The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1853. | VOLUME X., NUMBER 22.

Poet's Corner.

The Stream of Time.

BY JOHN SWAIN.

It is a silent stream;
Calm as a quiet sleep;
To a strange repose,
The still stream flows,
Where the mourners cease to weep.

It is a wide spread stream,
And every valley fills;—
It covers the plains,
And the high domains
Of the everlasting hills.

It is a ceaseless stream;
Forever flowing fast;
Like a solemn tide
To the ocean wide
Of the far unfathomed past.

It is a mighty stream;
Resistless in its sway;
The loftiest things,
The strongest kings,
It carries with ease away.

It is a precious stream;
Fair pearls of price untold
Reward the care
Of the searcher there;
And its sands are sands of gold.

Through silent realms of night;
Through every glorious clime;
By night and day
On its wide spread way,
Fast flows the stream of time.

The Westminster *Review* contains an article on a volume of poems just published—written by ALEX. SMITH, who is but twenty-one years of age. They are said to have aroused the attention of the London world.—We have not space but for a few of the gems that sparkle in the extracts given, but we deem the following unsurpassed for beauty and power:—

'When the heart-sick Earth
Turns her broad back upon the gaudy sun,
And stoops her weary forehead to the night,
To struggle with her sorrows all alone,
The Moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,
Presses her cold lips to her sister's brow,
Till she is calm.

'The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore—his wedded bride,—
And in the fullness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.'

'If ye are fair,
Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
The full-faced Moon sits silver on the sea,
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
Each shouldering for her smile.

'Our troubled age shall pass as doth a day
That leaves the West all crimson with the promise
Of the diviner morrow, which even then
Is hurrying up the World's great side with light!'

'I'm drunk with joy,
This is a royal life—the top of life—
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the grave,'

'She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking.'

'We saw the streaming moon flee through the sky,
Pursued by all the dark and hungry clouds,'

'My heart's on fire *and on I drive*
To outer blackness like a blazing ship.'

We can recollect few finer passages than these, and when we reflect that they were produced by one scarcely out of his minority, we cannot help but form hopes that the maturity of his powers will be as brilliant as the promise.

What hope Did.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance.

It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor man which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming; and it saved her from desolation, and the care that killeth.

It hovered about the head of youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to Heaven.

No, hope! my good brother. Have it.—Beckon it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may depart not. It will repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best; but hope shall lead thee over its mountains and sustain thee amid it billows. Part with all beside—but keep thy hope.

Wadded comforts are but poor substitutes for wedded wifes.

A Select Tale.

Marrying Well:
OR THE SPIRIT OF '76.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

'We must discourage Roger's visits, husband,' said Mrs. Hartwell, 'or Lucy will be lost.'

'Married you mean my dear.'

'And would that not be the same as lost Mr. Hartwell? Only think, a daughter of ours married to a shoemaker! You would turn Roger out of doors, if it were not for his politics.'

'Why, wife, I have often heard you praise his industry and excellent character, and he deserves it—for he is really a very clever, sensible young man.'

'So he is, husband, good enough in his way and at his trade; but do you think him a fit companion for our Lucy, the only child of a Justice of the Peace?'

Now Squire Hartwell happened to be in a most self-complacent mood. He was seated in his deep cushioned, high back elbow chair, (a ponderous machine, containing enough material to frame a modern fashionable cottage,) smoking his afternoon pipe, and watching through the open window, the operations of his reapers in the broad field of wheat, which covered many an acre of the gently rising ground east of his dwelling. Here were two sources of satisfaction—personal ease and the contemplation of his property. Then his wife had touched on another most agreeable vein—his magisterial dignity. Luckily for Roger she did not urge this to the utmost.

Square Hartwell had held the office of Justice of the Peace for a number of years, and had, only the week before the commencement of my story, received the additional honor of 'Quorum' to his justiceship. Like all other novelties, this honor seemed of greater importance than his old commission. Had his wife only said Justice of the Peace and Quorum, Roger would have been in a lost case. But now, after most deliberately shaking the ashes from his pipe, Squire Hartwell sat up in his chair with the bearing of a man who intended to give impartial judgement, let the matter terminate as it may.

'I fear, wife, you are indulging in too much pride. Are we not every day complaining of the arbitrary distinctions of power, and crying out against the oppression of Parliament, and the insolence of the Lords! and shall we now cast aside as of no account, a vessel which may have been made unto honor, merely because it has not been fashioned like us! No, no, dear wife; such pride will never do for Christians.'

'And you are willing that Lucy, as good a girl as the colony of Connetieut can show, should marry a shoemaker?'

'I did not say so, my dear. Surely, I can like Roger without wanting him for a son-in-law; though I think Lucy might look farther and choose worse.'

'She might marry Seth Trumbull.'

'Probably.'

'I have heard you say that he was a promising young lawyer.'

'Yes, he promises; but it is performance must make the man.'

'Then, Dr. Walker is dying for her,'

'If he is a good Doctor, then he can cure himself.'

'But only think of the difference between him and Roger.'

'Yes, Roger is three inches taller.'

'How you talk, Mr. Hartwell! I never like to hear joking on serious matters. I think Doctor Walker would be a good match for Lucy. He is gaining practice very fast, and you know he belongs to a respectable family.'

'Of Tories.'

'There, now, politics must be brought in. I wish I might never hear the word Tory again.'

'I can say amen to that wish, my dear.—Were there no Tories among us, we could soon bring Parliment to reason. It is Dr. Walker, and such as he, who strengthen the hands of government against us, and encourage this constant encroachment on our rights.'

'What has Dr. Walker done?'

'I don't know what he has done; but he has said that he did'nt care about the the Stamp Act, if he was not obliged to purchase stamps for his pill papers.'

'I suppose he was joking.'

'But Roger would never have said such a word in any way. He is a true Whig, every inch of him; and when the struggle comes, he will be found in the front ranks.'

'Why, dear me, Mr. Hartwell, you do not thing our people will ever dare to fight the British soldiers;'

'Dare! Yes, indeed, if the Parliament continue to oppress us, and if every man had the spirit of Roger, we should soon beat them,' he added in a lower tone.

'Well, I declare, you frighten me. But I cannot believe such terrible times will ever come; and I think people had better attend to their private affairs, and let government alone.'

'So Dr. Walker says, my dear.'

'And it is my own opinion, my dear; so no wonder that I should esteem him. I think he would make a most excellent husband for Lucy, and I have set my heart on her marrying well.' And Mrs. Hartwell slid out of the room before her husband could make reply.—She had sufficient sagacity to know that the longer he defended Roger, the more he would incline to him, and she dreaded lest he would in the glow of his patriotic feelings, admit the shoemaker as the lover of her daughter Lucy.

'Marrying well!' mused Squire Hartwell, as he extended back in his easy chair. 'Marrying well! Ah, that is a true woman's idea; a very good one, too; only the mischief is, they do not always calculate rightly. They choose the man who is well off in the world, and reject those who are likely to do well.—Now, ten to one, the last will, in the end, prove the best match.'

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVALS.

'What a heavenly sunset! cousin Lucy,' exclaimed Anna Minot, as she leaned from the open window with her eyes fixed intently on the glowing west. 'See there, Lucy—that rich purple cloud, fringed with flame, as though it were the falling mantle from some fiery cherub; and just above it, see that snow-white cloud, like a screen to prevent our looking into Heaven! Is it not sublime?'

'Yes, Anna, it is beautiful, very; and here in the west, is a beautiful moonrise to match it See, the pure bright orb comes out the moment the sun has hid his face, as though she wishes not to attract any of the admiration which belongs to his shining sublimity. The moon seems to me the type of a lovely and modest woman, she delights to reflect the happiness and prosperity of those to whom she is dear. You smile at my smile. Well, I confess the moon always was my favorite among the heavenly hosts, and had I been a heathen born, I should have worshipped the moon.'

'And the sun, too?'

'If I had been so taught, yes; but I should have adored the moon from the impulses of my own feelings.'

'Probably; and yonder comes the swain who would be right happy to personate the sun, if you would be the gentle moon to reflect his light also.'

'Anna!'

'Oh! don't blush so, my dear, the moon never blushes. And don't look so grave neither; though it is rather serious business to manage, because your honored mother has set her face so decidedly against your swain.—But never mind—Roger has a bold heart, and it is my opinion he will win the fair lady.—Your father likes him.'

'They agree in politics.'

'Better than they do in property, I believe. Ah, Lucy, look this way; here is one coming from the west, who has a host of recommendations to your favor.'

'How perverse of you, Lucy, not to like a fine accomplished young gentleman who is dying for you! Only consider the thousand advantages of having a physician for a husband. Look this way! the full moon is not favorable to reason, and you are already too romantic, and, besides, there is something beneath the moon may draw your attention.'

'Don't speak so loud, Anna, pray.'

'No, no; how ridiculous; let us go down to the parlor.'

During the conversation of the cousins, the two young gentlemen named as approaching were rapidly nearing each other. The dwelling of Squire Hartwell was located at the junction of three roads, where those from the east and the west, which were merely paths united with the great northern highway. The house stood a few rods from the junction, having a peach orchard in front, a high and heavy gate, which shut out the dusty view of the street.

The object of the rivals seemed to be who should first reach the gate. Dr. Walker had the shortest and smoothest path; but the long and rapid strides of Roger were every moment diminishing the inequality; and as for the stones and hillocks in the path, he minded them no more than he would have done the floating thistle's down.

Dr. Walker increased his speed almost to a run; it would not do, Roger's strong grasp had thrown open the gate—he has entered—and with no gentle impetus, he sent the ponderous portal back to its station. It shut with a loud bang, just as Dr. Walker reached it, bringing him to a perpendicular as rigid as that of a Prussian grandier. So closely *vis a vis* was he with the gate, that his nose was slightly grazed by the contact; and partly for the rush of air, his best beaver was thrown from his head, and rolled some distance on the dusty path.

Dr. Walker was greatly discomfitted, and not a little enraged at the audacity of his rival; but he well knew that Roger was not the man he could frighten; and as for fighting such a fellow, that was out of the question. So the doctor endeavored to calm and cool himself as best he might; wiped the perspiration from his brow, and dust from his large shining silver buckles; adjusted his dress; shook his hat; and having recovered his composure, walked leisurely forward to pay his respects to Squire Hartwell and the ladies.

CHAPTER III.

POLITICS.

Freedom, patriotism, and philanthropy, are nature's three patents for making noble men The human mind in which either of these three emotions, viz: the love of liberty, the love of country, or the love of mankind, is predominent, will be exalted above the herd, whose prevailing thoughts are confined to the immediate wants and worldly pursuits of man. But if the three noble feelings named, unite and govern in the same mind, be sure that that individual will be mighty among his race No matter in what station he was born, to what calling he has been destined, there is that in his own breast which will lead him onward and upward. And the course of conduct which, in a man of his character, may, at first appearance, seem presumptuous or impossible, will in the end, be found perfectly consistent with the confidence which a well balanced and justly directed mind should feel in its own strength and measures.

How little did Dr. Walker appreciate the cool philosophy of Roger's address, as the latter, politely bowing on his entrance, inquired after his health! Dr. Walker did not reply—not seem to have heard—but, hastily shaking the Squire's offered hand, hastened across the apartment, addressed with a smile and compliments the young ladies, and then, having seated himself by Mrs. Hartwell, was soon deeply engaged in conversation on the weather.

'Have you heard the news, doctor?' cried the Squire, at the top of his voice.

'News! what news?' reiterated Walker, starting.

'Why, that Parliament is about sending over to us all the East India company's stock of tea.'

'Well?'

'I don't think it will be well, sir, I don't think we colonists can be compelled to buy it. I for one, affirm that not an ounce shall be drunk in my family.'

'Dear me, Mr. Hartwell, what is the use of making such a great fuss about a little matter? Only three pence duty on the pound.—Why four pounds of tea would be a very large stock for the year, and that will be only one shilling to government;' and Mrs. Hartwell looked triumphantly to Dr. Walker for approbation of her prudential speech; while the Squire turned his eyes to Roger, as if he wished him to answer it.

'It is not the price of the tea, madam, that is of consequence,' observed Roger, respectfully, 'but the establishment of the principle of taxation.'

'Yes,' interrupted the Squire, 'it is the principle that we contend against. Three pence, or three pounds would be all the same. Indeed, if we submit to pay the pence, we will soon have to pay the pounds.'

'We must resist it,' said Roger.

'We will resist it,' echoed the Squire.

'I do not see any benefit to the country can result from this resistance,' said Dr. Walker. 'If Parliament has ordered the tea to the colonies, it will come.'

'It shall never be sold,' said the Squire, setting his teeth, and breathing hard.

'You must watch the ladies narrowly, then,' replied the doctor, laughing. 'They relish tea better than those theories of liberty, which none but a politician can understand.'

'The ladies will not thank you for rating their understanding and patriotism so low,' replied Roger, casting a respectful but penetrating glance on Lucy Hartwell.

'What say you, daughter—do you prefer your tea before the liberties of your country?' inquired the Squire, who had remarked the brightening color on Lucy's cheek. 'Will you drink the tea that is burdened with a tribute which none but slaves would pay?'

'I would sooner bring poison, my dear father, than a beverage obtained by dishonoring my country,' said the blushing girl, in a low but emphatic voice.

'That's right, my own child, I knew you would prove a good Whig.'

'Nevertheless, the tea will be used,' said Walker.

'By the fishes perhaps,' retorted Roger scornfully. 'The cargo will never be landed at Boston. I have to day seen a gentleman from that patriotic town, and I know the resolution of the people. They will sink the ships rather than permit the tea to be landed.'

'And you, sir, would doubtless be siding and abetting them, if it were in your power?' said the doctor.

'With might and main heart and hand, like a true knight, without fear and without reproach—from any but a tory,' said Roger.

'Do you know you are talking treason against the British government?' retorted Walker angrily, for he saw that Lucy smiled on his rival.

'I know I am talking treason, sir,' replied Roger, calmly rising and confronting his antagonists. 'And I have faith to believe that I shall live to see the day when in America reason will not be treason.'

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW LOVER.

Now a great deal depends on *position*. The young girl in the ball room must appear in a graceful position; the lady when in society must maintain a fashionable position; the statesman before the world must assume a commanding position; but none of these are more important than a position which a young man maintains in the presence of his lady-love. From his position, and the manner in which it operates on her feelings, I always predict their destiny. If he only rattles and prattles, and talks sweet nonsense, and she is delighted with it they will be a stupid couple, and probably quarrel before they have been wedded half a year. If, on the contrary, he appears dignified and respectful, and sometimes introduces subjects of moral interest and intellectual improvement, and she appears gratified with the tone of sentiment, or responds with a brilliant quotation or an appropriate remark—there, I say, is a couple who have a fair chance of being happy themselves, and who will probably, shed around them a lustre which shall light the path of others.

When Roger stood before his rival in the calm dignity of a patriot, and Lucy's eyes showed that she approved his speech as the perfection of manly sentiment, it was all over with Dr. Walker. He was in a false position. He understood it, too; and more angry that he had been beaten by a man who was in an inferior station than that he had lost the lady, he determined to bring another competitor into the field, one who had no political disabilities to surmount, who could agree with the father about Whigs and with the mother about the weather; and whose profession, fortune, family, and figure would, he doubted not, gain the victory over Roger. This new candidate for Lucy's favor was Seth Trumbull, the young lawyer.

The young lawyer became a constant visitor at Squire Hartwell's. It was soon understood by the whole parish, that the match was as it is termed, made. True, Lucy sternly denied it, but at that day it was not the fashion for young ladies to proclaim their engagement as soon as they had said 'yes;' so her denial went for nothing.

Dr. Walker asserted confidently, everywhere, that it would be a match. Mrs. Hartwell did not contradict it; nobody dared question the old Squire on the subject; and, as for Anna Minot, the dear teasing little cousin, she always laughed and blushed and said, 'like enough,'—when the subject was referred to her. So the matter was settled. Every body said Miss Lucy Hartwell was engaged to lawyer Trumbull.

Every body said so except Roger; he never would say a word about it. The young ladies generally, believed it was a sad disappointment to him, and pitied him exceedingly. But most of the elder people, especially the grave fathers, differed from the opinion. They said Roger had no idea of marrying; that he was poor and ambitious; and that such a man never thought of it till he had risen in the world. In these primitive times it was not the fashion to marry for money.

Mr. Roger had opened a store in a neighing town. He worked no more at shoemaking, but pursued his business as though his life depended on his diligence.

CHAPTER V.

THE DENOUEMENT.

'Lucy!' said Roger. She turned toward him; a gleam of moonlight streamed through the leafless bough of the peach tree, beneath which they were passing, and fell strongly on her upturned face; the wavy outline of her eyelashes was distinctly to be traced in the shadow on her fair cheek. Roger thought she was very pale.

'Lucy, will you grant me one minute's attention?'

She looked towards the door of her dwelling, where Anna Minot and Mr. Trumbull were then entering—she hesitated and stopped.

'Lucy, it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of speaking with you.'

'It's about five or six weeks.'

'They seem ages to me.'

'Do you not like your business?'

'I did like it because it afforded me the hope of becoming worthy you. It has been told me (he spoke low and rapidly) that you are inclined to favor Mr. Trumbull. (she did not speak.) I am poor, Lucy—I must labor—I am without friends and must make my own way. It may be years before I shall take the station in society, which Trumbull now occupies; but sure as I live, Lucy, I will——' He paused, for though he had often indulged the hope, indeed *belief* that he should rise superior to Trumbull, yet he shrunk from expressing this anticipation. It seemed like a vain boast.

'You do not believe then, Lucy?' he continued after a long pause.

'I have heard nothing to believe. Had we not better go in? My cousin will wonder what detains us.'

'Perhaps, Mr. Trumbull will likewise wish to know.'

'If he does I shall not take the trouble to tell him.'

'Lucy, will you tell me—are you engaged.'

'No.'

'And—and—may I hope that you never will be engaged—that is, not to *him*? Lucy, I love you!'

The abruptness and impetuosity with which he spoke seemed the effect of feelings which he could not repress. Lucy was so surprised, so confused, that she was obliged to lean on his arm for support; so there was no opportunity for her to show much anger at his presumption. Roger soon forgot that he had been poor and a shoemaker. The first consciousness of being beloved seems, to a young man, as the crowning point of his ambition.—He feels elevated, for he has secured the empire of one heart, which he would not forego, for the sceptre of Napoleon.

Roger walked into the parlor of Squire Hartwell that evening, with the air of a man who has no farther cares for what may betide him in this life; and Anna said that he asked consent that very evening.

'Roger is well enough,' said Mrs. Hartwell 'and I say nothing against the match now he has left his shoemaking. A merchant's wife has a very respectable station, but nothing very much grand. However, if Lucy, has no ambition, it does no good for me to talk. I have already been too anxious about marrying well.'

'I think, my dear, she is going to marry well,' said Squire Hartwell. 'Roger will be——'

'Yes, yes, husband, I have heard you say a thousand times he would be a great man; but I never saw any prospect of it, for my part Anna Minot, in my opinion, does marry well. Now, Trumbull is a lawyer, and may yet be a Judge.'

'And so may Roger.'

'Oh, that is impossible. He has never been educated, Mr. Hartwell.'

'He can educate himself.'

'Well, well—neither you nor I shall ever live to see Roger Sherman a Judge.'

But they did live to see ROGER SHERMAN A JUDGE.

The Bewitched Clock.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg enveloped in blue broadcloth might have been seen entering Deacon Barberry's kitchen window The leg was followed, finally by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was in short Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously, in the dead of the night won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

'Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?' soliloquised the young man. 'Promised him I would'nt, but did'nt say nothin' about winders. Winders is jest as good as doors, ef there aint no nails to tear your trowsers onto. Wonder if Sall'll come down? the critter promised me. I'm afeared to move about here 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' nuther, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish here. O, here comes Sally.'

The beauteous maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a card of Lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father shouting from his chamber door:

'Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?'

'Tell him it's most morning,' whispered Joe.

'I can't tell a fib,' said Sally.

'I'll make it a truth then,' said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

'Look at the clock and tell me what time it is,' cried the old gentleman.

'It is five by the clock, answered Sally, and corroborating her words the old clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to crack.

'Goody gracious! its father.'

'The deacon! by thunder!' cried Joe, 'hide me Sal.'

'Where can I hide you?' cried the distracted girl.

'O, I know' said Joe, 'I'll squeeze into the clock case.' And without another word, he concealed himself in the case, and fastened the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe and commenced smoking deliberately and calmly.

'Five o'clock, eh?' said he. 'Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters.'

'Hadn't you better feed the critters first, air, and smoke afterwards?' suggested the dutiful Sally.

'No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up,' answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

'Bur-r-r-whiz—ding! ding! ding! went the clock.'

'Tormented lightning!' cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove, 'what'n creations that?'

'It's only the clock striking five!' said Sally, tremulously.

'Whizz! ding! ding! ding!' went the clock furiously.

'Powers of marsy!' cried the deacon.—'Strikin' five! its struck a hundred already!'

'Deacon Barberry,' cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm; 'what is the matter with the clock?'

'Goodness only knows, replied the old man, 'It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before.'

'Whizz! bang! bang bang!' went the clock again.

'It'll bust itself,' cried the old lady, shielding a flood of fears, 'and there won't be nothing left of it.'

'It's bewitched,' said the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old superstition in his nature. 'Any how,' he said, after a pause advancing resolutely towards the clock, 'I'll see what's got into it.'

'O, don't!' cried his daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat tails, while his faithful wife clung to the other. 'Don't!' chorussed both the women together.

'Let go my raiment!' shouted the old deacon 'I aint afeared of the powers of darkness.'

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily to the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand upon the door of the clock case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding inside with a death grasp. The old deacon began to be more dreadfully frightened. He gave one more jog. An unusually tall set of chairs in the west, burst from the maids, and then the clock case pitched head foremost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he had entered.

The next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the consent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock, till it went as well as ever.

Illustrious Mechanics.

Adam the father of the human race, was a gardner. He had, however a strange propensity for tasting unwholesome fruit, which produced very injurious effects, both upon himself and his offspring.

Noah was a shipwright and a husband-man; he navigated the whole earth in his ark, and got seas over in his vineyard.

Solomon was an architect, a poet, and a philosopher, his conduct, however, was not always by line and rule. He trod the circles of dissipation in his imaginations, and violated his own maxims.

The apostle Paul was a tent-maker, and labored with his hand at his vocation, while he endeavored to infuse into the midst of his fellow men the important truths of revelation.—While he screened them with earthly tabernacles from the weather, he held above their souls the ægis of divine protection.

Mathew was a poor fisherman; he relinquished his humble calling for that of a missionary, and toiled assiduously to draw men from the fiery billows of perdition.

Quintus Cincinnatus was a plowman and was invoked to the government and dictatorship of Rome.

Arsaces was a private mechanic, and was called to found the Parthian Empire. He built up a powerful nation, and erected for himself a mausoleum of fame which is indestructible.

Tamerlane, the conqueror of Asia, was a mechanic; he rough-hewed Bejazel and carved his way to fortune and glory.

Masaniello, a Neapolitan fisherman, was raised to the command of fifty thousand men, and gave up fish lines for lines of bayonets, and river seines for scenes of carnage.

John of Loydon, in Germany, was a tailor, and rose to the dignity of the king. He cut out for himself a bad piece of work, however, and afterwards came to a miserable end.

Zenor, the famous bishop of Constantine who had the largest diocese in that country was a weaver. He directed his attention to the habits of both soul and body.

Peter the great, Emperor of Russia, worked at ship building. He taught the Russian Bear how to manage a boat.

Louis XIV., of France, was one of the best watch-makers of his reign. He forgot the burdens of power in following the light footsteps of time, and escaped the flutterings of a parable on the pinions of chronometers.

William IV, of England, was a sailor and rose from the forecastle to the throne. He managed the ship of State with a nautical address, and beat her a considerable way to the harbor of reform.

We are among those who believe it is far preferable for men to do their own thinking than to throw that labor upon others.

How to avoid a bad Husband.

1.—Never marry for wealth. A woman's consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

2.—Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers; beware, there is a trap!

3.—Never marry a niggard, a close-fisted mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care, lest he stints you to death!

4.—Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is unknown or tested. Some females jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open!

5.—Never marry a mope, or a drone, one who drawls and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.

6.—Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly, or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked heart.

7.—Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God, or religion! Such a man can never make a good husband.

8.—Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person, or his dress; and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

9.—Shun the rakes as a snake, a viper, a demon!

10.—Finally, never marry a man who uses tobacco, in any form, or who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone, than you would be, were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

☞ The Gentleman's prayer.—Save my purse from the *lawyer*—my body from the *doctor*—and my soul from the *devil*.