The Montrose Democrat.

[illegible] to Politics, [illegible], Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

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"The Democrat."

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Poetry.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.)

LINES.

Written on the receipt of the death of [illegible], only daughter of Hon. C. [illegible], of [illegible], Pa.

'Twas a cold autumn eve [illegible]

Beside her couch

A maiden knelt in prayer. To Heaven
Went up the incense of her grateful heart—
Her evening offering. With closed eyes
And meekly-folded hands, there breathed she forth
Her petition, that her thanks for mercies,
Her penitence for sins and follies past,
Might be accepted by her Maker. Then
With confidence and never faltering trust,
Gave she herself to heavenly keeping.
She laid her down, and the [illegible]
Stood angel-watchers.

Commissioned of Heav'n,
They knew [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
At the [illegible] wide their
wings,
They bore her 'yond the ken of mortals.

* * * * * *

Morn
Rose, and on all the hills and in all the dales
Was light and gladness. [illegible] wood
Echoed a chorus of tuneful voices
Warbling their matin song. The [illegible]
Shone brighter than its wont, and [illegible]
Of gloom. Its beams were dazzling to the eyes
Of those who broke, that morn, from slumber's
grasp,
And stood forth to hail the dawn. 'Neath the roof
There lay the lifeless maiden, all, save [illegible]
Had risen from their couches, nor dreamed they
That all that brightness could reveal to them
Aught so [illegible] sorrow.

* * * * * *

Hour
After hour [illegible]
Comes not from [illegible]
The morning [illegible]
Of parents [illegible]
Of brothers dear [illegible]
That still she sleeps [illegible]
Aloud her name [illegible]
Then tender [illegible]
He fancies [illegible]
No answering [illegible]
And with a wildly [illegible]
The door, and [illegible]
His darling, only [illegible]
Indeed the [illegible]

Montrose, Aug. 31, [illegible]

[illegible]

I love to look upon [illegible]
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I [illegible]
And my [illegible]
For it [illegible]
And it [illegible]
To catch the [illegible]
And the [illegible]

I have walked the world [illegible]
And they say that I [illegible]
And my [illegible]
And my years are [illegible]
It is very true [illegible]
I'm old, and [illegible]
But my heart will [illegible]
And I'll renew my [illegible]

Play on! play on! [illegible]
In the midst of your merry ring
I can feel the thrill [illegible]
And the rush of the [illegible]
I hide with you in the [illegible]
And I whoop the [illegible]
And my feet slip up [illegible]
And I care not for the fall!

I am willing [illegible]
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best [illegible]
And my pulse [illegible]
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart of its weariness,
To see the young so gay.

[illegible]

(WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.)

There is a river, broad, deep, and swift of current. It is unlike other rivers, inasmuch as its channel opens for it no [illegible] than it flows. No man knows where it shall end; none has explored the termination of its flowing. Some say it shall utterly pass away and be absorbed, even as other water is by the rays of the sun; others, the wise lookers into futurity, say it shall be lost in a vast ocean. There are those who *know* this to be the ocean of eternity.

Many spend whole lives in vain conjectures on the termination and return of this stream that ever flows—ever flows. Dwellers spring up along its course and die on its banks; their cradles are their graves. They may not follow its running way; only watch it in its passing-by. Its banks have ever been lined with architects and ship-builders, who are busily constructing for themselves and launching ships, boats, and all other kinds of sea-craft. They are very solicitous that their boats may prove sea-worthy, and exhibit continual anxiety that *their* handi-work may float on the bosom of the river, away where they can never go, to its end. Thousands of years has the stream rolled, thousands of ship-builders have toiled on its banks; and one would think that its surface would become completely covered, leaving no space for those who live nearer its termination to launch their work. *But it is far otherwise.* Very few of the barque's float any time at all: some fill and go down directly; some sink from collision with those of stout build; and others, having more sail than ballast, are capsized by the first blast, so that it is considered an unusually lucky boat that floats a man's lifetime. It has been ascertained that true proportion, and a certain elegance combined with solidity, is better calculated to render the ships long-lived than size alone.

The bottom of this river is thickly covered with fragments, timbers, sails and rusty keels, and the whole line of beach is strewn with the wrecks of lost vessels. It is said that some modern shop builders [illegible] free use of these fragments in constructing their boats, because they find it more [illegible] to use these than to procure the ornamental, which is very scarce in these latter days.

Although, as we said, these crafts are very liable to destruction, yet some set floating a long time ago, are gallantly riding the stream even now. In our own time (for we are dwellers on this river) Homer, a most ancient man, launched a mighty ship of war, manned for the most part with fabulous Gods, which, now that unfading [illegible] structure and outlandish crew, is to this day no mean affair. Horace too set afloat a light tyneal wally, built with much grace and beauty, which, fragile as it is, still outrides the hardest [illegible] Indeed, there is quite a squadron of olden boats, and as they [illegible]

[illegible]

Those are [illegible] in our own time, who have recently sent out from post-ships [illegible] with the [illegible] Waverly's. It may be [illegible] a very [illegible] that floats a [illegible] and it is one worth looking upon [illegible] Many [illegible] lost, because of the [illegible] images [illegible] will become [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] tract.

[illegible] moment [illegible] To any one [illegible] subtle spirit of their nature, these eccentricities [illegible] logical, but to ours [illegible] they appear [illegible] Blaster-like. We have made various efforts [illegible] we have taken the parties by the *hand*, talked with them, felt their pulses, *counted their teeth*, examined them in their dancing pumps and in their stockings, looked at them close by, and through a spy-glass, examined their cigar-cases, their canes, and their '*charms*,' and thought we had come to know them pretty well, but when we came to the aforesaid point, we acknowledge we were puzzled—in the language of students, hopelessly stumped—and could not help asking ourselves if they ever went into book-stores, and, observing edition selling after edition, of Newton, Bacon, Locke, Milton, Shakspeare, and the other magnates of literature and science, asked themselves who were the men that read those works, and mastered their contents; had they ever noted the volumes issuing from the living intellects of the day, without inquiring whose minds it was that composed them; had they ever remarked the more or less successful productions of native art, and paused to *think* from whose conceptions they issued; had they ever reflected on the thousands of benevolent institutions with which our country is studded, and thought what hands and *what hearts it was that gave them* vitality; had they ever pondered on the difficulties of administering *towns, cities, states and nations*, and turned their thoughts *to the men* who preside over them—had they, in a word, ever considered that they belonged to *a country of vast destinies and to an age of* boundless energy *and action: and that* while the world about them went rushing past on a magnificent errand of *usefulness or hopelessness*, they were standing idle on the shore, watching the stream with a listless eye, and contributing not a mite to the labors *of their generation? Had they ever* pondered on these points, and if so, had they not discovered that the men we have referred to were few, very few of them fashionable men—and that, therefore, such a discovery should either stimulate them to be something more than they are, or at least teach them a lesson of modesty and humility?"

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes," said a pick-pocket on lifting a five dollar bill.

A BEAUTIFUL [illegible] STORY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so father," said the little boy, "I shall not eat till after you—You have *been working hard all day* for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food, and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who left us, and told you to love me as she used to do; and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me: but now that I have eat the first morsel to please you, *it's your* turn now to eat." "Thank you father; but break this piece [illegible] take [illegible] large, and you require much more than I do."—"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy, but eat it I shall not; I have an abundance, and let us thank God for His great goodness in giving us food, and giving what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from Heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food that is necessary to support our mortal bodies?" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father—"My son! my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours! I know [illegible] not [illegible] Wo must [illegible] are poor and [illegible], and you have heard [illegible] and that the baker may tell all [illegible] will not listen to you, my boy. [illegible] but I did not buy the gold [illegible] I shall not be so dishonest a [illegible] advantage of [illegible] Remember Him who [illegible] ers do to us. The baker may pe[illegible] cheat us, but that is no reason why we should cheat him. I am poor indeed, [illegible] [illegible] God's [illegible] let us [illegible] His goodness and His trust in God. We may [illegible] rich, but we [illegible] honest. We may [illegible] God's will be done, [illegible] do in [illegible] it! Yes, my boy, trust God and walk in [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] said the old man, [illegible] [illegible] that boy is had been [illegible] is [illegible] My father, baker, [illegible] [illegible] put me [illegible] [illegible] this [illegible] lay glittering upon the green turf. Thou art indeed an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbor David spoke but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold: A stranger came to my shop the other day and gave me that loaf, and he told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man I *knew in the city*. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning, and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee for the last pence *in thy purse*; and the loaf with all its *treasure*—and certain it is not small—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the *ground*, while the tears fell from his eyes. The boy ran and put his hand round his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, *my father, trust God and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame.*"
—*Edinburg Christian Magazine.*

Our Village Post-Office.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

'Why weep ye then, for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed,
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.'
BRYANT.

The *master* of our village post-office for *many years past* was an old man; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth *who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness, and delicacy.* Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village post-master. Having the universal *country acquaintance with his neighbor's* affairs, he holds the key to their correspondences. *He knows, long before the* news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating; he can estimate the conjugal devotion *of* the absent husband; but most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. *Letters, directed in well-*known characters, and written with beating hearts within locked apartments, pass thro' his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is first known the results of a village belle's foray through a neighboring district. Our young deputy post-master rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispensed; but, whenever sympathy was permitted, his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbors suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart than Loyd Barnard's—never a truer mirror than his face.

Every family, however insignificant in the stranger's eye, has a world of its own—The drama and the epic have their beginning, their middle, and their end, in the social world. The true story of human relations never ends, and that is [illegible] mortality it is, that gives a dignity and interest to the affections of the [illegible] and unknown, beyond that which fiction and poetry, even when it makes good heroes its actors, can attach to qualities and passions that are limited to this world's stage. [illegible] intrinsic dignity I claim for the subjects of my humble village tale.

Loyd Barnard's father, Colonel Jesse Barnard, belonged to that robust body, the [illegible] of our country, who served in the revolutionary war, had 'seen service' [illegible] subaltern [illegible] and though he afterwards fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste, the prescribed [illegible] of the old regime, with the neat[illegible] that has given place [illegible] revolution. He even persevered in the use of powder till it [illegible] to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he persisted in [illegible] observances of politeness, [illegible] are [illegible] among us, subjects [illegible] Those, however, [illegible] accidents of education and age [illegible] constitution had nothing [illegible] cratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what he would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, a universal good will. The Colonel was remarkably exempt, whether fortunately or unfortunately, [illegible] according to [illegible] the virtue or [illegible]; and [illegible] [illegible], indeed [illegible] the [illegible] in the West, or ships on the sea, he possessed nothing but his small patrimonial estate in B——, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and a piece of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of post-master; and, as the village grew with the prosperity and agriculture, the income of the office has of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the additional [illegible] pension of a Revolutionary officer, made the colonel 'passing rich;' for his sons and daughters were married, and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, [illegible] to his [illegible] friend Loyd remained at home. 'Passing rich' we say [illegible] it was the [illegible] [illegible] independence, [illegible] quiet, [illegible] place, the [illegible] pure air, sweet water, and [illegible] furnished [illegible] country, [illegible] quantity, by the bounty of Providence. The colonel's wants were [illegible] plain, [illegible] wants to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars that all our happiness that *money* can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, or the Crœsus of a [illegible] land who still desires more than they have, might envy our contented colonel, [illegible] after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came, for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day—a distrustful fear that the morrow might *not* take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature, (the colonel was addicted to such indulgences,) he had allowed himself to adopt a little orphan-girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone, and proved so dutiful and so helpful, that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina—for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her—was a pretty, very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost the favor some beauty, divine or mortal, of classic days, won for it, it considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty. Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even if it were fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth, coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin, would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. Barnard insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain Ithuriel lights Loyd Barnard never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call *auburn* red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such 'dainty spirits' as Ariel, Puck, and Oberon. Still the Lover is disenchanted.

'Lina, my child,' said the old lady, one evening, just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the tea-things, our 'neat-handed lass was arranging' 'Lina, do you expect Mr. Lovejoy this evening?'

'*No ma'am.*'

'To-morrow evening, then?'

'No, ma'am; I never expect him again.'

'You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?'

Lina smiled, and Mrs. Barnard continued; 'I fear you have not duly considered, *Lina.*'

'What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?'

'We can't afford always, my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against *Mr. Lovejoy; he made the best of* husbands to his first wife.'

'*That was a very good reason why she* should love him, ma'am.'

Mrs. Barnard proceeded, without heeding the emphasis on *she*. 'He has but three children, and two of them are out of the way.'

'A *poor* reason, as I have always tho't, ma'am, to give either to father or children *for taking* the place of mother to them.'

'But there *are few* that are calculated *for the place; you* are cut out for a stepmother, Lina—just the right disposition for *step-mother, or step* daughter.'

Paulina's *ideas* were confused by the compliment, and she was *on the point of* asking whether step-daughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her, and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good *old* lady continued her soundings.

'*I* did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love.'

'For what then, ma'am, should I marry *him?*' asked Lina, suspending her house-*wife labors*, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her *little black* silk apron.

'*Girls* often do marry, my child, to get a good home.'

'*Marry* to get [illegible] I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg rags! a home, sooner than marry to get one; and, beside, have I not the pleasantest home in the world?—thanks to your bounty and the colonel's.

Mrs Barnard sighed, took Lina's fair, chubby hand in hers, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina's embarrassment, joined in it.

'I am disappointed *Lina*,' he said; 'it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband; you are easily suited with every thing else.'

'But I don't want a husband, Sir.'

'There's no telling how soon you may, Lina; I feel myself to be failing daily, and when I am gone, my child, it will be all [illegible] Loyd can do to take care of his mother.'

'Can I not help him? Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd's mother?' thought Paulina; but she hemmed, and coughed, and said nothing.

'It would be a comfort to me,' continued the old man, 'to see you settled in a home of your own before I die.' He paused, but there was no reply. 'I did not say a word when William Strong was after you—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents—as Loyd said 'he had more gab than wit;' nor when poor Charles Mosely was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did Mrs. Barnard, and so did Loyd, as if we [illegible] [illegible] has one *of the best estates in* the county; he is none of your *highty*, here [illegible] *tomorrow folks, but a* substantial, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd said—' Here the brands fell apart; and while Paulina was breathless to hear what Loyd said, the old colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. 'As I was saying, my child,' he resumed, 'my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks—'

What Loyd thought Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd Barnard was of the Edwin and Wilfred order; one of those humble and generous spirits that give all, neither asking nor expecting a return. He seemed born to steal quietly and alone through the shady paths of life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion or application of any sort. A merciful Providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and Loyd Barnard, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquility of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy, and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post-office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment; if it was not virtue, it was happiness, for, till of late, he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners—the birds and flowers.

'Ah, my son,' said the old gentleman, 'you have come just in the right time—but where is Lina gone?'

'She went out as I came in, Sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping.'

'Weeping!' echoed the colonel; and 'Weeping!' re-echoed the old lady; and 'could we have hurt her feelings;' asked both in the same breath.

'Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?'

'Nothing, Loyd—nothing—nothing—don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging her to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer.'

Loyd looked ten times paler than usual, and kept his eye rivetted upon his mother, till she added, 'But somehow it seems as if she could not any way feel to it.'

'Thank God!' murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and to both it was a revelation. The Colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to *maturity*, love and marriage enter their heads. *But there* were good reasons why the Colonel and his wife should have *fancied the governing passions* and objects of *ordinary lives had* never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to *provide* for the wants of the most frugal family, and they had forgotten that love *takes no counsel from* prudence. It was *too late now to* remember it.

The *Colonel*, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping *and putting them* on again, said, 'Are you *attached* to Lina, *my son?*' He used the word in its *prescriptive rustic* sense.

'Yes, sir.'

'Strange I *never mistrusted it!*—How long have you been *so, Loyd?*'

'Ever since I was old *enough to understand* my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, *know that I could not bear* the other [illegible]'

'Do you know what Lina's feelings are?'

'No, sir.'

'But surely you can *guess* Loyd,' interrupted his mother.

'I can *hope*, mother—and I do.'

'The sooner, my son, you both get over it the better, for there is no kind of a prospect for you.'

'My child,' said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, 'trust in Providence; our basket and store have been always full; and why should not our children's be? Loyd now does the business of the post-office; while I live they can share with us, and, when I am gone, it may be so, that the heart *of the ruler will be so overruled*, that the office will be continued to Loyd.'

Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing arguments, or himself impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, *lived less* by faith than her gentle spouse, replied:

'The office continued to Loyd! Who ever heard of old Jackson's heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to?'

'My dear child!'

'Well, my dear, do hear me out; don't the loaves and fishes *all* go on one side of the table?'

'Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear.'

'*Well*, my dear, old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a revolutionary officer.'

'I am sure he has proved that he *would* not.'

'[illegible]—we all know what his *party are in old Massachusetts*—'

'About like the other party, my dear.'

'*My dear! how can you say so!* Why, his own party are the most violent, given-over, as it were, and low-lived people; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office.'

'They would be sorry, I know; for we have many good friends, and kind neighbors among them: there's Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton.'

'Mr. Barton! Lyman Barton! My dear, every body knows, and every body says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this last dozen years to step into your shoes. The post-office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a snug man, and lives within his means; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he *ought* to have the office. And, beside, is he not always working for the party? writing in the paper? and serving them every way? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it? No, no, my dear, mark my words! you won't be cold, before Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town.'

'I don't believe it, my dear; I don't feel as if Lyman Barton would ask for the office.'

'Well, my dear, you'll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be—you may laugh—I mean *I* shall see, if I am spared—you always have, colonel, just such a blind faith in every body.'

'My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can't remember that ever I had an enemy.'

While this conversation was in progress, there was a *tete-a-tete*, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both, finding a mine of the only riches they coveted, 'dared be poor in this world's poor sense.' Secured by the good colonel's indulgence, for the present they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event, they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table; and there is always a cover awaiting the frugal and industrious laborer (or even gleaner) in her fruitful fields. Any thing short of absolute want, perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh ye perjured traffickers in marriage vows! ye buyers and sellers of hearts—hearts? they are not articles of commerce—buyers and sellers of the bodies that might envelope and contain celestial spirits, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! To-morrow your home, that temple of the affections, which God himself has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life!

Our simple friends wotted not of the miseries of artificial life. These had never even crossed the threshhold of their imagination. The colonel gave his hearty consent for the asking, and his prudent help-mate was too true-hearted a woman to withhold hers.—*There are those wise as serpents,* if not harmless as doves, in village life; and such shook their heads, and wondered if the colonel calculated to live and be post-master forever! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when everybody knew it was just as good as promised to *Mr. Barton!* Loyd Barnard, a steady, *consistent* (our own side is always consistent) whig, *expect the tender mercies* of the Jackson party! No, Loyd Barnard indulged no *such extravagant* expectation. He had stood by 'old Massachusetts' through her obstinate or *considerate* opposition to the general government, and he expected to *reap the customary reward* of such firmness or—*prejudice.* To confess [illegible] and it was brightened with the [illegible] equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature,

'Ne'er [illegible] sorrow and care,
But gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang.'

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. The quilts were quilted—the publishment pasted on the door of the church—and the wedding cake made. Never had the colonel seemed better and brighter; his step was firmer, his voice freer, and his person more erect than usual; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock at human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Colonel Barnard was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness; and though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment caused a *general* shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All—even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none—spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of *regret.* The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe, or, if we had, *how could* we depict the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed? Notwithstanding the day was the coldest of a severe January, the mercury being some degrees below [illegible], and the gusty, cutting wind [illegible] the snow into hills [illegible] tribute of respect to the good colonel.

There is a reality in the honor that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner.

The custom, growing in some of our cities, of private funerals, of limiting the attendants to the family and nearest friends of the deceased, is there in good taste. The parade of ceremony, the pomp of numbers, the homage of civility, and all the show and tricks of hollow conventional life, are never more out of place, never more revolting, than where death has come with its resistless power and awful truth. But a country funeral has, beside its quality of general sorrow, somewhat of the nature of the Egyptian court that sat upon the merits of the dead. The simplicity and frankness of country life has truly exhibited the character of the departed, and if judged in gentleness (as human judgments should be rendered) it is equitably judged.

The colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to await the moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait patiently and reverently—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment, in country phrase, the 'dwelling-room.'

Within the little bed-*room* sat the 'mourners;' but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after *another, for a last look* at their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a *father.* They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, *whom he had visited in her* affliction; there the orphans, now *grown* to thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he had *succored*, counselled and watched over; there were those whom he had visited in prison; there were sometimes enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention; *there was the* young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady friendship, for the good colonel, had a 'skeptic smile' for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed

—— '[illegible]
Within a [illegible].'

And there were children [illegible] eyes, for the rare old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and one, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered, 'Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!'

And there, in the midst of this sad company, and with a face quite as sad as his neighbors', stood *Lyman Barton.* A little urchin, a *particular friend of* the old colonel's, and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered,

'Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?'

'Why, Hal, why?'

'He is making believe cry, just like a crocodile! Every body says he has written to old Jackson already to be made post-master. I wish he was in the colonel's place.'

[illegible]

'You could not wish him in a better place.'

[illegible]