Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS. | MONTROSE, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1858. | H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER--VOL. 4. NO. 11.

A BALLAD.

BY IRA LOUIS LITTLE.

Two castles once stood in the shade of a wood,
With a lake flowing clear beneath them;
Their turrets rose high against the blue sky.
And the light clouds seemed to wreath them.

Old trees rose in pride with moss on their side,
And their leaves in the soft wind dancing,
While flowers were seen 'mid the rank grass green,
In their beauty and sweetness glancing.

O, silent and sweet was that rural retreat,
With the wood to the water descending,
While the land stretched away to mountains gray,
That their tops with the sky were blending.

The lords of those castles had once been friends,
In the gay days of youth and laughter,
But a strife once arose, and with hatred of foes
They glanced when they met ever after.

One rode at night 'neath the moonbeams bright,
By the side of the sparkling river,
And when morning came with its taint of flame,
He was cold in death forever.

Who struck the blow men may never know,
But the marks of that bloody slaughter
Will cling to his hand in every land,
Nor be washed away with water.

Not for priestly care, nor the anchorite's prayer
Will grace to his heart be given,
That guilty stain will ever remain,
And bar out his soul from heaven.

The slain lord's child in happiness wild,
On the lawn in beauty was playing,
To the frolicksome glee of young infancy,
Mid the vines and tall trees straying.

The night settled down with her mantle brown
And the stars above were burning,
The moon broke chill o'er the eastern hill,
But it saw no child returning.

Long years have fled in darkness and dread,
In the grave rest proud spirits broken:
Yet the dark hours flown have come and gone,
And brought of the lost no token.

Let the hand that bore from that mother's door
The form of her boy fair and blooming,
Of the day beware when he reads in despair
The fate that for him is dooming.

Let him warily tread, and tremble with dread,
For the eye of vengeance is gleaming,
And will never rest, till from his false breast
The red blood of life is streaming.

O, hear the wild cry of his death clanging by,
As he rests in his blood grim and gory;
O, see him lay, the mountain wolf's prey,
Unhonored in song and story.

For the form of right, in grandeur and might,
From its sleep even now is waking,
To avenge on the strong the evil and wrong,
Of hearts that with sorrow are breaking.

For the Independent Republican.

LEAVES FROM KANSAS LIFE.

BY NED LOPEZ.

THE incident that we are about to describe has no connection with the political troubles of Kansas, but was a personal adventure between an Indian warrior and a Free State man, a friend of the writer, and one who has taken quite an active part in the Kansas drama. At our request, he gave us the particulars of the following adventure, which we shall relate as nearly as possible in his own words:

I had been at Paoli, a Government land-office, attending the sale of the Wea trust lands belonging to an Indian tribe of that name, for the purpose of purchasing; and, after finishing my business, had set out on my return to Lawrence, distant some sixty miles. I was on horseback, astride of as good a beast as was ever under saddle. My route lay along the banks of Bull's creek, a beautiful stream, thickly skirted with timber. It must have been near two o'clock, P. M., when I left Paoli. The day was warm and delightful, being near the middle of July, 1857. Above me was a cloudless sky, while around me was the broad expansive prairie. The tall grass, teeming with lovely flowers, bent and swayed before the fragrant summer breeze, like the surging waves of the sea.—Transported at the scene before me, I loosened the reins upon the neck of my faithful steed and left him to pursue his own way, while I drank in my fill from the rich stores of Nature, which appeared in unrivaled beauty and loveliness around me; until, warned by the decline of day, I increased the speed of my steed into a gallop, passing swiftly along over many a well-worn trail of the Red Man of the forest, whose pealing war-whoop ere long will be heard no more forever.

(I would here remark that Kansas is checkered from one end to the other with the "trails" of Indian warriors on their way to battle or in pursuit of the chase.)

Crossing Bulls' creek through the dense timber that lines its banks, I had not travelled far before I came to a house occupied by a white family from Missouri, the inmates of which were three lovely young maidens, a little boy, and their mother, the father having died a few days before. As I was passing, the young ladies came rushing out of the house, with wild shrieks of terror, their fine faces bathed with tears, and told me that an Indian warrior of the Pottawatamie tribe had just left the house, with the threat of returning as soon as he could go to the forest and cut a war-club, when he would kill them all. After calming their fears as well as I could, although anxious to pursue my journey towards home, from which I had been absent now longer than I had expected, yet I could not resist the sweet influence of woman's tears and gentle entreaties when in sorrow and danger. Besides it was to be an adventure, somewhat of the romantic; and being well armed with a couple of Colt's revolvers, I had no fears of the result.

The young ladies having pointed out the direction the Indian had taken, and fervently wished me success, I set out on my adventure. Entering the forest, I came upon an Indian trail. Keeping a good lookout for a surprise, I had not gone far when, turning an angle in the trail, I discovered the Indian cutting his war-club. I was within thirty or forty feet, when I first saw him. He saw me almost at the same moment. For an instant we gazed at each other fixedly and in silence; when, guessing my errand, (for an Indian has no lack of shrewdness and sagacity,) he gave a fierce war-whoop, and rushed at me, with his large hunting knife drawn and brandished over his head. He had not got far on his way when, drawing my revolver, I made ready for the encounter. Seeing the deadly weapon aimed directly at him, he suddenly came to a halt, and gazed intently at me, as if calculating the chances in his favor. It was not long before he came to the conclusion apparently that I had decidedly the advantage, and dropping his weapons, he began to beg for his life. I then made him pick up his arms, and, putting him before me on the trail, marched him back to the house of those whom he no doubt would have murdered, had it not been for my opportune arrival, and robbed of their money, closing his fiendish work by burning the house, so as to leave no trace of the bloody tragedy. On my arrival with the prisoner, I made him give up his weapons in the presence of those he intended for his victims, and spared his life on condition of his immediately leaving for some other section of the territory. To this he signified his assent. I then showed him my "Colt" which had a wonderful effect in quickening his pace; when I rode after him far into the prairie, to the great joy of those who had been placed in peril by his presence.—The last I saw of him, he was making tracks for the hunting grounds of his tribe the Pottawatamies. Returning again to the house, I was welcomed with joy by the mother and her interesting daughters, as their savior and benefactor. Language is inadequate to describe their mingled emotions of joy and gratitude to me as their preserver and friend.

The young ladies said that I had won the title of brother, and that they should, whatever might be our fortunes in life, call me by that loved name. For some thirty minutes I held most agreeable converse with my new-acquired friends; when I was warned by the lateness of the hour that I must take my leave. The shades of night were gathering upon the prairie around, while now and then a glittering star was to be seen in the blue firmament above. Seeing that I was about to take my departure, they entreated me to defer my journey until morning. Urgent as were their requests and deep as was their gratitude for the timely aid, yet business and friends at Lawrence *demanded* the sacrifice of the best wishes of my heart, and I had to decline. Grasping me by the hand, one by one of that affectionate group bade me a kind adieu. Mounting my impatient steed, I was soon passing, at a rapid rate, with the starry heavens for my guide, over the prairie wave, to distant Lawrence.

This was the last I ever saw of that interesting family. I learned afterward that they had removed back to Missouri. This event will ever be to me an endearing reminiscence in my Kansas life. It brings to my mind sweet recollections of the past. Though far away from Kansas now, and perchance never to see her blooming prairies again, or the lovely inmates of that lone house, yet God grant that I may, is the heart-felt prayer of one who for six months made Kansas his home.

For the Independent Republican.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Feb. 24th, 1858.

EDS. REPUBLICAN—DEAR SIRS:—There was quite a sensation created among the "Pennamites" of this locality by receipt of the news of the recent collision in Congress between Grow and Keitt. A meeting of this class of our citizens was called, to consider the matter. A large number of the former citizens of the old Keystone State, were present, and we had a gloriously good time.—Thinking it might be of interest to you and your readers, I herewith transmit a copy of our proceedings:

"PENNSYLVANIANS IN COUNCIL."

"Pursuant to notice, a meeting of Pennsylvanians was held at the Johnson House, on Thursday evening last, 'to consider the fight in Congress in which our countryman, G. A. Grow, asserted his rights in such a *striking* manner.' The meeting was called to order, and R. W. Eddy chosen Chairman, and B. L. Kingsbury, Secretary. The object of the meeting being stated by the chair, a committee on resolutions were elected by the meeting, consisting of the following persons: G. W. Deitzler, B. Johnson, D. H. Heywood, H. Shanklin, W. J. Boyer, J. L. Speer, and E. L. Jones. The committee retired, and after a short absence returned, and through their Chairman reported the following preamble and resolutions:

"*Whereas*, on the morning of the 6th inst. the House of Representatives, of the United States was the scene of a most disgraceful row, in consequence of a violent attack made by Keitt, of South Carolina, on the Hon. G. A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; and whereas we regard the conduct of Mr. Grow on that occasion, in summarily knocking down his ruffianly assailant, as eminently proper, manly, and judicious; and are also deeply impressed with the conviction that the highest interests of this Republic require that the aggressive and domineering spirit of the slaveholding faction of the Government should be decisively met, wherever manifested, and rebuked if need be by the strong arm, and that public opinion throughout the country should be directed in any suitable way to that end; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we admire and applaud the prompt and intrepid action of the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, in his *striking* disposal of Keitt when attacked by that individual, on the morning of the 6th inst.

"*Resolved*, that we commend the conduct of Mr. Grow to all Northern men, as an example worthy of imitation.

"*Resolved*, That while paying this tribute of respect to Mr. Grow, we cannot withhold the expression of our opinion as to the debasement of that weaker son of the old Keystone State, now occupying the executive chair of the nation, that, would he but cultivate a manly spirit of resistance to Southern assumption, instead of complacently yielding to its dictation, the little squad of nigger-driving disunionists would soon sink into merited insignificance, and he might commend to the respect of his countrymen and of posterity, an administration now likely to become a more complete failure than the one preceding it.

"*Resolved*, That the Pennsylvanians in Kansas will be the first to take up arms against the Lecompton Constitution, and the last to lay them aside.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed by this meeting to procure a suitable medal to be presented to Mr. Grow, as a testimonial from his former fellow citizens of Pennsylvania of their approbation of his conduct in the matter above referred to.

"The preamble and resolutions reported by the committee were received, and adopted unanimously. The chair then appointed the following persons as a committee to procure and present the medal: H. Campbell, H. Shanklin, D. H. Heywood, P. W. Woodward and S. E. Russell. After which the following resolutions were offered and adopted:

"*Resolved*, That copies of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to Hon. Galusha A. Grow,—and to James Buchanan—as evidence of the comparative degrees of regard entertained for each by the sons of the old Keystone State in Kansas.

"*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the *Herald of Freedom* and *Lawrence Republican*.

"After appropriate speeches from Judge Speer and others, the meeting adjourned *sine die*."

Signed by R. W. Eddy, chairman, B. L. Kingsbury, Sec'r, and one hundred and fifty others.

Affairs here are progressing much as usual, that is, they are beautifully mixed up. The Territorial Legislature recently in session here, attempted to call a Constitutional convention but failed to get the bill through in time for the Governor's signature. As that dignitary was opposed to the movement, he coolly pocketed the Bill, virtually rendering it a nullity. However, delegates are about being chosen, and I suppose they will convene at the Capitol, (Mineola!) and frame another informal Constitution, and we will have another long squabble with Congress, ending in smoke. I used to think that when the opposition was put down, the Free State party of this Territory would be a model of efficiency and integrity. But the proceedings at the last session of our Legislature discover a most lamentable degree of infidelity of its members to their constituents. Like a pack of hungry wolves, after devouring their prey, they are disposed to have a general "pitch in," and see how badly they can mutilate each other.

That the opposition is thoroughly routed is pretty conclusive from the fact that not a soul of all our former oppressors presumes to take a night's rest on Kansas soil, unless well guarded by U. S. soldiers. Not that any violence has ever been offered to them individually; but they are so goaded by their guilty consciences, and feel that they so justly deserve summary punishment, that the least unusual movement in our ranks is magnified into a preparation for an assault, and an unmistakable token for their flight. So notwithstanding there is some rottenness among our would-be-leaders, there is yet a bright future before us. There are good men and true to take the places others have forfeited, and I trust that Kansas will yet be the glory of the nation.

By the way, is the "Republican" still mailed to my address? I have not received a copy of it for nearly two months. I miss it much. It used to appear here regularly each week, and always seemed like an old friend from the home of my childhood.

Yours, &c.,

D. H. HEYWOOD.

For the Independent Republican.

REPORT

On the introduction of Physiology into Common Schools—read and accepted at the annual meeting of the Susquehanna County Teachers Association, held at Susquehanna Depot, Feb. 13th, 1858.

BY F. M. HALL.

Teachers of Susquehanna County. While appreciating the honor you have conferred upon your humble brother teacher, in selecting him to report on one of the most important subjects that can engage the attention of this Association; I fully realize my inability properly to present the subject for your consideration; but trusting in your good sense, and good will, and loving truth and honest efforts for its advancement, more than apologies, I will endeavor to present a few ideas for your contemplation; trusting that they will be received in the same spirit in which they are presented—that of a desire for humanity's improvement and progress.

I will, in the first place, call your attention to a few facts and principles, which, I doubt not, will be admitted as self-evident by every intelligent and reflecting mind.

1st. The human organism is governed by fixed and unchangeable laws, obedience to which insures health and vigor of body and mind, and disobedience, unhappiness, disease and premature death.

2d. Mankind, by their ignorance and disregard of the laws of their being, have acquired habits and modes of life in *direct violation* of those laws, thereby inducing physical, mental and moral degeneracy and unhappiness, and an early exit from mortal existence.

3d. Before our race can realize the full and perfect development of body and mind, and enjoy the freedom and happiness naturally resulting therefrom, the people—the masses—must become acquainted with, and obey the laws on which that development depends, which are taught by the science of Physiology.

These principles admitted, it follows, that a correct knowledge of Physiology is of the utmost importance, and should form a prominent part of the education of the young, to prepare them to live intelligently, and to realize the blessings resulting from sound minds in sound bodies. But how are they to obtain this knowledge? From the occasional reading of books devoted to the subject? A few may gain it in that way, but the many will not have the opportunity, or inclination to obtain the necessary knowledge, without the aid of a living teacher.

Will "the doctors" instruct the people in physiology? The idea is beneath the dignity of that learned profession;—and many of them are themselves ignorant of the true principles of physiology, as their practice proves. Besides, their living depends upon the ignorance and follies of the people. "They live by others dying."

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade."

Shall we look to the ministers of the gospel for instruction? Very many in that sacred calling, are themselves as ignorant of physiology as the people generally; and, while they labor earnestly for the happiness of man, overlook, or disregard some of the fundamental conditions of happiness; and in their zeal for the welfare of the soul, forget its intimate dependence upon its "earthly habitation."

Shall we depend upon high schools and seminaries of learning, for instruction in this Science? The masses do not enjoy the benefit of these institutions, directly, and must seek it elsewhere, or remain ignorant.

Then where can "Young America" obtain that knowledge, of so much importance to all, if not in our Common Schools, where all, rich and poor, enjoy equal advantages, and where all may be taught that knowledge which will lay the foundation for future happiness and usefulness. Let us then, as teachers, labor for the introduction of that interesting and useful science into all our schools, and qualify ourselves to teach by precept and example, the knowledge of, and obedience to, the great and important laws of nature, written by Divinity in our physical constitutions.

It must be obvious to every reflecting mind that much of the time and labor spent in educational pursuits, is mis-directed. We study with patient diligence to trace the course of every river on the globe, while we remain ignorant of the rivers of life that course in crimson streams through every part of this *little world at home*! And when, in our ignorance, we poison the very fountains of life, we charge it all to "Providence!"—We study the laws and motions of the vast universe of rolling worlds while the laws of this miniature universe ours, which should interest us most, remain a "sealed book." We puzzle our brains with knotty mathematical problems, never once attempting the solution of that complicated, interesting, and mysterious problem of human life, on the correct solution of which depend more important interests than any question that can engage the attention of the human mind.

The time has been, when the masses, with implicit confidence, or reckless indifference, intrusted their souls to the priest, or the devil, and their bodies to "the doctor," or chance and circumstances. But that day is passing, and the people are begining to appreciate their right to free and independent thought and investigation of all subjects that affect the well-being of man—physically, morally, or intellectually; and are demanding a more thorough, liberal, and practical education for their children—an edution that will make them truly intelligent, happy and free; happy in the harmonious exercise of all their God-given faculties, and free from errors of opinion, and practice and from diseases, drugs and doctors.

Such an education must, necessarily, embrace a knowledge of physiology; and nothing less than this, will satisfy the demands of this enlightened and progressive age, or the dictates of humanity, reason, and common sense.

You may say, perhaps, all this appears very good in *theory*, but how are we to accomplish its *practical* realization? How are we to teach? What text books shall we use?

In reply to the last question, I can only say that I am but little acquainted with any of the various textbooks of physiology in use, having never studied any of them; therefore am not qualified to judge correctly. On that point I should be glad to be instructed by any one better acquainted with the subject.

Judging from my limited knowledge, however, I will venture the assertion of my opinion, that the first text-book, teaching the true principles of Physiology, and adapted to the use of Common Schools, is yet to be published. If in error, I sould be pleased to know it.

But in the absence of all text-books, every person who aspires to the responsible profession of teacher should be qualified to teach his or her pupils some of the most important and fundamental principles of the science, by familiar lectures on the offices and laws which govern the healthy action of the vital organs. They should teach the proper uses of the lungs, and the importance of pure air and exercise,—of the digestive organs, and the importance of pure, healthy food and regular habits—of the nervous system, and the intimate relation between body and mind, and any other things which will suggest themselves to every intelligent teacher; all of which, is more they are understood and appreciated by the scholars, the more it will lead them to realize their own importance and responsibility in the scale of creation, and to laborfor the proper development of the wonderful powers which an all-wise Creator has given them.

In conclusion, then, if we would have the people *truly educted*, and qualified to meet the responsibilities and vicissitudes of life as intelligent beings, we must introduce the study of Physiology into our common schools, and teach the rising generation, not only the theory of the science, but teach them to regard obedience to all the laws of their being, as a sacred duty to God, to themselves and their fellows. Then will mankind begin to appreciate their noble faculties and "use this world as not abusing it." Then will many of "the ills that flesh is heir to," vanish from society, and a race, intelligent, healthy, virtuous, and happy, will bless our land.

BABOONS AT HOME—A new work has just been published in England, by Captain A. W. Drayson, of the Royal Artillery, entitled "Sporting Scenes among the Kaffirs of South Africa." We extract from a review of it the following amusing description of an ape family:

"I watched them through my glass, and was much amused by their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their lips, and appeared to be 'doing their hair,' while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards, with a fussy sort of look; he was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceedings. Sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference—scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance when the pater, proving that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprang round, and, catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chuckled the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness. The old baboon, evidently, was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, who, childlike, (seeing commiseration,) shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment."

☞ "There, now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau; "there, now! Gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles! What will he do?"

☞ Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

From Sargent's School Monthly.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REINECK.

As once I was taking a walk, you see,
A curious circumstance happened to me.
A huntsman I saw through the thorny brake
Ride to and fro by the woodland brake.
The deer came bounding across the spot,
But what did the huntsman? He shot them not!
He blew his horn by the forest green,—
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

And as I strolled onward along the shore,
A curious circumstance happened once more.
A fisher-maid in a boat on the lake
Rowed to and fro near the thorny brake;
'Twas sundown,—the fishes around her shot,
But what did the maiden? She caught them not!
She sang a song by the forest green,—
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

Retracing my steps at evening's fall,
The most curious circumstance happened of all:
A riderless horse stood in the brake,
An empty skiff reposed on the lake;
And passing the grove of alders there,
What heard I therein? A whispering pair!
The moon shone brightly, the night was serene,—
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

I WONDER if anybody ever finds fault with anything I say at this table, when it is repeated? I hope they do, I am sure. I should be very certain that I had said nothing of much significance, if they did not.

Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time?" What an odd revolution, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches; (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live timekeepers to slide into it;) black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, larvæ, perhaps, more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them that enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

——The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to say, in his very familiar way,—at which I do not choose to take offence, but which I sometimes think it necessary to repress,—that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

No, I replied; there is meaning in each of those images,—the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes that are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine.—Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings, had not the stone been lifted.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

——Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back, he very probably begins to expend it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say. Dr. Johnson was disappointed in the effect of one of his pamphlets. "I think I have not been attacked enough for it," he said;—"attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds."

——If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called *the hydrostatic paradox of controversy*?

Don't know what that means?—Well, I will tell you. You know, that if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way,—*and the fools know it.*

——No, but I often read what they say about other people. There are about a dozen phrases that all come tumbling along together, like the tongs, and the shovel, and the poker, and the brush, and the bellows, in one of those domestic avalanches that every body knows. If you get one, you get the whole lot.

What are they?—Oh, that depends a good deal on latitude and longitude. Epithets follow the isothermal lines pretty accurately.—Grouping them in two families, one finds himself a clever, genial, witty, wise, brilliant, sparkling, thoughtful, distinguished, celebrated, illustrious scholar and perfect gentleman, and first writer of the age; or a dull, foolish, wicked, pert, shallow, ignorant, insolent, traitorous, black hearted outcast, and disgrace to civilization.

What do I think determines the set of phrases a man gets?—Well, I should say a set of influences something like these:—1st. Relationships: political, religious, social, domestic. 2d. Oysters; in the form of suppers given to gentlemen connected with criticism. I believe in the school, the college, and the clergy; but my sovereign logic for regulating public opinion—which means commonly the opinion of half a dozen of the critical gentry—is the following: *Major proposition.* Oysters *au naturel*. *Minor proposition.* The same "scalloped." *Conclusion.* That——(here insert entertainer's name) is clever, witty, wise, brilliant,—and the rest.

——No, it isn't exactly that. One man has oysters, and another epithets. It is an exchange of hospitalities; one gives a "spread" on linen, and the other, on paper,—that is all. Don't you think you and I should be apt to do just so, if we were in the critical line? I am sure I couldn't resist the softening influences of hospitality. I don't like to dine out, you know,—I dine so well at our own table, [our landlady looked radiant,] and the company is so pleasant [a rustling movement of satisfaction among the boarders;] but if I did partake of a man's salt, with such additions as that article of food requires to make it palatable, I could never abuse him, and if I had to speak of him, I suppose I should hang my set of jingling epithets round him like a string of sleigh-bells. Good-feeling helps society to make liars, but such careless handlers of truth that its sharp corners get terribly rounded. I love truth as chiefest among the virtues; I trust it runs in my blood; but I would never be a critic, because I know I could not always tell it. I might write a criticism of a book that happened to please me; that is another matter.

——Listen, Benjamin Franklin! This is for you, and such others of tender age as you may tell it to.

When we are as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters in gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll* or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

The schoolmistress was polite enough to say that she was pleased with this, and that she would read it to her little flock next day. But she should tell the children, she said, that there were better reasons for truth than could be found in mere experience of its convenience and the inconvenience of lying.

Yes,—I said,—But education always begins through the senses, and works up to the idea of absolute right and wrong. The first thing the child has to learn about the matter is, that lying is unprofitable,—afterwards, that it is against the peace and dignity of the universe.

"THE HASCHISH EATERS."—A terrible affair has just come to light in Paris, which is causing a great sensation. A celebrated physician, desirous of ascertaining and minutely recording the effects of the "haschish" or Indian hemp upon the human mind, induced three young men to lock themselves up in a room with him and partake of it. The servants were all sent away, but after waiting 24 hours and the inmates not coming forth, the doors were demolished, when a horrible sight presented itself within:

On the floor lay the doctor, insensible and bleeding profusely from a wound in the head. One of the young men lay extended beside him, groaning in agony, his left arm and leg both broken by the falling of the chandelier, which, by some extraordinary accident, had slipped from its chain, and lay scattered in fragments all over the carpet. Another of the experimentalizers was seated on the floor, close beside the doctor, grasping one of the brass candelabras from the mantle piece, with which it was evident the victim had been wounded—he was found to have become a gibbering maniac, while the third was lying quietly beneath the table—in a state of stupor, from which no medical skill has yet been able to arouse him.

The doctor, whose wound is not serious, and whose insensibility proceeded from the loss of blood, gives a vague and confused account of the scene as yet. The revelations made in the pages of his pocket book are said to be most extraordinary, and to have caused the greatest excitement among the medical faculty. Meanwhile the mother of the poor maniac, whose state still continues desperate, has caused the Doctor to be put under arrest as instigator of an act, whereby her son may have been deprived of reason for life, and he was therefore, yesterday committed to the care of the Prefect de Police. His mature age—the youth and wild reputation of his companions, cause his case to be looked upon with no favorable eye for the doctor, and much excitement in the saloons of Paris has been occasioned by the adventure.

☞ Love is like a cigar—the longer it burns the less it grows.

STUDY PROMOTIVE OF HEALTH.

Professor Pierce, of Harvard College, lately stated facts which show that the scholars who have distinguished themselves have, on an average, lived longer than those of indifferent attainments.

It is an unquestionable fact that literary and scientific pursuits are, of themselves, promotive of health. We are always amused to hear young men and school-girls talk of having injured their constitutions, or destroyed their health, by hard study. Study is not answerable for the mischief. Listless poring over books is not study. Study implies vigorous exercise of the mental faculties, which is incompatible with prolonged dreaming over books. When the mind relaxes its efforts, intermits attention, the student should leave study and betake himself to either play or physical labor—he should rest the mind and exercise the body.

Nor is the gorging of the mind to repletion, study; it is—neither depth of scholarship nor richness of wisdom—promotes neither health nor life. Especially is this detrimental, when accompanied, as is usually the case with students, by habits of free eating sufficient of themselves to ruin the health of those even who are habituated to out-of-door exercise. It is bad habits, and not study, which ruin the health of students.—Contemplate Kirke White, boasting that he was dying over his books; then turn to Walter Scott, hale and old, with his immense amount of literary labor, giving his afternoons to out-of-door exercise, like a man of sound sense! Which presents the true example?

Think of it, dyspeptic student! and blush for shame, as you ought, that your unjustifiable habits have ruined your health. But, in the name of justice, make not study a scapegoat for your sins!

Before us is a feeble specimen of a man who has dragged his existence through the winter in a state of semi-torpidity, unable to study, as he says; yet thrice a day, at table, he does the work of a healthy man! Thus he uses up his remaining life-energies in disposing of the excess of food which he puts into his stomach, gradually, but surely, exhausting his vitality to gratify his palate.—This is not study; it is animal indulgence.—*Life Illustrated.*

HUMOR IN THE PULPIT.—Old Bishop Aylmer, seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep, took his Hebrew Bible from his pocket, and read a chapter, which roused attention, when the old Minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they knew not a word he said. Of the witty Dr. South, it is said that, preaching before King Charles, he saw that potentate asleep; he stopped short, and in a loud and altered tone of voice three times called out, "Lord Lauderal."—His Lordship stood up and looked at the preacher, who addressed him with great composure, "My Lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you not to snore so loud, lest you should wake the King." Andrew Fuller, one Sunday afternoon, saw the people, during the singing of the hymn before sermon, composing themselves for a comfortable nap, and, taking the Bible, he beat it against the side of the pulpit, making a great noise. Attention being excited, he said, "I am often afraid that I preach you to sleep, but it can't be my fault to-day, for you are asleep before I have begun.

PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.—The following paragraph, extracted from the Portland *Transcript*, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it, one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem and see if they can discover its two-fold solution:

"He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to support the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward."

☞ The Scientific *American* tells how to cut glass with a piece of iron. Draw with a pencil on paper any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding them both together with the left hand (for the glass must not rest on any plain surface,) then take a common spike or some similar piece of iron, heat the point to a redness, and apply to the edge of the glass; draw the iron forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the chink in the glass will follow at a distance of about a half an inch, in every direction, according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in turning corners, to apply a wet finger on the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut and divided very fancifully by similar means.—The iron must be reheated as often as the crevice in the glass ceases to flow.

WHERE DID THAT MAN GO TO?—In a certain hotel in this village, there is employed a bar-tender, who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, his employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, as he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, he cast his eyes around with a look of surprise, and exclaimed: "Where in thunder did that man that ordered that drink go to?"—*Newbury Telegraph.*

☞ A touch of real calamity cures the imaginary sorrows of those who make mountains of molehills.