

The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1853.

VOLUME X, NUMBER 14.

Peter's Corner.

For the Democrat.

Passing Thoughts.

I love thee still, though golden days have faded
And suns have set
Though dark edged clouds my o'er charged
heart have shaded
Since last we met;
Though hopes that dawned upon life's blissful
morning
Have sunk in gloom,
And bright-bird flowers my early path adorn-
ing
Have ceased to bloom.
I see thee now, on thy young lip is nesting
A dewy smile,
And eyes of blue all trustfully are resting
On mine the while;
The same sweet wealth of earnest love is
glancing
To my soul's shrine,
And hopes as pure, as truthful and entrancing
As thine—mine!
The dimpling vale that archly used to brighten
Thy cheek of snow,
As my proud girlish fondness loved to brighten
The rose-bud glow,
In spirit-dreams before me ever lingers
A brow of pearl,
While gleefully I trace around my fingers
Each golden curl;
With the low sobbing winds seem ever blend-
ing
Thy tones of love,
And thy large, searching eyes are fondly bend-
ing
Down from above.
Am I alone? the loosened locks that cluster
Around my brow,
Beneath a gentle hand of snowy lustre
Flow darkly now,
E'en the cool night-breeze wafts the dreamy
sadness
From my flushed cheek,
And my hushed spirit steals a thought of glad-
ness
It dare not speak,
Lured one, art thou amidst the world's wild
rushing
From me estranged,
My heart shall whisper with its last low gush-
ing
I am not changed.

Some Things Love Me.

These beautiful lines, by T. Buchanan Read
appear in the Knickerbocker for November:
All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill,
And the darkness hangs around me
Oh, how still!
To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sunken, dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a bark.
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!
Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around;
Countless voices rise to cheer me
From the ground.
And the lone bird comes; I hear it,
In the tall and windy pine,
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine;
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!
Now the moon hath floated to rest;
On the stream I see it away,
Swinging boat-like, as 't would woo me
Far away!
And the stars bend from the azure;
I could reach them where I lie;
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky:
There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the vast heavens that love me—
Even me!
Now when comes the tide of even,
Like a solemn river slow,
Gentle eyes sink to heaven
On me glow;
Loving eyes that tell their story,
Speaking to my heart's heart;
But I sigh—a thing of glory
Soon departs.
Yet when many scars above me,
I must think that there will be
One star more in heaven to love me
Even me!

Sunday Evening.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west;
As eads the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.
Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myriad stars calmly weave
Their light around our heads.
Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast;
Fair emblem of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.

The Gentle Wife.

From the New York Organ.

A Romance of the West.

BY MRS. M. A. DETSON.

CHAPTER I.

Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world,
thou liest!

The House of Wealth—The Birthday Party—
Herman Stanton—The Rusted Merchant—
The Abode of Poverty—The Legacy—The
Happy Household—Herman Sails for the
West Indies—Lucky Fatality—The Beau-
tiful Creole.

It was the year 1767, Hosea Stanton, a well
known and opulent merchant, resided on the
north side of High Holburn, London, in one of
the stately mansions of that period. Like
many who gained immense fortunes by an al-
most slavish devotion to business, he was some-
what coarse, and abrupt in manner, but a
whole-hearted, hospitable gentleman, proud of
his delicate wife, and almost idolizing their only
child, Herman, whose beauty of face and
brilliance of intellect gave fine promise of his
future.

The doting father had determined to make
a grand entertainment when his child should
attain to his fourteenth year; a party such as
never a tradesman had given before; and as the
time advanced, painters and upholsterers,
carpenters and all sort of working men, began
to block up the entrances. In a few days the
faded satins were replaced by new; the rich
embroidery was trimmed with heavy gold bu-
lions; the ceilings were frescoed—walls now
and beautifully papered;—indeed it was hard-
ly credible the immense sums which were ex-
pended for these things, and every variety of
costly confectionary which was to grace the
magnificent supper-table.

The important evening came round. The
merchant in his vanity had caused carpets to
be laid across the pavement fronting his resi-
dence; floods of light streamed from every
window, making the street brilliant with its
warm, crimson rays. Carriage after carriage
rolled up, deposited their fair burdens, and
made room for the almost endless throng be-
hind. Presently the spacious apartments were
filled. The lady hostess—a woman of great
refinement and good family with excellent
taste without—made the visitors pleased with
themselves and each other.

Smiling, youthful, beautiful faces flitted from
room to room; here was music in one—there
social converse and agreeable pastime in an-
other.

Herman attracted much attention. To say
the least, he was a well bred boy, and a speci-
men of manly beauty—for already had the man
began to shadow forth in his finely developed
features. A mass of thick, glossy, curly hair—
his mother's especial pride—that, parted in
every direction, laid lightly and gracefully
above a brow remarkable for its intellectuality.
His features were no noble, and possessed
that singular repose thought by some to be
significant of gentle blood.

Yet, despite his apparent ease and sagacity,
he was a most changeable being, impulsive to
a fault; yet maturity, study, and above all,
experience, might remedy the one dark defect
of his character.

After a few quick-winged hours of joy, a
distant bell poured forth most ravishing mel-
ody, but the company were invited to supper.
A murmur of surprise, of pleasure, ran through
the lines as they entered through the large fol-
ding doors, and beheld the magnificent display
of ornament and the costly viands spread be-
fore them. The wall of the temporary saloon
were blue, enriched with gilding; the tables
were profusely spread with gold and silver
plate, and ornamented with the most brilliant
bouquets. Everything wore the splendor of
magic, and never seemed guests more delig-
hted with their host and their entertainment.

It was observed that, near the time of de-
parture, an unusual commotion appeared on
the part of the company.

"What is it?" whispered one and another, as
anxious faces and ominous frowns met them
on every hand.

None could tell distinctly; some believed
that a rumored failure had caused the distur-
bance; a late rumor having hinted in confi-
dence that the house of Brentz and Marble,
the most extensive importers in London, was
insolvent. Some looked agitated at this news
and more than one stout heart quailed with
fear. The heavier merchants would not cred-
it; they even derided the idea and called it
ridiculous. Why, they would as soon believe
that all London was sinking, as to doubt for a
moment the security of Brentz and Marble, a
firm of fifty years standing; it was absurd to
harbor the thought.

At five o'clock—a most unreasonable hour—
Mrs. Stanton placed a note in her husband's
hand, saying that she supposed it was from
some friend who could not avail himself of
their invitation; and she laughed because it
was sealed. She had just spied it peeping
from the silver rack, where, in a hurry of prepa-
ration, she had placed it, forgetting it till now.

The merchant opened it carelessly, read it,
—started, a deadly pallor overspread his nat-
urally ruddy face, and with an expression of
extreme anguish, he sank into the nearest seat.
For a while he sat there, as one acting without
volition, spoke when spoken to, smiled vagu-
ely in answer to the smile of his friends, then
rising, and with great effort controlling his
manner, his voice he passed through the crowd
like one in a dream. And oh! the anguish in
his heart—every merry voice was to him a
sword—every burst of merriment, unreason-
able and hideous mirth.

When the party prepared to go, his adieu
words caustic, bitter; he felt like one compelled
to stand upon a burning surface, and school
himself to endurance; but when the last one
had departed, he began to walk the floor in his
extremity of mortal anguish, the line of which
was frightfully depicted upon his brow.

His wife was first surprised, then fearful;
she begged him to tell her the cause of his agi-
tation; he continued silent, moody, almost fe-
reticulous in his bearing, nor would he answer.
She beckoned to her son; he followed his father,
and also inquired if he was sick—in trouble.

"Go to your room, boy!" exclaimed the mer-
chant, fiercely;—"to your room, beggar's
brat!" he muttered between his teeth, as the
lad hurried from his presence. "My God! I
am ruined," he exclaimed, losing all self com-
mand; "the house of Brentz and Marble is a
total wreck; and oh!" he groined in prolonged
accents, as he fell helplessly back upon one
of his magnificent lounges, "I am ruined, ruined."

His poor wife, faint and sick at heart, dared
offer no consolation; she sat trembling and
white as the dead.

"For a hundred thousand am I upon their
paper; fifty thousand I sent them three days
ago in payment for ordered goods; this infer-
nal show has cost me as much more; I too
shall be mistreated—it is well known how
largely I deal there; my God, my God! I am a
lost man."

And so it eventually proved. Ruin follow-
ed upon ruin, wreck upon wreck; two ships
in which he was a large owner perished at sea;
sickness came upon his household, and the
most prominent of his friends who had fawned
after him at the great party, shook their sagacious
heads and pronounced it a judgment from
Almighty God; old Stanton had been a hard
man, hard upon the poor.

But then was it not strange that these com-
mentators turned the grindstone with the same
merciless intent; and held their helpless victims
upon it with a strong grip?

And now came with the to a narrow-croft
or rather a long lane walled in on all sides but
one, with houses so high that the shadows
frown out the sun; a filthy, dark, crazy look-
ing place full of meagre, pitiful children with
long, lean limbs and lack lustre eyes that tell
of want and famishing. Come with me to
witness this terrible scene; to the dingy
staircase; look in yonder miserable room, and
see the old, broken down merchant, a spectre
of his former self, sitting moodily and with
battered limbs before the little fire. Behold
the still handsome, meek and gentle wife mov-
ing slowly around on the bare boards as if her
feet had not long ago felt the surface of car-
peted floors. And yonder, looking sadly out
upon the dreary prospect, stands Herman, his
face pale and careworn, his proud meek and
naughty features ill counterparts to the desola-
tion around him.

With the sudden revolution in the mer-
chant's affairs, every aspiring hope with regard
to Herman's advancement was crushed in his
heart. He was proud of the son of his old
age—the last of nine—and had fondly trusted
that the boy might one day become an honor
to his name.

But the child—for so was scarcely more,
must now work for a subsistence; must sat-
isfy to the winds his lofty aspirations. In-
stead of the honored walls of Eton, he must toil
in dusty offices, or crowded shops; instead of
standing as an eloquent pleader at the bar of
his country, he must grovel along, contented
with little if it brought him food enough
to keep out starvation. True to his impulses
he managed to obtain an underling's situation
in the office of a noted barrister, where he
received two pounds per month, which little
salary was handed regularly to his parents.

The boy could never forbear calculating with
a greedy eye, how many fine books it might
purchase, and how gradually it would enable
him to pursue the studies so cruelly interrup-
ted.

But books made no longer an item in the
father's consideration of expenses. Bread
for their most now labor, and his perpetual dis-
tress was money, money; regret at having lost it;
the misery it might have done—alas! he has
grown almost a monomaniac, a querulous, fret-
ful old man; gold—gold it was the constant
theme of the poor, fallen merchant.

Just after his failure he had been prostrated
with a severe shock of palsy, and was unable
any longer to walk without assistance. What
should they do? they were all proud, they
could never stoop to solicit help of far distant
relatives. Starvation stared them in the face;
they had sought obscurity—nobody knew them
—but just when they were beginning to des-
pair, when misery and destitution seemed prom-
ising them a gloomy future, a kind Providence
interposed. Herman obtained the clerkship be-
fore mentioned, and a salary sufficient to meet
all their most pressing wants, and give them,
perhaps, a few homely luxuries.

Years passed and the young man was seven-
teen. He had not advanced, because it is a
difficult thing in that country of extremes for
a man to rise by his own merit when gold can
buy preferment.

The old merchant sat, day by day prop-
ped up by pillows in his great easy chair and
with indolence relish his three savory meals
after which he was wheeled to the cheerless
window and remained gazing out into the bu-
siness court, lost in dreams of the past; or else he
scanned some book or paper, which a sym-
patizing friend might place in his hands. The
dear old man, blue-eyed with age, whose fair,
sandy hair was silvery daily, waited every

morning to the crowded market and made her
little purchases, then back to the monotonous
round of domestic duties, which she performed
with a slower hand and a more halting step
time wore on.

But soon came an unexpected blow. The
barrister, solicited by some needy relative,
proffered Herman's clerkship to another, and
gave the poor boy notice to quit, promising
his influence in procuring for him as good a
situation.

It was a dull, damp, cheerless November
evening when Herman received this sad news.
He had just been counting up his little savings,
which by dint of rigid economy in his own ex-
penses, he had been enabled to accumulate,
and with which he was calculating to com-
mence a small and select library. He had been
very happy all day, but with this intelligence
came an overpowering sense of despondency;
he staggered out of the dusty office without
speaking, and walked slowly through the
looming fog towards his home.

Silently entering, he hurried noiselessly to
his own little dark room, threw himself on an
old settee, and gave way childishly, to the
bitterness of his grief. He was well aware
how difficult it would be to obtain a situation
particularly at this present season, and here
were his parents dependent on him for their
all.

Three times he heard his mother open their
door, and murmur, as she stood at the head
of the old stair case, "wonder what keeps
Herman so long?" but he could not summon
courage to meet her; he knew that his excited
manner would send a foreboding to her gentle
heart, and it was like the pangs of death to re-
veal the truth to her.

But this supposition does not help the mat-
ter; at last he said, resolutely rising, "sitting
in the cold and shivering, or shodding foolish
tears, will not obtain me another office, most
surely," so he threw off his shabby cloak,
smoothed back his smiling hair, then relaxing
his features into what might seem like his ac-
customed smile, he marched boldly into the
room.

Truly some metamorphosis had taken place
—the ward of a conjurer had been there, or
fairly things had come again; for never, since
his remembrance of better days, when he lived
in splendor, had he seen so cheerful an apart-
ment. Two candles were burning—not tal-
low but shining wax—on the narrow mantle;
a coal fire sparkled in the grate, throwing its
grateful heat and ruddy light all over the
room, and most lavishly was the anthracite
heaped on. There was honey upon the table
with warm, warm biscuit smoked before him, and
a luscious steak occupied the centre of the lin-
en cloth. The only relic of olden times, a
small but massive silver pitcher which the
good mother had religiously preserved, was
filled with milk whose creamy froth flaked its
burnished sides. And there, too, was hot tea,
a luxury that only his father had enjoyed of
late; and broken crystals of loaf sugar; what
did it mean? Herman gazed around bewil-
dered; his mother seemed nervous, yet hap-
py, and a grim smile slowly crept over his
father's features, broadening and deepening
till with a startling "Ha, ha!" he exclaimed:
"Sit down, boy, to your supper; no, I say
wrong; to your repast; drink nectar and feed
upon ambrosia, as you used to read in school
days, eat your allowance, egad—your old father
or has got a tale to tell, a story that has made
our withered hearts young again; don't stare
so, boy, ha, ha, ha! sit down, I say, and feast
to your fill," and the old man rubbed his hands
briskly.

Herman's eye fell upon a brown package,
tied with red tape, it laid closely beside his
father. Anxious as he was, the sight restored
his equilibrium, for he instinctively portended
good from the official look of the mysterious
envelope.

"Now, boy," chuckled the old man, placing
a paper in the hand of his son, after he had
satisfied his hunger, "read that, and my word
for it, your eyes will stand out; it's a Godsend
certain, a complete Godsend!"

Herman glanced over the letter, and his face
grew red with pleasure; it was mailed in the
West Indies, six months previous to the pres-
ent date; it announced the demise of the mer-
chant's widowed sister, also that she had left
the latter a life annuity of three hundred
pounds.

Herman's eyes lighted up with joy and hope
as he continued to read:

"Let your son come out to me," concluded
the letter, "there is no better place to make a
fortune. One of my vessels, the L—Stafford,
will set sail from Europe on the 19th of
December, or thereabouts. If your son ap-
plies for supercargo's berth, he can have it;
I have made arrangements with the Captain
—he has voyaged need be no expense but a fine
profit to him. Your cousin."

"HARRY STANTON."

Just like Harry—I used to call him the old
Harry when he came from the West Indies
first; he was as yellow as bark; just like him
short and stout. I forgive him his neglect
for not writing to me this five years, though I
swore I wouldn't. Three hundred pounds,
eh? you dog? keep up quite comfortable, won't
you? Send, you to India; make a man of
you; get your fortune, too, eh? Herman
marry some rich Indian to the tune of a round
million or two; come home equipt, by Jupiter,
and the old man snatched his fingers glee-
fully.

"But to leave you and mother."

But as he left, his handsome, black eyes
and, early head, you are old enough now to
bring friend might place in his hands. The
dear old man, blue-eyed with age, whose fair,
sandy hair was silvery daily, waited every

London—chimney corner—smoky old hole;
I wish I could go to India—fool that I didn't
long ago, shouldn't be an old broken down
fellow at sixty. [No; we, mother and I, will
take care of ourselves—such a rare chance
comes to but one in a thousand—egad! we
shall miss you, though, and wonderful though
it was, two tears actually stood in the old
man's little gray eyes, while the tender spir-
ited mother bent almost double over her knit-
ting, to conceal the streaming channels in her
cheeks.

Had no idea that sister would ever remem-
ber me, ejaculated the old man by jerks, "we
parted angry as blazes; didn't like her hus-
band—couldn't sanction the match, anyway;
went off to India and got rich, eh? husband
dead some time ago—well, hope they're both
in heaven, I do. Get your old father into bet-
ter lodgings to-morrow, young man, eh? Make
your fortune; let law go, to the shades—let
any thing for gold—money—money; any-
thing for gold. I only wish these poor limbs
of mine had some life in 'em, I warrant they
would bear me in change to-morrow." Her-
man, Herman," he said, solemnly fixing his
twinkling eyes steadily on he could upon his
face, "God bless you, Herman."

The young man was affected at this sudden
change; he arched and pressed his father's
hand, and then sat quietly down by his side,
where he remained very still and silent, and
the old man, grown garrulous, rattled on:

"Good bye to your masterly old law office,
Barrister Lowe; soliloquized the youth, 'good
bye to your dusty old tomes, as sure as there's
a heaven above as I'm born to good luck'; he
continued, glancing compassionately around him
as if the little room was a palace; when father
was taken sick, why I got a snug place,
which after all was not to be winked at; then,
when I lost that here comes a chance right
into my hand, and money for the comfortable
support of father and mother, though I cannot
bear the thought of leaving them."

"But then, as father says, London is only a
corner of the world, and one must travel if he
wants information or preferment; besides,
what a rare chance to win a fortune and return
to enjoy it in happy England."

So keeping up his courage with such notions
as these, the keen edge of a separation was
not felt; in the course of a month, the daili-
ful had established his parents in a pretty
brick tenement, and engaged a tiny little maid,
whose mother had, years before, lived in the
family, to wait upon the old folks, and assist
in household matters.

All things being ready, Herman set sail in
the latter part of December for the balmy land
of the tropics. After a tedious yet most in-
teresting passage, the good ship arrived in
port; his father's cousin, a son borned man,
stood on the wharf and met Herman with a
gruff, but hearty salutation, gazing in unfog-
ged admiration at the manly proportions and
bright, handsome face of his young relative
a palanquin in readiness, carried by slaves,
and entering it, the two were conveyed to the
mansion of the merchant prince.

Herman was instantly at home in his new
residence; his cousins, sprightly brunettes,
though far from beautiful, were gay, indolent,
yet intelligent girls, and pleased with the
handsome stranger, vied with each other in
their attentions to him, and the fact of his be-
ing English, procured for him hosts of friends
wherever he went.

A profitable clerkship was, for the time be-
ing, settled upon him by his relatives, and ar-
rangements were made which in a little time
would enable him to take an extensive agency
in connection with his present business; but
again were all these plans frustrated by that
same "lucky fatality," he called it, which
had opportunely turned the tide of his affairs.

There was a rich planter upon the island,
Signor Velasquez. By the natives, he was
called the gold man because there was not an-
other so wealthy in all Cuba. He had but one
child, a beautiful daughter, and consequently
a great heiress.

Every birth day of this young girl, her father
gave a magnificent entertainment, and to
participate in celebrating this event, Herman
was invited with his chatty relatives, who
proud of such an escort spared no expense in
fitting up a superb and special wardrobe.

On the night of the party Isabel Stanton
came sailing into the room where Herman
awaited her and sister. Herman started as
she entered, for in the full light of the cande-
labras, her robes blazed with diamonds; pres-
ently Anna joined them likewise gorgeous in
all the trappings of wealth, and holding in her
hands a rich fan of native manufacture, which
was composed of feathers, hardly longer than
the half of an inch, and brilliantly colored.

Unaccustomed to such display, the young
Englishman fancied they looked more like
two gaudy peacocks than anything else; and
a favorable comparison with all this blarney-
ing. You, with your refined tastes, will not find
Lelia Velasquez very congenial company," said
Isabel, a little maliciously. "she is very igno-
rant—and to let you into a secret, her mother
was not a Spaniard, but a Creole; a full blooded
Creole, some say once a slave; in any case,
very, very beautiful; it is incredible, almost
the price that is still lavished upon her ma-
jesty now that she is dead. But Lelia is quite
lovely, some say, as handsome as her mother—
—she is beautiful."

"And so rich," chimed in Anna, the young-
est, "the signor and his daughter never set
even their commonest meals except on gold
plates; you will see a magnificent table set
for your way in the world, shouldn't I be
satisfied of myself to keep you the up-
most?"

and silver, and precious stones, as the saying
is somewhere. Signor Velasquez, (for you
must know he is a Spaniard,) owns over a
thousand slaves, and his plantations are the
finest in Cuba. And such a fortune as this
ignorant beauty will have! there will be no
end to it!"

Herman was indeed dazzled, but not by the
silver and gold, or the splendor and adorn-
ments of this rich man's home, which far ex-
ceeded his brightest dreams of wealth and lux-
ury. "The beauty of the charming West In-
dian led captive his imagination from the mo-
ment he beheld her."

The planter was a stern, dark man, almost
negro in complexion, but his daughter, al-
though her cheek was olive-tinted, was a breath-
ing vision of bewitching loveliness. Full floating
dark eyes, a softly rounded contour; hair, that
turning even from the clear brow in close,
glossy curls, and hanging in rich profusion far
below her waist, plainly bespoke her origin—
were not the least of her glorious charms. These
beautiful tresses were studded with
gold, but so artfully that they did not pull upon
the vision; modest jewels encased her
faultless arms, the muslin robe, embroidered
with the finest webs of gold, covered but did
not conceal the pearly satin that in full broad
folds, clung to, or floated from her queenlike
form with every graceful movement.

Lelia Velasquez was but fifteen; a girl in
reality, a child in intellect, but in appearance
a mature woman. Wild as the gazelle, she
was at times as timid. Her father worshipped
her; the slaves were ready to die in her ser-
vice. Light-hearted and frolicsome, her ring-
ing laugh daily resounded through her father's
halls, like the music of silver bells; her voice
seemed freighted with melody.

During the sports of that festive evening,
Herman had eyes for nothing save Lelia, and
she seemed equally attracted by the striking
face and engaging manner of the handsome
Englishman. Whenever he was by her side,
the young girl forgot her mirth, and talked
stately with her eloquent eyes. Herman im-
mediately determined to master her language,
for she said but a few broken sentences in
English—yet how sweetly they sounded
from her lips! Never had he seen such charms
—not even in London, famed for its fair
women.

All the following day the Stantons were
revelled and sullen. They had noticed the re-
servation of their English relative—his marked
preference for the West Indian belle—and
they were heartily jealous.

(To be Continued.)

A MISTAKE ALL AROUND—The "Bizarro,"
tells the following good story: "A person who
wore a suit of homespun clothes, stepped into
a house in this city, or some business, where
several ladies and gentlemen were assembled
in an inner room. One of the company re-
marked (in a low tone, though sufficiently
loud to be overheard by the stranger), that a
countryman was in waiting, and agreed to
make some fun. The following table talk en-
sued:

"You're from the country, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm from the country."

"Well, sir, what do you think of the city?"

"It's got a damned sight o' houses in it."

"I expect there are a great many ladies
where you come from?"

"Wall, yes, a powerful sight, jest for all the
world like them there, pointing to the ladies."

"And you are quite a beau among them, no
doubt?"

"Wall, I 'sart em to meetin' and take a class
of wine," said one of the company.

"Wall, don't care if I do."

"But you must drink a toast."

"I ast toast what aunt Dobby makes, but
as to drinkin', I never seed the like."

"O you must drink their health?"

"W! all my heart."

"Ladies and gentlemen permit me to wish
you health and happiness with every other
blessing this earth can afford, and advise you
to bear in mind that we are often deceived in
appearances. You mistook me by my dress
to be a country booby; I, from the same
cause, thought these men to be gentlemen;
the deception is mutual—I wish you a good
evening."

Sensible Doctor.

A handsome young widow applied to a phy-
sician to relieve her of three distressing com-
plaints, with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little
or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you should take air and
exercise."

"And, Doctor, I am quite fidgety at night,
and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for
that?"

"For that, madam, I can only recommend
that you take a husband."

"Fie! Doctor! I have the blues terribly—
What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have besides taking
air, exercise, and a husband, to take the news-
paper."

Scandalous doctor that.

Your character cannot be seriously im-
paired, except by your own acts. If any one
speaks evil of you, let your life be so that
none will believe him.

There are two evils—When one has no
data but to speak the plain truth, he may
say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

Washing Sheep.

A few years since, when the subject of tem-
perance was being freely discussed, the citi-
zens of a little town in the western part of
Massachusetts, called a meeting to talk over
the matter. There had never been a temperance
society in that place but after some little
discussion, it was voted to form one. They
drew up a pledge of total abstinence, and a-
greed that if any member of the society broke
it, he should be turned out.

Before the pledge was accepted, Deacon D.
arose and said he had one objection to it; he
thought that Thanksgiving day ought to be free
for the members to take something as he could
relish his dinner much better at this festival if
he took a glass of wine.

"Mr. L. thought that the pledge was not per-
fect. He did not care any thing about Thank-
sgiving, but his family always made a great ac-
count of Christmas, and he couldn't think of
sitting down to dinner then without something
to drink. He was willing to give up all other
days, and in