# Republican. Independent

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

GF. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITOR.S

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1858.

BY NORA PERRY.

H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER-VOL. 4. NO. 7.

## "THE LAST MAN."

NOT BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

... THE PETTICOAT CATASTROPHE.

I deemed a dream the other night,
When everything was hushed and still,
Which made each hair stand straight with fright,
Siff as the porcupine's last quill.
Methought that pedicoats had grown
To such a vast and monstrous size,
That there was room for them alone—

And none for man-beneath the skies. The beasts and every creeping thing
Had died. The flowers bloomed no more
The grass and tender herbs of Spring
-Were withered on the desert shore; Ten million leagues of crinolin

Action the series of ermoning and its Stretched over all like funeral pall; And on the cold and cheerless scene, The sun's warm rays could never fall. On Ararat's cloud-curtained peak, On arrat's cloud-curtained peak,
The last man stood with pallid face,
Sick, trembling, weary, worn, and weak—
Sad remnant of a smothering race.
In vain—alas! poor man! in vain—
His footsteps sought that rest of old
For clouds of skirts soon filled the plain,

And hid the mountain in their fold.

And hid the mountain in their fold.

Still bigger grew those spheres of white,
Until they reached the summit bigh,
And streamed above the wretched wight,
Like snowy banners in the sky.

The man looked o'er the precipice;
"Make way for petticoats!" he cried;
And plunging down the dark abyss,
Wade way for petticoats—and died.

#### BURNING THE WILL. A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Ir was dusk, as Algernon Sloper opened the door of a sumptuous apartment, in which was a nurse, now murmuring a prayer, and now falling back, half asleep, in her arm chair, and the bed was so arranged, any one entering the room could perceive the livid face of the old man, who, a few hours before had breathed his last. The noise made by Algernon awoke the nurse from her slumbers. She shook her head and said:

'Good morning, sir; you come to look once more at your poor uncle? See! ons would think he slept; a smile is on his countenance. Alas! these eyes are closed forev-

you had better go and rest yourself. I will watch over the corpse.'

But sir!-Go to the dining room, nurse; your breakfast is ready—go.'

And under this benevolent clause he gently pushed her out of the room, and sat down

on the chair she had occupied; after which, casting a glance at his dead uncle, he opened the bed curtains, and got up.

der the pillow, ran to the desk in which the will was contained, opened it, and began reading : constitute my nephew, Algernon Sloper,

sole executor. It was time!' exclaimed the heir. 'I am rentitled to what the law and society acknowledged my right.' ..

And Algernon, who for more than two years, had feared that his uncle would forget 

me by them duringounds each to these peo-Two though enough with what they have your friend, Edward ingestrie.' ple who What folly! Come, this is but an sto man's madness. However I will pay the £4000 as it is impossible to do otherwise. I bequeath to Pierrot, my valet, the sum

What! to that Pierrot, who should have Λ££500.` been expelled long before now-'Que le disole emporte.'

To Mr. Martin, my notary, £2500. wish this sum to be added to the fortune of Marianna, his daughter, and my god daugh-

Two thousand five hundred pounds to that fellow Martin! an old notary retired from business, who has got a handsome house at Kensington! . What can be the meaning of this? It is lost at cards, perhaps to Martin which my tincle has been ashamed to name. Oh, uncle! the story was true.-This I will certainly not pay. I will see Martin and make him understand the disgrace that would infallibly befall him were he to accept such legacy, and if he persists we will go to law. More still !' exclaimed the heir turning the leaf over:

I bequeath £5000 to Miss Chesterfield daughter of a brave officer, killed on the field of battle, whom I do not wish to know want.' 'To her! Why the cross-grained flirt has rejected me! She shall not touch a penny of it. Ah! here's another 'protege.' There is now living in London a young barrister, whom my nephew Algernon knows perfectly well. He is poor, out virtuous and talented. I bequeath to the said Edward Ingestrie the sum of £5000.'

Five thousand pounds!' exclaimed Algernon, throwing the will on the floor .-Five thousand pounds to Ingestrie my successful rival—in the affections of Isabel Chesterfield. Never!'

Algernon got up, approached the window opened it, notwithstanding the cold, and overlooked a landscape of beautiful meadows on which innumerable flocks were resting.-The Thames rolled the waters through the estate, and farther on were forests forming part of the succession he was entitled to. 'All these are mine now; the wool of these flooks, these forests, the produce of these fields, all belong to me by right. I am the heir and almost sole relation to the last possessor. Shall I defraud myself by paying frivulous legacies ? Suppose, now,' said he, after he had shut the window and resumed his seat near the fire, "suppose my uncle bad not made a will at all, to whom would all these riches come? To me only; to me they lawfully belong; and all abstracted

erefrom is theft at my expense!" And the evil apirit of avarice, cupidity, and selfishness, took possession of this un-grateful nephew. He forgot that ne had hever been loving and dutiful to his uncle, but the reverse. His disgraceful conduct had, indeed, frequently irritated his rich relative. Interested views alone had caused now, without any moral consideration what the door to all the persons in the adjoining in the grass beneath it, as if Earth were her him to approach for two years past; and ver-just listening to ascertain whether there was any one coming—he threw the will into the fire.

In the meantime I must introduce the gestrie as his heir; I have directions to enreader to the young barrister, who, by the nefarious act just described, is left in a state closely allied to destitution. Edward Ingestrie was denizen of an apartment on the window through which Algernon had just second floor, in a street not yet removed viewed his flocks, and Mr. Martin perceived

by the impulse of an affection ever increasing, writing.

'Ah!' remarked the good notary 'tis he paced to and fro, glancing ever and anon at the last note of his beloved—his own

dream of years is annihilated? All is now Here is my charge : call at-and present it; a blank—a curse—darkness! This night and bring with you at the same time a young will I quit England forever!' lady, named Isabel Chesterfield. Edward, if

To return to the chamber of death. There was a knock. Algernon hastily shut up the desk, replaced the keys under his uncle's pillow, and opened the door. It was Mr. Martin, who came to look at his deceased friend, and give some instructions to the young heir. 'I am very sorry to see you here alone,

Mr. Algernon, but to be sure, you are one of the parties most interested.' 'One of the parties !' said Algernon, ea-

'Yes! one, one of the parties.' answered the notary, with a piercing look. 'You will find a will.' Quite possible,' answered Algernon.

'Tis very certain, for Mr. Sloper told me so last night, a few hours before his death.'

the desk was opened, and the search, of course was of no avail whatever. The old

should be no will, for your uncle engaged before me u, make one, and he assured me, 'Yes, Margaret, answered Algernon; 'but yesterday, that he had kent his word.'

'It is very strange that you have been found here alone; but I do not suspect any body's honor,' said the notary, 'nevertheless listen to me. Your youth has been dissipated; your uncle deemed it vicious. Many a time you have deserved the wrath of one, to whom, though you expected a fortune, your conduct was such, two years ago, that you were expelled from his house. He would He is dead at last! I shall be rich now!" have disinherited you, but I remonstrated He is dead at last! I shall be rich now!"
No sooner had he pronounced these words
an he withdrew a bunch of keys from unshow he had promised to think of your your conversion has been

uncle doubted it mushijust? exclaimed Al-'Was my unc' gernouve had the greatest trouble to insticute you his heir.' 'The old fox has not forgotten himself.'

thought Algernon. The notary continued: Another person was also mainly influen-

tial in promoting your favor with your uncle, "Umph!" observed the heir surlily, 'I thank him not!"

'Now let us suppose that this testament is not found, what will you do? 'What shall I do?' answered the young man; 'I will enjoy uncle's fortune. 'Of course; but you cannot think your uncle would forget such persons as his servants, for whom he always said that he would

provide.5 'If he had wished that,' said Algernon, 'he vould have made the necessary provision." ikely is new to you. Your uncle has a

'Come, sir,' rejoined Algernon, jokingly, you calumniate my uncle, your friend .-

How's this?" 'I am in earnest sir,' replied Mr. Martin angrily. By a private and unfortunate marriage he became the father of Edward Ingestric, as he' has been named; he is an excellent young man, though, by his mother's fault, banished the paternal roof until of late. Do you mean to fulfil at least this portion

of your uncle's intention?'
Let that alone—my uncle would never have committed himself so far-I have too much veneration for his' memory to believe 'It is a fact; and I can assure you that

many a time he has thought of instituting this son his absolute heir.' 'Nonsense! I will hear no more, sir!

The notary insisted upon the will being produced. 'The will!' said he, the will! where is the will !- Perhaps, sir, you were expecting a

legacy ?' The notary coolly replied: 'No; you are well aware that I am satisfied with what I have, and do not covet more; but for the sake of your uncle's old servants, of Edward, conduct yourself honorably: separate some fragments of your rich legacy. Be just, my friend, and-approaching the death-bed-don't make me repent of what I stored to you the favor you had lost. Now, if the will be not found, do for others what they would have done for you, or else I will

be obliged to exact justice.' Affecting to obey the notary, Algernon pened all the drawers of the desk in which Mr. Martin suggested that the will ought to

be found. 'You see, sir,' said Algernon, 'you must have mistaken the meaning of my uncle's in Windham, Mere, and Silver Street, "Dunwords, or he could not have been conscious dee's wild, warpling measures rise," and at the time.'

will? 'So, it seems: and you must be of the same opinion.

room. Two years ago Mr. Sloper made a mother and she really breathed; the mists will, which he deposited in my hands; there of gray that with the willows fringe the in he disinherits his nephew, and acknowledg- stream are silver, and the memory of that service, in case of war-because their charges les a young man by the name of Edward In- hour is gold.

force the execution of this will, unless one of a latter date be found.

By a mere accident, the nurse opened the from the locality of Scotlandbard. There, near it a small bit of paper, half bignt, on in the agony of defeated hopes, heightened which he distinguished Mr. Sloper's hand

plain enough. Let some one instantly post to town, and apprise Edward Ingestrie of 'At length,' he ejaculated, 'my soul is made up for the worst;—we cannot be united. I will write to that effect. The sweet dream of years is annihilated? All is now I conjecture aright, would have no objection to her as a companion on a much longer journey than this."

#### PICTURES OF THE RAIN.

NEARLY every one has read and enjoyed the capital picture of rainy weather drawn by Dickens in "Blenk House," and all will enjoy an attempt at the same description of painting in "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," in Household Words, which shows the same inimitable hand. The great novelist has never touched a scene more nat-urally. It makes one feel damp and drippy

in the reading: The dog cart, with Mr. Thomas Idle and his ankle on the lianding seat behind, Mr. Francis Goodchild and the innkeeper in so last night, a few hours occare

'Then it will be found,' added the heir.

'It is in that desk,' said the notary, pointing, 'and your duty, Mr. Algernon, is to enforce its being looked for directly. 'All the servants must be present,'

'Do what you think proper,' rejoined the the little lnn'; the broken moor country looking like miles upon miles of Pre Adamite sop, or the ruins of some enormous jorum of antediluvian toast and water. The trees dripped; the caves of the scattered cottages dripped; the days of the scattered cottages dripped; the barren stone-walls dividing the land ped; the barren stone walls dividing the land dripped; the yelping dogs dripped; carls and wagons under lift-roofed penthouses, dripped general dissemination of the treasures of lit. ped; melancholy cocks and hens perched on notary, ordering every body out, remained alone with Algernon.

'It is impossible, said he, 'that there cis Idle dripped; the Innkeeper dripped; the mare dripped; the vast curtains of mist and cloud that past before him the shadowy forms of the hills, streamed water as they were drawn across the landscape. Down and Post, &c., although he may not actually such steep pitches that the mare seemed to win the spurs of an intellectual knighthood, be trotting on her head, and up such steep pitches that she seemed to have a supplementary leg in her tail, the dog cart jolted and tilted back to the village. It was too wet for the women to look out, it was too wet even for the children to look out; all the doors and windows were closed, and the only sign of life or motion was in the rain-punct-

ance, the con prosperity. I was but too happy to restore much as possible and it a corner of the little cov- triculate. This is all true, and it is a gratiyou to his esteem. Since that time you Idle's arriage that started with them from have behaved better, or, at least, you have Wigton—a most desirable carriage for any appeared to do so. God knows. Your country, except for its having a flat roof and no sides, which caused the plumps of rain accumulating on the roof to play vigorous games of bagatelle into the interior all the way, and to score immensely. It was comfortable to see how the public coming back in open carts from Wigton market made no more of the rain than if it were sunshine; how the Wigton policeman taking a country walk of half a dozen miles (apparently for the road without umbrellas, getting varnished at every step; how the Cumberland girls come out to look after the Cumberland cows, shook the rain from their eyelids and laughed it away; and how the rain continued to fall upon all, as at only does fall in hill

countries. Wighton market was over, and its bare booths were smoking with rain all down the street, Mr. Thomas Idle melo-dramatically carried to the Inn's first floor, and laid upon I must now tell you a secret, which, most three chairs (he should have had the sofa, if there had been one,) Mr. Goodchild went to the window to take an observation of Wigton, and report what he saw to his disabled companion.

"I see," said Brother Francis, "what I hope and believe to be one of the most dis- fires, eclipsed by the Gallic meteor. mal places ever seen by eyes. I see the houses with their roofs of dull black, their stained fronts, and their dark-rimmed windows, looking as if they were all in mouthing. As every little puff of wind comes let off along the wooden stalls in the market no water follows, and he strolls empty away."

"Beautiful exceedingly," used to be

its threshold made of a Saturday night. The tide of passion and the glow of ambilife's fever was followed by a sleep. The blacksmith's belipws/grew breathless, and his hapmer lay silent upon the anvil; the fitful tinkling of a bell denoted the last wan-miniature within itself of American life and promised your uncle. His intentions were tions of its battened door were closed; the to leave others a fortune, which he was at liberty to dispose of as he liked. I have restored to you the fever you had lost. Now. withdrawn from the glowing covern of the-old brick oven; the boys had come back from the creek, their brown feet twinkling whiter in the grass, and their damp hair a shade darker than it was; a light glimmers dimly through the great windows of the church; young then and maidens go by in pairs, and pretty soon, through the shadowy air, there float the voices that we used to love, You are then certain, sir, that there is no moon surmounts the woods, and rides a moment like a ship upon the leafy waves, then bears away for the blue water" of God's Ægean, and over all that scene and night it we shall see, said Mr. Martin, opening rules. The dew grows radiant and restless

# From the National Era. THE LOVE KNOT.

Tring her bonnet under her chin, She tied her raven ringlets in; But not alone in the silken snare, Did she catch her lovely floating hair, For, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill, Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill; And it blew the curls a frollicknone race,

And it blew the cufts a irolicksome race,
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.
And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl That ever imprisoned a romping curl, Or, in trying her bonnet under her chin, Tied a young man's heart within. Steeper and steeper trew the hill— Madder, merrier, chillier, still, The western wind blew down and played The wildest tricks with the little maid,

As, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within. Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair To play such tricks with her floating hair? To gladly, gleefully, co your best, To blow her against the young man's breast, Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought, An hour ago, when you besought This country lass to walk with you, After the sun had dried the dew, What perilous danger you'd be in, As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

## SELF-TAUGHT MEN.

Wendell Phillips said in his address at

Providence the other day, there were many. kinds of education. There was the education of Harvard and Brown, and there was the education of the erature and the elaborate powers of journalism, which our age and land enjoy and recognize, an ambitious youth may by lonely studies cultivate himself almost up to the university level, and be as worthy of the 'master's degree' as any full-fledged collegian. In this way the graduate of the Tribune may be as worthy of them as any petted student of classic cloisters whose graduateship is rounded by the magical diploma.

Edward Evereit, in his recent brilliant address before the Harvard Alumni, in deprecuting the argument drawn from the success of 'men who have never seen a college,' took the ground that such men now often had the best instructors in the printed pages to which they had cheap and ready access. Tully, he said, and Demosthenes, and Cicero and Virfying sign of the times, and of the country where it is possible. It announces and heralds the elevation of all humanity. It is the best proclamation of philanthropy, better

But while this fact is a sort of signal gun of the commencing elevation of the masses, it is no less true that to avail himself of it, a young man must have qualities within him of an order superior to those of the class for whom schooling comes ready made. It is pleasure,) in resplendent uniform, accepted one thing to float through a college currisaturation as his normal state; how clerks culum, in the fair winds of classic association and schoolmasters in black, loitered along and prescribed studies and ample explanations, and quite another thing to tug away all alone, plowing the wave unaided. The knowledge gained may be nominally the same, but the self-taught man has more real power in his knowledge, a thousand times more than the regular academician who was rocked and dandled into what learning he has.

On a larger theatre in statesmanship, we see the same thing exemplified. Your selftaught man of empire will beat your routine or diplomatic statesmen all hollow. Lord Palmerston is a red tape statesman of regular diplomatic growth and precedency.-Louis Napoleon is a self made man: He has consulted no teacher but his own soul and the star of the great uncle; and accordingly before the parapets of the Malakoff the star of England's prowess paled its ineffectual

The earlier age of American statesmen was distinguished by men of full culture, and sometimes of elaborate accomplishment; Gerence is shown to be inconclusive by a rebut the latter time has been prolific of a crup of political commanders-in-chief. No man down the street, lisee a perfect train of rain can now hold or rise to power who has not. sympathy with the lowly million. If he has place and exploded against me. I see a very risen by the force of his own mental muscle big gas-lamp in the centre, which I know, by and indomitable will from them, then he is ecret instinct, will not be lighted to-night, their child, and they know him through their see a pump, with a trivet underneath its hearts. If he has not done this, but has spout whereon to stand the vessels that are been trained in the upper air of professional brought to be filled with water. I see a man aristocracy, then he must educate himself come to pump, and he pumps very hard, but again to the popular level, if he would rise

upon the popular shoulders: It is in the admiration felt for the order of self accomplished men, that the philosophy the approach to Sunday in old times, with of some sudden rise to great power in America is to be looked for. The late Speaker of the National House of Representatives tion, went down with Saturday's sun; and is an example, both of the real power gained by an independent battle with studies, and of the vast popular homage such an intellectual derer of the flock safely in the fold; the mill's "big wheel" stood still, and lower sec-Henry Clay, since the Union was formed .-Henry Clay was another self made 'man .-He took his diploms in the clastes of Virginia. N. P. Banks took his in the machine shop at Waltham. The people of America called Henry Clay not "Master of Arts," but master of hearts, and the people of Massachusetts are about to admit N. P. Banks ad eundem gradem, to the same degree.

"Call that a kind man!" said an actor; speaking of an absent acquaintance—"a man ton Courier.
who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! call that kindness?" "Un-remitting kindness," Douglas Jerrold chuck-

Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military are so great that no one could stand them. rel of cider would run at your approach."

### SYDNEY SMITH.

We have seen, again and again, genius ut-terly powerted by self-love, usefulness marred by fanaticism, wit poisoned by malevo-lence, health shattered, existence abridged, vanity pampered, confidence destroyed, by the erratic, unprincipled, weak use of intellectual gifts. This tragic result is the staple of literary biography, so that prudent souls have blessed the fate which consigned them to harmless mediocrity. The rare and sweet exceptions to so general a rule are therefore full of satisfaction and redolent of hope. In the case of Sydney Smith we witness the delightful spectacle of a mind that bravely regulates the life which it cleers and adorns.— Humor was the offlorescence of his intellect, the play that gave him strength for labor, the cordial held by a kindly hand to every brother's lips, the sunshine of home, the flavor of human intercourse, the music to which he marched in duty's rugged path. By virtue of this magic quality, he redeemed the daily meal from heaviness, the needful journey from fatigue, narrow circumstances from depression, and prosperity from inaterialism. He illustrated simultaneously the power of content and the beauty of holiness. Did Portland stone, instead of marble frame his hearth? Innocent mirth and a clear blaze made those around it oblivious of the defect. Must a paper border take the place of a cornice? Laughing echoes hung the room with more than arabesque ornament. Were the walls destitute of precious limning? He knew how to glorify them with sunshine.— Did he lack costly furniture? Children and roses atoned for the want. Was he compelled to entertain his guest with rustic fare? He found compensation in the materials thus furnished for a comic sketch. Did the cannine race interfere with his comfort? He banished them by a mock report of law-damages. Was his steed ugly, slow, and prone to throw his rider? He named him "Calamity" or "Peter the Cruel," and drew a farce from their joint mishaps. Was his coach lumbering and ancient? Its repairs were forever suggestive of quaint fancies. Was a herd of deer beyond his means? He fastened thinself from the dilemma, when he spied a forget the horrid oaths of that wretched was He found compensation in the materials thus avail himself of the rare treat it affords to ere she could so belie her womanhood. herd of deer beyond his means? He fastened himself from the dilemma, when he spied a forget the horrid oaths of that wretched we antlers on donkeys, and drew tears of laugh: farmer, some fifty rods distant, with a slouch ter from aristocratic eyes. Did the ever- hat and his coat off. He went to him, and Pethaps I had evoked some vision of happi greens look dim at Christmas? He tied oranges on their boughs and dreamed of tropical landscapes. Was a lady too fine? He discovered a "porcelain understanding."—
Was a friend too voluble? He enjoyed his the string across the creek—offering him half a dollar to do it. The dark browed sturdy-built Yankee, like his kindred, eyer ready to turn an honest penny, after the price, acceptions of science." ceti beyond his means? He illuminated the bowing his broad shoulders to the ground, house with mutton lamps of his own inventold the sprig of chivalry to hop on. And tion. A fat woman, a hot day, a radical, a on he hopped, and in the sturdy yeoman heavy sermonizer, a dandy, a stepid York-shire peasant,—people and things that in others would only excite annoyance,—he high and dry, on the other side. The half turned instinctively to the account of wit .- dollar was instantly proffered, and as instant-His household at Foston is a picture worthy ly refused. Inferring that the farmer thought of Dickens. Bunch, Annie Kay Molly it too small a sum, the genteel cit offered him and bits of Flemish still-life, which might set ed clothing and muddy shoes of his ferryup a novelist. He turned a bay-window in man, he thought it a pretty hard bargain at to a hive of bright thoughts, and a random walk into a chapter of philosophy. To do-

most vigorous powers of reasoning.-H. T. Tuckerman.

in talking nonsense, while he exercised the

Recent Discoveries as to Whether the Moon is Inhabited. It has long been known that the moon revolves on its axis in the same time which it revolves round the earth, while the opposite side is never seen from our globe. No bodies of water or clouds can be seen on the moon by the aid of the most powerful telescope, nor is the apparent direction of the stars close to its edge changed by refraction, as would be the case if an atmosphere enveloped the moon. Hence it has been inferred property, in real estate and money, valued at by Whewell, the reputed author of a late work, entitled, "Of Plurality of Worlds," that the moon has no atmosphere or water, and consequently no inhabitants. This incent discovery of the astronomer Hansel, whose study of the moon's motion, commued for many years, has established the fact that the centre of gravity of the moon, instead of being like that of the earth, at the center of figure, is beyond that center, and further from the side next to the earth than it is from the other side, by seventy four miles. The nearer side of the moon, therefore, is a vast expanded prottiberance of mountain, seventy four miles high; and the fluid, whether air or water, would flow downwards from the nearer to the further side of the moon, where, for aught that we know, intelligent living beings may exist. The nearer side of the moon cannot be inhabited, at least by beings to whose existence air and water are essential, as is the case with all terrestial animals. The late celebrated mathematician, question, whether the moon was inhabited, nt a huge monument should be erected on the steppes of Siberia, as a signal to the inhabitants of the moon, in hope that they might this relation will doubtless reach. be induced to erect a similar signal to apprise us of their existence. The discovery of Hansel shows that such an experiment could be attended with no success, inasmuch as the in-habitants of the moon, if there are any, being on the further side, could never see a monument on the earth. It may not be uninteresting to add, that it has been discovered. within a few years, by means of long-continued hourly observations with a barometer, that the moon exerts an appreciable influence on the pressure of the atmosphere; and,

the declination of the magnetic needle.—Bos.

"I am not afraid of a barrel of ci-

bored.

# For the Independent Republican. COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

Do life's clouds look dark and threat'ning?

Is thy path with thorns beset?—

Courage! for through persevering

Thou shalt reach the haven yet.

'Mid the thorns, are roses blooming;
Do not crush them with vain speed;
Rest beside life's crystal fountains;
'Gather strength' for time of need. louds will come, and storms will gather-

Thunders mutter through the blast— atience! for the sun doth always Shine the brighter, when they've passed.

mock, Pa. IDA APTON.

### ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

A travelling correspondent of the New American, relates the following: It reminds in crowded streets, in omnibuses, and, I amone rather strongly of the story that is told sorry to say, in retirements which should afabout Billy Gray, as he was popularly called, ford a refuge from the disgusting habit.

carrying home from the market a joint of meat which a briefless attorney had purchasble it almost inarticulately, from those who ed, and was too proud to be seen carrying it would resent to the death any question of through the street. But true or false, the their claim to the title of gentlement, from

ster, where he usually spends the summer dy curses at their sports. An oath from a months in gaming and fishing, I was remind child's lips! One would as soon expect a ed of an anecdote of him, told me a year or thunder bolt from out the heart of a rose.

two since. The narrator was a highly respectable member of the Society of Friends, and has frequently been in the Massachusets sport, when the rosy lips, with childish grace, Legislature. Being a neighbor of Mr. Webster, he related it as having transpired with An oath from a woman's lips! With shudin his personal knowledge. A young blood dering horror we shrink away, and ask what from the South who was sojourning in the vicinity of Boston, went down to Marshfield to man has doomed her to drink to the dregs. flashes of science." Were oil and sperma, ed the proposal. He came to the bank, and

mar characters ed. As the you best, and offered him a dollar. With a wave of the hand, and a 'Nomestic animals, humble parishioners, rustic you're welcome,' a smile slid over the dark

than incendiary addresses, better than incesses sant agitation.

mestic animais, number parismoners, tustic countenance of the Marshfielder, as, bidding sant agitation.

countenance of the Marshfielder, as, bidding the city buck a good afternoon, he plunged the city buck a good afternoon, he plunged extended as ready and intelligent a sympa-thy as to the nobleman and the scholar. He bank, moved off towards the distant farm was more thankful for animal spirits and house. The surprised sportsman laid his good companionship than for reputation and course for a company of men who were makpreferment. He reverenced material laws ing hay some half a mile off, and accosted not less than the triumphs of intellect; es- them-'Who is that man going through teemed poor Richard's maxims as well as yonder field? What-the one with his coat Macaulay's rhetoric; thought self-reproach off?' 'Yes.' 'Daniel Webster.' 'Daniel the greatest evil, and occupation the chief Webster!' echoed the thunder-struck southmoral necessity of existence. He believed erner; Why, I thought he lived in Boston.

#### Fortune Up and Down. The Boston Ledger, of a recent date, pub-

lishes the following:
In 1787, a youth, then residing in Maine owned a jack-knife, which he, being of a somewhat trading and money-making disposition, sold for a gallon of West India rum. This he retailed, and with the proceeds purchased two gallons, and eventually a barrel which was followed in due time with a large stock. In a word, he got rich, and became the 'Squire of the district through the possession and sale of the jack-knife, and an indomitable trading industry. He died worth \$80,000. This was divided, by testament? among four children—three boys and a girl. Lucia which seemed to have been the guardian angel of the father, deserted the children: for every folly and extravagance they could engage in seemed to occupy their exclusive attention and cultivation. The daughter married unfortunately, and her patrimony was soon thrown away by her spendthrift of a husband. The sons were no more fortunate; and two of them died of dissipation.

and in almost poverty.

The daughter also died. The last of the family, for many years past, has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in his days of prosperity, as pride would not allow him to go to the poor farm. A few days ago he dria and the great Bend in latitude 34 deg. died, suddenly and unattended, in a barn S .- a great number of the rare birds and an where he had laid himself down to take a imals of Australia are to be seen; amongst drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a small piece of string and a jack-knife! So, the fortune that began with an implement of that kind, lest but its simple duplicate. Gauss, proposed as a means of settling the leave the moral to be drawn, in whatever fashion it may suggest itself to the readersimply stating that the story is a true one. and all the facts well known to many whom A GOOD JOKE .- A Prussian journal of the

Lower Rhine tells a very good joke of a religious community thereon, who, appreciating the long and able services of their faithful minister, unanimously resolved, as a slight testimonial of the same, to present him this year of a bountiful vintage, each with a botle of white wine. The minister, of course, duly sensitive to this delicate tribute of love and affection, as well as pretty proud of it, as an evidence that his ministry had not been also, by means of long-continued magnetic altogether in vain, at considerable expense observations, that it exerts an influence on prepared, in his cellar, a huge ornamented cask, into which on the appointed day appeared every member of his flock and emptied his bottle. But what was the surprise Virtue is no security in this world. of the minister, as well as of the generous What can be more upright than pump logs, donors, on tasting from the now overflowing and editors? Yet both are destined to be cask, to find that it was not wine but water! A strange thing certainly, and of which we ery member of the society was of the same der, sir." "I presume not; I guess the bar- idea, that one bottle of water would not be take is justifiable in paying for one—the noticed in a whole cask of wine.

## SWEARING.

The following waif, which we find-uncredited in an exchange, would seem to be from a female pen. It is a shame that the best

a female pen. It is a shame that the best things said by the best writers are thus stolen and hawked about by every body, without a scrupe of conscience:

OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE.—Is there any country besides our own, where the Aimighty is so often called upon to send to perdition the souls of those who offend each other? Everywhere, that horrid imprecation, so smiliar that it is unnecessary to shock so familiar that it is unnecessary to shock you by writing it, meets the pained car. I say pained, because I, for one, cannot abhorit less on account of its frequency, or consider it less disgusting because it filters thro' aristocratic lips. Everywhere it pursues me;

story is a good one.

"As we passed through the town of Marsh-field, near the country residence of Mr. Web-field, who have caught the trick, and ban-

man, as she faced the moonlight and me,er days, when she, t.10, had a protecting arn. to lean upon; sure I am, could she have read my heart, she would not have cursed

me. Oh, the dreadful reckoning to be required at the hands of him who defaced this temple of the living God, and left it a shape-less, blackened ruin!

THE L. E. MANIA. "We really cannot comprehend," says an exchange, "why that respectable English letter Y should be disearded from the termination of Christian names and the two letters I and E substituted! It does not save time, and it is positive is. as all ending is not a bit more refined, or ele Whiting on Incom probable Markith its Is

have before us a catalogue of the young ladie of a "Female College," located less than a thousand miles distant, and find the good old y knocked out of sight. At present, it is Bettie and Pollie, and Sallie and Mollie: Fannie and Mattic, and Peggie, and Pattic, Marie and Kittie, and Addie and Mittie; Jennie and Nettie, and Josie and Hattie. and many others too numerous to mention. But the grand finale of this I E. versus Y. mania is that the other sex are adopting it
—Substantial Billy Moody having recently fferminized himself into Billic Moodie, Esq.

A FATAL CASE. -Old Polly Snaith was a terribly plain woman. She would have borne off the jackknife from all competitors, and given them the odds of fifty start in the race. She was endlessly complaining of her ailments of various kinds, was Mrs. Snaith, to the no small annoyance of such listeners as she claimed to hold, as did the ancient mariner the wedding guest, by the spell of her "glittering eye," and no one was more annoyed than old Dr. Bolus, a cynical old fellow of her neighborhood. Meeting Mrs. Snaith one morning, he ventured to salute her with the usual compliment of the morning, with the accustomed "How d'e do?" Fatal mistake! "Why, doctor, feel putty mizable, thank'e. My old complaints is troubling me. There never was a poor creature that suffered more than I do. Pains and aches, and pains all the time!" interrupted the doctor, growing impatient, "you don't look very sick." "No," replied "you don't look very sick." "No," replied she, "I know I don't; but I feel a good deal worse than I look." "Good heaven!" cried the doctor, throwing up his hands, "then you had better make haste home, for you can't live en hour!" Mrs. Snaith had the good sense to know what he meant, and never made any more complaints to him.

THE SATIN BIRD .- In "Three Colonies of Australia," Mr. Samuel Sidney says: "In the Murray Shrub-a beautiful but barren belt of shrubs and plants from 15 to 20 miles in breadth, which runs parallel to the river for many miles between Lake Alexan. others, the lepion, or mould-building bird, improperly named by the colonists the wild turkey, is found in great flumbers; and the satin of bower bird, which builds a bower for its mate so curiously arched and adorned with shells and shining stones that when Mr. Gould first discovered one, he took it for the playground of some aboriginal child."

Gor ir OFF HER MIND.—Children and fools, says an old adage, always tell the truth. "Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to come and ask you to take teswith her this evening." "Did she say at what time my dear?" "No ma'am; she on ly said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that's all she said.

Here's a gem from Dombey that will never grow dim: "She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she waburied in the ground where the trees grow!

" In the cold ground !" said the child. "No; the warm ground," replied Polly, where the seeds are turned into beaution flowers, and where good people turn into angels, and fly away to heaven."

A SENSIBLE JUDGE. -Judge Closson, of the Windsor (Vt.) Probate District, has decided that a good family newspaper is one of the necessary articles for the support of a family have no other explanation than this, that ev. during the settlement of an estate, and assuch, the administrator, in an insolvent exwidow to make her own selection.