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"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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HYMN TO THE FLOWERS. BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation, And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly, Before the uprison sun, God's lidless eye, Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy Incense on high?

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty, The floor of Nature's temple tesselate. What numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth, And tolls its perfume on the passing air, Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth, A call to prayer!

Not to the domes whose crumbling arch and column Attest the feebleness of mortal hand, But to that Fane, most Catholic and solemn, Which God hath planned.

To that Cathedral, boundless as our wonder, Whose quenchiess imps, the sun and moon supply.

Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder: Its dome, the sky l There, as in solitude and shade I wander

Through the green sisles, or stretched upon the sod,

Awd by the silence, reverently ponder,

The ways of God— Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers, Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,

Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook. Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime;"

Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender Your lore sublime! "Then wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,

Array'd" the lilies cry, "in robes like ours; How vain your grandeur! ah! how transitory Are human flowers!" In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist! With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread half,
What a delightful leason thou impartest,
Of love to all!

Not uscless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night: From every source, your sanction bids me treasure, Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors heary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope! Each fading calvx a memento mori, Yet fount of Hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection, Upraised from seed or bulb, interr'd in earth, Ye are to me a type of resurrection And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining. Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
Mr soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining, Priests, sermons, shrines!

From the Atlantic Monthly.

TURKEY TRACKS.

and lie in wait for wild turkeys on the edge of an oak opening. That is pretty sport, too, to creep under an oak with low-hanging boughs, and in the silence of a glowing autumn-day linger by the hour together in a trance of warm stillness, watching the light tracery of shadow and sun on that smooth sward, only now and then roused by the fleet rush of a deer through the wood, or the brisk chatter of a plume-tailed squirrel, till one hears a distant, sharp, clucking chuckle, and in an instant more pulls the trigger, and upsets a grand old cock, every bronzed feather glittering in the sunshine, and now splashed with scarlet blood, the delicate underwing ground into down as he rolls and flutters; for the first shot rarely kills at once with an amateur; there's too much excitement.-Splendid sport, that! but I'm not going into it second-hand. I promised to tell you a story, now the skipper's fast, and the night is too warm to think of sleep down in that wretched bunk: what another torture Dante might have lavished on his Inferno, if he'd ever slept in a fishing-smack! No. The moonlight makes me sentimental! Did I ever tell you about a month I spent up in Centreville, the year I came home from Germany? That was turkey-hunting with a

You see, my pretty cousin Peggy married Peter Smith, who owns paper-mills in Centreville, and has exiled herself into deep country for life; a circumstance I disapprove, because I like Peggy, and manufacturers al ways bore me, though Peter is a clever fellow enough; but madam was an old flame of mine, and I have a lingering tenderness for Pepgy's ague.
ber yet. I wish she was nearer town. Just "So I would," said Kate, demurely. that year Peggy had been very ill indeed. and Kate, her sister, had gone up to nurse her. When I came home Peggy was getting better, and sent for me to come up and make a visitation there in June. I hadn't seen Kate with murder. She thought Kate meant so; came to the pine-lot, where Melindy and I for seven years, -not since she was thirteen; and reaching out for the pretty wicker-flask our education intervened. She had gone through that grading process and come out. By Jupiter! when she met me at the door of Smith's pretty, English-looking cottage, 1 took my hat off, she was so like that little when Kate exclaimed,-Brazilian princess we used to see in the cortege of the court at Paris. What was her name? Never mind that! Kate had just such large, expressive eyes, just such masses or sun'y black hair, just such a little nose,turned up underliably, but all the more piquant. And her teeth good gracious! sh smiled like a flash of lightning,—dark and sallow as she was. But she was cross, or stiff, or something, to me for a long time.— Peggy only appoured after dinner, looking pale and lovely enough in her loose wrapper to make Peter act excessively like -Joung married man, and to make me wish myself at an invisible distance, doing something beside picking up Kate's things, that she always dropped on the floor whenever requested me one day to walk down to the either it was tipsy, or it had tried its new poultry-yard and ask about her chickens; strength too soon, and, rolling off, had broken she pretended a great deal of anxiety, and Peter had sprained his ankle.

"Kate will go with you," said she. "No, she won't!" ejeculated that young

"Thank you," said I, making a minuet bow, and off I went to the farm-house.thicket of birches, down a little bill-side into mind Kate!) that I took wonderfully to the 'em ?"

a hollow full of hoary chestnut-trees, across chickens. Mrs. Tucker gave me rye-bread "Bo out upon the tiniest orchard in the world, a me in the mysteries of cattle-driving; and one-storied house with a red porch, and a Melindy, and Joe, and I, used to go straw- is over; they git their lown livin' pretty great sweet-brier bush thereby; while up berrying, or after "posies," almost every much now, an' they'll be wuth twice as much the hill-side behind stretched a high picket day. Melindy was a very pretty girl, and by'm'by."

It was very good fun to see her blue eyes brook I had crossed here dammed into a pond, open, and her red lips laugh over my Euro-base lates to raise them."

In over; they ill be wuth twice as much by m'by."

The following sentiment was given the garret, unpacking a bureau that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems Kate was there, busy in the garret, unpacking a bureau that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and a chiefen house. It seems the garret, unpacking a bureau that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's for-base lates and the lat and a chicken-house of pretentious height pean experiences. Really, I began to be of "Dew tell, ef you han't come from Miss eigh purchases, for summer wear, in the "Our Mothers—the only fall aspect, one of those model institutions some importance at the farm-house, and to Peter Smith's! Well, she'd oughter do drawers. I did not know that, I found who never misplaced a switch."

that are the ruin of gentlemen-farmers and take airs upon myself, I suppose; but I was gret things with that 'ere meetin' 'us' o' her'n Managed spreading yeast-cakes to dry on a the delight of women. I had to go into the not conscious of the fact at the time. mestic scene not intended to be visible to thunder storm, and setting them in a because the naked eye. And a scene I did come on the cooking stove hearth, went to help none, does it ?"

Melindy "dress her bow-pot," as she called "I rather think not," said I, laughing; her start and blush, Polder! But when she giving dinner, and Peter turned restlessly on saw me, she grew as cool as you please, and his sofa, quite convinced that everything was called her mother. Down came Mrs. Tuck- going to rack and ruin because he had a er, a talking Yankee. You don't know what sprained ankle. that is. Lasten, then.

"Well, good day, sir! I'xpect it's Mister Greene, Miss Smith's cousin. Well, you be! Don't favor her much though; she's kinder sell," retorted Peter. dark complected. She ha'n't got round yet, hes she? Dew tell! She's dre'ful delicate. on the hill over Taunton, has got some." I do'no' as ever I see a woman so sickly's real spry when she's so's to be crawlin,'-Expect too spry to be 'hulsome. Well, he jest like this over there, I guess. Pretty "I know the way there," said mademoias ef 'twa'n't so woodsy over there as 'tis in | get some more?" these parts, 'specially out West. He's got folks out to Indianny, an' we set out fur to they sartialy was the beater-ee!"

glass in the back shed, under that bunch o' turkey hunting! Down hill-sides overhung Don't open your eyes, Polder! You tell what dre'ful luck we hev hed. I never past green meadows, and sloping orchards; think I am going to tell you about some of did see such luck! the crows they keep over little bright brooks that chattered muthink I am going to tell you about some of my Minnesota experiences; how I used to a comin' an' anippin' up the little crature jest sically to the bobolinks on the feace-posts, sommer over the prairies on my Indian pont. as soon's they're hatched; an' the old turkey and were echoed by those secondotal gentlehen 't sot under the grape-vine she got two men in such liquid, bubbling, rollicking, up-hen's eggs under her, 'n' they come out fust, rosrious bursts of singing as made one think so she quit --- "

Here I bolted out of the door, (a storm at sez did not deasen one like that!) Melindy following, in silence such as our blessed New

"Like a poultice comes. To heal the blows of sound."

Indeed, I did not discover that Melindy could talk that day; she was very silent, incommunicative. I inspected the fowls, and tried to look wise, but I perceived a strangled laugh twisting Melindy's face when I innocently inquired if she found catnip of much benefit to the little chickens; a natural question enough, for the yard was full of it, and ond-story parlor in the chicken-house, both late. I heard Melindy chuckle as I walked late. I heard Melindy chuckle as I walked ""Up in the pine-lot, ma'am. You think off, swinging them; and to be sure, when I you can't let us have the tuckeys?" brought the creatures in to Peggy, one of gasped worse than ever.

"What can we do?" asked Peggy, in the most plaintive voice, as the feeble "week! week!" of the little turkey was gasped out, keys in a coop; I guess yould better go 'long more feebly every time.

"Give it some whiskey-punch!" growled Peter, whose strict temperance principles set 'em arter our'n; they'll buckle right to were shocked by the remedies prescribed for it's good sport huntin' little turkeys; an'

Now if Peggy had one trait more striking than another, it was her perfect, simple faith in what people said; irony was a mystery to her; lying a myth,—something on a par that contained her daily ration of old Scotch whiskey, she dropped a little drop into a or Church should have made immortal long spoon, diluted it with water, and was going ago :- a wide stretch of hill and valley, quivto give it to the turkey in all seriousness,

*2" Peggy! when will you learn common seuse? Who ever heard of giving whiskey to a turkey?"

"Why, you told me to, Kate!" "Oh, give it to the thing!" growled Peter; "it will die, of course." "I shall give it!" said Peggy, resolutely;

It does me good, and I will try." So I held the little creature up, while Peggy carefully tipped the dose down its throat. How it choked, kicked, and began again with "week! week!" when it meant strong!" but it revived. Peggy held it in the sun till it grew warm, gave it a drop more, fed it with bread crumbs from her own plate, and laid it on the south windowsill, There it lay when we went to tea; she sewed. Peggy saw I was bored, so she when we came back, it lay on the floor, dead

its neck! Poor Peggy! There were six more hatched the same day, though, and I held many consultations with Kate continued so cool to me. Peter's sprained ankle lasted so long, and Peggy could so well spare me from the little matrimonial tele-Such a pretty walk it was, too! through a a-tetes that I interrupted, (I believe they didn't a bubbling, dancing brook, and you came and milk of the best; "father" instructed

farm-kitchen for the poultry-yard key. The door stood open, and I stepped in cautiously, to have bad luck with the turkeys. I found ability. Gentility without ability I do deslest I should come unaware upon some do- two drenched and shivering, after a hail-and- puse; but where 't'a'n't so, 't'a'n't no mat-

kitchen, a dresser of white wood under one window, and the farmer's daughter, Melinda back the little turkeys were singed; they Tucker, moulding bread thereat in a ponde died a few hours after. Two more were rous tray; her deep red hair,-yes, it was trodden on by a great Shanghai rooster, who red and comely ! of the deepest bay, full of was so tall he could not see where he set his gilded reflections, and accompanied by the feet down; and of the remaining pair, one fair, rose-flushed skin, blue eyes, and scarlet disappeared mysteriously, supposed to be rats; lips that belong to such hair,—which, as I and one falling into the duck pond, Melindy l'xpect began to say, was puckered into a thousand began to dry it in her apron, and I went to apiece." curves trying to curl, and knotted strictly help her; I thought, as I was rubbing the against a pretty head, while her calico frocksleeves were pinned back to the shoulders, that I found one of her soft dimpled hands, baring such a dimpled pair of arms,-how and I gave the luckless turkey such a tender they did fly up and down in the tray! I pressure that it uttered a miserable squeak stood still contemplating the picture, and and departed this life. Melindy all but presently seeing her begin to strip the dough cried. I laughed irresistibly. So there were from her pink fingers and mould it into a no more turkeys. Peggy began to wonder mass, I ventured to knock. If you had seen what they should do for the proper Thanks-

> "Can't we buy some young turkeys?" timidly suggested Peggy. "Of course, if one knew who had them to "I know," said I; " Mrs. Amzi Peters, up

"Who told you about Mrs. Peters's turshe looks ter be since that 'ere fever. She's keys, Cousin Sam?" said Peggy, wondering. paid, and while she was giving me the one Sunday night Kate asked me to walk "Melindy," said I quite innocently.

Peter whistled, Peggy laughed, Kate darttells me you've hen 'crost the water. 'Ta'n't ed a keen glance at me under her long lashes.

sightly places they be though, a'n't they?— selle, in a suspiciously bland tone. "Can't I've seen picture in Melindy's jography, looks you drive there with me, Cousin Sam, and "I shall be charmed," said I.

Peter rang the bell and ordered the horse go a-cousinin', five year back, an' we got out to be ready in the single-seated wagon, after you'd better tell 'em." there inter the dre'fullest woodsy region ever dinner. I was going right down to the farm-ye see, where 'twa'n't trees, it was 'sketers; house to console Melindy, and take her a husband he couldn't see none out of his eyes | book she wanted to read, for no fine lady of for a hull day, and I thought I should cater all my New York acquaintance enjoyed a pillar every time I heered one of 'em toot; good book more than she did; but Cousin Kate asked me to wind some yarn for her. "The key, if you please!" I meekly inter- and was so brilliant, so amiable, so altogether posed. Mrs. Tucker was fast stunning me! charming, I quite forgot Melindy till dinner-time, and then, when that was over, there key; it's a hangin' up 'side o' the lookin' was a basket to be found and we were off,—

To the onions father strung up yisterday. Got the with tasselled chestnut boughs; through pinebread sot to rise, her ye? well, git yer bun- woods where neither horse nor wagon innet an' go out to the coop with Mr. Greene, truded any noise of boof or wheel upon the show him the turkeys an' the chickens, 'n' odorous silence, as we rolled over the sand of Anacreon's grasshopper

"Drunk with morning's dewy wine." All these we passed, and at length drew up England poet has immortalized, -silence that | before Mrs. Peters's house. I had been here before, on a strawberrying stroll with Melindy,-(across lots it was not far,)-and having been asked in then, and entertained the lady with a recital of some foreign expluit, garnished for the occasion, of course she recognized me with clamorous hospitality.

"Why how do yew do, Mister Greene! declare I ha'n't done a thinkin' of that 'ere story you told us the day you was here, 'long o' Melindy." (Kate gave an ominous little cough.) "I was a tollin' husband yesterday I had seen Hannah give it to the baby. - 't I never see such a master hand for stories (Hannah is my sister.) I could only see two as you be. Well, yis, we hev got turkeys, little turkeys, both on the floor of the sec- young 'uns; but my stars! I don't know no more where they be than nothin'; they've on their backs and gasping. Melindy did strayed away in the woods, I guess, and I not know what ailed them; so I picked them do'no' as the boys can skeer em up; besides, up, slung them in my pocket-handkerchief, the boys is to school h'm-yis! Where did and took them home for Peggy to manipuly on and Melindy go that day arter berries!"

"Dew tell ef you went up there! It's them kicked and lay still, and the other near about the sightliest place I ever see. Well, no,-I don't see how's to ketch them turkey's. Miss Bemont, she't lives over on Woodghuck Hill, she's got a lot o' little turover there, an' ef you can't get none o' her'n, by that time our boys'll be to hum, an' I'll guess you'll hev to stop, comin' home, so's

to let me know ef you'll hev 'em." Off we drove. I stood in mortal fear of Mrs. Peter's tongue, -- and Kate's comments; but she did not make any; she was even more charming than before. Presently we had been, and I drew the reins. I wanted to see Kate's enjoyment of a scene that Kensett ering with cornfields, rolled away in pasture lands, thick with sturdy woods, or dotted over with old apple-trees, whose dense leaves caught the slant sunshine, glowing on their tops, and deepening to a dark, velvety green below; and far, far away, on the broad blue sky, the lurid splendors of a thunder-cloud, capped with pearly summits, tower upon tower, sharply defined against the pure ether. while in its purple base forked lightnings sped to and fro, and revealed depths of waiting tempest that could not yet descend.-Kate looked on, and over the superb picture. " How magnificent !" was all she said, in deep, low tone, her dark cheek flushing with the words. Melindy and I had looked off there together. "It's real good land to farm," had been the sweet little rustic's comment. How charming are nature and sim-

Presently we came to Mrs. Bemont's, a brown towel.

Can you let me have some of your young turkeys, ma'am?" said I, insinuatingly.

"Both, I believe," was my meek answer.

mestic scene not intended to be visible to thunder storm, and setting them in a basket | ter; but I'xpect it don't ensure the facwls

that is the reason we want some of yours,' "Well, I should think you could hev some on 'em. What be you calc'latin' to give!" "Whatever you say. I do not know at all the market price. "Good land! 't'a'n't never no use to try

to dicker with city folks; they a'n't use to't. l'xpect you can hev 'em for two York shillin'

"But how will you catch them?" "Oh, I'll ketch 'em ensy !"

She went into the some, and reappeared presently with a pan of Indian meal and water, called the chickens, and in a moment they were all crowding in and over the unexpected supper. Now you jes' take a bit o' string an' tie

that 'ere turkey's legs together; 'twon't stir, like you, 'n' makes as much gabble. I'll ensure it!" Strange to say, the innocent creature stood

still and eat, while I tied it up; all unconscious till it tumbled neck and heels into the goodness on the turkeys' part, and before long our basket was full of struggling, kicking, squeaking things, "werry promiscuous," in Mr. Weller's phrase. Mrs. Bemont was

"Oh!" said slie, "you're goin' right to Mrs. Tucker was sick, and she had something Miss Tucker's, a'n't you're goin' right to take to her. We found the old woman turkeys;—won't you tell Miss Tucker 't sitting up in the kitchen, and as full of talk George is comin' home tomorrer, an' he's ben to Californy. She knowed us allers, and Melindy 'n' George used ter be dre'ful thick fore he went off, a good spell back, when Tucker?" said I, by way of conversation. they was nigh about childern; so I guess

"Confound those torkeys!" muttered I, as I jumped over the basket. "Why !" said Kate, "I suspect they are

confounded enough already!"
"They make such a noise, Kate!" "So they did; "week! week! week!" all the way, like a colony from some spring-to boss, 'n' she got somethin' else into her head, 'n' she left the door open one

"Their song might be compared To the croaking of frogs in a pond!"

covered from side to side with the interlacing to hunt 'em. I shouldn't wonder'f she was mies he has uttered; but I shall simply relate boughs of grand old chestnuts; now barri- out now, seein' it's arter sundown." fregments and boulders of granite, garlanded | Joe, from behind the door, where he had re- I walked by the side of yonder river; I saw of promise; and all the way companied by flour-barrel down by the well, as George boat was unmanageable; it was going fast a tiny brook, veiled deeply in alder and hazel Bemont's a-huggin' on her." thickets, and making in its shadowy channel heart. Kate's face was softened and full of while Kate exploded with laughter, in spite up the attempt to save his life, kneeled down, rich expression; her pink ribbons threw a of her struggles to keep quiet.

delicate tinge of bloom upon her rounded "He is the dre'fullest boy!" freshened the odors of wood and field. I be- guess !" gan to feel suspiciously that sentimental, but through it all came persevering "week! was already out of the door, and, before I in his blood. These arms saved that young week! week!" from the basket at my feet, knew what she was about, had taken a by- man from the flood; I plunged in, brought Did I make a fine remark on the beauties of path in sight of the well; and there, to be the boat to the shore, and saved his life.— Did we get deep in poetry, romance, or metaphysics, through the most brilliant quotation, the stout arm of George Bemont, a handthe sublimest climax, the most acute distinction, came in "Week! week! week!' I be- tent just now. gan to feel as if the old story of transmigration were true, and the souls of half a dozen quaint and ancient satirists had got into the turkeys. I could not endure it! Was I to knowledge, and device, after this fashion? range just east of Centreville, when that elvish there is enough conscience in every man to Never! I began, too, to discover a dawning little "week! week!" piped out of the wood convince him that God must punish him for smile upon Kate's face; she turned her head that lay behind the house. away, and I placed the turkey basket on my mees, hoping a change of position might quiet | Melindy and George must have tracked the its contents. Never was man more at fault! turkeys to their haunt, and scared them they were no way stilled by magnetism; on homeward. the contrary, they threw their sarcastic utterances into my teeth, as it were, and shamed go round by Mrs. Peters's. I took a cross-

me to my very face. I forgot entirely to road directly homeward; a pause-a lulltook place among the turkeys.

'An hour when lips delay to speak, Oppressed with silence deep and pure; When passion pauses—"

"Week! week! week!" chimed in those onfounded turkeys. Kate burst into a helpless fit of laughter. What could I do? I had to laugh myself, since I must not choke the

"How sweet and mystical this hour is!"

said I to Kate, in a high-flown manner; "it

"Excuse me, Cousin Sam," said Kate, in a laughter-wearied tone, "I could not help it; turkeys and sentimentality do not agreealways!" adding the last word maliciously, as I sprang out to open the farm house gate, and disclosed Melindy, framed in the buttery window, skimming milk; a picture worthy of Wilkie. I delivered over my captives to Joe, and stalked into the kitchen to give Mrs. Bemont's message. Melindy came out; but as soon as I began to tell her mother where I got that message, Miss Melindy, with the sang froid of a duchess, turned back to her skimming,-or appeared to. I gained noth-

ing by that move.

Peggy and Peter received us benignly so universal a solvent is success, even in turkey-hunting! I meant to have gone down to the farm house after tea, and inquired about the safety of my prizes, but Kate wantbrown house in a cluster of maples; the ed to play chess. Peter couldn't, and Peggy door-yard full of chickens, turkeys, ducks, wouldn't; I had to, of course, and we played and geese. Kate took the reins, and I late. Kate had such pretty hands; long knocked. Mrs. Bemont herself appeared, taper fingers, rounded to the tiniest rosy Melindy about their welfare. Truth to tell, wiping her red puckered hands on a long points; no dimples, but full muscles, firm and exquisitely moulded; and the dainty way in which she handled her men was half the game to me; -- I lost it; I played wretch-"Well, I do'no'; -want to eat em or raise edly. The next day Kate went with me to see the turkeys; so she did the day after.— We were forgetting Melindy, I am afraid, for it was a week before I remembered I had "I do'no' bout lettin' on 'em go; 'ta'n't for it was a week before I remembered I had no gret good to sell 'em after all the resks promised her a new Magazine. I recollected myself; then, with a sort of shame, rolled

hop-vine in full blossom made a sort of porchroof over the window by which she stood. "I've brought your book, Melindy," maid L

"Thank you, sir," returned she, crisply. "How pretty you look to-day!" condescendingly remarked I.

"I don't thank you for that, sir;-" Praise to the face, Le open diagrace !1

was all the response.

"Why Melindy! what makes you tenderly reproachful, in the mean time at which had been trodden before him, musing, seek the warmest and most sheltered situations. tempting to possess myself of her hand; for, musing still, until at last the shadows of twi-

Here Joe, an enfant terrible, came upon the scene suddenly. "Them turkeys eats a lot, Mister Greene.

Melindy says there's one on 'em struts jes'

night, and the more she teased me, the more I adored her. I was getting desperate, when down to the farm-house with her after ten, as

as ever, though an unlucky rheumatism kept

her otherwise quiet. "How do the turkeys come on, Mrs. "Well, I declare, you han't heerd about them turkeys, hev ye? You see they was doin' fine, and father he went off to salt for a spell, so's to see'f 'twouldn't stop a complaint he's got,-I do'no' but it's a spine in so's he loses his conscientiousness all to once; so he left the chickens 'n' things for Melindy

night, and them ten turkeys they up and friends, I have a word to speak to you torun away, l'apect they took to the woods, night. I am not bound to refute any of the The drive was loveller than before. The core Melindy brought to mind how t arguments of the orator; I shall say nothing road crept and curled down the hill, now she hadn't shut the door. She's sot out fur concerning what I believe to be the blasphe-

by heavy vines; now skirting orchards full treated at my coming. "She's settin' on a on its flood a young man in a boat. The

perpetual muffled music, like a child singing fetched that unlucky child, with a long brown boat to the shore; I saw that young man in the twilight to reassure its half fearful towel that hung at hand! and he howled! wring his hands in agony; by and by he gave

cheek and pensive eyelid; the air was pure Tucker. "Melindy tells how he saused you that he had been a blasphemer; I heard him balm, and a cool breath from the receding 'tother day, Mr. Greene. I shall hev to vow that, if his life was spared, he never showers of the distant thunder-storm just tewtor that boy; he's got to hev the rod, I would be such again; I heard him implore

I bade Mrs. Tucker good night, for Kate and carnestly plead that he might be washed nature, "Week!" echoed the turkeys. Did sure, sat Melindy, on a prostrate flour-bar- That same young man has just now address-Kate praise some tint or shape by the way, rel that was rolled to the foot of a big apple-Week! week!" was the feeble response - tree, twirling her fingers in pretty embarrassment, and held on her insecure perch by some brown fellow, evidently very well con-

> "Pretty,-isn't it?" said Kate. "Very,-quite pastoral," sniffed I.

hour after, listening to a whippoorwill, and not quite so grand to think ill of him when be squeaked out of all my wisdom, and watching the slow moon rise over a hilly 'That is hopeful,' said Kate; 'I think

'George-who?' said Peggy.

'George Bemont; it seems he iss your Connecticut phrase?-sparkin' Me-'I'm very glad; he is a clever fellow.

said Peter. 'And she is such a very pretty girl,' continued Peggy,- 'so intelligent and graceful;

don't you think so, Sam ?' 'Aw, yes, well enough for a rustic,' said I

languidly. 'I never could endure red hair.

though! Kate stopped on the door-sill; she had risen to go up staira. 'Gobble! gobble! gobble!' macked she.

I had heard that once before! Peter and Peggy roared;-they knew it all,-I was "Cure me of Kate Stevens?' Of course ng to fight shy, I was so sure of an allusion turkeys. No, I took the first down train,

There are more pretty girls in New York, wice over, than there are in Centreville, I console myself; but, by George! Polder, Kate Stevens was charming!-Look out there! don't meddle with the skipper's coils of rope! can't you sleep on deck without a The Sunday Atlas tells a good stoy of a one-legged political orator, named lones, who was pretty successful in banter-

ing an Irishman, when the latter asked him, how the devil he had come to lose his leg.' Well," said Jones, " on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found here was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it had settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the gods," said Pat, "it ud ev been a domned good thing ef it had only settled in your

"A Small Hang Out you a Large Wash." This is the expressive phrase which the Yankee editors employ to denote those sort of failures in which "the vigor of the war doesn't quite come up to the lofty and sound-

The Sooffer Silenced. BY MEY. C. M. SPUNGEON, OF LONDON.

Let me tell you a story. I have told it before; but it is a striking one, and sets out kind. In all countries, he is a favoring and in a true light how easily men will be bro't, has what may be called a pet name. The in-

In the backwoods of Canada there resided In the backwoods of Canada there resided he is known as Robin Redbreast, or by the a good mirister, who, one evening, went out still more familiar appellation of Bob. Buff. to meditate, as Israel did in the fields. He on describes, with his usual elegance, the soon found himself on the borders of a forest, winter manners of this bird. "In that are cross?" inquired I, in a tone meant to be which he entered, and walked along a track son," says he, "they visit our dwallings, and to be bones; Polder, I had been a little sweet to the girl before Kate drove her out of my head. The hand was snatched away. I light gathered around him, and he began to think how he should spend a night in the forest. He trembled at the idea of remaining fire, pecks at his bread, and finters the

be from the window of some cottage, where he could find a hospitable retreat, he hastened to it, and, to his surprise, saw a space cleared. "Gobble! gobble! cchoed an and trees laid down to make a platform, and old turkey from somewhere; I thought it upon it a speaker addressing a multitude. was overhead, but I saw nothing. Melindy He thought to himself, "I have stumbled on threw her apron over her face and laughed a company who in this dark forest have astill her arms grew red. I picked up my hat sembled to worship God, and some minister tains through all the rigors of the season; to pan, producing a start and scatter of brief till her arms grew red. I picked up my hat sembled to worship God, and some minister duration. Kate had left the wagon, and was and walked off. For three days I kept out is preaching to them at this late hour in the shaking with laughter over this extraordinary of that part of the Smith demesne, I assure evening concerning the kingdom of God and you! Kate began to grow mocking and derisive; she teased me from morning till borror, when he came nearer, he found a large, dark, and expressive, and its aspect young man declaiming against God, during mild; its head and all the upper parts of its the Almighty to do his work upon him, body are brown, tinged with a greenish olive: speaking terrible things in wrath against the Most High, and venturing most bold and awful assertions concerning his own disbelief in a future state. It was altogether a singular scene: it was lighted up by pine knots, which cast a glare here and there, while the thick darkness in other places still reigned. The people were intent on listening to the half. orator; and when he sat down, thunders of applause were given to him, each one seeming to emulate the other in his praise. Thought the minister, "I must not let this

pass; I must rise and speak; the hunor of my God and his cause demands it." He the back,-makes him kinder' taint by spells, feared to speak, for he knew not what to say, having come there suddenly; but he would have ventured had not something else occurred. A man of middle age, hale and strong, rose, and leaning on his staff, said, "My to you a fact, and after I have done that you "She an't nuther!" roared the terrible shall draw your own conclusions. Yesterday Good gracious! what a slap Mrs. Tucker and I saw he was not capable of bringing the and cried with desperate earnestness, "O "He is the dre'fullest boy!" whined Mrs. God, save my soul!" I heard him confess the mercy of Heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake.

you to this, sirs?" The speaker sat down. You may guess what a shudder ran through the young man himself, and how the audience in one moment, changed their notes, and saw that after all, while it was a fine thing to brag and bravado against Almighty God on dry We were sitting round the open door an land, and when danger was distent, it was near the verge of the grave. We believe his sin, and that in every heart the words of Scripture will find an echo. "If he turn not, he will whet his sword."

> DAVID'S SYLLOGISM.—Thomas Fuller, in his "Scripture Observations," says: Lord, I find David making a syllogism, in mood and figure: two propositions he per-

> " If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. "But verily God hath heard me. He hath attended to the voice of my prayer."
>
> Now I expected that David would have concluded thus:-

"Therefore, I regard not wickedness in my heart." But far different be concludes :--" Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me." Thus David hath deceived, but not wrong-

crown on his own, and he puts it on God's song is a clear mellow whistle, repeated at head. I will learn this excellent logic; for I short intervals, as he gleans among the did. I never saw her again without want- like David's better than Aristotle's syllo- branches. There is in it a certain wild playgisms, that whatever the premises be, I make fulness and naivete extremely interesting. It-God's glory the conclusion.

> Emerson's essay upon this great man, we read, in substance thus:

> ladies' cheeks. He listened to others' secrets. He peeked through key holes." once run his toll at the bridge of Lodi.

A jour printer, not long ago, being to commit suicide with the " shooting stick;" male is lighter and duller than that of the but the thing wouldn't go off. The "devil," male. These birds are several years in comwishing to pacify him, told him to peep into pleting their plumage. the sanctum, where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He did so. and the effect was magical. He says that sitting together in a romantic apot, when the picture of despair reconciled him to his fate. following dialogue took place:

Why is a Printer like a hen? Because he sets awhile, hatches out his newspaper, and then lays his type in his case. The fellow who perpetrated the above,

bad egg. Jores has discovered the respective to which I am wedded." whom it is conferred.

The Redbroast

Though the readbreast is generally admir-

ed for his song, he is still more admired in his attachment to, and confidence in manin a true light now easily free with a God, and in times of danger, to believe in a God, and a God of justice, too, though they have denied him before.

The Norwegians, Peter Bossman, Thomas Gierdet, and in England ed indifference.

"How are the turkeys to-day, Melindy?"

Here Joe, an enfant terrible, came upon escene suddenly.

"The mand was suarched away.

The tremitied at the idea of remaining whole day round him, chirping its slander which be would be compelled to climb.

On a sudden, he saw a light in the distance among the trees, and imagining that it might proaches our houses, and taps at the windows. with its bill, as if to entreat an asylum, which is cheerfully granted; and it repays the favor by the most amiable familiarity, gather-ing the crumbs from the table, distinguish-ing affectionately the people of the house and assuming a warble, not indeed so rich as that hail each day the kindness of its host, and the sweetness of its retrest." The bill of the body are brown, tinged with a greenish olive;

> half an mch, and the latter two inches and a This bird, in England, has the sweetest song of all the feathered tribo: the notes of other birds are, indeed, louder, and their inflections more capricious, but the redbrant's voice is soft, tender, and well supported; and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it

the neck and breast are of a fine deep red-

dish orange; a spot of the same color marks

its forehead; its belly is whitish, and the legs and feet of a dusky black. It is near six

inches in length, from the tip of the bill to

the end of the tail; the former being about

the greatest part of the winter. During the spring, the robin haunts the wood, the grove, and the garden, and retires to the thickest and shadiest hedge rows to breed in, where its next is usually placed among the roots of trees, in some concealed spot near the ground. In winter it endeavors to support itself, by chirping round the warm habitations of mankind, and by coming into those shelters where the rigor of the season found in the greatest numbers, attracted by the same cause. The temale lays from five to seven eggs, of a dull white color, diversified with reddish streaks. Insects and worms are the principal food of the redbreast. The latter it very dexterously renders fit to be eaten, by taking hold of the extremity of one in its beak, and beating it against the ground till the inside comes away, and then repeating the operation with the other end, till the outer part is entirely cleansed.

The Baltimore Oriole.

From the singularity of the nest of this species, from its brilliant color, and its preferring the apple trees, weeping willows, walnut, and tulip trees to build on, it is generally known; and is as usual honored with ed you and cursed his maker. What say a variety of names, such as hang-nest, hanging-bird, golden robin, fire-bird, &c., but more generally the Baltimore bird. Few of the American orioles equal this in the construction of their nests; he gives them, in a superior degree, warmth, convenience, and security. He generally fixes on the high bending extremities of the branches fastening strong strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs; with the same materials he fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forms it into a pouch six or eight inches in depth, lining it substantially with soft substances well interwoven with the outward netting, and lastly finishes with a layer of horse hair; the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural pent house, or can-

opy of leaves. . The birds of this species have all a common form of building, but they do not build in exactly the same manner. Great difference will be found in the style, neatness, and finishing of the pest. Some are far superior workmen to others. So solicitous is the Baltimore to procure proper materials for his nest, that the women in the country must narrowly watch the thread that may be bleaching; and the farmer must secure his young grafts, as this bird will carry off the former. and the strings that tie the latter, to serve his purposes in building.

The principal food of the Baltimore consists of beetles, caterpillars, and bugs, partic-I looked that he should have clasped the ularly one of a brilliant, glossy green. His is not uttered with the rapidity of our emi-NAPOLEON THE GREAT.—In Ralph Waldo quillity of a careless ploughboy, whistling merely for his own amusement. When alarm ed by an approach to his nest, he makes a "He was a thief. He did mean things. kind of rapid chirruping very different from He was rude in the extreme. He pinched his usual note. He inhabits North America, from Canada to Mexico, and is found as far south as Brazil. It is seven inches long; the Yes, and to this list of mean acts the great head, throat, upper part of the back and essayist might have added, that Napoleon wings are black; lower part of the back, and whole under parts are bright orange, deepening into vermillion on the breast; the back is also divided by a band of orange, the tail flung" by his sweetheart, went to the office is black and orange. The plumage of the fe-

"My dear if the sacrifice of my life would

please thee, most gladly would I lay it down at thy feet." "Oh, sir, you are too kind. But it just reminds me that I wish you would guit using

tobacco." "Can't think of such a thing-it's a babit

natures of a distinction and a difference. He | "Very well, sir, this is the way you save that "a little difference" frequently down your life for me; and as you are makes many enemies, while " a little distinc- ready " wedded" to tobacon, I'll take good would be bigamy."