Independent





"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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For the Independent Republican. THE KNELL. Wny dost thou start,
Proud Allan Wayne?
Tis but the tolling bell,
Telling aloud,
In mournful strain, "Annabel sleeps !
In death." Again!
Hark! canst thou read the knell! How hast thou kept, Faise Allan Wayne, Vows, at the altar made When to thy side She trusting came, Tender and fair i O lost one, slain! Annabel lowly laid! Come to her grave, Proud Allan Wayne Come, when the night winds to Still, if thou canst, Thy heart's deep pain; Annabel sleeping low." Hark! 'tis the rain,
False Allan Wayne,
Beating the marble cold; Counting the hours Of weary pain-Scourge of the heart That loved in vain, Loved with a depth untold.

> For the Independent Republican CHAT. March 19, 1858.

Mr. FRAZIER: -The pleasantest way to meet a friend, is undoubtedly in-propria persoud, when you can sit down and have a cosy chat, "Chat" sounds feminine, does it?
my backelor friend. Well, call it so; but allow it to be friendly and confidential.—
Would masculine friendship be the worse for a little more confidence or a little less reserve than is usually employed in its cementing ? A friend to talk to is very well; but a friend with whom you may safely chat, as the little bonnets that tegether, is an acquisition sel-

dom acquired by the wearers of pantaloons. But, when a friendship cannot be enjoyed in the way above mentioned and commented upon, how agreeable is the ability to envelope one's foolscap representative, and by the magic pas of a three-cent postage stamp, send it to chat in our stead. Especially to this land filled with wandering Yankees, is the civillzedsidea of post-offices a blessing, partially destroying the miles and furlongs by which almost every American is separated from his friends. In sentimental romances of a peculiar style, the heroes and heroines whom fate has cruelly parted, are supposed to gaze steadfastly at some "bright particular star," previously agreed upon, in the most romantic manner. This evening incense of azure lautern simultaneously. At least the lantern spired such sentiments in the breast of the fered up for the purpose of obtaining consolation from the idea that the object of their addra-tion is at the same many program at the same like it is at the same many program at the same ma tion is at the same moment gazing at the same The idea is a very poetical one, to be sure; but a common sense substitute for it, is, to watch in the post-office the opening and distribution of the mail, thinking meanwhile that perhaps, in other post-offices, others are doing the same, watching for your letters as you are watching for theirs. For ordinary morstals, such a communion of hearts is more practical and quite as pleasant. When among strangers, the welcomed arrival of a brown paper envelope, with its travel-worn edges and corners, is a refreshing out is in the desert of loneliness. The dark stained leather or canvass mail bag is not so beautiful in appearance as a carrier pigeon, but vastly more convenient and useful. If it be a large one and zenerally well filled, who shall say whether its lock and rusty chain have not closed over more hopes and fears in a single year than were ever folded under the wings of all the messenger doves in Christendom? Any poet in want of a theme, may see one flung out upon the platform at a railroad station from every mail train that passes. Or, in his search for sentimentalism, he may enter some of the great distributing post offices, and watch the busy clerks assorting the private thoughts and feelings of the public, and afterwards crowding each separated heap of joys and sorrows, loves and hates, into its appropriate bag, and sending it forth to cheer or desolate the hearts of whom it may concern. But my that is getting rather dry, as the that of a single individual is very apt to be. Speaking inelegantly, a cross improves conversation as well as cows; yet distinctive peculiarities are only to be preserved by "breed-, ing in and in," as the agricultural papers say. A habit of thinking to one's self is the only means of obtaining the originality and freshness of idea, so much to be desired in conver-

viduals who have acquired peculiar properties from the eccentric flash of the electricity of genius. Probably the illustration is about used up, unless we say that politeness, like polarity, is liable to sudden and considerable variations from loy than a broiled chicken at a railroad dinner, which dinner is to be eaten in fifteen minutes repels strongly; but this is a digression. The thoughts of the solitary individual are apt to move only in the narrow paths which

sation. Yet no amount of ideas will secure

to all the ability to talk pleasantly. People

differ in their powers of attraction, as do the

ores of iron. Some possess a power which

is to them as native as is magnetism to the

loadstone. They are polite and courteous, as

naturally as the loadstone aforesaid turns one

end towards the north. Others again, al-

true metal of mind, only acquire the ability

to be agreeable, as artificial magnets acquire

their ability to pick up needles, by contact

with others already magnetized. These re-

marks are intended to be general; there may

be, here and there, exceptional cases of indi-

are marked out by the preferences of his disposition; yet these paths are often well grodden. In conversation his thoughts com-Pelled to keep company with the though of others, and, being led away into regions which his mind's eye had never seen before, because through or over the big gate, if there is in- could beast of."

side a gravel walk wide enough for two, you will be pretty sure to find it. The great difficulty is passing the portal. Happy is he to whom some passing incident or thought offers the latch-string. Yet every one ought to have at command an assortment of skeleton keys, the forms of which he can vary at will to suit the wards of whatever lock may present itself. Of the numberless contrivances of this kind, there is no one in more common use or capable of a more extensive and varied application than that much-abused subject, the weather. Amiable reader, whoever you may be, don't refrain from using it, for fear to which every body carries more or less, and he who laughs at you has his skeleton as well as the rest, perhaps of his own invention, and perhaps not. An individual friend of mine, now some thousand or more miles from here, in the unlimited southwestern portion of the United States, and not at all likely ever to ered, not without reason, as his chief collo-

Speaking of the weather at this season

"Come, balmy Spring! ethereal mildness, come." through which glides the stream supposed to through the superhuman exertions of a friend be frequented by otters. Here an unforeseen who happened to be on board. This friend brier bush nearly put out my eyes and the was young, unmarried, and his gallantry inlantern in the brier bush was the most un-pleasant; and, when we found it the condi-was gauge. We held our hands in front of ever she became widowed again, she would our faces, where they served the purpose of visors, and looking through the cracks between our fingers, proceeded slowly, with the Bucyrus, while Robert removed to Mansfield where we stationed ourselves and watched the husband went into the mercantile business the hole. I sheltered myself from the wind on Liberty street residing, however, in Albehind a hemlock tree, but being compelled to leghany city. Robert followed them, and stand a few feet distant, my situation was about finding employment, determined to watch where the winds which the tree had divided the chances closely. One day he was pass. came together again, being as it were, in the ling the store of Mr. —, when he saw a focus of a compound blowpipe, where no great terrible commotion. Ru-hing in, he saw Mr. amount of heat was generated, however.—, a mangled corpse upon the floor. A He stood by a cedar bush, and we both look cask of rice which was being hoisted, had faled at the hole, and occasionally looked at len and killed him instantly. He inquired After standing a long while, trying to rest ed. Looking once more at poor Mr. —, myself on one leg at a time, I ventured to obtomake sure that he was perfectly dead, Robserve, very carefully, and in an undertone, ert started for Alleghany as fast as his legs for fear of scaring the otter, whose emergence could carry him. The first clerk was only a we had been expecting for three hours and a trifle ahead of him. and Robert, knowing half, "Isn't it rather cold?" "By George, the importance of heing in time, from past I'm most frozen," growled Livingston, who, experience, and fearing that the clerk had deby the way, was the he so mysteriously men- signs upon the willow, ran like an Indian .tioned as standing by a cedar bush; and he furthermore added, "Stew me, if this pays."

Side by side they ran, until they reached the Hand Street Bridge. The clerk was obliged I told him that I should have no objection whatever to being stewed moderately, and mildly suggested that, as he felt cold, perhaps we had better go home. His unamiable remembers, and obtained a solemn pledge from the ply was, "Come on, then, if you want to, I'm ready, and I guess you are too." I considered it as ungrateful after my kindly regard; had passed, they were married. As all her but, as he broke through the bushes, I followed him at a distance which prevented his let- fortably fixed. His history shows what perting the sticks which he bent over fly back in

my face. But what has this rigmarole to do with the gentle spring," and "ethereal mildness?" Nothing at all, my dear sir; but if Mr. Thompson, who worshipped at the shrine of the muses, had stood behind that hemlock tree. the idea might have entered his brain, that winter had rather "stolen a march" upon him. The foregoing words are placed between quotation marks, partly to screen mythough they may contain as much of the self from the imputation of a pun, and partly because somebody must have said so obvious a thing before.

> BAYARD TAYLOR .- The editor of the Plym. outh (III.) Lacomotivé, who was a printer in the same office where Bayard Taylor "serv- be enough to make me get up in the night ed his time," tells the following interesting and scratch it out. There was our old acreminiscence of the early life of the now po-

"We had the honor to succeed him in our cal causes. The disturbing influences are varicus. None perhaps affect it more violent. We well remember the time when he startquaintances I found were such wives, mothed out upon his first "tramp." With his ers, neighbors, friends; so charitable, gensmall satchel containing a change or two of tle, forgiving | Surely the parson in our and momentary expectation of the starting of linen, and with fifty cents in capital, he comthe train. A hole in the elbow of your coat menced his career in life. The apprentices in absolute sinecure, with such a flock. country on horseback, and our route was above ground, and so much goodness under Taylor did not meet us at the end of the er, perbaps, we ought to say, "Who can lane with a happy smile, wishing us a good wonder that so much iniquity is left among day, and as we would hand him the weekly the living, when such cart loads of all the no robbery," filling one side of our saddle shoveled into the earth by the undertaker?" order to converse pleasantly, there must be same common ground over which interchanging thought cau range. If you are address. In the same and family around him, he was a happy and looking better in their winding sheets blackbird," became very frequent visitors at blackbird," became very frequent visitors at blackbird, became very frequent visitors at and standing like architectural boulders dropher house. Certain it is that not one of them and standing like architectural boulders dropmember of the Society of Friends; with his see our old friends improved by keeping,
and looking better in their winding sheets ing thought can range. If you are address | man indeed. He used to inquire anxiously | than ever they did in silks or sating. Greying a stranger, this region is as yet unexplor- of Bayard, and said the liked to ramble too son's Letters. ed, and it is often difficult to determine how much; he was not steady enough." Little at first to proceed. The mutually enchanted he knew then, that his son Bayard, the printrigid as and is to follow your nose; and once the greatest traveling historian that America "Dat ar pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves.

Pursuing a Widow under Difficulties.

The Bucyrus, (O.) Journal, spins the following yarn, which, however faulty in its facts, is readable as a romance. The editor was prompted to "perpetuate" it, by observing in a Putsburgh paper the marriage announcement of a could who formerly resided in Bucyrus. The warn is realed off in this in Bucyrus. The yarn is reeled off in this

Twelve years ago the bride was a young lady of twenty, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Washington, Pa. In her father's may be don't refrain from using it, for fear of being laughed at. It's only a skeleton, like to which every body carries more orcless, ly beautiful, as in dity hound, fell desperatesee what I am about to write, was accustom- she received a most tempting proposal, which ed to preface his temarks, especially those urged by her father, she accepted, and to the addressed to young ladies, with the invariable eternal despair of poor Robert, was married question, "What do y u find to kill time?" But also for the poor bridegroom! Scarcely Yet this same individual had the audacity to three months had elapsed when a kick from sneer, in the presence of some fair young a vicious horse killed him. Robert consoled damsels, the light of whose countenance we the widow, and determined at the end of a all wished to enjoy, at those who used the year or so to marry her. He had too much weather as an introductory subject of conver-sation. Some three or four of his compan-and did not for fifteen months, when he proions, determined to have revenge for the par. posed. To his horror, she informed him that tial celipse which they had suffered in the bright eyes of their dulcineas, (he did take the shine off of some of us.) thereafter used no commencement except his favorite interrogation, which he had hitherto considered and with the shine of the same and the shine of the same and the same an sessed by some strange hallucination, followquial ornament. The miserable skeleton was, ed them That season the cholera swept that in a single evening, as completely used up as city, and among its victims was the second were the wit and wisdom of its owner, who husband Robert allowed a year to pass, was compelled to return to his native ele-ment, the weather.

and was on the point of urging his claims, when he received an invitation to her wedding! She was to be married to her late husband's partner. Robert remonstrated. The lady assured him that her present step was 'Come, balmy Spring! ethereal mildness, come." not one of love, but purely of necessity.—
One night, a week ago, I went hunting for The partnership affairs of her late lamented, otters. These animals are said to be addict were in such a state that settlement was imed to being out late o' nights for the purpose possible, and to save immense losses she had of sliding down hill, which is a way they have determined upon marrying the surviving of aniusing themselves wherever they find a partner. She assured him, also, that her seribig snow-bank. Well, somebody else and I timents towards him were unchanged, and had made an arrangement to watch an otter that should she ever become a widow again, hole from which fresh tracks had emanated she would give him the preference. She was hole from which fresh tracks and emanated she would give nim the preserving. She was for several nights in succession. The appointed evening came, and we set torth upon our expedition, guided by the dim light of the stars and a cracked lantern. After varithe stars and a cracked lantern. After varithes the stars and a cracked lantern.

ous wanderings in a general direction over was wrecked near Buffalo, some years since. some ploughed land, we came to the woods, The husband perished, and she escaped only yent out, and we were sometime finding widow that she married him before Robert fear of brier bushes before our eyes. In due that he might be hear her. In the course of course of time we arrived at the destination, a year they removed to Pittsburgh, where

> to stop to make change, while Robert who widow before the clerk arrived. This time

she was true to her promise, and after a year

severance will accomplish.

husbands died whalthy. Robert is very com-THE RELIGION OF EPITAPHS.—I spent some time in the churchyard, spelling out the early days, and beholding with pleased surprise, from the (as usual), truthful epitaphs that many of them were decorated with virtues of which, while they lived, I had not the smallest suspicion; so artfully had

Superstition his longer deifies the dead, but affection angelizes them. For my part, I think if I were bedaubed and hedizened with one of the tawdry epitaphs I have sometime seen in a doubtry churchyard, it would quaintance, farmer Veesey's fat wife, who reterm of "Devilship" in the Village Record suit of virtues which might not have misbe-

Christian humility concealed their excellen-

those days had to carry papers through the | It is really did to see so much wickedness past his house. We do not know of a single it. Ah! if they could but change places, time through rain or shine, that Old Mr. what a pleasant world it would be! Or rath-Record, he would remark "a fair exchange is cardinal and other virtues are thus yearly

That was a wise nigger, who, in speak-

SONG. BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ir thou hast crushed a flower, The root may not be blighted, If thou hast quench'd a lamp,

Once more it may be lighted ; The string which thou hast broken,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet song again
Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast loos'd a bird, Whose voice of song could cheer thee, Still, still he may be won

From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gen unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed. If thou hast bruised a vine, The summer's breath is healing.

And its cluster yet may glow

Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown

With a bright draught fill'd—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth
To cool thy parch'd lips fever.

The heart is like that cup.
If thou waste the love it bore thee; And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will upt restore thee; And like that string of harp or lute Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd; Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,

So soon forever shatter'd!

From Life Illustrated. JOHN WHITE AND SUSAN BLACK. (ANOTHER SENSATION STORY.)

BY C. SCISSORS, JR.

CHAPTER I .- PRELIMINARY. We know a good story. It is true. All It is about John White and Susan Black.

CHAPTER IL-READ IT. John White was raised on a rough, rocky farm in the State of Connecticut. Susan, ditto. John knew something about hard work. So did Susan. John had a mechanical genius, Susan had not. A neighbor of John's have ing emigrated to a smart manufacturing village in the State of New York, wrote to John that he would give him twenty dollars a month. John went.

CHAPTER III. - MARVELOUS. John saved his wages. His employer engaged in merchandise, and put John into the store. In process of time Mr. Smith (for such was the name by which John's employ-er was known) went to the West. John bought him out. John White became a merchant on his own account. He was reported to be worth four or five thousand dollars.

CRAPTER IV. - THE GIRLS. There were young ladies in those days .-was that each strove to outdo and outshine plishments and particular blandishments could never explain the goods satisfactorily. John was all politeness. His very nature was to please his customers. Therein he found his advantage.

CHAPTER V. - THE VISIT. John White had occasion to visit the land of his nativity. It was known all through the village that he was to be absent for a few days. On the evening preceding his departure he was tendered a complimentary party. each other. Neither liking to say first that if any one had been sent to acquaint his wife He accepted. All the ladies who had dishe wanted to go home, we staid and stood it. of the accident. Yes, the first clerk just startinguished themselves as his most faithful and persevering customers were present.-They were dressed splendidly. They put on their sweetest smiles. They were positively charming to behold. John felt as happy as a man can feel and live.

GHAPTER VI. THE RETURN. John was absent just three days. He reurned accompanied with a young lady-Good help was scarce, and it was known that | clined.") his boarding house keeper was greatly in need of a trusty and industrious servant .-John's companion was evidently not Irish. so cordially grasped her hand (as his manner was,) that he was surely in love now, if never before. John did mean something, no

doubt. CHAPTER VII. THE CATASTROPHE. So soon as order was restored. John presented his companion. "Shall I have the pleasure to introduce to these good ladies, my friend-she that was Miss Susan Black. now Mrs. White?" Some folks looked thunderstruck. All soon retired, with as little noise and confusion as could have been expected under the circumstances.

CHAPTER VIII.-THE UPROAR. Hard things were said of John for the space of three weeks. The whole village sembled (as some operation of her like) "a grace to all the people to bring such a "no comes from there. I hate little toad-eating fillet of veal upon castors," decked out in a better than she should be" into the place, cities. lished and four times as well dressed, and who could be had for the asking.

> CHAPTER IX. THE WINDING UP. Disappointment lurks in many a prize.-What can't be cured must be endured. It is est consideration I must beg leave to be exof no use to cry for spilled milk. Though cused. John's wife was not handsome, she was, in the language of Solomon, the wise man, "a charming. If they have an old church or two, good thing," John and his wife lived happily together, and prospered in their business. And it was not many months after their marriage when the very same ladies who were so indignant at John's choice, and who had even called John's wife a "whitewashed

how to bear-little trials, and to enjoy little streets, enough to betoken quiet without procomforts, and which thus extracts happiness claiming decay,—I think I could go to pieces, "Well, I will tell you. Der reason we must be broken of a bad habit, he actually refrom every incident of life.

From the Atlantic Monthly. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, BY DR. O. W HOLKES.

Six has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all. -I think, Sir, said the divinity stu-

dent, -you must intend that for one of the sayings of the Seven Wise Men of Boston you were speaking of the other day. I thank you, my young friend,—was my reply.—but I must say something better than that, before I could pretend to fill out the number.

---The schoolmistress wanted to know how many of these sayings there were on record, and what, and by whom said. Why, let us see,—there is that one of Benjamin Franklin, "the great Bostonian,"

after whom this lad was named. To be sure, he said a great many wise things—and I don't feel sure he didn't borrow this,—he speaks as if it were old. But then he applied it so neatly !--"He that has once done you a kindness

will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged." Then there is that glorious epicurean paradox, uttered by my friend, the historian, in one of his flashing moments:—
"Give us the luxuries of life, and we will

dispense with its necessaries.' To these must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men :-

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." The divinity student looked grave at this, but said nothing.

The schoolmistress spoke out, and said she didn't think the wit meant any irreverence. the incidents happened very much as we it was only another way of saying, Paris is shall relate. The moral is unexceptionable. a heavenly place after New York or Boston. A jaunty-looking person who had come in with the young fellow they call John,-evi-

dently a stranger, -said there was one more wise man's saying that he had heard; it was about our place, but he didn't know who said it.—A civil curiosity was manifested by the company to hear the fourth wise saying. I heard him distinctly whispering to the young fellow who brought him to dinner, Shall I tell it? To which the answer was. Go ahead!-Well, he said this was what I heard :--

"Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man, if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar."

And beautiful deshing demsely they were being acquainted. Cockneys think London too. Of some half a dozen, it was hard to tell is the only place in the world. Frenchmen which was the belle of the town. Certain it -you remember the line about Paris, the Court, the World, etc.-I recollect well, by "Hotel de l'Univers of des Etate Unio;" and for thus he was addressed by the ladies afore- bad with smaller places. I have been about. said, waited on them personalty. His clerk lecturing, you know, and have found the fol-

> - 1. The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or

by the inhabitants the "good old town of" - (whatever its name may happen to you give a side door key; too many have be).
3. Every collection of its inhabitants that comes together to listen to a stranger is invariably declared to be a l' remarkably intel-

ligent audience," gent audience."

4. The climate of the place is particularly favorable to longevity.

5. It contains several persons of vast tal-

of them, you may perhaps chance to rement ber, sent short pieces to the "Pactolian" some time since, which were "respectfully de-Boston is just like other places of its size;

only, perhaps, considering its excellent A very simple intellectual mechanism an-fish-market, paid fire-department, superior swers the necessities of friendship, and even Perhaps she was a sister, or cousin, or some monthly publications, and correct habit of of the most intimate relations of life. If a plain farmer's daughter who had come on a spelling the English language, it has some right watch tells us the hour and the minute, we visit. John and his companion had not been to look down on the mole of cities. I'll tell can be content to carry it about with us for very long in the store before he was congrat- you, though, if you want to know it, what is a life-time, though it has no second hand, and ulated on his safe return by nearly all the the real offence of Boston. It drains a large is not a repeater, nor a musical watch,—tho marriageable females of the place. He re- water shed of its intellect, and will not itself it is not enamelled nor jewelled,—in short, ceived them most graciously. Indeed, he be drained. If it would only send away its though it has little beyond the wheels require ooked so happy that each supposed, when he first-rate men, instead of its second-rate ones, (no offence to the well-known exceptions, of good face and a pair of useful hands. The flint which we are always proud,) we should be spared such epigrammatic remarks as that which the gentleman has quoted. There can never be a real metropolis in this country. until the biggest centre dan drain the lesser ones of their talent and wealth .- I have observed, by the way, that the people who really live in two great cities are by no means so jealous of each other, as are those of smaller cities situated within the intellectual ba- say, the more intellect, the less capacity for sin, or suction range, of one large one, of the pretensions of any other. Don't you see why? Because their promising young author and rising lawyer and large capitalist the heart's best blood, which gives the world have been drained off to the neighboring big a few pages of wisdom or sentiment or poetcity,-their prettiest girl has been exported

Well, shouldn't you like to see me put my foot into one? With sentiments of the high-nor spell.

But to radiate the heat of the affections in-

a few stately mansions of former grandees, ond story projecting, (for the convenience of da fe where young womanhood is the sacrishooting the Indians knocking at the front fice. door with their tomahawks,)-if they have, scattered about those mighty square houses blackbird," became very frequent visitors at built something more than half a century ago, It is not great wealth, nor high sta- if they have gardens with elbowed apple their eyes. tion, which makes a man happy. Many of trees that push their branches over the high the most wretched beings on earth have both. board fence and drop their fruit on the side But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows | walk, -- if they have a little grass in the side-

those tranquil places, as sweetly as in any cradle that an old man may be rocked to sleep in. I visit such spots always with infinite delight. My friend, the Poet, says, that rapidly growing towns are most unfa-vorable to the imaginative and reflective faculties. Let a man live in one of these old quiet places, he says, and the wine of his soul, which is kept thick and turbid by the

the stars by night.

Do I think that the little villages have the conceit of the great towns?-I don't believe there is much difference. You know how they read Pope's line in the smallest town in our State of Massachusetts?—Well, they read it

rattle of busy streets, and, as you hold it up, you may see the sun through it by day and

"All are but parts of one stupendous HULL!" --- Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street .-Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, boited; -with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which leads into an ante room, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the sacred cham-

There is almost always at least one key to this side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding ring conveys a right to one ;-

alas, if none is given with it!

If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim, - The Lord have merry on your soul! You will probably go mad within a reasonable time, -or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curbstone, in Melbourne or San Francisco,-or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your

heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrifaction

that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other. Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side door. The fact of pos-sessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, Sir, said I, - I am gratified with your re- or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in mark. It expresses with pleasing vivacity at the side door, if they will, at any hour that which I have sometimes heard uttered and in any mood. Some of them have a with malignant dulness. The satire of the scale of your whole nervous system, and can remark is essentially true of Boston, - and of play all the gamut of your sensibilities in her. You can't fool me." all other considerable-and inconsiderable- semitones, touching the naked nerve pulps places with which I have had the privilege of as a pianist strikes the keys of his instruor Thalberg in their lines of performance .right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of fallen snow. them. No stranger can get a great many

> t became thawed? If we take a cold-blood-. ed creature into our bosom, better it should sting us and we should die then that is should slowly steal into our hearts; warm it wo never can! I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming round these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the

A very simple intellectual mechanism anmore wheels there are in a watch or a brain, the more trouble they are to take care of .-The movements of exaltation which belong to the genius are egotistic by their very naspasms and crises that are so often met with the best basis for love or friendship .- Ohserve, I am talking about minds. I won't loving; for that would do wrong to the understanding and reason; -but, on the other ry, instead of making one other heart happy, I have no question.

would I be so good as to specify any particular example?—Oh,—an example! Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read

to a clod, which absorbs all that is poured Resides, some of the smaller cities are into it, but never warms beneath the sunshine of smiles, or the pressure of hand or lip. this is the great martyrdom of sensitive here and there an old dwelling with the sec- beings,-most of all in that perpetual auto

FIRE-ARMS FOR LADIES.—A New Orleans and we might as properly sky 'on wonder' paper says that a movement is on foot for as say such 'on one.' Before words comlight little pistols, for protection against in an hour, 'an honest man,' etc. Before sult. They had better depend on the Dutch | words commencing with h aspirated we use ess of Devonshire's weapon the light of a; as 'a hope,' a high hill,' a humble cot."

"Mynheer, do you know what for thorities .- Sargent's School Manthly. we call our boy Hans ?".

after my life's work were done, in one of call our boy Hane, it ish his name."

LOOK OUT FOR THE BRIDGE!

Some years ago, the manager of a "well regulated theater" somewhere along the line of the Eric Canal, engaged a good looking and brisk young lady as a supernumerary. It happened that the young lady in question, had formerly officiated in some capacity as a "hand" on board a canal boat, a fact which she was extremely auxious to conceal. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her newly chosen profession, and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was duly promoted, and in time became a general favorite with both manager

and public. One night she was announced to appear in a favorite part, and a couple of boatmen found their way into the pit, near the footlights, particularly anxious to see the new commedienne. The house was crowded, and after the subsidence of the general applause which greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder, and with an emphatic expletive, exclaimed loud enough to be heard over the house:

· Bill, I know that gal!" " Pshaw!" said Bill, "dry up."

"Its Sal Flukins, as sure as you're born, She's old Finkin's daughter that used to run the 'Injured Polly,' and she used to sail with

"Tom," said Bill, "you're a fool, and if you don't stop your infernal clack, you'll get put out. Sal Flukins! You know a sight you think that's her."

Tom was silenced but not convinced. Ha watched the actress in all her motions with intense interest, and ere long broke out

" I tell ye, Bill, that's her-I, know 'tis .-You can't fool me-I know her too well!" Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of all patience at this persistent interruption on the part of Tom. He gave him a tremendous audge in the ribs with his elbow, as an emphatic hint to keep quiet.

Tom, without minding the admonition, said, "You just wait, I'll fix her—keep your eve on her. Sure enough he did fix her. Watching his opportunity when the actress was deeply absorbed in her part, he sung out in a voice

which rung through the galleries: "Low Bridge!"
From force of habit the actress instantly and involuntarily ducked her head to avoid the anticipated collision. Down came the

house with a perfect thunder of applause at this palpable hit, high above which Tom's oice could be heard, as he returned Bill's punch in the ribs with interest:

"Didn't I tell ye, old boy? I knew 'twas

WINTER AND SPRING

masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps An old man was sitting in his lodge, by the side of a frozen stream. It was the close Married life is the school in which the most of winter, and his fire was almost out. He accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instru- locks were white with age, and he trembled They all sang sweetly, danced gracefully, read as Paris is the universe to a Frenchman, of ment; she has such a magnificent compass of in every joint. Day after day passed in solnovels tearfully, played the piano prettily, course the United States are outside of it.— sensibilities! From the deep inward moan and traded at John's store. "Mr. White," "See Naples and then die,"—It is quite as which follows pressure on the great nerves of of the tempest, sweeping before it the new-

taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a One day, as his fire was just dying, a handlowing propositions to hold true of all of range which no other instrument possesses. some young man approached, and entered A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man his dwelling. His cheeks were red with the wonderfully for his habitual labors, and re. blood of youth, his eyes sparkled with antfresh him immensely as he returns from mation, and a smile played upon his lips. He walked with a light and quick sten. His city.

2. If more than fifty years have passed notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes forehead was bound with a wreath of sweet. since its foundation, it is iffectionately styled one that knows it well, parent, child, brother. grass, in place of a warrior's frontlet, and he sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom carried a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"Ah, my son," said the old man, "I am happy to see you. Come in. Come, tell me You remember the old story of the of your adventures, and what strange lands tender-hearted man, who placed a frozen vi- you have been to see. Let us pass the night per in his bosom, and was stung by it when together. I will tell your of my prowess and exploits, and what I can perform. You shall do the same, and we will amuse ourselves." wrought antique pipe, and having filled it .with tobacco, rendered mild by an admixture of certain leaves, handed it to his guest .--When this ceremony was concluded, they be-

gan to speak.
"I blow my breath," said the old man, and the streams stand still. The water becomes stiff and hard as clear stone." "I breathe," said the young man, "and

flowers spring up all over the plains,' "I shake my locks," retorted the old man. and snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees at my command, and my breath blows them away. The birds get up, from the water, and fly to a distant land. The animals hide themselves from my breath, ed for a trustworthy instrument, added to a and the very ground becomes as hard as

"I shake my ringlets," rejoined the young man, "and warm showers of soft rain fall upon the earth. The plants lift up their heads out of the earth, like the eyes of childture. A calm, clear mind, not subject to the ren glistening with delight. My voice recalls the birds. The warmth of my breath unin creative or intensely perceptive natures is looks the streams. Music fills the groves wherever I walk, and all nature rejuices." At length the sun began to rise. A gentle warmth came over the place. The tongue of the old man became silent. The robin and bluebird hegan to sing on the top of the hand, that the brain often runs away with ledge. The stream began to murmur by the door, and the fragrance of growing herbs and flower- came softly on the vernal breeze. Daylight fully revealed to the young man. he character of his entertainer. When he looked upon him he had the visage of Peboan, [Winter.] Streams began to flow from his eyes. As the sun increased, he grew less and less in stature, and snon had melted completely away. Nothing remained on the place of his lodge fire but the miskodeed, a small white flower with a pink border .- Henru R. Schoolcraft.

IMPROPRIETY OF SPEECH.-We often hear persons speak of 'an use,' 'an union,' etc. Is properly might they say an year. -When u at the beginning of a word has the sound of yoo, we must treat it as a consonant, and use a instead of an bafore it. So in the word one, the vowel sound is preceded by the consonant sound of w, as if it were wan,dies in that city to arm themselves, with mencing with h silent; an must be used: an etc. Do we aspirate the h in humble? Yes. so say Webster and the most modern au-

plied : " Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"