

Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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LILLY MAY.

BY IDA ATTON.

"Dying" Willie drops his head,
Staring south the lindens trees,
All the sparkling mirth has fled
From his deep, dark eyes; the breeze
Gently lifts his shining hair,
From his forehead smooth and fair.
Scarcely the golden sunlight's kiss
To his cheeks, the roses woe;
And the tender smiles we miss,
That around the sweet mouth thrush
Wreaths of dimples, when at play,
With his favorite, Lilly May.
All forgotten, top and ball;
Kitty sports them, at her will—
Carlo wanders, from the hall,
To the little dancing floor.
Where the spinning tops lamp the shade
Of the fragrant, mossy glade.
But he finds no children there;
Back he comes with eager bound—
Knows the door were shut;
Willie's seated on the ground—
Wags his tail, and seems to say:
"Where is laughing Lilly May?"
Round the shaggy neck are hung
Soft, white arms, and when the hand
Falls a shower of curls; his tongue
Faintly falters: "She is dead—
Dead, leave Carlo! Lilly May
Never will come, with us to play."
"O, she wandered, yester night,
From this pretty earth away,
Upward, where the stars are bright;
And she heard the angels play
Sweetly on their harp of gold—
Saw the pearls gaily unfold,
"When the angel of the morn
Came to paint the rosy sky—
By the balcony fragrant rose,
To see the flowers bloom high—
Here, she always seemed to know
Where the sweetest blossoms grow.
"Sailing angels met her there,
Crowned her with celestial flowers,
Bore her gently through the air,
To her amaranthine bowers—
"Oh, brave Carlo, Lilly May
Never with us again will play!"

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

While stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had well known in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our cigars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Apennines. I told him I had never heard of it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar and taking a sip of wine.

"I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:—

"Four years ago this summer, my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them, but I had not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hand of a friend, who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished the work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next morning on the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easy enough, but I promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgia affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and did so. Upon reaching Pistoia I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this, I was already behind my time, and if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. But can't we hire some one to take it? "If signor will pay, was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and the driver, who was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out, four miserable-looking horses were attached, and in a yard of about ten minutes it was ready to start. Two rough-looking fellows were provided, one as a driver (postillion), and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Apennines by the Pass of La Collina, and just began to ascend the rugged mountain path, when I heard a loud hallooing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked, poking my head out through the opening by my side.

"Two men want to ride," returned the postillion.

"But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry; so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to-morrow."

But the drivers were not to be governed thus.

"It won't make a bit of difference," they said. "We'll go just as fast; and besides, they'll pay us something."

By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark-skinned, black-bearded, powerful men, who looked very suspicious of them as they approached. Recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen banging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoia.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellow, but I knew very well that the circumstance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly boogish, and the new

applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw that they were well armed.

"Hope we don't trouble you?" said one of them, in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply.

"No complaint, signor?" I said, shaking my head.

"Ah—English," he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No—Irish," I told him.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with another shrug of the broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl of the face.

"I had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone, I might have enjoyed the magnificent scenery which unfolded itself below us as we crept up the collina; but as it was, who could think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"Death and destruction!" he uttered, in his own tongue, "we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful."

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a moment betrayed my understanding of what he said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence.

"It's right. He don't understand us," said one of them.

"All safe," returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the grave, and all my feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:—

"The one whom I had seen in Florence by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pistoia, where his confederate was to await my arrival, intending to rob me there, if possible. But when they found that I was going in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overdone. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife in my heart, and as though they had been planning the death of a few common thieves. The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road wound round a high cliff, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand, and a deep chasm on the other.

"This was an interesting position, sure enough. I was weak—weak at best—but I could not help but feel that I was a strong fellow, and I had a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with that, that was out of the question. What could I do? Both the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die in the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small traveling bag under my feet, and in the yellow carriage jolted over the stones, the heavy pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars.

"At length the high, craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly around it. Thus far I had been torturing my brain to invent some way of escaping my captives, but I was as strong as a lion, and I had a single pistol. I heard a slight shuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers dashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"Gold! Gold!" he said. "Give me gold or die!"

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The hall entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him, for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to catch the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With the energy which the prospect of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the open window.

"Help! Robbers! I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the veturino of the new team, but was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick eye, too, he shot the villain through the heart.

"We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my

brother all that had happened, and he then told me that he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pin I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"And now what should we do next?—Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?"

"No," said my brother. "Our sisters won't expect us for three days, so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my veturino."

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's veturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the veturino's mountain.

"The drive down the mountain was quick. I performed, and the city of Pistoia was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for the trip across the Apennines. And let me say to you—if you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

Written for the Independent Republican.

YOUTH'S ESCAPE.

With thoughtful daring, Youth set out
Upon Life's journey all alone.
Soon Folly found his whereabouts,
And thought to make the youth her own.

Along the way an Pleasure's tide,
Where Vice allied, with sunny smiles;
And often Youth would turn aside,
Betrayed by Pleasure's many wiles.

At length to Pleasure's tide he flew,
Which Folly followed with a will;
But Wisdom saw, and pitied too,
Her victim struggling in the wave.

"Alas, poor youth! and Wisdom cried,
Another plunge and all is o'er!"
Youth heard the voice, with joy replied,
And struggled back to Virtue's shore.

M. E. G.

From Atkinson's Oriental and Western Siberia.

LIFE IN SIBERIA.

RUSSIAN CARD PLAYING.—Even the fair sex in Ekaterinburg pass much of their time in card playing. I am acquainted with one family where there are not less than eleven children; there is not a day in the year during which their mother spends less than five or six hours at cards, unless prevented by sickness; and when once she sits down to the card table, husband and all are forgotten. I know another lady here, the principal business of whose life is card playing. She has a moderate income, and passes her days and most of her nights at cards. She has her daily rounds, and goes with as much exactness to her office as the most punctual merchant to his. Ten o'clock in the morning is her usual starting time. The tables are opened and the cards dealt. If no one calls before this hour, she goes forth to her usual occupation, and seeks some one among her friends who will sit down and play, if only for one hour. The game over at one place, she goes to another, till she finds some one who will indulge her in a second rubber, and so the time passes until dinner. After dinner she sleeps a couple of hours, and wakes quite fresh for her favorite pursuit. In the evening she has no difficulty, for many are willing to play. Thus the time is spent until a late hour.

At one of the large mining towns in the Altai, there lives a man who has become rich from gold mines, and is a celebrated card player. It is an unusual circumstance for him to visit St. Petersburg; and as Ekaterinburg is about midway between the capital and his placid residence, he is sometimes obliged to stop in the way to repair cartridges, after a run of more than 2,000 cartridges—in fact, it is often absolutely necessary. This man's fame has spread far and wide, his detention in the town for the first time was an event which afforded the lady I have just alluded to the utmost gratification; she soon permitted such an opportunity to pass without trying a rubber with such a renowned champion. At her particular request, a friend arranged that she should meet at dinner. She has been heard to say no hours ever dragged on so slowly as that forenoon; still, the sun ran his course, and directly dinner was over, down they sat to cards. The evening went on with varied success; the lady was captured, and rose from the table the winner of a large sum. She invited her opponent to play the next day; after some demerit he consented, and the following day the contest was renewed, and continued until she had lost all. Nothing daunted, she urged him again to defer his journey four-and-twenty hours, as her half-year's income would arrive by the post the following morning. But then came a difficulty about getting the money at once, as there was some formality which would delay it a day or two. After some trouble, she persuaded the person to whom it was consigned, to waive the usual form, and let her have the money immediately. She got it, and so strong was her ruling passion, that every moment seemed lost until she seated at the card table. In a few hours she left without a copeck—her half-year's income entirely gone!

A FEMALE HUNTER.—Mr. Atkinson goes on to say: "It was here that I first made the acquaintance of Anna Petrovna, the bear hunter. Her fame has spread far and wide, not in the wide range of Siberia, a more intrepid or dangerous enemy. At this time she was about thirty-two years of age, neither tall nor stout; but her step was firm, and she was strong and active. Her countenance was soft and pleasing; indeed, there was nothing in her appearance that indicated her extraordinary intrepidity. It is true she came of good stock, her father and brothers being famous hunters. I was informed that very early in life she had displayed a love for the chase; and having been taught how to use the rifle, many wolves and other animals had fallen by her hand. Each time that

bear-skins were brought home by different members of the family, her desire increased to add one to her other spoils. Without breathing a word to any one, and with this object in view, she set out on a sporting rambles, the conversations of her family having afforded sufficient intimation of the course she ought to take.

One day a large black bear had been seen by one of her brothers, when ranging the forest with his pea-rifle in quest of smaller game. This was spoken of in her presence, and the plan of a campaign arranged to be carried into effect in a day or two. The next morning long before any member of the household had left their beds, she had put on her hunting gear, saddled a horse, slung her rifle over her shoulder, and was away. Any one so erratic in her movements, that her absence caused no uneasiness, and before day dawned she was many versts from the cottage. Early in the morning she reached the forest, and secured her horse so that he might feed while she penetrated the thick and tangled wood before her.

There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed, that Brain was taking his morning ramble, his tracks being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and adding powder from her flask, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a blood-hound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught glimpse of him. She was tired, and she had not much food, and she was beginning to be longed for, Anna had recourse to a little long, sat down by a small stream, and made her breakfast on a piece of rye bread, washed down with a draught from the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle and again pushed on. She had another long and fruitless walk. Satisfied however, that she was not far from him, she started in the direction of a bed of high plants, which she reached the giant forest, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond.

While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication, well known to hunters, assured her that the long sought for game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward, she rushed the bear with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly she threw forward her rifle, and fired on one knee and got a good thing. The animal started at her slight motionless. She now touched the trigger, there followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished, she lay dead.

After taking off the bear's skin, she found in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance, for she had been brought nearly to the spot where she commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home, and astonished the family, on her entrance to the house, by throwing the skin on the floor. Since that time Anna Petrovna has engaged with and killed sixteen bears.

A New Way of Courting.

About three months since a young Parisian traveling in Germany took the road from Augsburg to Berlin. In the car he selected four other persons, two mamma and two daughters. The two mothers were face to face in one corner, the young man took the opposite, and found himself face to face with the young ladies. The young man put on a straight and absent air. The conductor came to demand the tickets. The young man paid no attention at all, when the request was many times repeated. Roused from his reverie in presence of the young ladies, the young man had recourse to a ruse to avoid exciting ridicule. "What are you saying?" said he. "Why do you not speak French?" The conductor then explained by signs, the ticket was changed, and the young man returned to his reverie. The young ladies aroused him. They began in full voice:—"This young man is very handsome," said one.

"Hist, Berlin," said the other, with a sort of fright.

"Why, he don't know a word of German. We talk to him. How do you find him?"

"Only ordinary."

"You are diffident. He has a charming figure and distinct air."

"He is too pale, and besides you know I do not love dark."

"And you know I prefer dark to blonde. We have nothing but blondes in Germany. It is monotonous and commonplace."

"Oh, for woman it is different. He has pretty moustaches."

"Bertha, if your mother should hear you!"

"She is busy with her talk, besides it is no hurt to speak of moustaches."

"I prefer the blonde moustaches of Frederick."

"I understand that Frederick is supposed to you, but I who am without a lover am free to exercise my opinions, and I feel that this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression."

"You do not know. I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he does not speak German; he would talk with us."

"Would you marry a Frenchman?"

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and can read and write, and is amiable. But I can hardly keep from laughing. See, he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

The young traveler was endowed with a great power of self control, and he had preserved his absent and inattentive air all the time while the dialogue continued, he thought how curiously his attempt to avert a laugh by pretending not to know German had no result. He looked calmly at Bertha, and his resolution was taken. "At a new station, the conductor came again for the tickets.—Our young man with extra elaboration, and in excellent French, said:

"Ah, you will be my jacket. Very well—let me see; I believe it is in my portmanteau. Oh, yes, here it is."

The effect of the coup-de-theatre was startling. Bertha nearly fainted away, but soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They were pleased with each other, and in a few weeks Bertha ratified her good opinion of the young man and his willingness to marry a Frenchman.—They live at Hamburg.

Ladies and Poor Folk in Germany.

A writer in the New York Times, in speaking of the rural life in summer of the better classes in Germany, says:

It is not a half dozen times in summer that we enter a house, though we pay a visit every day. In every garden are two or three bowers, and all sheltered so as to be safe in sunshine and in shower. You enter a gate by ringing a bell, which admonishes a servant of your arrival. Far away, where you see no one, he pulls a bolt, and a gentle push gives you admittance. The ladies are sewing, or rather embroidering and chatting in the summer-houses, and there you go and sit or walk at your pleasure. If you stay to tea, the tea, or more often coffee, is taken upon a rude board table, without cloth and without ceremony. We say the ladies are embroidering. We have never seen a German lady sew on any occasion. Steam-stoves are as cheap as well as coffee, and we have no fault to find with the custom of employing them; but we are beginning to surprise these far-famed German housekeepers, and models of industry, by telling them that the American women, except a few ultra-fashionables in cities, work some ten times as hard as ladies of the same class in Germany.—The women in Northern Germany spin, knit, knit, for ever. They need such quantities of stockings and linen, where they wash so seldom, and "Oh," they say, "how can people live and have a furl of washing every week? Why, it almost kills them to think of it. But though they have not the fuss of washing every week, they are much more afraid of soiling a great quantity of clothes than those who endure this fuss of labor. In answer to our inquiries, and in accordance with our experience, the custom is to give each person one clean sheet a month. The upper one is secured to the quilt all round. We have never been furnished with more than a quart of water a day, and one towel a week for personal use. In the same kind of family in America, they furnish a clean sheet every week, and a "clean towel" every day for the same purpose. There is no such class of people in Germany as are scattered all over the hills and valleys of England and America—gentlemen farmers and tradesmen, whose wives and daughters are ladies, as cultivated and refined as any city ladies, and a little more so.

The Mother's Sculptor.

Every mother is a sculptor. Though perhaps she dreams not of it, she is engraving lines on a tablet that are to endure for ages. The mother, in her office, holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character, and makes the being who would be a saint or a sinner.

But for her gentle care, a Christian man, then crown her Queen, all the world would be a wilderness.

Scarcely a day passes that her hand does not trace new words on the mind and heart of her child. Some one, who we know not, has given utterance to this precious language much more impressive than any we have at command. He says:—"You may readily trace on the sandy beach impressions distinct and multiform, but the next rolling wave will wash them out. The spots and stains of your earthly robes may be removed; the ravages of a storm that strips nature of its beauty, and glory, may be repaired; time and culture may reclothe it with its former fertility and beauty. But, oh! remember—and may it be written with a diamond impression upon your soul—that the impressions of childhood, the precepts which you chiseled into the hearts of children, will like letters graven on a rock, remain forever. If they are in types of vice, nothing short of omnipotent, divine grace can erase them.—If in the beautiful forms of virtue and holiness, they will brighten and beautify in the sunlight of a heavenly and eternal day."

Curious.

There is a story going the rounds of the Press, of an Angel having visited and talked with a woman and child in Orange township, Hancock county, Ohio. A little child was out doors playing, when an Angel appeared, and talked with its mother, seeing it make some singular motions with its arms, went out to the child, and she also saw the Angel and talked with it. The Heavenly Visitor told her how and when she and her child would die, and then left and ascended heavenward. The child has since died at the age of two years, when an Angel appeared to her. The mother has since the child's death, given these facts to a County Commissioner and a Justice of the Peace.—They are vouched for by the Kenton (O.) Republican.—Steubenville Herald.

Sketch of Luther, by Carlyle.

A colossal, rugged, plebeian, and it was with great cracks of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery, were all there. Often did there seem to me in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, for whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he who first learned to preach, suffered unhealed agony. "Oh, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicar general of his order, "I cannot do it, I shall die in three months. Indeed I cannot do it."

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir, Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that you need good Luther up yonder too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die as it happens." So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world, and also before he died he wrote very many books—books in which the true man—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay. Look at the Table Talk for example.

We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on the bough of the pear tree, that grew in Luther's garden. Luther looked up and it said: "That little bird, who it covers its wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home." The God that made it, too, is there. The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in the other passages of his book. Coming home from Leipzig in the autumn season, he breaks forth into living wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent him another year."—Such thoughts as these are so little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible, across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

Our people, nomadic as the Arabs,

impetuous as the Gots and Huns, pour them selves along our Western borders, carrying with them all their wealth and all their institutions. They drive schools along with them as shepherds drive sheep, and troops of colleges go lowing over the Western plains, like Jacob's kids.

"It is with the singing of a congregation, as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the bougts striking upon each other altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual discords.

"When a man unites with the church, he should not come saying, 'I am so holy that I think I must come in among the saints,' but 'O brethren, I find I am so weak and wicked that I cannot stand alone; so, if you can help me, open the door and let me enter.'"

Dr. Love Men More Than Women.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, for March, puts it thus:

Kate the other day, was asserting a wife's right to the control of her own property, and incidentally advocating the equality of the sexes—a touchy point with her. I put in—"Tell me then, Kate, why animals form stronger attachments to men than women."

"Your dog, your parrot, and even your cat, already prefer me to you. Have you an account for it, unless you allow there is more in us to respect and love?"

"I account for it," said she, with a most decided nod, "by affinity. There is more affinity between you and brutes."

"One of our great troubles, as ministers, is to keep people from wishing to be fully converted. There are those who will not come into God's kingdom unless they can come as Dante went into paradise—by going through hell."

Every mother is a sculptor.

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Scarcely a day passes that her hand does not trace new words on the mind and heart of her child. Some one, who we know not, has given utterance to this precious language much more impressive than any we have at command. He says:—"You may readily trace on the sandy beach impressions distinct and multiform, but the next rolling wave will wash them out. The spots and stains of your earthly robes may be removed; the ravages of a storm that strips nature of its beauty, and glory, may be repaired; time and culture may reclothe it with its former fertility and beauty. But, oh! remember—and may it be written with a diamond impression upon your soul—that the impressions of childhood, the precepts which you chiseled into the hearts of children, will like letters graven on a rock, remain forever. If they are in types of vice, nothing short of omnipotent, divine grace can erase them.—If in the beautiful forms of virtue and holiness, they will brighten and beautify in the sunlight of a heavenly and eternal day."

Curious.

There is a story going the rounds of the Press, of an Angel having visited and talked with a woman and child in Orange township, Hancock county, Ohio. A little child was out doors playing, when an Angel appeared, and talked with its mother, seeing it make some singular motions with its arms, went out to the child, and she also saw the Angel and talked with it. The Heavenly Visitor told her how and when she and her child would die, and then left and ascended heavenward. The child has since died at the age of two years, when an Angel appeared to her. The mother has since the child's death, given these facts to a County Commissioner and a Justice of the Peace.—They are vouched for by the Kenton (O.) Republican.—Steubenville Herald.

Sketch of Luther, by Carlyle.

A colossal, rugged, plebeian, and it was with great cracks of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery, were all there. Often did there seem to me in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, for whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he who first learned to preach, suffered unhealed agony. "Oh, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicar general of his order, "I cannot do it, I shall die in three months. Indeed I cannot do it."

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir, Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that you need good Luther up yonder too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die as it happens." So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world, and also before he died he wrote very many books—books in which the true man—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay. Look at the Table Talk for example.

We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on the bough of the pear tree, that grew in Luther's garden. Luther looked up and it said: "That little bird, who it covers its wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home." The God that made it, too, is there. The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in the other passages of his book. Coming home from Leipzig in the autumn season, he breaks forth into living wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent him another year."—Such thoughts as these are so little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible, across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

Our people, nomadic as the Arabs,

impetuous as the Gots and Huns, pour them selves along our Western borders, carrying with them all their wealth and all their institutions. They drive schools along with them as shepherds drive sheep, and troops of colleges go lowing over the Western plains, like Jacob's kids.

"It is with the singing of a congregation, as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the bougts striking upon each other altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual discords.

"When a man unites with the church, he should not come saying, 'I am so holy that I think I must come in among the saints,' but 'O brethren, I find I am so weak and wicked that I cannot stand alone; so, if you can help me, open the door and let me enter.'"

Dr. Love Men More Than Women.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, for March, puts it thus:

Kate the other day, was asserting a wife's right to the control of her own property, and incidentally advocating the equality of the sexes—a touchy point with her. I put in—"Tell me then, Kate, why animals form stronger attachments to men than women."

"Your dog, your parrot, and even your cat, already prefer me to you. Have you an account for it, unless you allow there is more in us to respect and love?"

"I account for it," said she, with a most decided nod, "by affinity. There is more affinity between you and brutes."

"One of our great troubles, as ministers, is to keep people from wishing to be fully converted. There are those who will not come into God's kingdom unless they can come as Dante went into paradise—by going through hell."