Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

VOL. 5. } MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1859. { NO. 15.

Independent Republican
STEAM PRINTING OFFICE,
Below Searle's Hotel, in Hawley & Lathrops' Building,
UP STAIRS.

The Independent Republican.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PENN'A., BY

H. H. FRAZIER,

AT $1,50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Rates of Advertising.

	1w	2w	3w	1m	2m	3m	6m	1y
1 square,	$0 50	0 75	1 00	1 25	2 25	3 00	$5 00	$8 00
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3 squares,	1 50	2 25	3 00	3 75	6 00	7 50	12 00	20 00
4 squares,	2 00	3 00	3 75	4 50	8 00	9 50	15 00	24 00
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Yearly Advertisers will have the privilege of altering or changing their advertisements occasionally without additional charge.

Business Cards not exceeding five lines inserted at $3 per annum.

Advertisements, to insure insertion, must be handed in by Tuesday morning.

Job Work.—The office of the INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN is provided with three printing presses, a STEAM POWER PRESS, a large HAND PRESS, and a CARD PRESS, together with a good assortment of Jobbing materials; and all kinds of Job Work, such as Cards, Circulars, Posters, Handbills, Labels, Pamphlets, &c., will be done neatly and promptly.

Blanks.—Justices' and Constables' Blanks, School Blanks, Notes, Deeds, Leases, Land Contracts, &c., kept on hand and for sale at the INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN office.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. Garratt,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALER in FLOUR, GRAIN, SALT, &c., New Milford, Pa. Sales room, Pratt's Office. Will keep constantly on hand the best brands of Flour, by the single hundred barrels, at the lowest market prices, also, Salt by the Sack, Barrel or Load. All orders from Merchants and Dealers will be promptly attended to. ☞ Cash paid for Grain, Wool, Pelts, Hides, and all kinds of Farmers produce in their season.
New Milford, Pa., March 30, 1859.-1y

Dr. A. Gifford,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office over F. B. Chandler's Store.—Particular attention will be given to inserting Teeth on Gold or Silver plate—also on a new plan. All operations warranted. Good references given, if required.
Montrose, Sept. 9, 1858.-tf

John W. Cobb, M. D.,
BEING now prepared to practice MEDICINE and SURGERY, has located himself in Montrose, Pa., and will strictly attend to all calls with which he may be favored. OFFICE over Z. Cobb's store, opposite Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. Co., Pa., March 2, 1859.-tf

G. F. Fordham,
MANUFACTURER of SADDLES, HARNESS, & TRUNKS, and CARRIAGE TRIMMING in all its branches. Shop one door west Keeler & Stoddard's.
Montrose, March 1, 1859.

J. H. Smith,
MANUFACTURER of HARNESS, SADDLES, and TRUNKS, New Milford, Susquehanna County, Pa.
New Milford, January 19, 1859.-1y

William N. Grover,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, St. Louis, Missouri. Practices in the City Courts, and the Counties of Missouri, and devotes himself chiefly to COMMERCIAL CASES. Business from abroad will receive prompt attention. OFFICE, No. 46 Chestnut Street.
St. Louis, December 22, 1858.-1y

C. Winkler,
TAILOR, New Milford, Susq. Co., Pa., opposite E. A. & G. Priest's office.
New Milford, Nov. 24, 1858.-1m

E. H. Rogers,
STILL continues the MANUFACTURE of all descriptions of CARRIAGES, WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of Workmanship and of the best materials, at the well known stand, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel, in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his shop.
Montrose, September 13, 1858.-1y

H. D. Bennett.
BOOK BINDER, Smiles, Susquehanna County, Pa., respectfully informs the people of Susquehanna and neighboring counties that he is prepared to bind Periodicals and Books, and Repair old Books. E. W. FRAZIER will receive Periodicals, Books, &c., for H. D. Bennett.
Gibson, Sept. 8, 1858.-tf

William B. Simpson,
WATCH REPAIRER, having worked for the past nine years with the most skillful workmen, he feels confident that he can satisfy the most difficult jobs on short notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Jewelry repaired neatly and on reasonable terms. Shop in Reed & Webster's new Store, corner of Main and Turnpike Streets, below Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.

W. B. Simpson has worked for me for some time, and I can recommend him as a careful and skillful workman, competent to do any work so can be done in the country, and worthy of confidence.
Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa., June 10, 1858. WM. A. CRANMERTIN.

REFERS TO Wm. Elwell, E. W. Baird, E. D. Mosier, E. O. Goodrich, B. Kingsley, Tioga; B. S. Bentley, L. Searle, C. D. Lathrop, J. Wittenberg, Montrose.
Montrose, Sept. 15, 1858.-tf

Wm. W. Smith & Co.,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS. Keep constantly on hand all kinds of CABINET FURNITURE, or furnished at short notice. Shop and Ware Rooms foot of Main Street.
Montrose, Pa., May 28, 1858.-tf

Hayden Brothers,
WHOLESALE DEALERS in YANKEE NOTIONS, Watches, Jewelry, &c., New Milford, Susq. Co., Pa.
☞ Merchants and Pedlars supplied at New York Jobbing Prices.
New Milford, May, 1858.-1y

WM. H. HOYT, ... A. L. WEBSTER.

Boyd & Webster,
DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near Methodist Church.
Montrose, Pa., April 14, 1858.-tf

Dr. G. Z. Dimock,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located himself at Montrose, Susquehanna county, Pa. OFFICE over Wilson & Co's Store. Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, March 10, 1858.

Dr. Wm. L. Richardson
WOULD respectfully tender his professional services to the inhabitants of Montrose and its vicinity. OFFICE over Mill's Store. LODGINGS at the Keystone Hotel.
Montrose, Oct. 13, 1858.-1y

Dr. E. F. Wilmot,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homeopathic Colleges of Medicine, is now permanently located in Great Bend, Pa. Office over of Maine and Elizabeth Sts., nearly opposite the H. E. Hotel.
May 14, 1857.-1y

Dr. H. Smith,
SURGEON DENTIST. Residence and office, opposite the Baptist church, (North side,) in Montrose. Particular attention will be given to inserting gold or silver plate, and to filling decaying teeth.
Montrose, January 15, 1859.-tf

C. D. Virgil,
RESIDENT DENTIST, MONTROSE, PA. Office at the Franklin Hotel. Room No. 2.
Inserting teeth on Gold or Silver plate done in the superior style of the Art. All jobs warranted.
Montrose, April 7, 1858.-1od

R. Thayer,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office in the Parlor of the Co. House. 42n58

A. Bushnell,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over S. D. Wright's Drug Store, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.-1y

Keeler & Stoddard.
DEALERS IN BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st., first door below Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.-tf
G. K. KEELER. ..... C. N. STODDARD

William H. Jessup,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC. Office on Public Square, Montrose, Pa.

Bentley & Fitch,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND BOUNTY LAND AGENTS.—Office west of the Court House, Montrose, Pa.
S. S. BENTLEY. ..... L. F. FITCH.

Albert Chamberlin,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Office over L. L. Post & Co.'s Store, Montrose, Pa.

Wm. H. Jessup,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, for the State of New York, will attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and fidelity. Office on Public Square, north of Post Hotel. William Jessup.

Abel Turrell,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, Stoves and Castings, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, Music Instruments, Trusses, Surgical Instruments, Liquors, Perfumery, Mirrors, Stationery, Brushes, Shoes, Yankee Notions, &c.

F. B. Chandler,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, Books and Stationery, etc., Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.

Post Brothers,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Leather, Flour, etc., corner of Turnpike street and Public Ave., Montrose, Pa.

J. Lyons & Son.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Music, &c.; also, carry on the Book Binding business.—Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.
T. & A. LYONS.

Read & Co.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c. Brick Block, Montrose.
H. W. READ. ..... W. RED. ..... C. F. READ.

William & William H. Jessup,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne counties.

Baldwin & Allen,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy seed. Also GROCERIES, such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea, Coffee, &c. Store one door south of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge's.
Montrose, Oct. 20, 1858.-tf

Z. Cobb,
DEALER IN GROCERIES, &c., at the store recently occupied by Post & Rogers, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, March 17, 1859.-tf

Banking House of Post, Cooper, & Co.
HENRY DRINKER,
WM. HUNTTING COOPER.
ISAAC L. POST.
MONTROSE, November 12, 1855.

DRAFTS on New York City and Philadelphia.—Collections promptly made and remitted.
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3.

REFERENCE, Messrs. Allen & Paxton, N. York. Samuel C. Morton, Esq., Phil'a. Hon. William Jessup, Montrose.

THE BALLAD of the BRIDES of QUAIR.

BY ISA CRAIG, AUTHOR OF THE BURNS PRIZE POEM.

A STILLNESS crept about the house;
At evenfall, in noontide glare,
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed,
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare,
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen Tweed and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The Summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves, in happy dreams,
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Or oft in pall-black velvet clad,
Sat stately in the oaken chair,
Like many a dame of her ancient name,
The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter broidered by her side,
With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listened to her frequent plaint—
"Ill fare the brides that come to Quair.

"For more than one hath lived to pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned—
Left lonely in the House of Quair.

"Alas! and ere thy father died,
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forfend her ill—
Thy brother brings his bride to Quair!"

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the Wife of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said, on looking forth,
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare"—
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse on Quair;

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share:"
What need he said?—she was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quair!

From the N. Y. Century.

JAMES STEPHENS.

ON the 23d of September, 1857, Sophia, wife of James Stephens, died, as it was supposed, from a natural cause; and her body was quietly buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Stephens stood respectably among his acquaintances, was a member of the Methodist Church, and a regular teacher in its Sabbath Schools. His occupation was that of a carriage maker, at which he earned a reputable livelihood.

A little within a year after the death of Mrs. Stephens, her nephew, a young man named Bell, arrived in the country from Ireland. He came over for the purpose of avenging the murder of his aunt, which he believed, from letters written by his sisters Sophia and Fanny Bell, to have been perpetrated by her own husband, by administering poison in drinks and medicines. The two girls had left Ireland some years before, and lived in Stephens's family, regarding him in the double character of uncle and guardian.

The first public announcement of the charge against Stephens was very extraordinary. Young Bell accused him of poisoning his wife, and simultaneously drew a pistol to shoot him. Stephens attempted to escape by running. His pursuer was impetuous, and to his own fancy was executing an honorable and generous deed. He fired at Stephens, fortunately without effect, the ball cutting his coat sleeve, but doing no other hurt. The noise of the pistol was heard by a police officer, who arrested Bell, on the complaint of Stephens, and took him before a magistrate, by whom he was sent to prison. He was at first thought to be crazy.—By the advice of friends, counsel was employed, and on the statement of Bell's sisters, Stephens was arrested on charge of having killed his wife by poison.

Just one year after the burial of Mrs. Stephens, the Coroner went to Greenwood Cemetery and opened her grave. He took with him the two Bell girls to identify the body, which they did immediately when the lid was taken from the coffin. It was then conveyed to Bellevue Alms House, and given in charge of Doctors Wood and Doremus for examination. The result was that about a year and a half after the burial of his wife, Stephens was brought to trial in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in the city of New York, under a bill of indictment charging him with having caused her death by administering poison.

The jury to try the case was selected from a panel of three hundred, with a delay of only two hours. No circumstances had transpired publicly to induce to any extent a previous opinion or judgment as to the guilt of the prisoner, and, from the nature of the testimony elicited, it is to be presumed that a jury has seldom been summoned in a capital trial of which every man stood at its opening more entirely uncommitted to a result, or in more utter ignorance of the precise grounds on which he was expected to pronounce a verdict of life or death on a fellow being. Six of the jury were of the prisoner's own class—mechanics or working men, and six were merchants. The protracted trial proved them to be patient and reflective. The counsel on both sides were men of cool sagacity, not by any means of hot or vindictive character.

Judge Roosevelt advised the counsel that the practice of keeping jurors together on a stretch of ten hours, was so fatiguing as necessarily to impair their powers of clear judgment, which, especially where the life of a fellow being is involved, ought to be guarded against, and he would therefore adjourn the court daily at three o'clock. He decided also to exclude from the room all witnesses but the one under examination. After these preliminaries, and warning the jury against all exterior influence, the court adjourned for the day.

The first testimony was by two physicians who had attended Mrs. Stephens during her last illness. Dr. Iremonger described the symptoms, which were identical with the effects of arsenic; but he was told, thirty-six hours before her death, that his services wo'd not be again required. He had no suspicion of poison, and gave a certificate of death by inflammation of the stomach.

Sophia and Fanny Bell described the symptoms and sufferings of their aunt. She complained of burning in the throat and stomach, constant and insatiable thirst, cold feet and hands, with a sensation of numbness or paralysis. The feeling (she said) was like *a rolling ball of fire* in her stomach. She "complained of thirst up to the morning of her death; she first began to be drowsy just before her death; when she looked at us very sharp; sometimes she looked rather excited, and at other times rather careworn; I heard her complain of the coldness of her feet a week before her death; she frequently said, closing her hands, that they felt queer."

Fanny Bell testified that the color of the vomit was at first yellow, but after several days it became dark, and her face was languid and anxious. Both the girls saw Stephens give powders and frequent drinks to his wife—some with laudanum in. They testified, also, to his general treatment of her for many months before her death. It was harsh and cruel. She was fourteen years older than he, and he would not be seen in the streets with her. Spoke angrily to her, and wished that she was dead. He took advantage of his relationship to attempt familiarities towards Sophia, which she repelled.

A Mr. Cardwell had been paying his addresses to Sophia, and a day was fixed for the marriage at the church, sometime after the death of Mrs. Stephens. On the day before that, Mr. Cardwell received an anonymous letter, informing him that Sophia was not a virtuous girl, and that she was on terms of improper intimacy with her uncle. This letter was produced in Court, and proved to be in the handwriting of Stephens himself. It might have been sufficiently explained by jealousy of Cardwell, but it unfortunately referred to circumstances related in the testimony of Sophia, and this went to confirm her truthfulness. Stephens wished to break off the engagement between Cardwell and Sophia, and to marry her himself. He, therefore, wrote the anonymous letter to him, and at the same time represented to her that Cardwell was a very bad man. In doing this he made use of one expression that exemplifies, in a most remarkable manner, that irresistible tendency to self-betrayal which so often follows the perpetrator of a great crime. It was about a month after Mrs. Stephens's death. He told Sophia that Cardwell *had poisoned his first wife!*

Counsel for the defence attempted to destroy the force of the testimony of Sophia and Fanny Bell, by a rigid cross-examination, by impugning their veracity, and by counter evidence. For this purpose several members of Stephens's family were put upon the stand; but they were so manifestly overeager to exonerate their relative, that the effect was rather to confirm than to shake the testimony of the prosecution.

The purchase of arsenic by Stephens was clearly proved by the druggist who sold it.

The medical testimony was the clinching testimony of the case. Doctor James R. Wood, who made the post mortem examination, found parts of the body in as good preservation as the specimens of a museum. Portions of muscular tissue still retained their red color; the lungs and heart were wonderfully well preserved, as also was the internal lining of the intestines. This was owing to the presence of arsenic. Doctor Doremus, Professor of Chemistry, received from Doctor Wood a part of the liver, the gall bladder, the kidneys, heart, a portion of the lungs, small and large intestines, etc.—He placed them in new and clean jars, and conveyed them to his private laboratory, where he subjected them to analysis. He illustrated his methods of examination and test by charts and diagrams.

It is appalling, in connection with its purpose, to think of the care and deliberation with which this analysis was prepared. To prevent suspicion of poisonous substances having adhered to vessels that had been used for chemical purposes, and so introduced into this process, every cup, retort, or glass vessel was bought new of the manufacturer. The portions of the dead flesh which were to be examined, were more vigilantly guarded than was ever the most precious living body. Ten ounces of the muscular and adipose tissues gave, on analysis, a metallic stain.—Four pounds four ounces of the same gave stains from which sulphuret of arsenic was procured, which, by further treatment, yielded white arsenious acid. Some of the bones were dissolved by acid, and crystals of arsenic were obtained, which were distinctly visible under the microscope. Two pounds two ounces of the muscular tissue were tested in a special laboratory, the doors and windows of which were sealed when left, and the seals carefully examined again before being broken; and arsenic was discovered.—The skin and a portion of adipose tissue were treated for 152 successive hours, and again appeared the black stain, which being oxydized was converted into arsenious acid. Another portion gave metallic arsenic. The remainder of the skeleton was next dissolved, and black metallic arsenic was obtained.—The amount obtained in all was about two grains. Dr. Doremus was of the opinion that there was about six grains in the body. No avenue was left open, in the course of these tedious processes, by which mistakes could be made through carelessness or accident; and science never makes mistakes.—She found the fatal proof everywhere, over and over again.

The proofs summed up as follows:

1. The yellow precipitate.
2. It volatilized when heat was applied.
3. It oxydized into sulphuret of arsenic and arsenious acid.
4. It dissolved in water.
5. It yielded a precipitate which dissolved in ammonia.
6. It gave the characteristics to green precipitate, which
7. Dissolved in ammonia.
8. It yielded a yellow precipitate, which
9. Dissolved in excess of ammonia.

There is no substance but arsenic known to chemists by which such results could be produced; these results were from the liver and kidneys; the stomach and intestines were examined in presence of Dr. Wood by Doctors Budd, Zincker, and witness; the stomach contained a tablespoonful of a brownish mass resembling coffee grounds, which were retained for examination; the contents of the stomach were tested by hot distilled water and hydrochloric acid, and Marshall's apparatus, and yielded no stain, beyond what was found on the heated coil; this was an indication that no arsenic existed in these contents; it was also tested for opium without hopes of success, because the profession have yet to learn that opium can be found after so long a period; the liquid produced from the contents of the intestines was introduced, and yellow stains found, which led to the suspicion of the presence of sulphuret of arsenic; they have since been oxydized, and correspond to the liquid chemical test of arsenic; the white crystaline precipitate found was also examined by the microscope, and showed the presence of arsenious acid; the quantity taken from the intestines was scarcely half a teaspoonful.

A considerable part of the medical testimony related to the effects of arsenic upon the living system. It will be remembered that the two Bell girls described the actual symptoms manifested by their aunt, employing in some instances her own words. As no unexamined witness was allowed to be present in the Court room, they could not get any portion of their testimony by hearsay from the doctors, and yet it was almost in identical terms. Doctor Detmold stated the effects of arsenic to be a burning pain in the stomach, the eyes might have a wild and brilliant appearance, the ejected contents of the stomach would be yellow, and afterward of a darker color, numbness, loss of sensation, tossing the hands about, etc. These, and especially the sensation described by *a rolling ball of fire*, are so nearly identical, as to seem like the tessimony of the same person repeated.

Such was the evidence in this remarkable case. The jury after nine hours' deliberation agreed upon a verdict of guilty. Believing it, they could arrive at no other conclusion. Never did the avenging spirit of the law pursue a victim with more direct and indubitable steps. Never did the finger of science point with more absolute certainty to such terrible developments, dragging them out of the earth where they had remained concealed for a whole year, with every natural probability that by no human agency whatsoever, could they again be brought to the light of day. The miserable man who perpetrated the deed was living in full confidence that every hour placed him further beyond the reach of discovery, when every minute brought him nearer to it.

How many atrocious crimes lie buried deeper than the grave, and are never punished on earth, it is impossible to imagine; but we are constantly taught by example that the doors of escape are closing one after another, and that the murderers' chances of concealment are being narrowed within an ever contracting circle. Science stands at the center, and stretches out its telegraph like radii to the circumference, leaving no point unwatched by its sleepless eyes, and lending its almost miraculous powers to aid all other methods of pursuit and detection.

RURANUS.

From the "Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. Stowe,—Atlantic Monthly.

ALL prosaic, and all bitter, disenchanted people talk as if poets and novelists made romance. They do—just as much as craters make volcanoes—no more. What is romance? whence comes it? Plato spoke to the subject wisely, in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago, when he said, "Man's soul, in a former state, was winged and soared among the gods; and so it comes to pass, that in this life, when the soul, by the power of music or poetry, of the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth—even as children in teething." And if an old heathen, two thousand years ago, discoursed thus gravely of the romance part of our nature, whence come it that in Christian lands we think in so pagan a way of it, and turn the whole core of it to ballad-makers, romancers and opera singers?

Let us look up in fear and reverence and say, "God is the great maker of romance. He, from whose hand came man and woman, He, who strung the great harp of Existence with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another—He is the great poet of life." Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison house around us, in the dim, daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder to the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

Therefore, man or woman, when thy ideal is shattered—as shattered a thousand times it must be—when the vision fades, the rapture burns out, turn not away in skepticism and bitterness, saying, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink," but rather cherish the revelation of those hours as prophecies and foreshadowings of something real and possible, yet to be attained in the manhood of immortality. The scoffing spirit that laughs at romance is an apple of the Devil's own handing from the bitter tree of knowledge; it opens the eyes only to see eternal nakedness.

If ever you have had a romantic, uncalculating friendship—a boundless worship and belief in some hero of your soul—if ever you have so loved, that all cold prudence, all selfish worldly consideration have gone down like drift-wood before a river flooded with new rain from heaven, so that you even forgot yourself, and were ready to cast your whole being into the chasm of existence, as an offering before the feet of another, and all for nothing—if you awoke bitterly betrayed and deceived, still give thanks to God that you have had one glimpse of heaven. The door now shut will open again. Rejoice that the noblest capability of your eternal inheritance has been made known to you; treasure it, as the highest honor of your being, that ever you could so feel—that so divine a guest ever possessed your soul.

By such experiences are we taught the pathos, the sacredness of life; and if we use them wisely, our eyes will ever after be anointed to see with what poems, what romances, what sublime tragedies he surrounds us in the daily walks of life, "written not with ink, but in fleshly tables of the heart." The dullest street of the most prosaic town has matter in it for more smiles, more tears, more intense excitement, than ever were written in story or sung in poem; the reality is there, of which the romancer is the second-hand recorder.

☞ "Sally," said a young man to a red-haired damsel, "keep away from me, or you will set me a-fire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE FAMISHED HAND.

IN the year 1834 or 5, I left Norfolk, Va., in a large schooner bound for New York.—One of the cabin passengers had a sick child, and no attendant. The second day after we left Norfolk, the child asked for food; and I offered to prepare a toast for it. For this purpose I went to the cook's room, which was below the deck, and in going to which it was necessary to pass a quantity of freight, which had been put on board at Norfolk.

The steward kindly assisted me in making the toast, and added a cracker and a cup of tea. With those on a small waiter, I was returning to the cabin, when, in passing the freight, which consisted of boxes, bags, &c., a little tawny, famished-looking hand was held out from between the packages. The skeleton fingers, agitated by a convulsive movement, were evidently reached forth with a view to the food in my possession. Shocked, but not alarmed, by the apparition, I laid the cracker on the hand, which was immediately withdrawn. No one observed the transaction, and I went swiftly to the cabin. The sick child was gratified with its meal; and when, in the afternoon, it wanted more, I again offered my services. I apologized to the steward for the liberty I was taking in visiting the premises so often, but I pleaded the necessity of attending to the little invalid. I found he was a father, and inquired the names of his children. I brought him presents for them, and so ingratiated myself into his favor that I soon had free access to the larder, and often had nice things prepared for myself as well as the little one in the cabin. But whatever I could procure was divided with the famished hand, which to me had become a precious charge. There must have been an eye to watch my motives. In fancy I could see that eye gleaming at my approach, but at other times closed in dim despair.

As all was tranquil on board, it was evident that I alone was aware of the presence of the unseen fugitive, and I humbly returned thanks to God for allowing me the privilege of ministering to the wants of this his outcast, despised and persecuted image. That the unfortunate being was a slave I doubted not; but how could I serve him or her, or whoever it might be, effectually? I knew the law and usage in such cases. I knew the poor being had nothing to hope from the captain and crew of the vessel, and repeatedly asked myself the agonizing question, Will there be any way of escape? I had hoped we might land in the night, and so, under favor of darkness, the fugitive be enabled to go on shore, unseen by those on board. I determined to watch for and assist the creature, who had been thus providentially consigned to my care. On the sixth day (we below were being moved, in order to come at something which was wanted; and so filled up was the passage that I could not go below. My heart seemed to die within me, for the safety of the sufferer had become dear to me. We sat down to dinner, but the dishes swam before my eyes. I felt that a discovery must take place. The tumbling of the freight below had not ceased. Each moment I expected an alarm. At length I heard a sudden hallo, and all was quiet.—Presently the steward came into the cabin, looked significantly at the company, and whispered to the captain. The captain was carving, but immediately laid down his knife and fork, and went on deck. One of the passengers followed him, but soon returned, and, in a laughing manner, informed us that a strange passenger had been found among the freight. "It is," added he, "a small mulatto boy, who says he belongs to Mr. ——, of Norfolk; that he had been concealed among the lumber on the wharves, for two weeks, and secreted himself in the schooner on the night before we sailed. He is going to New York to find his father, who escaped two years since. And" continued he, "he is starved to a skeleton, hardly worth taking back." Many jokes were passed as to the manner of his being renovated, when he should fall into the hands of his master.—Some thought that the vessel must put immediately back. Others were of opinion, as we were within eight hours' sail of New York, the trip would be made and the boy carried back on her return.

The unfortunate child had been brought on deck, and we all left the cabin to look at him. I followed behind, almost unwilling to see him, and stood some time by the companion way, in order to gain strength for the interview. I then proceeded forward. As soon as he discovered me, a bright gleam passed over his countenance, and he instantly held out to me the same famished hand. My feelings were no longer to be controled.—There stood a child, before me, not more than eleven or twelve years of age, of yellow complexion and sad countenance, nearly naked, his back seared with scars, and his flesh wasted to the bone. I burst into tears—into lamentation; and the jeers of others were for a moment turned into sympathy.

It, however, began to be suspected that I had brought the boy away, and in that case the vessel must put back, in order to give me up also. But I related the circumstances, as they occurred, and all appeared satisfied with the truth of my statement.

I requested that I might be allowed to feed the boy, which request was granted; and I carried him some dinner on a plate, which he ate voraciously, and, as I stood beside him, he looked into my face at every mouthful. There was something confiding in his look.—When he had finished his meal, as I took the plate, he rubbed his fingers softly on my hand, and leaned his head toward me, like a weary child. Oh that I could have offered him a place of rest—that I could have comforted and protected him—a helpless child, a feeble, emaciated, suffering, innocent lad, reserved for bondage and the torture.

Towards evening he was taken below, and I was no more allowed to see him, but I learned that he was put in the steerage, strongly bound, and that the "proper authorities" of New York would be consulted as to the disposal of him. We came to anchor, during the night, at some distance below the city. The captain informed us, in the morning, that the vessel had been forbidden to enter the port with a fugitive slave on board; that she must discharge her cargo where she lay, and return with all possible dispatch to Norfolk. A boat was provided to carry us up; and I remarked to the captain that there was a "great ado about a helpless child."—He replied, "The laws must be obeyed."

As I approached the city, I could not help exclaiming, "Is this the region, this the soil of boasted freedom?" Here where the child is treated like a felon, manacled, anchored from the shore to be sent back to slavery and the lash, deprived of the fostering care which even the brute is allowed to exercise towards its young? Here the slender boy seeks the protection of a father—name dear to helplessness! Does Humanity aid him in the search? No; Humanity is circumscribed in her operations by *law*; which confines one portion of Freedom's sons and daughters to the service, the control and the brutality of the other. Humanity looks on them and weeps. Further she cannot do. "The laws must be obeyed."

And now, since years have passed, where is that boy? Does he still live in helpless bondage? Are other scars added to those imprinted on his infant skin? When I saw him, he appeared innocent as a child of freedom. He felt and suffered as a child of free parents would feel and suffer. His sorrows were touching as the sorrows of a white child would have been. Alas! poor youth, from me thy fate is hidden. If living, thou art still young; but were thy days turned into pages, what a volume to meet the human eye! S. E. S.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER;

—OR,—

The Turn of the Tchune of the Rackensack.

IN the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler, after riding eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the road, to a miserable shanty, the centre of a small clearing in what had originally been a blackjack thicket, whence the only sound proceeding is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously exterting the monotonous tune known as "*The Arkansas, or the Rackensack Traveler.*" Our adventurer rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart-body, now covered with bear skins and hung upon hinges. After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently wrathy at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, (the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of "The Arkansas Traveler," which he continues, at intervals until the dialogue is brought to an unexpected conclusion:)

Traveler. Friend, can I obtain accommodations here for the night?

Arkansas Artist. No, Sir—'nary 'commodations.

T. My dear sir, I have already traveled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat: *why can't you accommodate us,* we're plum out of everything to eat in the house; Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it 'ill be nigh unto the shank of to-morrow evenin' afore he cums home, unless suthin uncommon happens.

T. You surely have *something* that I can feed my horse: even a few potatoes would be better than *no* feed.

A. Stranger, our eatin'-roots 'gin out long ago: so your chance is slim thar.

T. But, my friend, I must remain with you anyway. I can't go any farther whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?

A. It can't be did, old hoss. You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the old woman allus has that: so whar's your chance?

T. Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon-tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner.

A. Hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree? Why you must be nat'ral born fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me and the old woman's only chance for 'simmon beer, in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high as he could reach, afore mornin'. Hitch your hoss to that tree? I 'spec' not: no, no, stranger, you can't come nary sich a dodge as that!

Our traveler, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined-not-to-be "host" out a little, before informing him of the fact that he too could play the "Arkansas Traveler:" which, once being known, he conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces:

T. Well, friend, if I *can't* stay, how far is it to the next house?

A. Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, afore you get thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's 'nary-yearthly chance to ford it; and if ye're bound to cross it, ye'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to ole Dave Lody's puncheon bridge, through one of the darndest bamboo swamps ever you see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet—'twas yesterday mornin', though one send had started down stream about fifteen feet or such a matter.

T. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge carried away; no possibility of fording it; and seven miles, through a swamp, to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down! Still, my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only *one part* of the "Arkansas Traveler" ever since my arrival, I would like to know, before I leave, why you don't play the tune *through?*

A. For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—*I can't do it.* I hain't larnt the *turn* of that *tchune*, and drat me if I ever shall.

T. Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the turn for you.

A. Look o' here, my friend! do you play the turn of that tchune?

T. I believe I can.

A. 'Lite, 'lite, old hoss!—*we'll* find a place for you in the cabin, sure. "Ole woman! ole woman! (a "hello" within the shanty was the first indication the traveler had of any other human being on the premises,) this stranger plays the *turn* of the *Rackensack Traveler!* My friend, hitch your hoss to that 'simmon-tree, or anywhere you please. Bill 'ill be here soon, and take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sal and Nance up from the spring; tell Nance to go into the springhouse, and cut off a large piece of bar steak, to bile for the stranger's supper; tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get some flour, and have some flour doth's and chicken fixin's for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O, Bill! there is a stranger here, and he plays the *turn* of the "Rackensack Traveler;" go to the corn-crib for a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthin to sit on: and skin a 'tater 'long with me and the ole woman, while the gals is gettin' supper: and, Bill, take the hoss, and give him plenty of corn—no nubbins, Bill: then rub him down well: and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on: and then, O Bill! I reckon he'll play the *turn* of of the "Rackensack Traveler" for us!

THE TRAVELER'S TREE OF MADAGASCAR.—This tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying to the traveler the place of wells in the desert. Whenever I inquired of the natives, they always affirm that such was the fact, and that so abundant and pure was the water, that when the men were at work near the trees,