we were so happy in our morning of life? See our children——"

"Aye—and see them suffer!"

"No, no," cried a chorus of voices; and more warm arms were about his neck.

"No, no," repeated Alice. "Never so happy as now if they can but help you to happiness. You have worked for years to rear a glittering pile, and what was it worth after it was done? It was worth to us only our sustenance. It was not worth the love of one of these children—it was not worth the smiles of peace that shall still be ours."

"But no house!—no home!" groaned John Brodie. "This place is already seized."

"But we would not stay here if we could, my dear husband. We have a better home. Come with me—with your children—to our home in the country."

John Brodie started with a new life.

"Would you—would these petted children—be content in that far-off place?"

"Ah, John, the children of your Alice are not petted. I have taught them to love the home of my childhood, and in all their education they have not learned to love the gaudy show and empty fashion by which they have been surrounded. John—you shall find your children worthy of you."

The stout man wept when this soft influence of devotion beamed upon his soul, and ere he retired to his sleep he knew that his wife and his children were anxious to get away upon the quiet farm.

As soon as possible John Brodie settled up his affairs. He gave up everything, and his creditors, when they saw that he had no more, set him free.

But John Brodie could not go without one more attempt to regain his father's love. He went to the home of his boyhood, but the stern old man would not see him. The long-cherished enmity had become a part of his very soul, and he would not relent.

So John went away and was unhappy for a while, but the smiles of his own loved ones soon brought joy to his heart.

In due time John Brodie reached his wife's farm. It had been well taken care of, and was in excellent condition. A neat white cottage, with green blinds, half hidden by huge cherry trees; a long succession of sheds, and wood-houses, and carriage-houses led thence to a white stable, and beyond this was the huge barn. The surface of the tillage land was smooth and free from stones, while the rest of the farm lay in beautiful swells, partly covered by wood, and in other places dotted by the grazing herds.

"Now if we only had a little money to begin with," said John, after he had been over the premises.

"I guess we can raise enough," returned Alice with a smile.

"How? Where?"

"Why—what do you suppose this farm has been doing for the past five years?"

The husband gazed eagerly into his wife's face, but made no reply.

"I have received five hundred dollars a year for it," she resumed, "and have the money in my pocket now. I drew it out from the Savings Bank two weeks ago, thus, I suppose, doing my share towards creating a panic."

Alice drew out twenty-six hundred dollars and handed it to John. He looked at the money—then into that still sweet face—and then his head was pillowed upon her bosom.

John Brodie's farming progressed famously, and he soon assured himself that the place would more than support his family. In a little while new strength came to his own frame; new color came to the rounding cheeks of his children, and to the face of his Alice came back the old joy and smile of other days.

"What would induce you to go back to the turmoil of the great city, John?" Alice asked, when they had been a year in their new home.

"Only one thing in all the world could induce me," the husband answered, while he stood with both his hands upon Alice's shoulders, and gazed into her still handsome features,—"only one thing in all the world—the happiness of my wife and children."

"And if they were happier here?" Alice said, with tears in her eyes.

"Then not all the world beside could hire me to leave this happy retreat."

Time passed on. John Brodie's head became gray, but his step was firm, and his frame strong. His daughters were all married and doing well, while his son, now grown a stout man, had taken a wife and assumed control of the farm. The silver upon the head of Alice seemed only new rays of glory about her brow, and the few furrows upon her face were only lurking-places for smiles and happy joys.

And the farm had been productive, too.—A railroad had brought it near to the city, and in the one item of fruit much money was every year realized over and above the expenses of the family.

Twenty years had John Brodie lived upon his farm, and then came another cloud, lightning-bolt, and crash upon the financial world. But not upon him—no, not upon him. He sat in his cosy library, with loved Alice by his side, and read in the papers of the terrible wrecks of fortune in the world about him. His thoughts ran back over twenty years, and he remembered that other storm wherein he had been wrecked. So he had sympathy for those who suffered now.

And the storm raged in the great world of business, and by-and-by a new wreck was thrown upon the strand of ruin. It was an old man—very old. For years he had prided himself upon his wealth. One storm had he ridden out in safety, and he had not feared this one. But of late, to keep down memories which haunted him, he had dabbled in stocks. He speculated—and fell.

And when all was gone—when the ruin was complete—that old man took his staff and walked forth from the city. The autumn wind blew his sparse, snow-white locks about, and his frame trembled as he moved on.

John Brodie sat in his library, and Alice was by his side. The door was opened, and a little boy—one of John's grand-children—led in an aged man.

"*My father!*" cried John, starting to his feet.

And the old man put forth his trembling hands and murmured,—

"My son!—my son! Oh, my son!"

Alice took the boy by the hand and led him out.

An hour passed, and then John Brodie came forth leading his father by the arm—Both had been weeping much, and both looked very happy, though over that older face still lingered the traces of old regrets.

"Alice," spoke John, "this is my father!"

The old man seemed fearful at first, but when he saw that quick, joyous look beam upon Alice's face, he had no more doubt.—She gave him both her hands, and on the next moment his hoary head was pillowed upon her bosom. In a little while he looked up, and, in broken accents, said,—

"Love me—love me—and I'll bless God for the ruin! Love me, both, and I'll bless you while I live!"

And when the old man was assured of their love, and they were all seated together, and the children had come to see their great-grandfather, John Brodie spoke,—

"I thanked God for the old crash a score of years ago, for it gave me a new life, and it opened to me a knowledge of the love of my wife and children, which I had never fully appreciated before. And now how fervently may I thank God for this present crash of ruin, when it has given back to me a father."

"Oh! we should be very grateful," said Alice.

"Grateful!" cried John, the tears starting to his eyes as he did so. "Grateful!" he repeated. And then he wound his arms about his wife's neck, and his tears and kisses were upon her cheek together.

Ah—that was still his great gratitude—his great joy—his great hope—his WIFE!

SELF-CULTURE.—It is our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen.—To cultivate friendship, and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duty and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

CLASSIC NAMES.—A Mormon Editor, writing an account of his journey to Utah, tells of preaching in places with about the hardest string of names we ever encountered. He says that he had visited and preached in the following places in Texas:—Empty-bucket, Rake-pocket, Dough-plate, Buck-snort, Possum-trot, Buzzard-roost, Hard-scrabble, Nippentuck, and Lick-skillet, most of which, however, he says, are simply one-horse towns.

These go ahead of the names of the villages and stopping places in the Jersey Pines, and come near to equal the *real* classic names of New York State—such as Horseheads, Painted Post, Cato 4 Corners, Five Corners, Ovid, Skaneateles, Pavilion, Vermilion, Seneca Hollow, &c.

WANTING IN LOVE TO EACH OTHER.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

Oh! there's a theme to make each dream,
And power to make each hour
As light and sweet as the bloom at our feet
Which is culled from the May-day flower.
Men seek too high for things that are nigh,
Foregoing the help of a brother;
Selfish and blind is the state of the mind
When wanting in love to each other.

Oh! there's a plan to make each man
Happy the whole day through,
Nor need he to roam to better his home
Would we find him but work to do.
There's plenty of soil on which to toil,
And add to the golden dower,
Would men be but wise, and speedily rise
In loving and aiding each other.

Oh! there's a way to make each day
And power to make each night
Bright as the moon and the sun's afternoon,
Would men be but wise and unite.
There's plenty for all, the great and the small,
And plenty to give to our brother;
We too often waste in our hurry and haste
By wanting in love to each other.

From the Philadelphia Press.

How Maj. Williams became a Conductor.

BY JOHN OF LANCASTER.

About ten years ago there resided in the little village of Tioga, in the county of the same name, a gentleman named Major Williams. He was very much esteemed by all who knew him, on account of his agreeable and social disposition. In fact, he was extremely popular, and beloved and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was tolerably well off, being possessed of a sufficient property to enable him to live in comfortable style; whilst an amiable wife and several interesting children still further aided to contribute to his happiness.

About the time spoken of above, a Scotch gentleman named Campbell, came to reside in the same village. He was employed by the wealthy firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York City, to superintend one of their lumbering establishments near that place.—Mr. C. was strictly temperate, an excellent business man, and admirably adapted to discharge the duties assigned him in a highly satisfactory and creditable manner.

It was but a short time after his arrival that he became acquainted with Maj. Williams, and in a few months they were fast friends. The Major delighted to be in his company, and frequently accompanied him about the country, when in the discharge of his duty, and embraced every opportunity to make him presents of various little articles.

In the course of a year or two, Mr. Campbell who had become a very efficient and trustworthy agent for the company, was removed by them to a neighboring town, some distance South, to superintend the erection of a new lumbering establishment on a more extensive scale.

He took an affectionate leave of his particular and warm-hearted friend, the Major, who was loth to see him depart from the village.

It was but seldom that he had occasion to visit that part of the country, and he had not been in the little village for several years; but he still remembered his old friend, the Major, who had been so kind to him, and embraced every opportunity to make inquiry concerning his health, &c. At last the unwelcome intelligence reached him that the Major had taken to hard drinking, was neglecting his business and rapidly squandering his means.

Five years had now rolled away, when one pleasant afternoon, Mr. Campbell found himself at the hotel in the pleasant village of Tioga where he had spent so many happy hours of his life in the company of his friend. He had scarcely alighted from his carriage and stepped on the piazza, when he was met by a man in a shocking bad hat, tattered garments, and bleared eyes, who walked up slapped him on the shoulder, and accosted him as follows:

"Campbell, my old friend, how are you?"

"Why, Major Williams is this you? I can scarcely recognize you. How have you been?"

"But middling. I am ashamed to meet you; I have been very unfortunate. In a word, I am poor, and a most miserable drunkard!"

"I am very sorry, Major, to find you in this situation," replied Mr. Campbell. What do you follow?"

"Drinking liquor! But I want to reform—won't you give me work at your mills?"

"Yes, I can give you plenty of work upon *one* condition."

"What's that?" the poor man eagerly inquired.

"Why, that you will solemnly pledge me *never to taste* liquor again, and I am your friend."

The Major clasped his hands with delight, whilst a tear glistened in his eye, and replied:

"I will swear, Mr. Campbell—liquor *shall never enter* my mouth again."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Mr. C.; "that is a glorious resolution, and I pray God you may never break it. You can have work, and good wages too. Get into the carriage and come along with me."

"But my clothes are too poor, and my family is in want," exclaimed the Major in a desponding tone.

"Don't grieve about that; here are fifty dollars—go and buy yourself a new suit, and provide something for your wife and children."

The Major did as directed, and the next day he was ready to start with his friend.—Suitable employment was given him, and he worked faithfully and accumulated considerable money. Happiness again reigned in his little family, and he frequently thanked his friend for rescuing him from the downward road to ruin, and the brink of a drunkard's grave."

Nobly did he keep his resolution.

In the course of a couple of years he requested his friend to recommend him to Mr. Dodge for a situation on the New York and Erie Railroad. This he gladly did, the very first time this gentleman came from the city, in the following manner:

"Mr. Dodge, you are aware that Major Williams has worked for us some time, and has kept his pledge."

"I am, sir," was Mr. D.'s reply.

"Well, he is anxious to get a situation on the railroad, and as the firm is largely interested requested me to speak to you upon the subject. He is a very worthy man, and I would like to see him promoted."

Mr. D. made no reply for some minutes, but, seemed buried in deep thought, when he desired the Major to be sent for. On his arrival he addressed him as follows:

"My dear sir, I understand you would like to get a situation on the railroad?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Major, "can't you do something for me?"

"It is pretty hard to get in, but I will gladly assist you all I can. Will you agree to take any situation that may be procured for you?"

"I will, sir," was the reply.

"Then, it is fairly understood," continued Mr. Dodge, "that you will accept of *any* post that can be got for you, is it?"

"Yes, sir, I agree to that?"

"Very well, I will see what can be done for you."

Mr. Dodge returned to New York, and some months elapsed before anything was heard from him concerning the Major's application. In the mean time, however, he continued steadily at work, like Mr. Micawber, trusting that "something would turn up."

At length a letter was received from Mr. Dodge stating that he had succeeded in securing Major Williams a situation as *brakesman*, on the New York and Erie Railroad.

That evening, when the Major came into Mr. Campbell's office, he took up the letter and informed him that Mr. Dodge had succeeded in procuring him a situation as *brakesman!*

"What!" exclaimed the Major in astonishment, "*brakesman on the cars!*"

"Yes," replied Mr. C.

"O, my God! Mr. Campbell—*brakesman* on the cars—just think of it!"

"It is rather an inferior post," replied Mr. C., "but then, I believe, Major, that you agreed to take anything that might be offered you."

"So I did; but *brakesman* on the cars!—Great jewhieketty! just think of it! Suppose some of my friends would be travelling on the road and looking out of the cars they would be led to exclaim, "Is that Major Williams out there screwing that thing up?" O, my gracious! just think of it!

"Well, what will you do?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"I will take it," said the Major, "I can't forfeit my word."

In a few days he reported himself to the Superintendent of the road, and was placed upon a freight train as brakesman. After making one trip to Dunkirk and back he was promoted to a conductorship on the same train, where he was continued just long enough to learn the business thoroughly, when he was ordered to take charge of the lightning train. Here he got a good salary, and occupied a very important position. He was very attentive to business, and fully realized the confidence Mr. Dodge had reposed in him. His object in getting him to agree to take any post that might be assigned him, was merely to illustrate the principle that a good man will agree to rise gradually.

Major Williams is now one of the best, most gentlemanly and responsible conductors on the N. Y. and Erie Railroad, and don't taste *a d. op of liquor.*

SEA MOSSES.—A summer's visit to the seashore has passed, and through the coming winter its pleasant recollections will furnish many an hour's social chat.

I brought away a little bag of shells, each curious in its way, and another of pebbles; but these are not as pretty now as when they lay wet and sparkling upon the beach. I prize most my 'sea mosses.'

Perhaps some children do not know or imagine how beautiful are the bright leaves and mosses which grow down in the rocky caverns of the great ocean. After the storm has passed away, the waves float in handward great quantities of these mosses. They are so delicate it seems strange that the waves do not destroy them; but they come floating up fresh and lovely, and are left upon the sandy beach. Their colors are as varied and brilliant as the flowers of our gardens. The "silver moss" glistens in the water like threads of silver; the "feather moss" droops its long crimson plumes gracefully; the "kelp leaves" bear the most perfect tints of rose color and green.

How full are all the works of God of variety and beauty. My little mosses, carefully pressed, will after remind me of *the hand* which painted their exquisite colors, and guided them in the rough journey through their rocky beds, so that not one tender sprig or leaf was broken. I once saw written beneath a little basket of gay mosses, or seaweed as they are sometimes called, these beautiful lines:

"Oh call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea,
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we;
Our blush is as deep as the rose of thy bowers;
Then call us not weeds, we are ocean's gay flowers.

"Not nursed like the plants of a summer parterre,
Whose gales are but sighs of an evening air;
Our exquisite, fragile, and beautiful forms,
Are nursed by the ocean and rocked by the storms."

[*American Messenger.*

SOMETHING ABOUT SCHOOLS.—We know a man who last summer hired four colts pastured on a farm, some five miles distant. At least once in two weeks he got into a wagon and drove over to see how his juvenile horses fared. He made minute inquiries of the keeper as to their health, their watering, &c., he himself examined the condition of the pasture, and when a dry season came on, made special arrangements to have a daily allowance of meal, and he was careful to know that this was regularly supplied.

This man had four children attending school kept in a small building erected at the crossroads. Around this building on three sides is a space of land six feet wide; the fourth side is on a line with the street. There is not a shade tree in sight of the building. Of the interior of the school house, we need not speak. We wish to state one fact only. This owner of those colts, and the father of those children has never been in that school house to inquire after the comfort, health, or mental-food daily dealt out to his off-spring. In the latter part of the summer we chanced to ask, "Who teaches your school?" his reply was, "he did not know, he believed her name was Parker, but *he had no time to look after school matters.*"—*American Agriculturist.*

YANKEE POETRY.—A down east poet thus immortalizes the beautiful river Connecticut:

"Roll on, loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shad to old Hartford and freedom to man!"

☞ Dare to be singular when you know all around you to be wrong.

THE ANIMALS OF THIBET AND INDIA.

The following is the substance of a paper on the above subject, read before the British Association for the advancement of Science, by Herr R. Schlagintweit:

The existence of the Yak, or Thibetan ox, in a wild state, has been repeatedly doubted, but we frequently found wild yaks. The chief localities where we met with them were both sides of ths range which separates the Indus from the Sutlej, near the origin of the Indus, and near the environs of Gartok; but the greatest number of them was at the north of the high Karakorum range, as well as to the south of the Kuenluen, Turkistan. In Western Thibet, particularly in Ladak, there are no more yaks in a wild state at present, though I have no doubt that they have formerly existed there. They seem to have been extirpated here, the population being, though very thin, a little more numerous than in Thibet in general. As Ladak has been occasionally more visited by travelers than any other part of Thibet, the want of the yak here has probably given rise to the idea that they are no more to be found in a wild state at all.

Amongst all quadruped animals the yak is found at the greatest height; it stands best the cold of the Snowy Mountains, and is least affected by the rarified air. But at the same time the range of temperature in which a yak can live is very limited; the real yak can scarcely exist in Summer in heights of 8000 feet. We often found large herds of wild yaks—from thirty to forty—in heights of 18,000 to 18,900 English feet; and one occasion we traced them even as high 19,300 feet—a remarkable elevation, as it is very considerably above the limits of vegetation, and even more than 1000 feet above the snow line. The hybrid between the yak and the Indian cow is called Chooboo, and it is very remarkable that the Chooboos are fertile.

The Chooboos, which are most useful domestic animals to the inhabitants of the Himalayas, are brought down to lower places, where yaks do not exist, and where, consequently, they cannot mix either with yaks or with the Indian cow. We had occasion to see and examine the offspring of Chooboos as far as to the seventh generation, and in all these cases we found the later generations neither much altered nor deteriorated; and we were moreover informed that there was never found any limit to the number of generations. The Kiang, or wild horse, has been often confounded with the Korkhar, or wild ass, though they differ considerably in appearance, and inhabit countries with very dissimilar climates. The Kiang exists in the high cold regions and mountains of Thibet—the ass in the heated sandy plains of Sindh and Beloochistan. The Kiang is found in great numbers nearly in the same localities as the yak; he does not, however, go up the mountains so high as the yak, but the range of his distribution is greater than that of the yak.

The greatest elevation where we found Kiangs was 18,600 English feet, while we traced yaks as high up as 19,300 feet. The regions where the yak and the kiang are found, are, in a zoological point of view, altogether one of the most remarkable and interesting of our globe. The highest absolute elevation coincides here, it is true, with the greatest height of the snow line, or rather it causes the snow line to be higher. But those high plateaus and regions, though free from snow and ice in summer, remain a desert throughout the year. The amount of vegetation on them is less than it is in the Desert between Suez and Cairo in Egypt. Nevertheless, these high, sterile regions are inhabited by numerous herds of large quadrupeds and besides those already mentioned numerous species of wild sheep, antelopes, and a few canine animals, chiefly wolves as well as hares, are abundant. The herbivorous animals find here their food only by travelling daily over vast tracts of land, as there are only a few fertile spots, the greater part being completely barren.

The great scarcity of vegetation, particularly the entire absence of mosses and lichens, has a very different effect, though an indirect one, on the occurrence of birds. The small plants are the chief abode of insects, the want of mosses and lichens coinciding with a total absence of humus, limits, therefore, to its minimum the occurrence of insects, the exclusive food of small birds in all extremely elevated parts of the globe, where grains are no more found. We indeed met, travelling twenty consecutive days between heights of 14,000 to 18,200 feet, only with three individuals belonging to a species of Fringilla, but occasionally a few large carnivorous birds, as vultures, were met with. The Gorkhar, or wild ass, an animal, which, as I mentioned before, has been often confounded with the Kiang, or wild horse, inhabits chiefly the rather hilly districts of Beloochistan, in Persia, where it is called Koolan.

Dr. Barth lately told me, that, according to the description I have him, he thinks the asses he saw in Africa identical with the Gorkhars, or wild asses of Sindh and Beloochistan. I will now try to give an explanation about the fabulous Unicorn, or animal which is said to have one horn only. This animal has been described by Messrs. Hue and Gabet, the famous travelers in Eastern Thibet, according to information they received, as a species of antelope with one horn placed unsymmetrically on his head. When my brother Hermann was in Nepaul he procured specimens of horns of a wild sheep (not of an antelope) of very curious appearance. At first sight it seemed to be but one horn placed on the centre of the head; but, on closer examination, and after having made a horizontal section of the horn, it was found to consist of two distinct parts, which were included in a horny envelope, not unlike to two fingers put in one finger of a glove. The animal, when young, has two separate horns, which are, however, placed so close to each other, that the interior borders begin very soon to touch each other; later, by a slight consequent irritation, the horny matter forms one uninterrupted mass and the two horns are surrounded by this horny substance, so that they appear at first sight to be but one.

In conclusion allow me to say a few words about migratory birds. There are no migratory birds in the Himalays; we nowhere and at no season found flocks crossing the Himalays, as many birds of Europe cross the Alps, between Italy and Germany. The Himalayan birds do not change their abodes on a large scale; the different various heights themselves afford them the opportunity to select the climate they require in different seasons. In the plains of India, however, chiefly in Bengal, a large number of birds disappear during the breeding time; they do not, however, leave India altogether, but select their abodes in lower, impenetrable jungles of the delta of the Ganges and Brahmapootra, called the Sundabounds, where they were found by my brother Hermann in large quantities, whilst at the same time they entirely disappeared in Bengal Proper.

☞ James G. Birney, who died at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, Nov. 25, 1857, at the age of 65 years, has been suffering during the past twelve years from attacks of paralysis, which has recently been complicated with heart disease, and aggravated by the infirmities of old age.

Mr. Birney was born at Danville, Ky., in 1793. He graduated at Nassau Hall, New-Jersey, and studied law with Mr. Dallas in Philadelphia. At the age of 25 he became a planter in Alabama and the owner of thirty-five slaves, but soon afterwards entered upon the practice of his profession again at Huntsville, Ky. Early in life Mr. Birney became interested in the Arti-Slavery movement, and not only freed his own slaves, but induced his father to make such a disposition of his estate as to leave him his twenty-one slaves, when he set them free at once. In 1834 he attempted to start an Anti-Slavery newspaper in Kentucky, but finding it impossible to procure printers there, commenced its publication in Ohio, where it excited the most violent hostility. In 1844, when living in Michigan, he became the "Liberty Party" candidate for the Presidency, and has been thought by the friends of Mr. Clay to have largely contributed to his defeat. Since that time the public have rarely heard of him; but he has continued to be the center of a circle of ardent friends. That his youngest son might enjoy the advantages of Mr. Theodore Weld's school, and that he might be nearer the friends of the reforms which he had much at heart, he removed to New-Jersey. Mr. Birney has been twice married.—His second wife, who was a sister-in-law of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, survives him. As a reformer James G. Birney had none of that rancor and bitterness which sometimes disfigure the advocacy of a noble cause. His character was singularly pure, and his reputation is without a blemish.

MEDIUMS AND INK.—The following analysis of the manner in which spiritual music is sometimes produced, occurred a few days since in Lowell. The *Vox Populi* says: "The celebrated Davenport mediums' who have been performing here the last two weeks such wonderful tricks as drawing music from various instruments without touching them, were outwitted, a day or two since, by a printer of this city. The two boy mediums were tied hands and feet, and put into a dark (of course!) place with the instruments, the whole arrangement being first examined by the spectators. Now, on this occasion, the said printer was a visitor, and he determined to apply a little private test for his own satisfaction. He took along with him a very little printing ink, (which is as tenacious as wheelgrease,) and marked therewith the instruments. The performance went on; the mediums were firmly tied and bound to their seats, to convince the audience that they could not touch the instruments; then came the darkness; then instrumental music by the spirits; then the manager said 'Let there be light,' and the mediums were unbound and came forth—each with *fingers well bedaubed with printer's ink.*"

☞ When the deck was rocking like an Aspen, said a friend who has crashed around the world in a steamship; when sea and sky seamed mingling into one, and the winds and waves roared together; when orders were thundered from trumpets, and all was confusion and dismay, I went down into the Engine Room.

There all was calm; steadily and firmly the polished arms turned the wheels through the white furrows of the sea, as if the clouds were anchord, and the winds asleep.

There was a sort of sublimity in the sight. Up and down swayed the ponderous iron beam; to and fro, played the shafts, glittering in the lamp-light as they went. The valves opened and closed at their wonted intervals, and the great arms reached down into the dim wells as quietly as ever. The ship groaned, as, buffeted by the storm, it staggered and rose, and wallowed in the trough of the sea, but steadily on went the Engine.

It was like a large, stout heart in times of trouble, that never intermits, but beats right on like the tread of men in armor.—*Chicago Journal.*

☞ The clock struck ten; I seized my hat and bade good night to all, except the lass I courted; she came with me through the hall; she stood within the portal, and I gazed upon her charms; and oh! I longed that moment to clasp her in my arms. She spoke about the moon and stars—how clear and bright they shone; I said I thought the crops would fail unless we had rain soon. Then I edged a little closer, put my arms around her waist, and gazed upon those rosy lips I longed so much to taste. Said I, my dearest Susy, I'll never rest contented, if I leave to-night without a kiss I'll surely grow demented. Then up she turned her rosy mouth, and everything was handy; quick from her lips I seized a kiss, oh, Yankee doodle dandy! Then off for home I started, I could no longer stay; with a light heart and breeches thin, I whistled all the way. Hence learn this truth, ye bashful youth, who seek for wedded bliss: no lass will love until you move her feelings with a kiss.

ALMOST AN AMERICAN.—A writer in the Spirit of the Times, in correcting some errors and omissions of Bishop Meade, respecting the "first families" of Virginia, shows incidentally that the poet Thomas Campbell had a narrow escape from being an American.—The head of the Campbell family in Virginia was the Rev. Archibald Campbell, from Scotland, related to the Stuart and Argyle families. He kept a school in Westmoreland, where Chief Justice Marshall and the Presidents Madison and Monroe were taught by him. His brother Alexander resided at Falmouth, but, on the breaking out of the Revolution, preferred the British side of the question, and returned to Scotland, where, in 1777, he became the father of Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming." A brother of the poet married a daughter of Patrick Henry.