# Independent

Fran the Home Journal.

HER WAYS.

Wilks there is something to be said,

Wiles there is something to be said,
In pleasure, or le pain,
To brighten joy, like stinlight shed,
Or dry affliction's rain:
When she'd console, rebuke, control,
With "yes," or "no," as clear;
She's such a way of saying it,
"Tis pleasantness to hear.

And when there's something to be

At need of duty's call,
A courtesy, a charity,
A kindness, great or small;
Or daily grief, that seeks relief;

But saying, doing, hight or day,
Tis difficult to tell
The sweetest grace of mind or face,
That marks her to excel.

She seldom breathes the love I crave But robed in light divine,

LEMONFIECERS.

Five years ago, I was telegraph-clerk at

Newstone Station. I had a week of day duty.

and a week of night duty, alternately .--

Christmas eve had come round, of all nights

in the year, and there I found myself, cooped

up as usual in the little office; two great

staring instruments in front of me, a flaring

by my side; not forgetting a three-volume novel to assist me in whiling away the long

She's such a way of looking it As proves her to be mine.

Whate'er the action be—
She's such a way of doing it,
Sho wins all hearts to see.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

## Achaella tan.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

## MONTROSE, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1858.

H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER-VOL. 4, NO. 9.

## From the Atlantic Monthly. DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

In broad daylight, and at noon, Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday, I read a poet's mystic lay; And it seemed to me at most As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the faverish day Like a passion died away, And the night, serene and still, Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride, Like a spirit glorified, Filled and overflowed the night With revelations of her light.

And the poet's song again Passed like music through my brain; Night interpreted to me All its grace and mystery.

### For the Independent Republican THOUGHT AND PEN RAMBLINGS.

ORANGE Co., N. Y., Feb. 19, 1858. Mr. Frazier :- This fire, Mr. Editor, is a very comfortable fire, and on the broad flag stono hearth in front of it, my feet are in a state of toast which is delightfully agrees. ble, after two or three hours of skating, with the mercury at five-in the thermometer.-Why the Farenheit scale of temperature has been so long used, or why it should be at present the only one in common use, is not easily explained by the principles of common sense. The reason is probably the same as that which causes the people in many parts of the United States to ignore a decimal currency, and reckon the prices of grain which they sell, and tea, sugar, and broadcloth which they buy, in shillings and pence.— What particular advantage may be derived from the heat of boiling water being ninde equal to one hundred and twelve degrees, or the same fluid being supposed to freeze at thirty-two, Ikinow not. And, if there is no advantage to be derived from it, the worthless result may well be rejected when we remember that; to obtain it, those important points on the scale, zero and one hundred are made to represent nothing in particular .-Common sense is as strongly in favor of the centigrade thermometer, as it is in favor of a decimal currency, which, by the way, ought to be considered almost as great a blessing as the American declaration that "all men

are born free and equal, and endowed with certain unalienable rights," &c. Phew! that fire is getting pretty hot.— Suppose we move back a little. The heat spoken of is neither from an air-right stove, or a grate of anthracite, but a rousing, jolly wood fire, blazing halt way up to the high and long old-fashioned mantle-piece, where the ruddy, flaming light reflected from the broad mirror opposite knocks uself all to rainbows among the daugling prisms which ornament the candelabra. The bright brais andirons stand wide apart, like a well-trained mass of glowing hickory. Before such coals as those in the days when wood fires blazed in every fire-place, chestnuts were deliciously roasted, and feet were pleasantly warmed, without being obliged to sit cross-legged and warm one at a time, which is the only method of comforting one's pedestals at a stove. And, while the fect were warmed, the head was cool. - Was brain fever as common then as now? Upon that hearth, as upon an altar, were cubic yards of carbonic acid gas offered up a sacrifice to health; instead of which we now offer up our health a sacrifice to that hideous juggernaut, an air-tight stove. What becomes of the gas? few trouble themselves to inquire. The store heat causes an unpleasant dryness in the atmosphere, which warps the furniture, and gives our mothers and sisters, if we have any, the headsche and sore throat betimes, to say nothing of occasional consumption. The same amount of heat received directly from the fire, without the interposition of cast or sheet iron, produces comparatively few of these bad effects. The reuson seems to be that the stove operates merely by heating the surrounding atmosphere; while the open fire sends forth direct rays of light and heat, which have but little effect upon the air, on account of its transparency, but warm all opaque objects which they chance to meet. The air which is heated by direct contact with the fire, passes up the chimiley, thus securing proper ventilation. The air of the room becomes comfortable by the small amount of heat which it receives from objects which have been warmed by rays from the fire. It is this which makes the air of a foom warmed by an open fire so much pleasinter than that which has first passed through the by no means purifying purgatory of a furnace, which unlike other purgatories sends those who breathe its atmosphere to paradise at the earliest opportunity. Their forments dumpishness and headache are often of short duration. Who ever dreamed of such thing under the genial influence of a ruddy blaze watched and warded by those now neglected household gods, the shovel and tongs beneficent penates! By such fires as his, our grandfathers did their sparking " o'-Sunday nights." Moonlight is pure and lovely; and firelight is weird and fantastic; and both are appropriate to love-making. The

good patured and cheerful, generally, are those who sit around such a fire.

The individuals around the present one are, a large and self-complacent tortoise-hell car, a four-year-old youngster by the name of Jesse, who delighting in hard words. is at present privately practicing the pronunciation of "Breckenridge coal," and an extensive personage, whom the family seem with one accord to address as Uncle Lewis. Little Jess is a natural philosopher, as he demonstrated a short time ago, by burning the old cat's nose with the tongs, after the fashion in which a certain Saint is said to have served the devil. hat are you doing to the cat's nose?"

dancing flames are full of fancies which may

be built into all manner of air castles. Very

ws his mother, who witnessed the operation wigh the hall door. l'se tryin' to blow it," said Jess, where-

on he received, upon short notice and his antiloons, another sort of a blow, immeditels followed by a severe squall.

find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added-Lacte Lewis is undoubtedly a character all but the 'pains.'" "Them's my sentiments, exactly, papa-

milk.

over the back of his chair, his body extended in a straight line from his nose to his toes, and the whole inclined at the precise angle, determined by experiment, in which the coinfort becomes a maximum. The countenance is expressive and rather fine looking; the grey eyes are partly closed, as if in reverie; and the curved lips slightly parted disclose a —jewsharp, upon which he improvises plaintive melodies, much to the delectation of

Marianna, a, wee toddle-about, who stands with one hand held to her mouth, for the purpose of having its thumb sucked, and the other, from some unknown motive, hidden behind her back. But the present performance is not at all intended for her amusement: it is that in which he takes a personal delight, from his own philosophical ideas of healthful economy and enjoyment. He removes the instrument, and turns slowly around. " Yes, yes," he says in his own melancholy way, with an aspect as tragical as an undertaker's at a funeral, speaking apparently half to him-self and the other half to me, "Young men might save a great deal of money, it they would only learn to play the jewsharp, instead of smoking cigars. It's about as much comfort, my way of thinking. I used to smoke a good deal myself, before I took this

up, and 'tain't half so healthy as this is. It's great for the lungs. It's better than all the inhalators and expirators that was ever got up by all the Yankees out of Connecticut.— Folks needn't die of the consumption if they would only use the means providence has So vaying, he arose with dignity, and placed his jewsharp on the mantel cor-

ner, where he had probably laid his pipe in days of yore. What do you think of his by my side; not forgetting a three-volume substitute? The farmer came in a while ago, and I had a long chat with him on matters and things,

dark hours.
The night messages at Newstone were particularly such things as pertain to this part of Orange County, of which I had seen but little before. It is a part of that renever very numerous. There were rarely any for private people; they referred, mostly, to the business of the railway company. That evening, I felt very low-spirited. It nowned region which is supposed to supply all New York city with milk. This region is all New York city with milk. This region is comprised in a strip of country six miles wide, having for its central axis the Erie Railroad heing limited at the Erie Railroad heing limited. It Railroad, being limited at one end by the Hudson Highlands, and terminated at the other by the Shawangunk (pronounced Shongum) mountains. Within this area, the pasture land is equal to any in the world, a good way of business, and naturally reand the amount of milk, said to be from Or. fused to let his daughter marry a fellow who ange county, sold in New York, would seem to be, and probably is partly fabulous; but He several times advised Cary to give me if any one doubts the existence of Orange up; but, as she would not do that, he contented himself with forbidding me the house; county milk, let him visit a milk station about sundown. The milk is conveyed to trusting to time and distance—for they lived market in tin cans containing about forty several miles from Newstone—to aid his quarts each, which are consigned to persons I knew that Mr. Hancaster always invited in the city, who afterwards retail it at a profit of about three cents a quart. Wherever a number of young people to his house on the water is introduced, it is seldom added Christmas eve, and pictured them there,

its cream, as it is brought in by the farmers

from the surrounding country. The cream

is sent to market in a common milk can,

packed in a tub of ice, and commands prices

from twenty-five to fifty cents a quart, de-

pending upon the state of the market and the

cream. The skim milk that remains is trans-

formed into cheese, the curd being turned in

a tin pan about twenty feet long. One of these establishments often takes in fifty thou-

sand quarts in a day. The farmers usually

receive less for it here than at the railroad

stations, but it is considered less trouble, on

But it seems to me this letter is becoming

unusually long, besides being milk and wat-

CHEER.

Dost judge, that man scarce thinks worth viewing,— Dost set the good and ill apart, And justice mete for all our doing.

So fraught with ills and bitter striving,
Poor human hearts, with passions rife,
Need such sweet hope, for strength deriving.

"Madam," said a polite traveller to

a testy landlady, "if I see proper to help my-self to this milk, is there any impropriety in

it?" "I don't know what you mean; but if

you mean to insinuate that there is anything

bad in that milk, I'll give you to understand

that you've struck the wrong house. There

ain't a first hair in the milk, for as soon as

Dorothy Ann told me the cat was drowned

in it. I went and strained it over." The hor-

rified young man declined partaking of the

"I love to look upon a young man.

There is a hidden potency concealed within

The daughter of a clergyman happening to

his breast that charms while it pains me."

O Gon, I thank thee, thou the heart

While ceaseless care and toil, is life.

Dimock, Pa.

For the Independent Republican.

to the milk by the Orange county farmers, dancing; Cary flitting about in her white The prices vary from two to four cents a muslin dress, with the very riband round her quart, the year being generally divided into waist that I had given her only a month bethree equal parts, during one of which the fore. Would any thought of my miserable price is two, during another, three, and the self ever cross her mind, as she moved among rest of the year four cents. In consequence the gay company? Perhaps my detested of the higher price which they receive at that rival, Binks the draper, might be even dance no further, and the distance between them under the year farmers have lately been stiming with her, and pressing her waist with his measures the length of the back-log, a huge mass of planting bitter. Thought not season. In this they are perfectly success calmly to be borne, so away I went on the ful; the only requisite being a quantum sufficit of good hay, and warm, well-ventilated stables for the cows. The farmer tells me that whistled shrill and dry through the tell-

that a cow properly treated, will produce as egraph wires above my head, and orought to much milk in the winter as in the summer; my ear the faint sounds, made soft and sweet and he presented ocular demonstration in the by distance, of the Christmas waits. Lanshape of a brimming ten-quart pail—full of terns, flitting like fire-flies among the wag the lacteal obtained from a single animal at ons in the station and; hourse uncouth the last milking. It pays much better than manufacturing butter, and, if not too far from the railroad station, is less trouble.— Consequently everything eatable in this part of the country, after the inhabitants are satisfied, is put through a cow, and sent to New

York in tin cans. In some situations more fingers, glad of such a haven. remote from the railroad, there exists a pelour chinked out by the valorous little clock in buildungs are generally located over an un. the corner Midnight came and went; one failing spring of cool water, wherever such is to be found, and in some part of them is grown tired of the charming heroine, and had a large tank, in which the water attains a again become weakly despondent on the suodepth of about two and a half feet. In this ject of Binks, when I was roused by the quick ate placed the coolers, (tin can's about seven | tinkle of the electric-bell. A private mes-

inches in diameter and three feet deep) into sage: which the milk is poured, to cool and raise Mr. Korf, Ironville, to Mr. Darke, 39, High Street, Newstone,
Lemonfingers starts by the mail to-night. All
Crene. Take care of the black dwarf.

I was accustomed to queer messages, but this was the oddest I had seen. I spelled it over twice to see that I had got it down correctly; then copied it out on one of the printand forms; signed it; entered at the foot the time I received it three, forty-five-and

placed it in an envelope.

Number thirty-nipe, High Street, was the residence of Mr. Breem the tailor, and was only five minutes' walk from the station .account of the cans not being obliged to make a trip to the city. The farmers' wives particularly favor the arrangement.

Mr. Breem generally had apartment and Mr. Darke was probably a lodger.—
Having locked the office-door, I proceeded at a rapid that towards Mr. Breem's. I considered to the city and the city of the city and the city of th cluded that Mr. Darke was a showman, and that somebody was sending him a dwarf-perhaps a giant also-but certainly a dwarf, to put in his caravan. There was a light in the second floor of number thirty-hine. Was Mr. Darke waiting, expectant of a message?

It looked like it.
I gave a loud knock, and stepped back to note the effect. The light in the second floor was not moved, but the Window was opened, a head popped out and a gruff voice de

manded: ".Who's there?" 'Does Mr. Darke live here?'

Why do you want to know? 'I've got a telegraphic message for him.'
'Ugh! All right. Wait a moment.'
A very gruff voice, certainly. Next moment, the door was opened, as far as the chain would admit; and a great muscular

hand was thrust out. Hand it here, said Mr. Darke. Accordingly I placed the note in his hand. ' Wait a bit, till I see whether any answer's

required.' 💉 equired.'
In a minute or two the window was again opened; 'No answer and the casement was slammed down. With the exception of his voice, I had no more idea of Mr. Darke when I left number thirty nine, than I had when I went. I had merely seen the outline of his head when he looked out of the window.-

loss to know.
Ironville is thirty live miles from Newstone. The mail-train runs the distance in rather under an hour and reaches the latter under an hour and reaches the latter land his teeth glisten. He looks at such a moment, as dangerous and full of mischief as a tiger-cat crouching for a spring. Mr. What sort of a tap have you can never tell what may turn up.

platform, determined that if any dwarf, or Choop is a distant relative of mine by margiant, or other strange monster, arrived by the train, it should not depart unseen by me. I half expected to find Mr. Darke, waiting for the train; but he was not to be True to its time, the train crawled alowly into the station; and, in another moment, the platform was flooded with those strangely attired individuals, whose business or pleasure induces them to fly by night.—

No dwarf, nor giant, nor other strange mon
With a smile. What brings me down here?

the others booked through, as was evident ously taking me by the button, there was a note. And this one passenger? A slim gentleman, stylishly dressed. Young, without whiskers, but with a long fair moustache, which he was fond of stroking with his exquisitely gloved thumb and finger. He

len property, arrived here early this morning into the cellar to draw more ale. Hardly certain Slaves. If I should present it to the alighted jauntily from a first-class carriage, by the mail-train. A slender young man, smiled amiably on the porter, who touched his cap, took up his small black portmanteau, wearing a pair of lemon colored kid gloves, his cap, took up his small black portmanteau, and carrying a small black portmanteau. and carrying a small black portmanteau. "Mr. Darke's friend, by Jupiter!" the platform, and, pushing through the heavy folding doors, emerged into the street. Some swell from London come to spend Christmas

was walking slowly across the little square in front of the station, looking from side to Thirty-nine to make certain inquiries; then side as if not knowing which road to take.—

went himself to the booking office to ask of crash of a falling table, and then the window wild with excitement. Quick as thought resolutions were prepared for the expulsion Suddenly a dark figure glided out from be-hind some projection, and advanced towards im. I could hear the murmur of a few words. Then, the stranger took the portmanteau from the traveller's hand, and they went on together at a rapid pace into the

town. All this I saw by the light of the station-lamps. When the two figures got beyond their influence and passed out of view to n the denser darkness beyond, impelled by a vague feeling of curiosity, I drew my coat closer around me, and set off after them at a stealthy pace, taking the darker side of the square as I went. I had not far to fullow .-They passed into High Street, and stopped opposite number thirty-nine. A moment more, and they were both inside the house, and the door was shut; another moment, and I saw the light shining from Mr. Darke's

room in the second-floor front. Having no expectation of seeing anything.

'Telegraph to each station where the train has stopped,' said Mr. Choop 'till you disbending over a jovial fire, fell gradually into cover at which of them the man and woman a doze, in which Mr. Darke the traveller, got out.'
Cary a black dwarf, and Binks the draper, So I were all mingled in a fantastic drama, rehad the telegraph message to do with the eight a. m. trainstarted up, thoroughly awake; and, tearing come.

As the clock struck twelve, we found our tions, the whole of the gang of burglars was which Adams afterwards reasted.

One of them thread Finelly the pro-slavery side of the

self, as I put out the gas and drew up the blind, to admit the struggling day.

My duty was over at eight o'clock. The as far as the eye can reach, and bounded the be off in half a minute more.'—' I would pick clambered up the hill and took a stealthy that voice from a thousand as Mr. Darke's! survey over its summit. He then beckoned quickly round: The group had dispersed, we were on the summit of a ridge of counn a good suit of black clothes. He had black hair, and thick black evebrows; his under his chin: his face was pale, and marked by the small-pox, and his eves were black. oold, and cunning; altogether a fierce fellow, whom it would be unwise to enrage. His companion's face I could not see, it being concealed by a thick veil; but, judging from her figure, she could not be much above twenty years old. She was well, but rather conpicdously, attired: having over her silk dress a voluminous scarlet shawl, comfortable-looking enough certainly, on a cold Christmas morning. But see! As I live, she has got on the very pair of lemon-colored gloves that were worn by the young dandy pair of gloves without doubt, having the out

it all mean? o'clock in the afternoon; but, on Christmasday, such a proceeding was not to be thought of. So, having breakfasted, I put on my there, who would make the matter awkward. Sunday suit, and left home with the intention of taking a long stroll into the country. - vou, so as to avoid all risk? Before setting out, I went to the station to see if I could not induce a cermin friend to When Timothy and I fail, it will be time accompany me; when whom should I meet enough to talk about calling other assistance. on the platform but Mr. Choop, the chief con- There he is !' stable of Newstone?

Mr. Choop is a small, wiry, active looking man, with a sauntering and negligent air, as if he were in want of something to do. Mr. Choop has a smiling, open countenance; he wears his hat very much at the back of his Whether he was a young man of an old man; to invite the confidence of every one. But, a fair man or a dark man, I was equally at a tell him something that interests him; excite tell him something that interests him; excite him; bring him out of the passive into the active mood, and you will see his eyes become keen and piercing, his features sharpen;

riage, and was aware of the state of my affections. He was in the passive mood, when I encountered him on the platform, and looked the most atriable and artless of men. 'How are you this morning?' he said as we shook hands. 'And how is Cary? Have

the old man and you made matters up yet?' ster. Only one passenger for Newstone; all Business, to be sure. The fact is, mysteri-

tashionably dressed, light flaxen moustache;

'Eh, what do you mean?' asked Choop changed him at once into another man .with his friends, I said to myself. But where Three minutes sufficed to put him in possesan hour.

Without waiting to consider whether it appearance of a farm-labouer in his best was any business of mine, I pushed through the folding doors after the traveller. He is a farm-labouer in his best clothes, lounged up; and I recognized Timothy, each pulling out an ugly-looking staff, crept up stairs as steal-thily as two burglars, while I mastened into the gentlem. The mineral avoirduration of the Clerk's Desk. The whole corps of Oil-thily as two burglars, while I mastened into the gentlem. thy, Mr. Choop's confidential subordinate.

Mr. Choop's confidential subordinate.

Mr. Choop sent Timothy off to Number

A mingled noise of shouting and oaths, the speciators in the overhanging galleries the clerk whether he remembered to what station Mr. Darke dashing madly through, followed closely by Choop. They of Mr. Adams, based on the assumption that booked. The clerk booked so many passen came to the ground almost together, and he had presented a petition from Slaves for gers by that train, that he could not positive rolled over in a fierce struggle. But Mr. the abolition of Slavery. Ere they were by remember; but he thinks, through to Darke, twice as strong as his opponent, was fairly before the House, they were offered in London. Mr. Choop then desired me to acuppermost, sitting astride of Mr. Choop.— a modified form by Mr. Waddy Thompson, company him to the telegraph office. The company him to the telegraph office. The cight o'clock train had hardly got half way arms were round his neck. I gave him a then expulsion. Thereupon the debate beeight o'clock train had hardly got half way to London yet. By consulting a time-table, sudden pull back, with all my strength.—
Mr. Choop found out at what part of the line Choop, now on his feet, whipped out his the train ought to be; so, at his request, I handcuff, and had Mr. Darke safe and fast being off for the Slavouracy, while Lincoln, Cushing. Philips, Granger, and others, detelegraphed to the station at which it would fore that individual could recover his breath. Cushing, Philips, Granger, and others, denext stop; giving a brief description of Mr. Darke and his companion, desiring the train to be searched on its arrival, and the individuals in question to be detained. In a quarter swering to the description given by you were

So I telegraphed to four stations without

success, but the fifth answered, 'Yes; the and calling to be let out, long before this, volving endlessly in my weary brain. What, individuals you mention reached here by the was released by Timothy; and very blank

Mr. Cheop, with a grim smile. 'Fred, my orders he brought out his horse and a light still further modified the resolutions, by set ithout troubling myself, to find an answer. boy, if you want to see a bit of fun, and like cart, and we drove back, through the darken- ting forth that the member from Massachu-

wasn't the outside seam of the first finger of tions to several individuals, but without to pick out the premises to be robbed, to than in the petition, and so they stopped to mlingers of the message, what about the Choop considered for a few moments: 'It He was alone. Alone? Yes :- but, had he he, at last, 'We shall find them at the Ten

not with him a small black portmanteau, of Tramps; step out, lads. Best leg foremost. which he seemed to take particular care, re- We left the village at a rapid pace, and fusing to let the porter so-much as take it still keeping on the high road, got into a barout of the carriage for him? A theory ingenious, but improbable, I remarked to myand trees were gradually left behind sountil, London train was about to start as I went horizon with their sinuous, graceful lines.up the platform on my way home. Passing Following the gildance of Mr. Choop, we a group of people standing near a carriage quitted the high road after a time, and came door, I was suddenly startled by a deep gruff to halt under the lee of a higher hillock than voice exclaiming to some one: We shall common. Mr. Choop, taking off his hat, exclaimed under my breath, as I glanced me to follow. Peeping over, I found that except two persons, a man and a woman, try, from which the road swept down into a who were preparing to take their places in small valley, in the middle of which, and

whiskers were black, meeting full and bushy Mr. Choop, the is a notorious gatheringplace for all the rogues in the district.' to bring into more prominent view his laced: will find Cary in the parlor.'

'Why not wait till night,' I asked Mr. Because, after dark, we should be pretty sure of finding half-a-dozen rough customers,

'Then why not take half-a-dozen men with What credit would there be in that ?-

'All right!' said Mr. Choop.

recogniso me till I get into the house.' Having made the transfer, we set off, Mr. Choop walking with an assumed limp. Timothy was still smoking his pipe at the

door when we reached the inn 'Foine day, master.'
'Very fine, my man,' replied Mr. Choop.

Oh, tordvish. You'll found the landlord omewhere insoide, All the women folk eem to be gone out somewhere.'

'Two glasses of your best ale, landlord,' exclaimed Mr. Choop to a burly red headed' man with a villainous countenance, who came forward scowling suspiciously. The land-lord's back was hardly turned before a quick whisper was exchanged between Timothy and Mr. Choop. We were lighting our cigars when the landlord returned with the ale. He showed us into a small room, and we left petitions on the table; this being denominating the showed us into a small room, and we left petitions on the table; this being denominating the showed us into a small room, and we left the showed us into a small room. the others booked through, as was evident outly taking me by the button, 'there was a from their frantic struggles to find their seats, daring burglary committed last night at Iron the moment the bell clashed out its warning note. And this one passenger? A slim gentleman, stylishly dressed. Young, with hour ngo by telegraph, I have reason to be out whiskers, but with a long fair moustache, which he was fond of stroking with his ex-

Mr. Choop's apathy vanished in a moment. His eyes flashed, his teeth glistened, he looked dangerous. 'Go you into the garden,' side of the chamber exploded with the most sharply, with his eager, terret-look, that he whispered to me, 'and take your stand intense wrath. "Let him be expelted! below the window on the left. If Jim Riley jumps out-though I don't think he'll have expelled!" shouted Dixon H. Lewis, whose can he be going to at this time of the morn-ing? None of the inns will be open for above most imperceptible jerk with his thumb; till I come. Now, Tim, quick and wilent?

· At this moment Timothy appeared, escorting Mrs. Riley, as I suppose she ought to be

admiration. The landlord, kicking at his cellar-door,

ing a certain share of the proceeds for his

tioned me to a seat, and then spoke.

to the recent burglary on my premises." 'The burglary on your premises, sir?

been committed, but was not aware that you House for simply asking a question?"

were the sufferer.' 'Such, however, is the case,' replied Mr. of the gang, and recover a portion of the sto-Riley and his wife are in that house, said you have long had a liking for my daughter, which, I believe is returned by her; but you are not in a position to marry. I will tell Mr. Choop descended, and he and Timothy | you what I'll do for you. I will take you as seld secret council for some minutes. Then an assistant in my shop, at a moderate sala-Timothy opened a small bundle-brought all ry, and if I find that you bring into your new the way from Newstone—and proceeded, trade that amount of intelligence and activity with much gravity, to induct himself into a which I am told you possess, I with advance waggoner's blue smock-frock, plentifully you accordingly; and, providing you and braided and buttoned, after the fashion in Cary remain in the same mind another year, which waggoners delight. He next turned I will not object to your marriage. Let me up the buttons of his firstian trowsers, so as have your decision in the morning. You

up boots; then he gave his hat a push back | I need hardly say, that both Carv and I and his hair a pull forward, and set off at a are very glad to see Mr. Choop whenever he swinging pace in the direction of the Ten favors us with a call in our new home, and

NATIONAL CHARACTER AND HAPPINESS.— Life consists of a series of illustrations, ac Under ordinary circumstances I should have Choop, 'when you could approach the inc tions, or elegant enjoyments; the greater at once gone to bed and slept till two or three without bring seem? part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily deties, in the removal of small inconveniences in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream. of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption. The true state of every nation is the state of cominon life. The manners of the people are not to be found in the schools of learn-Timothy was lounging against the door- ing, or the places of greatness, where the gery than for his address in evading the writpost, smoking a long clay-pipe. While we were watching him, he took off his hat, and scratched his head vigorously; a second time; and a third time.

Timothy was founging ugainst the door ing, or the piaces of greatness, and relating the piaces of greatness, and palming off themes, and palming off the palming off themes, and palming off the That was banquets of the rich. The great mass of nahead and generally displays an ample amount the signal. Lend me your cap, Fred, and thous is neither rich nor gay; they whose ag down in the pride of conscious excellence, of shirt bosom; seeming, in his quiet way, you take my hat; I don't wan't Riley to gregate constitutes the people are found in asked: the streets and in the villages, in the shops and the farms; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conwealthy .- Samuel Johnson.

Thrilling Congressional Reminiscence

The Albany Beening Journal, in an interesting sketch of scenes and incidents that oc-curred in the old Representative's Hall; during its thirty years occupancy by Congress, thus describes one of the warmest and most mentorable occasions ever witnessed in that

had the landlord reached the bottom of the House, would it go on the table under the or-cellar steps, before the door was quietly der of the 18th of January? The speaker locked behind him. seemed bewildered, and had just time to stammer out something about the gravity of screamed a score of voices. "Let him be huge body, weighing five hundred avoirdufended Adams.

During the height of the tempest, the rocalled; and carrying, with much care, the tunda, the galleries, the passages of the capismall black portmanteau. Mr. Choop open- tol being filled with an excited throng, the of an hour we received a reply: 'The train ed it, and I perceived it to be half-full of colleagues and friends of Mr. Adams felt has been searched, but no individuals an watches, rings, pins, and jewelry of various great anxiety not only for his fate in the kinds. The woman's veil, now thrown back, House, but for his personal safety. Meanshowed me the midnight traveller, minus the time resolutions were going through various moustache; a bold, forward looking, good modifications, all tending to soften their terms featured woman, bearing her misfortune with and mitigate their conclusions. All this time a haughty indifference that excited Timothy's the old Roman sat unmoved in his place, the calmest man in the chamber, with the incendiary petition safely locked up in his desk. At length it began to leak out that the paper was not exactly such a document as the slavehe looked when he beheld how his guests had holders in their not haste had imagined it to handsome traveller 1 Lsleepily kept asking Pil have you yet, Jim Riley !' exclaimed suddenly come to grief. By Mr. Choop's be. Whereupon, Dromgoole, of Virginia, without troubling myself, to find an answer. boy, if you want to see a nit of idea, and the care, and we displicitly burst upon me. I to go with Timothy and me, you are welling afternoon, to Fulwood.

Through Mr. Choops indefatigable exernal waster with the idea that slaves that a right to petition, etc., a phrase on the idea of open the despatch-book, read over again the first part of the message: 'Lemonfingers selves at Fulwood-station—Mr. Choop, Tim- speedily captured. One of them turned starts by the mail to-night.' Well, what has only and myself. After making a few in- queen's evidence; and it then came out that gain to suspect that they were pursuing the that to do with the handsome traveller?— quires of the station master, Why, this: don't the traveller wear a pair took another. Mr. Choop put cautious questions and if there took another. Mr. Choop put cautious questions are squeens evidence; and it there that to do with the handsome traveller?— the station master, Wh. Choop sent I mothly in one direction, while he and I took another. Mr. Choop put cautious questions are squeens evidence; and it then came out that to do with the handsome traveller?— the station master, while he and I burglaries in which they had all been entropy to the burglaries in which th the right-hand glove burst open? This I had gaining any decisive information. Neither make plans of them, and arrange, the details take breath. Then Mr. Adams rose to adnoticed as he stroked his moustache. But, was Timothy—when we met him—able to of the attack, leaving to others the thereby, dress the House. With great deliberation, even supposing the traveller to be the Lem- furnish any satisfactory intelligence. Mr. mechanical part of the business, and receive his voice-pitched upon a shrill key, that penblack dwarf. There was no black dwarf.— must be as I have suspected all along, said part of the labor.

He was alone. Alone? Yes;—but, had he he, at last. 'We shall find them at the Ten three days after Christmas-day I received be called the Speaker's attention to the other. etrated to the corner of the galleries, and with a note from Mr. Lancaster asking me to go tion he had put him three days ago, which over to Ironville, as he wished particularly still remained unanswered, viz: Whether a to see me. He received me in his grave paper purporting to be a petition from slaves, quiet way, looked me through and through would, if he were to present it, go on the tafrom under his bushy grey eyebrows, mc- ble, under the order of the 18th of January? Looking around him with a mingled expres-'I received yesterday morning from Mr. sion of sarcastic cunning and lofty scorti, Choop an account of certain events relative which Lord Caatham would have envied, he eried in a voice not of thunder, but in a sharp, hissing tone, such as lightning might be sup-'Yes. Were you not aware of it?'

'L was of course aware that a robbery had

I to be expelled from this loquations, bubbling...

For the first time the thought flashed on friend and foe, that Mr. Adams had neither Lancaster. Mr. Choop informs me that it was through you had first obtained the clite it. Everybody felt queer, while some grave which enabled him to track and capture part men looked like lank sheep suddenly denuded of their fleeces. It had now got wind that the the train. The person whom I took for Mr. close to the high road, stood a small square len property, and that he was much indebted paper was a forgery, the work of some stupid to your courage and activity in the capture slaveholder in Washington, and purporting 'The Ten Tramps, I dare wager that Jim of Riley. Now, I am not an ungrateful man; to be signed by Scipio, Sambo, and other bogus negroes, asking the House to, expel Mr.

Adams from their body.

And now "the old man eloquent" took his turn in the debate. How he demolished one opponent after another, scourging, flaying, semping, impaling to his heart's content-how rank upon rank of the chivalry went down in heaps before his trenchant blade-how he spitted poor Dromgoole, and roasted him before a fire of sarcasm, when he told him that "giving color to an idea" was not a Northern but a Southern practice, one of the peculiar domestic institutions of Virginia with which he had no desire to interfere how the House screamed with laughter as Dromgoole essay. ed a grim smile in acknowledgement of this who arrived by the night mail; the same Tramps, whistling the Plough-boy as he brings us news of Lemonfingers: who, now delicate allusion to the blenching chemistry pair of gloves without doubt, having the out went. Mr. Choop and I passed the next halfside seam of the first finger of the right hand hour together, smoking cigars and discussing vitude, is doing well as a licensed hawker in the hosiery and Nottingham line.

There, too, is the identical various matters, with a glance over the hillittle black portmanteau, carefully carried, lock every two or three minutes in the dittle time by Mr. Darke himself. What can rection of the inn.

NATIONAL CHARACTER AND HAPPINESS.—

The first finger of the right hand hour together, smoking cigars and discussing the next half-the little in their variegated population—how he wound up his trium phant phillipic by warning his young adversaries "never again to the little time by Mr. Darke himself. What can rection of the inn. ing his young adversaries "never again to were going"-and how the House firmly refused to lay the resolutions on the table, but brought their authors to a direct vote, and finally trampled them down by a decided majority-are not all these things written" in the Chronicles of the Old Hall of the House. of Representatives?

SMART Boy .- The Yankee Blade tells the

following anecdote of a college chum: A member of one of the classes was distinguished not less for dry wit and sly wag-" smelt a rat," and as H. finished and sat

" Is that riginal, H---?" "Yes, sir."

"Are you sure of it?" queried the Pro-

fessor, doubtingly.
"Why, yes, sir," replied H-, with the veniences are multiplied, a nation, at least a impurturbable gravity and that pasteboard commercial nation, must be denominated countenance he always wore, "it had originated the countenance he always always wore, "it had originated the countenance he always a second the inal over it in the paper I took it from."