# The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1853. | VOLUME X., NUMBER 9.


## Poet's Corner.

### The Stars Sink one by one from Sight.

The stars sink one by one from sight,
No trace of them we find;
They vanish from the brow of night,
And none is left behind
Alone,
And none is left behind.

The sun goes to his ocean-bed,
In all his rays enshrined;
He wraps them round his crimson head,
And leaveth none behind
To mourn,
And leaveth none behind.

The beautiful and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their work aside and fled,
And we are left behind
Alone,
And we are left behind.

The dear old friends of early time,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind.

Pale stars, red sun, yet come again,
For whom no hearts have pined;
We call our darlings back in vain,
Still we are left behind
Alone,
Still we are left behind.

O! dear ones, teach us so to run
Our race, in sun and wind,
That we may win where ye have won,
Though we be left behind
Awhile,
Though we be left behind.

[*Dublin University Magazine.*

☞ The subjoined Ode, from *Peterson's Magazine* for December, is a fine speciman of poetry in which sound is significant of meaning. The bounding sweep of its stanzas—its vehement swellings, and majestic cadences—accord well with the ideas expressed by the author.

### The Electric Telegraph.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

Ho, Artizans! lengthen ye out the wire,
And plant the pole deep in the ground,
For a highway on which the electric fire
May traverse the earth around:
On the rocky bed of the troubled sea,
O'er the smiling, fruitful land,
By the crowded mart and the lonely tree,
Place the slight but potent band.

The lightning which blazed in the ebon sky,
Was deemed as the hand of God,
And the trembling world at its sight would lie
In dread of the chastening rod.
The hand of God now rests on the wire,
And wields it as 'twere a pen,
Tracing in words of mystic fire
A lesson of truth to men.

Raizing the laws which say that man
Is a serf to his brother clay;
Telling, in spite of the tyrant's ban,
Of the dawn of a better day;
Searching, like slender threads of flax,
The fetters that bind men down;
Melting away, like simmering wax,
The despot's throne and crown,

Back, Superstition—the flashing light
Will injure thy owl-like eyes;
Hence, Ignorance, hence—thy clouds of night
Must away, now the lightning flies.
Despot, beware! nor trust thy power,
Though firm as the mountain oak;
The gun-crowned wall and the massy tower
Must fall 'neath the lightning stroke.

Then plant the pole and stretch the wire
Till a belt goes round the earth,
And the record be traced, in electric fire,
Of a free world's glorious birth;
Treaties awhile may kingdoms bind,
And war join clan to clan,
But the wire shall twine round the human mind,
Joining man to his brother man.

### First Use of Mahogany.

Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, had a brother, a sea captain, who was the first that brought from the West Indies some mahogany logs to London for ballast. The doctor was then building him a house in Covent Garden, and his brother, the captain, thought they might be of service to him; but the carpenters found the wood too hard for their tools, and it was laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mr. Gibbons wanted a candle-box, and got a cabinet-maker to make it out of the useless wood lying in the garden. The box was made, and the doctor was so pleased with it, that he got the cabinet-maker to make him a bureau of it, and the fine color and polish of it induced him to invite a great number of his friends to see it, and among them the Duchess of Buckingham. Her grace begged the Doctor for some of the wood, and got Wallaston, the cabinet-maker, to make her a bureau also, on which the fame of mahogany and Wallaston were much raised, and it become the rage for grand furniture. No other wood exceeds it yet.

☞ Wanted—the blow struck by a journeyman printer for higher wages.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

## A Page from a Woman's Heart;

### Or, Female Heroism.

BY FANNY FERN.

'How did you come in possession of this?' said a young man, directing the pawn-broker's attention to a small ruby pin in the show case.

'That? oh that was brought here last night by a prettyish young woman, who seemed to be in a great fluster about the money; and so I bought it of her.'

'How did she look? Had she blue eyes? Was she tall and slender?'

'Lord bless your soul!' said the pawnbroker, 'I has hundreds of 'em in here every day. I never looks twice at 'em. She was a broken down lady, I reckon. Somebody said she lived up that court yonder. Like to redeem the brooch sir?'

'Yes, certainly, said Ernest; and paying the extortioner five times what he had given for it he deposited it in his vest pocket.

'Good God! that Agnes Karin should come to this,' was his first exclamation on reaching the street. 'That brooch that I've seen sparkle on her snowy neck thousands of times, when I could have kissed the very ground her little foot trod upon; Agnes in a pawn-broker's shop!' and he reeled and leaned for support against a jutting wall of the old building. Just then a little girl tripped past, and striking her foot against the curb stone, fell heavily against him. Ernest raised her in a moment, and kissed her little innocent face, was about releasing her when the thought struck him that she might assist him in the search for Agnes.

'Where do you live, pretty one?' said he, looking into her bright blue eyes.

'I can't tell,' said the child, blushing, 'my mamma bid me not talk to strangers. Won't you please put me down, sir?'

'Yes, certainly,' said Ernest, as he saw her little lip begin to quiver, only tell me your name first.'

'I can't tell,' said she again with womanly decision that would have amused him at any other time. So putting her gently down upon the pavement, he prepared to follow her at a distance. There was something in the expression of her face that interested him; that reminded him of one he had loved, oh how deeply! And then he counted the weary years that had intervened since her marriage. Yes; it might be her child.

On she went, little Minnie, turning corner after corner with the speed of an antelope, then disappeared up the small dingy court, into the doorway of a small black house, never once turning her graceful little head.

Ernest followed; she opened a small door, and forgetting in her haste to close it after her he heard her say (almost breathless from speed and agitation) 'I didn't tell; the gentleman asked me my name, and where I lived, but (kiss me mamma) I certainly didn't tell him.'

'Dear child,' said the mother as she gave her a kiss.

'That voice! there was but one in the wide world that could so thrill him!'

'Oh mamma, here he is,' said Minnie as she tried to close the door. 'I certainly didn't tell him,' and she began to sob piteously.

'Agnes! Ernest!' They were simple words to convey so much meaning! 'Your husband, Agnes, is he dead? Why do I find you here?' She shook her head and turned deadly pale.

'What then said Ernest drawing himself up as if he were already called upon to protect her.

'Dead to me,' said Agnes in a low voice.

Ernest took from his pocket the small brooch. 'You must have suffered much ere you would have parted with this, Agnes. It has told me a silent tale of misery that I will not pain your heart to echo. I ask you not of *him*. It is enough for me that he is still living, while you are suffering here. I will not curse him in your presence; but Agnes you must give me the right of an old friend to care for you; you must leave this wretched place;' and he looked first at her, then at the miserable surroundings.

'Your father, Agnes! does he know of this! Is money still his god?'

Agnes replied only by her tears.

'Tell me! how have you lived?' said Ernest.

She pointed to a small escritoire in the corner of the room.

'*Slow starvation!*' said he contemptuously. 'This is folly, Agnes. Just look at your position; deserted from avaricious motives by those who should rally around you in your hour of trial; wasting your youth and health in humbling yourself for employment to those who can neither understand your position nor appreciate yourself. Agnes give me (if I may claim no dearer title) a *brother's* right to care for you.'

Agnes Karin rose from her chair pale but calm. 'Listen to me Ernest. What *I have* been you know; what I am now by God's dark providence, you see. That I have suffered more keenly than ever you who read my heart so well, can dream I acknowledge. There is nothing that meets my eye that is not coarse and repulsive. I have deprived myself of food that my child might not hunger. I have no *earthly father* save in name; but through all this, Ernest, I have maintained my self respect, and I would rather die, than take one dollar, even as a loan *from you*. Nay hear me out,' said she, laying her hand on his arm, as he strode impatiently across the room. 'This poor weary heart is tasked to the utmost.—Like Noah's dove it finds no resting place.—Nay, spare your reproaches, and be generous. Think you it costs that heart nothing to turn coldly away and say Nay!' and her voice trembled, and her eyes filled. 'Ernest my heart *may not* echo back your words of kindness; the love that is born of sorrow is strong, and wild, and deep. Leave me, Ernest. Do not deceive yourself; it is not a brother's heart you offer me. I must toil on unaided by you. The night has been long, tedious, and starless; the morning *must* dawn ere long. I will wait and trust. If I forsake not myself, God will not forsake me,'

'*Once more*, shall I leave you, Agnes?' said the young man as he took her hand.

'God wills it,' was her low reply.

The door closed upon Ernest's retreating figure; then her woman's heart gave way.—covering her face with her hands, she wept long and bitterly; then came a holy calm!—a peace that only those may know who are *self-conquerors*.

And where was that '*earthly father*?' He ate and drank and slept; careless who befriended his child; careless of the more than mortal strength she needed to keep that warm and tried heart from yielding to the pressure of poverty, temptation and despair? 'Like as a father pityeth his children,' were unmeaning words to poor Agnes.

'This is a very correct translation,' said the pedantic Professor Boggs; 'very well done, madam; *couldn't have done better myself*; and that's the highest price I can bestow upon it? I suppose you expect to be well paid for it, like all the rest of our applications for this sort of thing.'

'I *need* all you can give me,' said Agnes dejectedly; it has cost me a week of unremitting labor.'

'V-e-r-y p-o-s-s-i-b-l-e,' said the professor looking at her through his glasses; 'I'm told you are the daughter of old Mr. Kairn; he's a man that's well off; how came you to be reduced to this extremity?' (Cruel, avaricious father! the dagger again driven home to that suffering heart, by your neglected hand!)

Agnes replied, 'You will excuse me, sir, from entering into the details of my private history. If the translation pleases you I shall be happy to dispose of it; if not I must look elsewhere.'

Mr. Boggs returned it, with a stately bow.

Agnes found her way into the open air.—The excitement of her interview with Ernest, fasting and fatigue 'told' at last. Her steps became unsteady, her sight failed her; she reeled, and fell upon the pavement.

'*Drunk!*' said one of the bystanders with a sneer.

'*A fallen angel!*' said another.

'Take her to the watch house,' said a third.

'Here little girl,' said a rowdy lad, seizing a child, who seemed quite bewildered by the crowd, 'don't you want to get a sight of the drunken woman?'

'No, no,' said the child, struggling to free himself as he lifted her above their heads—then, with a piercing shriek, as her eye fell on the prostrate form—'Oh, it is *my* mamma! my mamma is dead!' and making her way to her side, she kissed her pale lips and sobbed, and clung to her neck, till there was not a dry eye in the crowd.

'Mr. Karin' said a little dapper man, as he touched that gentleman's gold headed cane, 'do you see that crowd yonder?'

'Yes—yes—what of it?'

'Nothing in particular—only they are looking at your daughter Agnes, who has fainted from fasting and hard work; and your little grandchild is sobbing over her as if her heart would break. Now look here, sir! I respect grey heads; but if it wasn't for that, I'd call you what your Bible calls those who fail to provide for their own households—*worse than an infidel!*' Now I'm a rich childless old man, and I'm going to take her off your hands. She told my nephew Ernest, when she nobly refused his assistance, that 'if she didn't forsake herself, God wouldn't forsake her;'—and He hasn't! She's my daughter from this day, sir, and may God forgive your avarice!'

☞ Omnipresence of God.—The same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole Universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal. He takes in his comprehensive grasp immensity, and all its wonders. Yet is each individual known to him, as if he were the object of his undivided attention. He makes all our thoughts, and gives birth to every feeling within us; and with a power that we can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is our right which gives us every breath we draw, and every comfort which we enjoy.

☞ A Heartless Wretch.—A base wretch in the form of a man, was, a few weeks since, introduced to a lovely and confiding girl of sixteen. He pressed her hand and said, in a thrilling tone, that he thought—'the recent sleighing had rendered the ladies more lovely than ever.' She blushed and said—'very.' Her parents considered it as settled; but he basely deserted the young lady, after addressing this pointed language to her, and has never called at her house since.

Can is be possible? And this infamous scoundrel is allowed to go at large, "unwhipped of justice." He ought to be held up as a warning to deter others from such villainous conduct.

## Fortunes made by Advertising.

From a small pamphlet, entitled 'The Art of making Money,' an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion."—Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text; fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individuals exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicoments in the Hindoo, Ordoo, Goozratee, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow Bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the celestials by means of Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philipine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large Depot, his agents there supply all the Islands in the Indian Seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British Empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn we track him in the Atlantic—Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santon, Rio de Janeiro Bahia, and Pernambuco; he is advertising in these parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighboring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and other portions of the Babary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the 'Journal' and 'Courier' of Constantinople, may find in these as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish Empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entree of patent medicines. Holloway's Ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels, into the very heart of the country. Africa has not been forgotten by this infatigable man, who has an agent on the River Gambia, also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and Pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending as we do with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every periodical in that kingdom; we might add that he also started his medicine in some parts of France; in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian States. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, 'the Art of making Money,' is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for their pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgement, and prudence necessary? Failing in any one of these requisites a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. He has made a large fortune by his labors; and is, we should suppose, every day greatly increasing his wealth. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising, but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the 'Edingburg Review,' in a number published about three years ago stated, that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period Holloway's mode of advertising was prominently set forth; and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merit of his preparations to nearly the whole world.—*Pictorial Times*, a London Weekly Paper.

## American Sunday School Union.

Gov. Cobb, of Georgia, has been constituted a life member of this society, by a contribution of $100 from Sunday School children in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and Georgia.—Gov. Allen, of Rhode Island, has received the same mark of respect from the children of that State, and not to be outdone in benevolence, the Sundy Scholars of Philadelphia, have raised the requisite fund to constitute Gov. Bigler also a life member. The following is his letter to the Rev. Thomas L. Hamner, the general agent of the Union, acknowledging the receipt of the certificate of life membership:

*My Dear Sir.*—I have perused with feelings of the liveliest interest, your favor of the 21st inst., informing me that I have been constituted, a "Life Member of the American Sunday School Union," by the contribution of one hundred dollars, by the Sunday School children of Philadelphia. I have also received, enclosed in a fine gilt frame, a certificate of said membership, over the signature of the President and Secretary of the Institution.

I accept, dear sir, most cheerfully, and with sensations of the highest gratification, this testimony of kind consideration on the part of the Sunday school children of Philadelphia.

I have been a scholar and a teacher in Sunday schools, and have at all times felt a deep interest in their success; but this new and interesting relation to the Institution, created in such a delicate and touching manner, shall not fail to increase my solicitude for the success of the cause. I shall preserve the certificate of membership as a memento of one of the most interesting and pleasing incidents of my life, and shall ever regard this voluntary act of the children of Philadelphia, as among the highest honors conferred upon me by my fellow citizens.

I need scarcely remark to you, that the objects and tendencies of this institution have my unqualified approbation. Its blessed influence upon society and upon the cause of Christianity, are witnessed in every community into which it has been introduced. There are a multitude of witnesses scattered throughout our vast country, the recipients of its favor, ready to rise up and testify to its beneficence, and guardian care. It imparts the elementary principles of knowledge and Christianity, and is thus auxilary to all the literary and religious Institutions of the land. It sends to the Ignorant and destitute the means of mental improvement—tends to develope and cvltivate the youthful mind—to elevate and dignify the character of the citizen, and to diffuse the principles of morality and religion. Its unbought blessings are scattered like manna in the wilderness, and its fruits redound to the glory of God, and the happiness of mankind.

In conclusion I must beg you to accept for yourself, and convey to the Sunday school children of Philadelphia, assurances of my high appreciation of the unmerited honor which they have been pleased thus to confer upon me.

WM. BIGLER.

Executive Chamber, Harrisburg Jan. 24.

## The Kentuckian in Malta.

We passed three weeks in Malta, waiting for dispatches. Various plans were devised to kill time, and never did it pass so pleasantly away. Fishing, rowing, dinners, suppers, etc., formed our principal amusements, and as the harbor was filled with vessels of all nations, an interchange of national courtesies who kept up until our anchor was weighed, and "Old Ironsides" again made before the breeze.

At one of the entertainments given on shore by the officers of the British frigate, the conversation turned to rifle shooting, which led to an animated discussion, in which our officers took part.

"I have often heard," said the commender of the Thunderer, "that you have some fellows in your country, called Kentuckians, who are reckoned as great shots with the rifle."

"Yes sir," replied Lieutenant N——, "their fame is great in that line, which is easily accounted for. As soon as they are able to shoulder a rifle, they commence practicing and in course of time become excellent marksmen."

"They may be clever, but I believe we have better shots on board our vessel."

"I do not belong to that section of the country," observed Lieut. N——, "and have had but little practice with the rifle; but if I mistake not, we have a Kentuckian in company, who will stand up for his native State."

"Yes, on all occassions," said our purser, a tall muscular decendant of one of the first settlers of the State.

"What say you then, gentlemen, to a shooting match in the morning?'

"Agreed, with all our hearts," said the Yankees.

The next morning the party met in a beautiful grove, and their target seventy-five yards distant. The English rifle is different from the American, the barrel being shorter and the stock heavier. Six picked men from the Thunderer were on the ground, all of whom fired. No one, however, cut the paper—the size of a dollar—although some of the balls were close to it.

The shots were considered excellent; the English and French officers present were greatly astonished at the proficiency of the riflemen. The commander of the Thunderer, to the purser, said, with a smile:

"What do you think of that? I take it you'll find it difficult to come up to it."

"You may think so—but I consider it no shooting at all!" said the Kentuckian.

"Vous montez le haut chevel," said a French officer.

"Je vous montrai," said the Kentuckian.

"Fire away," said the Englishman.

"I'll bet a wine supper for all hands," said the Kentuckian, that I make three shots, and every one of which will be better than any yet made, and each succeeding one better than the first."

"I'll take it," said the Englishman, smiling.

The Kentuckian slowly raised a rifle he brought from home, and fired. The paper was cut! The second fire was better than the first; and the third bored the centre! Nothing could depict the surprise of all present. The Englishman acknowledged the corn, and said he was satisfied. The Kentuckian enjoyed a hearty laugh, declaring it was nothing to what he could do—that he would be ashamed of such firing in old Kentuck. Rolling a quid from one quarter of his capacious receiver to another, he continued:

"I must have another shot to show what can be done with a rifle, and to convince my French friend I am not boasting."

The whole party stood silent in a row, and the Kentuckian retreated about forty yards, making the distance from the tree to where he stood, near one hundred and twenty yards.—Ordering a paper of the same size of the other to be put up in the same place, he re-loaded—drew his broad brimed beaver over his eyes and after taking deliberate aim, blazed away.

"That was rather too low," he said, 'the ball is about the eighth of an inch below the paper! The next time I'll bring it."

On examining, the ball was found to be precisely where he said it, was, which increased the astonishment the remarkable shot had produced on all present, with exception of the Yankees, who were "used to it."

"This lick will bring the persimmon," said the Kentuckian, as he raised his piece high up gradually lowered it and fired. The paper fell from the tree, the ball driving home the nail which supported it! Language cannot describe the looks of the foreigners, and particularly the natives, who crowded around the Kentuckian in numbers. That night the wine flowed freely at the 'Old Admirals,' and a more joyous party never met at Malta.

☞ Use good means to attain to success, rely upon such means, and think more of them than of the end in view. The boy who turns to the end of his arithmetic and wishes himself through it, makes but little progress; while he who works hard to conquer each new principle is soon master of the whole. The step before you is that to which you should attend. They who point to the high places of the world and tell you to aim at arriving there do wrong; they should only point to a position that may be easily reached, and from that they may point to another, and so on. Yet it may be well to show what that kind of incentive has accomplished. "Adams," says a paper before us, "the discoverer of the planet Neptune, was the son of a poor farmer in Cornwall. Sir Wm. Cobitt, when a boy, worked in his father's mill in Norfolk. Locke's father was a brakeman at Barnsley coalpit.—Professor Lee, of Cambridge, was, in the early part of his life, a working carpenter. Lord Campbell and Dickens were both reporters for the Morning Chronicle. Gibson, the sculptor, was a cabinet-maker. Carlton was a poor Irish peasant's son, and has painted his own life in 'The Poor Scholar.' Cobden and Carlyle were both sons of small farmers—the one in Sussex, the other in Dumfrieshire. W. J. Fox was, at an early part of his life, a weaver boy. Joseph Brotherton was a factory lad.—Dr. Kitt was a poor cobbler.'

☞ Boss.—English writers say that the republicans of this country have such an aversion to the word *master*, that they say *boss* instead of it. Out West, we learn that a "Master in Chancery" is called a "Boss in Chancery."

The above shows how much one is influenced by a mere name. Go into a shop and ask a workman where his "master" is, and he in the spirit above cited, will "fire up," perhaps, and answer that he has no 'master.' Step into the next room and ask 'where's your boss?' and the reply will be without any tartness.—What makes the difference? Not the man who answered the question, for the second one would have felt as much excited as the first, if he had been asked, "Where's your master?" "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and often pity 'tis to open one's eyes. But the truth is, both the questions have the same meaning. The word boss, now in such frequent use, is only the Dutch word master, and was introduced in New York by the Hollanders, who, our readers are aware, settled that State.

The Life to Come.—I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread upon the ground. I looked again; it sprang forth afresh, its stem was crowded with new buds, and its fragrance filled the air. And thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth, but thou shalt be raised again, and thou shalt never die any more.

## The Glass Railroad.

*"There was a moral in that Dream."*

The Milford Bard related the following, as one of his dreams, during a fit of *mania potu*:

'It seemed to me,' said the bard, as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumbers. I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay and happy crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar gentle motion—a soft, gliding motion. I looked around and found that I was in one of a long train of cars, that were gliding over a railway. I could see the train far, far ahead; it was turning a bend in the railway and seemed to be many miles in length. Each car opening at the top, was filled with men and women—all happy, all talking, laughing, or singing. The peculiar motion of the cars interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars were made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. 'I was so happy!' It seemed to me as if everything within me was at rest—I was full of peace. While I was wondering over the circumstances, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, on either side, were laid long lines of coffins, one on either side of the road, and every one containing a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face up-turned to the light. The sight filled me with unutterable horror. I yelled with agony, but could make no sound. The throng around me only redoubled their singing and laughed at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend which formed an angle with the road far, far in the distance.

'Who are those?' I cried at last pointing to the dead in their coffins.

'These are the persons who made the trip before us,' was the reply of one of the gay persons near me.

'What trip?' I asked.

'Why, the trip we are now making—the trip in these glass cars, over this glass railroad,' was the answer.

'Why do they lie along the road each one in his coffin?'

I was answered with a whisper and a half laugh which froze my blood.

'They were dashed to pieces at the end of the railroad,' said he whom I addressed.

'You see the railroad terminates at an abyss, that is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought up here and placed in coffins, as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad.'

I can never describe the horrors with which these words inspired me.

'What is the name of this railroad?' I asked. The person whom I addressed replied, in the same low voice—

'It is the railroad of Habit. It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For once in these cars, every one is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move so gently! Yes, it is a railroad of Habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over the glass railroad towards the fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there; and they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others—but nobody will mind it, will they?'

I was choked with horror. I struggled for breath—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke.

I knew it was a dream—and yet, whenever I think of it, I can see long lines of cars moving gently over the glass railway. I can see the cars far ahead as they are turning the bend in the road, I can see the dead in their coffins clear and distinct—on either side of the road, and while the laughter and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see those cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

It was a horrible dream. And the Bard's changing features and brightning eye, attested the emotion which had been aroused by the mere memory of the dream.

It was indeed a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railroad, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday; gliding over the railroad of Habit, towards the fathomless abyss.

'There was a moral in that Dream.'

Reader are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks.

☞ Master Benjamin Pierce.—The bright and manly little fellow, whose melancholy death has awakened so deep and universal sympathy for the desolate parents, was worthy of all the affections with which they cherished him. A mere child as he was of only eleven years, he possessed a mind of such rare symmetry, that it could not be dazzled by the brilliant scenes opening before him, and to which he was constantly, others around him were often making allusions. It being remarked to him a few weeks ago by a gentleman quite intimate with him that he supposed he must be highly pleased and elated with the prospect of leaving cold Concord, and living in the gross city of Washington and the White House, he replied that he had no wish to go, and only hoped his father would put him on a farm, and leave him