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For the Independent Republican. REVERIES.

BY IDA AFTON. where, where am I? Far from all That breathes of me or mine.
When pleasure spreads her glaring thrall,
I sup the sweet, but drink the gall
That lurks beneath her shine.

The sturdy tree's majestic pride— Chief beauty of the mountain side— The bright stream dancing through the vale,
The crowning beauty of the dale,
Might tune 2 Poet's lyre;

Flow'rs sweetly bloom, vines gently cling, And here are birds of fleetest wing, That carol through the grove. Here too the gentle, fragrant breeze
Trills soft its music through the treesth! here I love to rove. and pluck the flow'rs of varied hue, When smiling through their tears of dew— But O, to me they're not half so fair, As those that breathe my own mountain air!

For the Independent Republican. THE FABLE OF PETER VAN DYKE. BY WILL.

PETER VAN DYKE was à Dutchman who lived in the midst of the flowery plains of Holland. His pleasant cottage stood on a spot of land which formed part of an extensive polder, which, being below the level of the sea, had once been covered with its waters. As all the world knows, much of the land of Holland is of this description, it having been dyked and drained by the enterprise and patient industry which form so large a part of the Dutch character. The landscape which surrounded the cottage was such as a Dutchman loves to look upon. On either hand the prespect was bounded by the stoop of the blue sky to the swelling curve of the earth's rotundity. No hill or vale disturbed the placid face of nature, and the beautiful garment of the earth looked as if it had all been ironed out shortly after the great washing day, when the country no doubt existed n a state of mud pie. Enlivening the scene, the windmills swung their huge arms to the passing breeze, and pumped the water into the broad canal. The canal itself was the highway to the city by the sea, whose spires were reddened by the setting sun.

Peter had a garden and a wife, and the loves of his heart and the prides of his soul partook of the motion, and he fell to the were his view and his cabbages. Nor were they unworthy objects of his affections; tor his wife had not a scolding tongue, and her form was as gracefully moulded as were the forms of the voluptuous vegetables in his garden, which surpassed in size all the cabbages of the land. By day he hoed his cabbages with untiring assiduity; and when his labors were ended he sat for an evening hour, enjoying the peaceful society of his spouse, and gazing through the hazy smoke wreaths of his meerschaum at the stately goings of sible, commenced to tell her all that had hapthe boats upon the screne canal. Then was pened. But his poor vrow, suddenly roused made perfect the earthly happiness of Peter

Once a year he sailed down to the great city to sell in the market the produce of his industry. These journeys were events for which due preparation was made beforehand, and the recollections of which furnished conversation and astonishment for the worthy couple until the bursting heads of the cabbages warned Peter that it was again time to make ready for his departure. Thus admonished, his spouse with a sorrowful heart devoted herself to the task of resuscitating his blue coat and brimstone breeches, while he gathered his crop, and with it loaded a large canal boat until it looked like a floating island of the deepest verdure. When all was completed, and Peter was duly arrayed in the garments prepared for him, he tenderly embraced his loved wife and set forth upon his voyage, leaving her dissolved in tears.

In the city market Peter's cabbages always brought the highest price; and, as he spent no money foolishly, on his return he was always possessed of a snug little sum, the most of which, not being needed for immediate use, was put carefully away in the little mahogany box, together with the savings of former years, the glisten of which Peter's eyes. loved to hehold. Not that Peter was avaricious - He loved not money, but the pleasant things which money could obtain. Une of these days, thought he, as year by year he watched the constantly increasing pile, one of these days I will be rich; and he thought of the enjoyments which those riches, honestly. obtained, would afford. I may smoke my pipe a longer while then, thought he, and

need not work so hard. At length the money nearly filled the box. Peter now worked fewer hours than he had been wont to work, and sat longer before the dolence were more than ever, and, considering their penceful blessedness as the highest state of human happiness, he at length forsook his former employment altogether; another man was hired to hoe his cabbages, and at the south part of the town. tried to enjoy himself as much as possible.throughout the day, were necessarily weakened in flavor. This dilution of his fondly anticipated enjoyments seemed strange to Peter, for although his mental saccharometer indicated even below zero, he did not know the reason. His pipe had but the ninth part time of the siege. of it-former fragrance, because he smoked it nine times as often. These sleepy old canal wondered that it had never seemed so before, happen there. In short, Peter grew discontented; and, as his thoughts, tired of their the top of the highest spire of the westward | wood. Beneath that he said to himself, is something like life: there the scenes are ever new and changing; what a fine thing it must be to live in the great city. He remember: footman, in plum-colored breeches, up behind. town. The life of a burgher must be grand, but it needs a great deal of money. If I only had,

mahogany box, the contents of which had

looked again for the star of the cathedral: but the sun was down, and it shone no longer so he entered his cottage and went to bed, where he dreamed of being a rich burgher and riding about the streets in a yellow car-

The land which Peter owned and cultivated had many years before belonged to a rich miser, who was said to have hidden away. large sums of money in the ground, although no one knew where. So one day it happened very naturally, as Peter was brooding over his discontent, that the idea slawly crawled into his uneasy brain that if he could find this money it would make him rich enough to live in the great city. What a lucky fellow I would be, if I should find a great pan full of gold, imagined Peter all day long. When he retired at night, having, as long. When he retired at night, having, as long to the barries to enlow him. was usual when he was trying to enjoy him-self, eaten too much cabbage, he dreamed that he knew where the treasure was concealthat he knew where the treasure was concealed. The second flash of lightning showed a tree ed. He did not go to look at the place next thard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous: My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storn of breaking the charm; but he said to himself, if I can keep the secret and dream of it n the same place three nights in succession, then I may be sure. He seemed very happy, and his loving spouse was delighted with the improvement in his spirits. The next night he dreamed again, and not only was the place of the hidden treasure the same, but the earth seemed transparent, and he saw the gold itself. There was a large panful, and he images stamped upon the coin seemed to nod to him in token of recognition. One more night, thought Peter, and the gold is in very good circumstances, was called from

gilded cross, which shone as the star of his destiny, until the last sunbeam faded away and its glory was departed. He retired earlier than usual, and although in haste to sleep and dream, it was long ere he slept, at which unusual phenomenon his good wife was not a little troubled. Near midnight he awoke.— He had dreamed his third dream, and seen again the gold through the transparent earth, which was as clear as water. . The shining faces had recognized him at once, and the bright coins each with a wiggling tail, like golden tadpoles, swam merrily around the pan.-Faster and faster around the pan swam the golden tadpoles, and Peter's expanded eyes followed them, revolving like two juggler's saucers, until, dizzy with the whirl, his head ground, the strange feeling of which awake him, for it felt as much like water as it lookd, and he could hardly remember whether he had dreamed of falling into his cabbage bed or into the canal. The queer terminahis sleeping wife, and, talking as fast as posfrom her slumbers, was almost scared out of parition, one morning, of Florence Benson, her wits. Recovering her scattered senses, riding by on horseback. she came to the conclusion that it must be had ever troubled him, and she immediately went for the perpermint bottle. The dose which, supposing him to be talking in his sleep, she suddenly and forcibly administered produced no effect except so to confuse

his ideas as to cause him to begin at the other end of his story and endeavor to say it backwards faster than ever. Astounded by the result and perceiving that the peppermint, which had never failed before, had only made him worse, she dressed herself as quickly as possible, and set off at once for the doctor, who lived two miles off, up the canal.-It was a long walk for her, and the doctor; who was an old gentleman, was some time in getting ready to accompany her home.— They had not proceeded far on their way when shouts of alarm were heard from the surrounding country. The water was rushing from the canal, no one knew where, and flooding their fands and dwellings. The breach in the dyke was found apposite Peter's cottage; but Peter himself was never ound. From his wife's recollections of what he had told her, it is supposed that, under the influence of his dreams, as soon as his wife left, he had seized a spade, and, eager for gold, had dug a hole in the dyke, where he had been swept away by the first rush of the

overwhelming waters. Thus ends the fable of Peter Van Dyke.

Liberty Trees.

. It was customary in the olden time for the Sons of Liberty to select some tree standing in a convenient locality, and by appropriate ceremonies dedicate it to Liberty. The elm door of his cottage to watch the canal boats. has the honor above other trees to be prefer-As his love of ease increased, his hours of in. red for this purpose. That which was set apart in Boston was a wide-spreading and beautiful tree which stood in front of a house near the corner of Essex and Washington

Peter determined to spend the remainder of On the 14th of August, 1765, this tree. his days in the utmost felicity. So all day was devoted by the Sons of Liberty to ex-long he sat and smoked and dreamed and pose on it effigies of the men who had rendered themselves odious by their agency in But the pleasures which his former industri- procuring or favoring the passage of the ous habits had concentrated into a single eve- Stamp Act. On the 11th of September folning hour of blissful reverse, sweetened by lowing they fixed a copper plate two and a the fatigue of labor, being now distributed half feet by three and a half feet in dimensions upon it, bearing the inscription in gold letters. The Tree of Liberty, August 14, the servant: 1765. Ever after, most of the popular meetings of the Sons of Liberty were held under it, until they were obliged to leave town in

This tree was a famous evesore to the British, and one of their greatest exploits duboats all look alike, thought he; and then he | ring the siege was its destruction. This was accomplished in August, 1775. A party unand if anything new or strange would ever der the leadership of one John Williams cut it down, leaving nothing but the stump above ground. The root they could not touch .surroundings, turned away from his accus. This tree, which bore the first fruits of libertomed delights, his eyes rested on the glitter ty in America, was planted in 1646. It was won't suspect anything until the knot is tied, of the gilded cross which shone like a star on of large size, and made fourteen cords of

The Liberty Tree in Providence was dedicated July 25, 1768. An account thereof appeared in the first number of Samuel Hall's Essex Gazette, published at Salem, August ed how he had seen the rich burghers ride | 2d of that year. This tree is said to have through the streets in splendid yellow coach. been remarkable on account of its size, and es drawn by cream-colored horses, with a was a point of reference for strangers in the

Liberty trees were selected and similarly dedicated in most of the larger towns in New and he sighed to think of the smallness of his | England and in New York.

hitherto given him so much satisfaction. He Love hath twenty pair of eyes. - Shaks.

I dreamed I had a friend, on whom I leant Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:
For mine own self seemed nothing, lacking her.
This maid, so idolized, that trusted friend
Dishonored in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But he my lecter and mentioned against my life. But by my looks, and most impassioned words, I roused the virtues that are dead in no man, Even in th' assassing hearts! they made their terms, And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

A DREAM.

A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs, Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean, I stayed as though the hour of death were passed A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear, The woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one have And, with loud voice and clamorous agony, Kneeling I prayed to the great spirit that made me, Prayed that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts. And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable As the gored lion's bite.—Coloridge.

MATRIMONIAL STRATAGEM; ---()R---How Two Households Became One.

Mrs. Benoni Benson was fat, fair, and forty-four, when her husband, a soap-boiler mine. That evening he watched again the his life task of contributing to the general purification of mankind. Mrs. Bensen took refuge from her grief in a pretty cuttage, sitnated on the principal street in the town of

At first she was inconsolable, as she used to say with a solemn emphasis, which carried conviction to the hearts of her hearers, that nothing but the thoughts of her daughter Florence would have prevented her from terminating her existence by the intervention

Mrs. Benson was, in no small measure, indebted to her daughter—since taless than three months, she threw aside her mourning and became as lively as ever. Touching Florence, she had now reached

the mature age of nineteen, and began to think herself marriageable. She was quite pretty, and tolgrably well accomplished, so that her wishes in that respect were very likely to be fulfilled.

Just over the way lived Squire Markham, the viilage lawyer, just verging upon fifty, tion of his dream, however, did not at all with his son Charles, who was about half his dampen his feelings of joy. He considered age. Being a young man of agreeable exte-it an omen-of good, which portended that he rior, the latter was quite a favorite with the would ere long sail down to the great city. As young ladies in the neighborhood, and conw he awoke sidered in common parlance, quite a " catch." been seriously entangled, and might have remained so had it not been for the sudden ap-

It struck him at once that she was remark. the effect of too much cabbage at supper, as ably grace ul and really quite pretty. Therethe effect of too much cabbage at supper, as upon he cultivated her acquaintance with in-ailments of this kind were the only ills that upon he cultivated her acquaintance with in-bad over troubled him, and she immediately creased assiduity, and after a while asked the fatal question.

Florence answered in the affirmative, and instead of referring him dutifully to her. mother, hinted (being a fromantic young lady) how charming it would be to steal away to the next town and get married, without anybody being the wiser... Charles Markham caught at this hint, which

chimed with his own temperament, and he resolved to adopt it.

In order that it might be carried out with

perfect success, it was resolved to seem indifferent to each other until the day fixed, inorder to ward off any suspicion which might, otherwise be aroused. So well were these arrangements carried

out, that Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on. Not so with Squire Marktam. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner. so that he had not only discovered the fact

of the elopement, but even the very day on which it was to occur.
"Sly dog, that Charles," thought he to himself, as he sat down before the fire in his dressing gown and smoking cap, leisurely puffing away at a choice Havana. "But I lon't wonder at it; he only takes after me. Still, I owe him something for keeping it so secretly from me. It would be a good joke,

marry her in spite of him." Squire Markham, who was one of those ovial widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on this idea, struck out by chance as it were, till he really began

f I were a little younger, to cut him out and

to think it worth something.

"After al," shouted he, "I am not so old either—or at least the ladies say so-and they ought to be good judges in such matters. I have been a bachelor a good while, and ought to have found out before this how much more comfortable it would be to have a pretty wife to welcome me home, and to do the honors of my table, and to help me keep that rascal Charles in order. Egad! l've half à mind to do it." Squire Markham took two more whiffs

and exclaimed: "I vow l'll do it!" What this mysterious ir was, we will leave the reader to infer from his very next movement. Ringing the bell, he inquired of

Is Charles at home?" "No sir," was the reply, "he went out

this morning and will be gone all day."

"Humph! that'll do. So much the better for my purposes," thought he when left alone.

"Now I shall have the ground left to myself. Let me see; the rascal intends running away next Thursday evening, and to-day is Monday. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot. I'll write to her in his name, telling her that I have altered my mind and will go just at dark to morrow night. She and then what a laugh we shall have!"

Squire Markham did not consider that it might make a little difference with the bride expectant. He considered it a capital joke on his son but looked no further. He accordingly drew his writing materials towards him and indited the following epistle:

"DEAREST FLORENCE :- I find the day fixed for our elopement on some accounts objectionable, and would like, with your permission, to substitute to-morrow evening. If I hear nothing from you, I shall infer that you assent to this arrangement—I, shall have a carriage in readiness under the old oak tree, at half past eight o'clock. You can walk there without attracting suspicion, and, as there will be no doing so a man h moon, we shall be able to carry out our plans with instead of two

out fear of discovery. I am happy to say that the governor doesn't suspect in the least that a daughter-in-law is in store for him. Won't he be ashamed. CHARLEY." Your devoted

humbugging me. Clarley couldn't have ple's children. She taught in a little red been comforted by some good friend.

School-house, in "Shrub Oak," about half a Mary Bell and I were still and serious all

"Be careful, Mike, to give it to Miss Ben-

Please, ma'm," said he, holding out the missive, "a letter for Miss Benson, an' its very particular that nobody else should see

The air of mystery conveyed in this characteristic address, aroused Mrs. Benson's cuthat had lost its attractions.

"What in the world can it be," she tho't, Florence be carrying on a clandestine correspondence! It may be something that I ought to know."

false to the responsibilities of a parent if she did not unravel the mystery. , "Here's pretty doing!" she exclaimed, as

soon as she could recover breath. "So Flor ence was going to run away and get married to that Charles Markham, without so much as hinting a word to me." She leaned her head upon her hand, and

began to consider. She was naturally led to think of her own marriage with the late Mr. Benson, and the happiness of here wedded life, and she could not help heaving a sigh at lessons. These great bell pears were cruelly "Am I always to remain thus solitary?"

she thought. "I've half a mind not to show It's odd if I can't persuade him that the mother is as good as the daughter," and she glanced complacently at the still attractive face and form reflected from the mirror. Just then she heard the door open, and succeeding day, chiefly in pursuance of the entered our hearts.

Squire Markham acted in an exceedingly strange manner, to his son's thinking. Occasionally he would burst into a hearty laugh. pace up and down the room, as if to walk off some of his superabundant hilarity.

"What's in the wind?" thought Charles to himself. "It can't be the governor's getting crazy." 'Something was the matter, beyond a doubt. But what it really was he had not the faintest conjecture.

At the hour specified, the Squire had his carriage drawn up at the appointed rendezvous. He began to peer anxiously in the dark for Florence. At length a female form, well muffled up, made its appearance. Thanking her in a very low whisper, lest it might be suspected that he was the wrong person, he-helped her into the carriage, and drove off. Their destination was the house of the Justice of the Peace, residing at a distance of

During the first part of the journey nothing was said. Both parties were desirous of concealing their identity. At length, Squire Markhain, considering that after all he could not marry the lady without her consent, and that the discovery must be made before the marriage, decided to reveal himself, and then urge his own suit as well as he might.

My dear Miss Florence," he continued n his natural voice. "Why!" shrieked the lady, "I thought it

was Charles." "And I," said Squire Markham, recognizng Mrs. Benson's voice with astonishment,

thought it was Florence." "Was it you, sir, who was arranging to elope with my daughter?" "No, but I conclude it was you, main,

who was meaning to elope with my son, "Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong; the affair coming incidentally to my knowledge I concluded to take her place secretly, in order to frustrate her plans." "Egad! the very idea I had myself," said

the Squire, laughing, "but the fact is, we've both of us been confoundedly sold, and the mischief of it is, I left a letter for Charles. letting him know it; so undoubtedly he will take the opportunity to run off with Florence during our absence, and plume himself, the rascal, on the way in which I was taken

"I confess that I left a note for Florence to the same purport. How she will laugh at

ne! What an embarrassment!"

"I tell you what," said the Squire, after a moment's pause, "we can carry out our plans after all. We each came out with the intention of getting married. Why not marry each other, and then, you know, we can make them believe we had it in view all along, and only intended to frighten them."

made one. They immediately returned, but sweet. found, as they anticipated, that Florence and The o Charles, discovering their departure, had casting a timid glance up and down, to be of life would frequently prove our death—themselves stepped off in a different direction sure that she was in solitude, knelt down by Mirabeau said of a man who was as idle as with a similar intent.

They made their appearance the next morning, prepared to laugh heartily at the frustrated plans of their parents, but learned struck up a bargain for themselves. Squire Markham and his new wife had the address to convince them that it was all a premeditated plan, and to this day the younger pair are ignorant of the plot and counter-plot, with such meek carnestness to touch our which led to this double union of the two hearts, and bring us humbly to his feet, kneelhonseholds.

أمنعه كالمراجع المراجع

MY FIRST LESSON. ABBY PUNDERSON-yes, that was the name of my first schoolmistress. She was one of derson received me into the alphabet class.

son, and don't let anyone else see it," was the parting injunction.

Mrs. Benson was sitting in her quiet parlor, casting her eyes over a late number of me by name. I see the sharp pointed scis-Harper's Magazine. Florence being absent sors lifted from the chain at her side. I hear on a shopping excursion, she was left alone. the rap, rap, of her thimble against the leath-The ringing of the bell brought her to the door. With surprise she saw that the person feel myself dropping that bashful little courtiful little; the color came and went on her face. who rang the bell was Mike, Squire Mark-ham's "boy of all work." tesy and blushing under those solemn grey eyes, as she points down the long row of Roman capitals and tells me to read. I remember it all: she had on a brown cotton dress; walked through the scholars up to that highher hair was parted plainly and done up in a Erench twist behind; there was a good deal of grey in that black hair, and around her prim mouth any, quantity of fine wrinkles; riosity, especially when she observed that it but her voice was low and sweet; she was was addressed to her daughter and not to stiff, but not cross, and the little girls loved herseif, as she supposed. She returned to her in a degree, though she did give them the parlor-not to read Harper's Magazine, long stretches of hemming, and over-seams to

My first schoolmistress came from some that they should be so secret about it? Can neighboring town. She was neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian; but wore the nicest little Methodist bonnet, made of silver-grey satin, without a bow or bit of lace-a Quaker Stimulated by her feminine curiosity, Mrs. | bonnet, cut.short. Then she had a dainty Benson speedily concluded that she would be silk shawl, tinted like a dove's wing, and always carried her handkerchief folded when

she went to prayer meeting.

The school house stood upon the banks of small stream which turned a mill just above; it was so overshadowed by young hemlocks that you could only hear the singing of the waters as they stole by the windows. Some forty feet of meadow lay between the windows and the bank, and a noble pear-tree, full of golden fruit, flung its shadow over the school house, as we got our tantalizing as they grew and ripened amid the green leaves! but when they came rush-ing down from the boughs and fell in the the letter to Florence, but to run away with grass directly under us, so plump and mel-charles to morrow night on my own account. low, it was really too much for human na-

But Miss Punderson was strict; she read the golden rule every day, and kneeling at and morning, while we stood mutely around. Florence entered. She quickly crimpled up Indeed her control was so perfect that we

where she would disappear down the hemlock fering. which he would endeavor to suppress, and bank, and stay sometimes during the entire

book that "the mistress would be after that

pear about noon time." Mary Bell, a little girl in my class, looked uddenly up and nodded her head. We had found it all out; that was why the mistress crossed the bank every noon. She was fond of pears, and wanted them all to herselfgreedy old thing? We began to feel very angry and ill-used; not one of us would have thought it. What right had she to the pears? They did not belong to her more than to us. In fact, Mary Bell's father, who owned the mill, and lived in the great house with pointed gables, just, in sight, was the only person

who had a claim on that tree or its fruit. When the recess came, we were upon the watch. Just as usual, the mistress took her dinner basket, and, getting over the fence, went towards the hemlock bank. Once she stooped, as if to tie her shoe.

"See, see!" whispered Dan, who was on his knees peeping through the rail fence. \*
"She's making believe to tie her shoe, but she's only picking up a pear. Lets jump over and see the mean old thing eat it!"— Dan climbed the fence as he spoke, and we followed, a little frightened, but resolute to find out the truth.

Dan went before, treading very softly and looking everywhere in the grass. Once he stooped, made a dart at a tuft of clover, and up again. I caught a glimpse of something yellow in the hand he was pushing with considerable hurry and trouble into his nocket. that swelled out enormously after. But Dan looked straight forward into the hemlocks and began to whistle, which frightened us half out of our wits, and we threatened to run back again unless he stopped.

Dan grew cross at this, and went back in high dudgeon, trying to cover his pocket with one hand. Mary Bell and I would have gone back too, I think, but at the same moment we heard a voice from the hemlock bank.

"Come, come," whispered Mary Bell "let's see if she has really got it."
We crept forward very sofily, and looked over into the stream. It had a dry pebbly shore, broken with a few moss covered stones, all in deep shadow-for the hemlocks overhung the spot like a tent. Upon one of these stones sat our schoolmistress singing. Her Mrs. Benson assented with a little urgings voice was soft and clear, and joined in with and in the course of an hour the twain were the murmurs of the stream, solemn and

> The old maid sung her little hymn, and, the mossy stone which had been her seat, and he was corpulent, that his only use was to this you see, remember me." began to pray. show how far the skin would stretch without The mistress was alone with her God; she bursting. Without pain, this limit would

had only very simple language in which to be constantly exceeded, and epicures, expewith no little astonishment that they had tell Him her wants, but its earnestness bro't riencing no uneasy sensations, would continthe tears into our eyes.

ing, as she did, for a blessing, or in thankfulness. She told Him, as if he had been her WHY A MAN MAY MARRY A DECEASED only father, how good, and bright, and pre-Wife's Sister.—One argument in the Brit clous we were, lacking nothing but his holy ish Parliament in favor of letting men mar grace. She so humbled herself and pleaded self would be an accident of incessant occurry their deceased wives sisters was, that by for us, that Mary Bell and I crept away from reuce if the monitor were wanting which doing so a man had only one mother in law the bank, crying sof ly, and ashamed to look makes us drup such materials more hastly each other in the face.

Dan Haines was sitting in a crook of the we avoided him, and went into the school "Egad!" said Squire Markham, laughing the stillest-nicest, and most thoroughly -prim ness. After a little, the mistress came in, heartily, "that isn't bad, especially about old maids that ever took care of other peo- looking screne and thoughtful, as if she had

So saying, he sealed it up and sent it over mile at the back of Fall's Hill. I like to be the afternoon. Once or twice I saw her beauby a little Irish boy in his employment, having first marked "sprivate" in the corner.

particular in the geography, tho' I had never tiful blue eyes looking at me wistfully over opened an atlas in my life when Miss Pun opened an atlas in my life when Miss Pun- her spolling book, but we knew that it was wrong to whisper, and for the world would

not have disobeyed the mistress then. At last the classes were all heard. The mistress looked, we thought, sadly around at the little benches, arose, laid her hand on the high-backed chair, and sunk slowly to her My heart beat quick, I felt a glow on my cheek, something soft and fervent stirring at my heart. We both rose hand in hand, backed chair, and knelt softly down by the mistress. She gave a little start, opened her eyes, and instantly they filled with tears; her lips trembled, and then came a burst of thank-giving to God for having answered her .. prayer. She laid her hand first upon one head and then upon the other. She called down blessings upon us, she poured forth her whole soul eloquently, as she had done under the hemlock boughs.

I have heard burning prayers since, but go" expresses the idea. never one that entered the depths of my mem-

ed that God himself had led us to the bank. perfect tense and a perfect tense together, as

son's neck and kissed her. Poor soul! she verb in the infinitive present: "I intended hardly knew how to take it; those withered to call on him last night;" "I meant to purhey began to tremble as ours touched them. We were very young, and could-not compre-hend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

The Philosophy of Physical Pain. Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, with her high-backed chair, prayed diligently night the defiant inconsistency of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab, the letter and thrust it into her pocket. Flor | hardly ventured to look at the pears when | who bit his toe when he was bathing, and ence and Charles did not meet during the they fell; the idea of touching them never made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead that But one thing troubled us very much; just pain was a good, his doctrine would have tempters and chastisers. As tempters they as the fruit grew-ripest, Miss Punderson be-been uninipeachable. Unless the whole congan to take her dinner basket and cross into stitution of the world were altered, our very youth; as chastisers, they appear with the meadow at the back of the school house, existence depends upon our sensibility to suf-

An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carhouse of noon.

One day I was startled at my lesson by a gy, from the Journal of a Naturalist, shows they flatter that they may deride; they show splendid pear that came rushing from the topmost boughs of the tree, and rolled down towards the mill stream. Day Haivas, who is a later to the fatal effects of a temporary suspension as a false glory but to mock us; they raise
of this law of our nature. A drover went us in the cloud-capped pinnacle, to dash us splendid pear that came rushing from the top- the fatal effects of a temporary suspension wards the mill stream. Dan Haines, who to sleep, on a winter's evening upon the platwas sitting on the second class bench close form of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upby me, whispered from behind his spelling on the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down, became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burnt off above the ankle; and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his- stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, he extremity crumbled into fragments.-Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the mill of habits and turn the mill of wealth: to cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and make reason our book keeper, and thought

> the gases, the terrible oppression at his chest | being. - Chalmers. had not warned him to cease inhaling the carbureted hydrogen; nor after a long struggle for life, would be have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant, "I do not think I

shall die."
Without physical pain, infancy would be maimed, or perish before experience could inform it of its dangers. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the lingers of their children "cunningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire.

Without pain, we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance.-In the impetuasity of youth we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue, with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. The very nutriment which is the support

sure that she was in solitude, kneit down by Mirabeau said of a man who was as idle as around its neck, bearing this motto-When show how far the skin would stretch without and their festivities, until they thet with the Poor soul! she had been grieving all the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitime that no one of the scholars ever knelt tious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir by her side at prayer. She besought God Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient with such meek carnestness to touch our who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. This of it they are too poor to stay at home. than we pick them up.

Pain is the grand preserver of existence, fence, eating something very greedily; but the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the accident that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.—Quarterly

Improprieties of Speech. In writing, be careful to use the hyphen (-) correctly; it joins compound words and words broken by the ending of the line.—
The use of the hyphen will appear more clearly from the following example: "Many colored wings" means many wings which are colored; but "many-colored wings" means

wings of many colors." The word got is often introduced superfluously and incorrectly into familiar expressions. When, in reply to my "Lend me a dollar," you say, "I've got no money," you simply say, what you do not mean : omit the got, and your meaning is rightly conveyed. 'I've got a cold" is not bad English, if you nean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but, if you merely wish to say (as you probably, do) that you are now suffering under a cold, I have a cold" is the proper expression .-She has got a fair complexion."—Here got s again an interloper; for you do not mean to say she has procured a fair complexion, but simply that she has one. "I've got to go to New York to morrow."—Here got is again redundant and incorrect. "I have to

The majority of speakers use the imperfeet tense and the perfect tense together in The next day Mary Bell' and I followed such sentences as the following: "Tintended the mistress down to the mill-stream, for we to have called on him last night;" "I meant felt guilty till she knew all. But she persist sto have purchased one yesterday;" or a plu-No matter though Dan Haines appeared to in "You should have written to have told have done it. Wicked instruments were of her." These expressions are illogical, beten used to work out good. God had an cause, as the intention to perform an act swered her prayer, and it was enough. She must be prior to the act contemplated, the only hoped we would not be ashamed or have act itself can not, with propriety, be expressed ing knelt by our lonely school mistress.

by a tense indicating a period of time previous to the intention. The three sentences we threw our arms around Abby Punder | should be corrected thus, placing the second ips had been so long unused to ki-ses that chase one yesterday;" "You should have written to tell her."

But the imperfect tense and the perfect are to be combined in such sentences as the following: "I remarked that they appeared to have undergone great fatigue;" because here the act of "undergoing fatigue" must have taken place previous to the period in which ou have had the opportunity of remarking its effect on their appearance: the sentence, therefore, is both grammatical and logical.-Sargent's School Monthly.

THE PASSIONS.—The passions are at once wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusions; they are fiends of torment in their inflictions; they mislead only to recripinate; fiercely to the stony ground. Like the daughters of Lear, they first beguile their victim of his sovereignty and power; and when their defpe is enfectled and dependent, robbed\_of every friendly support, of every pleasant companion, a beggar in consolation and hope, they cast him out upon the desert to the darkness of the night, and the fury of

the tempest.—Giles. Life. The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around in the through his very exemption from this lot of an implement of trade-this is not life. In humanity, expired a fortnight afterwards in all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanc-Without the warning voice of pain, life tities still slumber which make it worth while would be a series of similar disasters. The to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the might have eaten off the future Sir Humph- mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth rey's foot while he' was swimming, without which vibrates through the heart, the tear his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the which freshens the dry wastes within, the muravages which were going on. Had he sur. sic that brings childhood back, the prayer vived the injuries from the crab, he would that calls the future near, the death that startyet have been cut off in the, morning of his les us with mystery, the hardship which forcefamous career, if, when experimenting upon es us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.-Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything with some.-Be guarded in discourse; attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions remember the final account.

A Suggestive Present. -Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country, rambling over meadows and down lanes. In the course of their walk, they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew eloquent as Sterne over its shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper

Disraeli once wrote of a certain fine

lady's characteristics thus:
"She had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had plenty of apathy was tolerably illiterate was brilliantly vain, and fertilely capricious-acquiesced with every one and diffused universal smiles."

Those can most easily dispense with society who are the most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources; for they bring nothing to the general mart; like beggars

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the pig remarked when he was contemplating the kinks in his tail.