The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1853. | VOLUME X., NUMBER 28.

Poet's Corner.

Strike.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

I've a liking for this 'striking,'
If we only do it well;
Firm, defiant, like a giant,
Strike!—and make the effort tell!

One another, working brother,
Let us freely now adviso;
For reflection and correction
Help to make us great and wise.

Work and wages, say the sages,
Go forever hand in hand;
As the motion of an ocean,
The supply and the demand.

My advice is, strike for prices,
Nobler far than sordid coin;
Strike with terror, sin and error,
And let man and master join.

Every failing, now prevailing
In the heart or in the head—
Make no clamor—take the hammer—
Drive it down—and strike it dead.

Much the chopping, lopping, propping,
Carpenter, we have to do,
Ere the plummet, from the summit,
Mark our moral fabric true.

Take the measure of false pleasure,
Try each action by the square;
Strike a chalk-line for your walk-line;
Strike to keep your footsteps there!

The foundation of creation
Lies in truth's unerring laws,
Man of mortar, there's no shorter
Way to base a righteous cause.

Every builder, painter, gilder,
Men of leather, men of clothes,
Each mechanic in a panic
With the way his labor goes.

Let him reason thus in season,
Strike the root of all his wrong;
Cease his quarrels, mend his morals,
And be happy, rich and strong.

Harvest Home.

Hark from woodlands far away,
Sounds the merry roundelay:
Now across the russet plain,
Slowly moves the loaded wain,
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home!
Never fear the wintry blast,
Summer suns will shine at last;
See the golden grain appear,
See the produce of the year.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home!
Children, join the jocund ring,
Young and old come forth and sing;
Stripling blithe, and maiden gay,
Half the rural holiday.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home!

What is Respectability?

To judge from the conduct and ideas of some persons among both sexes, respectability consists in driving fast horses, wearing rich laces, drinking champagne, or idling away life. To cut a figure in society, on the promenades or at a watering place, appears to be the sole aim of many women, who surely were born for better things. To cultivate a moustache, sport a 'two forty' trotter, or act as a model exhibitor of coats for some fashionable tailor seems to be the conception of a dignified and respectable career formed by not a few of the men.

Now being respectable, in either man or woman is, to our notion, doing what is duty. The poorest person, even what is considered popularly the humblest avocation, who pays his debts, obeys the law, and fulfils his other obligations to society and to his fellow-creatures, is a thousand times more respectable than the wealthy idler, the educated spendthrift, the callous miser, or the fashionable fool. So the modest female, whether seamstress, bookfolder, press tender, storekeeper, or even house-servant, is, in the true sense of the word, infinitely more respectable than the extravagant wife who is running her husband in debt, than the thoughtless votary of fashion, than the butterfly flirt. In a word, worth, not wealth, constitutes respectability.

Again. It is what really is, not what merely seems to be, respectable, that men of sense honor as such. The millionaire, who has obtained wealth by knavish practices, though he may creep through the meshes of the law, cannot escape the indignant verdict of an honest public; he may give grand dinners, drive a showy equipage, inhabit a palace, and even subscribe ostentatiously to benevolent purposes; yet, with all his outside gilding, people recognize the rottenness within, and from the very summit of his splendor trace back the slimy track by which he rose. Such a man, let him do what he will, can never become respectable. A gulf, as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus, separates him from the esteem of the good. So also the low-minded in all pursuits, those cruel and unfeeling towards their fellow-men, charlatans of every line, hypocrites, demagogues, toadies, sharpers and all others of a similar kind, cannot be respectable. Pinchbeck never yet passed long for gold. Or, as the old proverb has it, 'you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.'

As people are generally what habit renders them, it is for the young that these remarks are meant. The old cannot be cured. If they are shams now, shams they will remain; nothing else! can ever make them respectable.—But the young have yet their habits to form. Let them take a high standard and become truly respectable.

Eds. Dem.—*Gents*:—On the *Fourth* inst. was an immense popular gathering, in a grove, upon the premises of our old friend, William Harkins, in South Springville. At the request of some friends, I hand you my Address to them, to be published, if you think proper to do so.

R. B. Little.

Address.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—The *Scene*, and the *occasion* are beautiful, inspiring, elevating, suggestive.

This broad extent of cultivated country, where field, and orchard, and woodland lay stretched before us, in all the gorgeous livery of summer, tells us of a virtuous and a happy people. The wilderness of bloom, and verdure, and sunshine, that is so gloriously spread out over hill, and mountain, and valley, assures us that we are still cared for by an Unseen, yet All-present hand.

The most fitting return,—the highest form of grateful expression, is to cultivate freedom, temperance, virtue,—that the *moral*, as well as the physical, may reflect the smile of God. Without this, all the pomp of Nature is in contrast and mockery. With it, we harmonize with Nature. Firm, as the seated hills, in our moral trust; we may still plant our crops, hailing the storm and the calm as equally commissioned to bless us. Our harvests will be ripened, our granaries filled; to these may we look for nurture,—for protection, to the brooding wings of the Almighty.

Here, beneath the clear sun, is a vast assemblage, gathered, on this Anniversary of our Nation's Freedom, to weave a votive wreath around their country's altar; and, at the same time, to honor those high columnar virtues which alone can support the State; and, without which every form of Liberty is delusive. And this brings us to the subjects assigned to me by your kind partiality.

In the infancy of the Temperance enterprise, the true principle of this Reform was not understood. The desolations of Rum were abroad, in all their outward effects; but the more hidden causes were not seen. They only looked to visible ruins; and sought to mitigate effects. From these means there sprang up no ray of hope. In that dark hour, dawned upon the philanthropic mind, the light of a simple truth,—one that had been hid for ages; and yet one that has produced more good, and relieved more evil, than any other human discovery. It was, that the only principle of this Reform is "Total Abstinence." It was that temperate, moderate, reputable drinking, was the great evil to be removed; because from those ranks came the army of drunkards that annually crowded the gates of death. That by a necessity of nature,—not in a moment, but by a slow, insensible process, moderate drinking made drunkards. Not always; for Providence sometimes kindly tears the deluded victim from the embrace of the Destroyer,—a Mercy which is perverted to the ruin of untold numbers. I would, that by a law, resistless as that which holds the planet in its orb, the first dram assured a drunkard's grave. Oh, then, what terrors would invest that *first* glass,—from what a burden of misery, and crime, and terror would this groaning earth be relieved! No matter how rare,—the fact that there may be *one* exception to this law of death, leads youth, and beauty, and hope, and happiness into one common grave.

God's voice is not only heard in Revelation; but throughout all Nature, he speaks to us as distinctly as unerringly. He tells us that misery always comes from disobedience to her law; and that wherever it exists, it is evidence that God's will has been disregarded, and some law of his physical or moral kingdom been violated.

Let us then enter and interrogate Nature in her own Sanctuary. Let us listen to her response returned from the bar-room,—the banquet—the harvest-field—the deck of the merchantmen, and the man of war—from the poor-house, the prison-house, the mad-house, and the grave-yard; from every place on every part of the footstool of God, where the inebriating cup is raised to human lips. What means the loss of reason, conscience, self-respect, the loss of health, the loss of life, the loss of life by delirium tremens? Are these the bland and balmy rewards of obedience,—or are they judgments upon sin, intelligible as awful! As has elsewhere been said, on even the moderate use of intoxicating liquors, the frown of the Almighty is seen to rest. No one is at once a drunkard. Each victim is led to ruin by slow and imperceptible degrees.—Gradually his reason, moral sense, and constitution are impaired; till at length, brutalized to feeling, and character, and appearance, he is disowned by the human family, and stands apart, an outcast, a loathing, and a by-word; till finally his abused constitution gives way, and the death-scene prematurely follows,—which train of evils are the pre-ordained penalties of God's violated law,—a law distinctly announced to transgressors in every infliction of its penalty, through the whole line of his forbidden and disastrous way. There can be no question how God regards moderate drinking. In every city, town, village, hamlet; nay in every family, he has left a witness of his displeasure;—and sometimes so marked, so awful, that it would seem his insulted majesty came forth with a signal and upwonted power of wrath, to vindicate his honor, and rebuke the offender.

Oh what a vengeance! That frightful outward desolation is an emblem of a still more frightful inward desolation. The comfortless abode, the sorrow-stricken family, the tattered garments, the palsied head, the ghastly countenance, and loathsome aspect,—all these sad items, affecting the outer man only, do not compare with the blighted hopes, the withered intellect, the debased propensities, the brutal appetites, the demoniac passions, the defiled consciences, with all the sadder moral items that complete the frightful spectacle of a soul in ruins; a soul deserted of God, possessed by demons, and from which the last lineaments of his Maker's image have been effaced; a soul seathed and riven, that will hereafter stand forth frightful amid its ruins, a monument of wrath, and a warning to the universe.

But if *individual* ruin was all, it might be endured. Who shall sum up the account of its *social* miseries? If it had robed in woe but one happy family, it were enough to call forth our horror. But how many homes has it desolated! Home, the pleasantest word in all our language! In the excitements of life, it brings thoughts of peace,—to the weary heart, it pictures rest,—to the disquieted spirit, content. And even when all hope is gone on earth; it is the mourner's dream as he looks toward Heaven! All that earth's weary pilgrim dreams of Heaven, is foreshadowed in the word "home."

Contentment, peace, plenty, reigned there. The mother, the children, the father,—a hallowed relationship. What confidence, and fullness of trust in each other. And those little children, how fondly and proudly they look up to the father! What an influence he holds over those little immortals! What wonder that in that charmed circle was all those little could dream of happiness!

But look again! it is desolate. Gaunt want and hunger have entered that abode. Cold, and sickness, and sorrow have settled upon those once happy faces. When the father enters, they shudder, and run from his approach. There is cursing, upon wife, and children. O what a scene is a home, made desolate by Rum!

There is another agent concerned in spreading this wide ruin, to whom public sentiment has never assigned a proper place. *The vender.* The reason is, *law* has sanctioned that traffic,—and the public mind gradually accustoms itself to regard as *right*, what the law upholds. The effect of law upon public sentiment is never fully estimated. Legalize stealing, robbery, slavery, or any other crime, and in time, the opinion that grows up under the influence of such law, will regard those crimes with respect, rather than abhorrence.—And had it not been for law, the making it a *business* to insinuate misery, and want, and crime into families and neighborhoods, by a liquor-traffic, would cover a man with the darkest reproach of infamy.

It is a rule of law, and morals, that *a man is responsible for all the evil effects upon others, of what he assists to spread among them; if he knows these effects to be evil.*

O! what a measure of accountability rests upon the Vender! Day after day, carelessly, he pours out the red wine to his fellow,—years pass on, and he yet stands behind that bar. He has never cared to trace the slow progress of his victims; or to look into their wretched homes. Can it be that he is responsible for *all* the *effects of all* the Rum he sells? In Eternity they will all be gathered into one form of ghastly horror, that shall look in upon his soul, and leave its image there forever.—If God is just; and if there be degrees of terror at the Judgment; and gradations of Despair among the damned,—I say here, in these bright fields, before all this listening Nature, and this sea of responsive faces, give me; oh, give me any but the Rumseller's account.

Is there no remedy? Another great step must be taken in this Reform,—more important than we can estimate. It will lift humanity up toward God. It will be the brightest era that has ever dawned upon our country, since she took her seat in the family of nations. It is when the people, through the Ballot-box, purify their statute-Book; and enact a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks, by penalties as severe as they now inflict on larceny, robbery, and other crimes.

As in the State of Maine, so here, I believe the popular will abhors the license law,—and though it may be thwarted for a time, it will yet send to our State-Capitol, the deep toned thunders of its reprobation.

Interest may color, and pervert the public mind; as doubtless is true in one section of the Union, in reference to Slavery. But, this aside, I have an abiding confidence in the integrity of the popular purpose. They may waver, and hesitate, and perhaps err, for a time; but all the instincts of the people are right. The forms of government; its complete, and cumbrous machinery, may put it in the power of a corrupt few, for a time, to pervert or defeat its authoritative expression; still the public will is true.

The Democratic party, of this country, bears the Ark in which is enshrined the highest form of Liberty, and Civilization, and Progress known to man. Its spirit is with the causes of Temperance, and Freedom; and they must prevail.

It has abolished the traffic in human flesh, that ever since the foundation of this Republic darkened and disgraced the Nation, at its very Capitol,—and it has decreed that the foot-print of slavery never shall pollute the soil of our boundless Territories. In our own State too, she has rebuked the infamous attempt that was made to re-instate the law that permitted the master to hold human chattels on our own free soil.

Step by step will she progress, until slavery shall be confined, beyond the power of expansion, within its present fatal limits,—and until, in Pennsylvania, the traffic in liquors shall be laid away among the barbarities of past ages.

My fellow citizens,—these are blessings to our country, compared with which, the brightest wonders of Art, the grandest discoveries in Science, the most brilliant trophies of war, sink into nothing. Let these Truths prevail,—gird our country with this *moral* power, and she would rise to a height of glory, that earth has never seen.

From this hour, (I read the assurance in every countenance before me,) we will strive, in all our relations in life, to advance this end,—and not we only, for the late history of this District, assures us that the great heart of the "Tenth Legion," beats in strong harmony with this purpose.

The people here, have expressed their hatred for slavery, by bestowing upon one of her most gifted sons, whose brightest distinction was gained by his bold attacks upon that system, a Judicial office, implying as much of confidence and esteem as any station within their gift,—and that too by a popular majority of 2375; the largest, probably, ever given in this District.

They also, with singular unanimity, elected our present member of Congress, under a pledge to use all proper means to place the power and influence of this Nation on the side of Freedom, and against slavery. He could have been elected on no other platform,—and I rejoice that the day has fully come here, that no one can be honored with the public esteem and confidence, whose heart is not firmly set against American Slavery,—a system of more impious, towering, and awful guilt, than any that ever lifted its defiant crest toward God's sun.

Curious Mental Phenomena.

Dr. Carpenter is delivering a course of lectures, at Manchester, on the physiology of the nervous system. In his fifth lecture, the doctor related some curious instances of aberration of mind. He spoke of a very learned professor, some years ago, at Aberdeen, Dr. Robert Hamilton, whose essay on the national debt largely contributed to the abolition of the sinking fund. In public this man was a shadow. He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologised for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance. He went to one of his classes early in the morning, with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg, and a black one on the other. He often spent the whole time of the class in moving from the table the hats, which his students as constantly returned. He sometimes invited the students to call upon him, and fined them for insulting him, if they called. He ran against a cow, and begged her pardon, calling her Madame, hoping she had not been hurt. He would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of the way. Yet if any one was with him at the time, his conversation would be perfectly logical. Another instance of absence of mind was quoted in the case of a Scotch clergyman, who was invited to a party in Edinburg, at a time when it was usual to mix devotion with social intercourse. He was requested to conduct the services before the company broke up; and he therefore knelt down and began to pray in an appropriate manner. But soon he apparently entirely forgot where he was, and he continued his prayer as if in the quietude of his own chamber. He made reflections, in the prayer on the mode in which he had spent the evening, and on the individuals present with him at the party. When he had concluded his prayer, he rose up, took off his coat and waistcoat, and was about to proceed to further extremities when his friends stopped him.—More familiar instances of absence of mind were mentioned as occurring to more than one gentleman, who have been known to go up stairs for an evening party, and have actually undressed and got into bed, while their wives, perhaps, were waiting for them below! After giving other cases of spontaneous mental abstraction, the lecturer spoke of the case of induced reverie, commonly known under the absurd name of electro-biology. All the essential phenomena of this state had been shown to him (several years before electro-biology was brought before the public) by Mr. Braid, in the person of a gentleman, well known in Manchester, a man of high intelligence, and utterly incapable of deceiving, who has the power of spontaneous abstraction in a very remarkable degree, and who when fixing his attention for a very few seconds upon any object, loses so entirely his voluntary control, that he is completely at the mercy of external suggestions, as his whole mind is for the time possessed with whatever idea may be communicated to him by another. This he (Dr. Carpenter) considered to be the essential character of this state of mind—a condition in which the power of the will over the current of the thought is entirely suspended, while the sensorium is more open to extravagant impressions than it is in ordinary reverie; but otherwise the two states are essentially the same.

☞ We walked to church on Sunday morning behind "the girl with a hole in the heel of her stocking." It was a very large one and we thought her heel must be cold. She probably know of it on Saturday, but remembered the Sabbath day to keep it hole-y.

☞ An odd genius ascribed the very cold weather we had winter before last to the fact that Sir John Franklin went through the North-west passage, and forgot to shut the door after him.

John C. Calhoun.

Mr. Calhoun, in respect to the preparation and finish of his works, enjoyed no inconsiderable advantage over Mr. Clay. Engaged, like him for the greater part of his life, in the arduous duties of leadership and office, yet the peculiar habits of his mind enabled him to preserve more pure and compact, and consequently more lasting qualities of style. The dissipations of debate never prevailed over his stern intellectual integrity. He read little, but reflected much, and when he spoke, which was not often, considering his multiplied opportunities, he spoke from a full mind, with extreme precision and directness, and always in view of some single and important end.—His speeches, therefore, are models of severe, chaste, and cogent reasoning, and are no less complete as compositions than they are crowded as storehouses of thought. The intense will that pervades them, carrying the reader along with impetuous force, as if he were in the hands of a giant, stamps them with an individual and peculiar life. But Mr. Calhoun was permitted also, in his latter days, to embody in the permanent form of a treatise on government, the maturest results of his life-long studies. Those original views of politics, which are scattered in incomplete expositions through his reports and addresses, were thus condensed into an elaborate system, perfect in its parts, and finished as a whole. We see in it the mother thoughts of his political actions. It explains whatever may have been supposed to be inconsistent in these, and exhibits him to us an acute and profound metaphysical philosopher as well an orator and statesman.

The characteristics uniformly conceded to Mr. Calhoun, by men of all shades of opinion, were a powerful and subtle analytical intellect, a subdued and chastened but intense enthusiasm, fearless reliance upon the conclusions of his own mind, chivalric honor, and an almost seraphic purity of personal character. Another impression however, was no less universal, that he carried his logical processes to an impracticable degree of refinement, allowing mere abstract speculations to override his more practical conclusions, while the earnestness of his convictions, hurrying him into local prejudices, narrowed his sympathies, and blinded him to the broader interests of humanity. He was the fanatic—using the word in no offensive sense—of his reason, and wherever that led him, he pursued it, regardless of consequences.

Two curious inconsistencies strike us in the intellectual constitution of Mr. Calhoun. Born in a region where the tropical sun is apt to ripen human passion into the rank luxuriance which it imparts to physical nature, he was yet the severest dialectitian and the least ornamental writer among all our distinguished men. His style, though intense, was rigidly intellectual—plain, direct, cogent, sinewy and unyielding. No flowers of fancy ever bloomed along its path; it never wandered into rich meads or leafy woods; but arid and hot, like a way across the desert, it bore along its burdens of thought, without one cooling oasis, or a single refreshing shade. The voluptuous life, the magnificence and pomp, the exuberant fullness and deep-toned harmonies of the Southern zones, seemed not to have moved the springs of his being—never made his brain delirious or kindled his heart into poetry. As well might he have been born in Nova Zembla, or anywhere above the line of perpetual snow, as in the South, for any effect that it produced upon his imagination and fancy. On the contrary, the soubriquet given to him, of "the cast-iron man," would show rather that he came out of the bowels of our rugged northern mountains, for, like iron, he was capable of intense heat and a slight glow, but of no brilliancy or sparkle. Stern, dignified and upright, he was at all times neither more or less than the great Senator. A witticism proceeding from his mouth would have seemed a moral suicide, and a capricious, fantastic or grotesque conceit, the beginning of mental aberration.

It is said that in the bosom of his family, among his friends, neighbors and servants, he relaxed into some lambent play of the affections, but we who saw him only in his Senatorial robes, like a stern old Roman, must regard the report as a Straussian myth.

The second peculiarity of Mr. Calhoun consisted in this:—that he, the only one of our statesmen who defended the social anomaly of slavery, not as a political expedient or a necessity of circumstance, but as an intrinsic and actual good, yet passed his life in the elaboration of a scheme of government which should give the amplest security to individual freedom. A republican by conviction, as well as a Democrat by party classification, he was so dissatisfied with that democracy which allows the majority of the people to rule, that he contrived an ingenious system of checks and negatives for protecting minorities against its unlimited and oppressive action. His posthumous treatise on Government has for its principal object a demonstration of the despotism of the many, and the absolute need of a constitution of society in which every interest, and as near as possible every man should be represented. All the acumen of his analysis, all the craft and vigor of his logic, all his experience of affairs, and the untamed energy of his imperious will, were turned to the elucidation and enforcement of these views, in the hope of restraining power and asserting liberty. No man ever inveighed more vehemently than he against the encroachments of the State upon the rights of the citizen, except that when he depicted the "blessings of slavery," he was equally vehement. He thus exhibited to the world the spectacle of a democrat who resisted the organized expression of the will of the majority, and a republican who consecrated his days to the support and extension of a state of society founded on the subjugation of one race by another. Nor was it less worthy of note that his countrymen, convinced of his thorough simplicity and truthfulness, forgot the inconsistency of his opinions in their admiration of his character.

Mr. Calhoun's theory of government was simply this: That as society is the natural state of man, and man prefers his own interests to the well-being of others, government is necessary to protect the social from the selfish propensity. But as its powers must be lodged in the hands of individuals who are equally prone to prefer their own interests to the general good, a constitution is necessary to restrain the government. How then is that constitution to be framed? We see that it can only be administered by men; and we see too that those men will be tempted by the universal tendency of their natures to be unfaithful to their trusts; by what contrivance then shall the public be secured against the abuse of their power, against extortion, oppression and wrong? *Quis custodas custodiat?* If you say, by universal suffrage, you only substitute a dominant majority for your former authority, and which would have the same tendency to the misuse of its power as any other irresponsible ruler. Nor would a free press be any restraint, because, firstly, it cannot change that principle of human nature in which the necessity of governments and constitutions originates; and, secondly, because the press always leans to the heavier side of the scale, to the strongest interest or combination of interests, so that it exasperates rather than cures or palliates the evil.

This original and ingenious system, to which we only allude, not pretending to furnish even the meagrest outline of it, Mr. Calhoun developes with amazing energy of argument, while his incidental remarks in explanation, especially on the tyranny of majorities, the corruption of governments, and the odious practice known in this country as "the spoils," are replete with the profoundest wisdom. But his system, as a whole, is in our opinion unsound in its premises and impracticable in its applications.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

Good Luck.

Fortune is blind, that's a fact, and has been 'going it blind' this week. If fortune had eyes she would not have overlooked so many long years of poverty and suffering in one of our citizens. Isaac John Butler is probably the richest man in town! It is hardly necessary, in this vicinity, to tell who Isaac John Butler is, but to those farther off, we may say that he is an old broken down Norwegin sailor, who was stranded high and dry in Vernon some 14 years ago. The "Commodore" is infirm, and has earned a precarious living by doing small chores, blacking stoves and boots whitewashing trees, and other light labor—probably has not had money enough to make $100 in all he has had for the last ten years. His family, on the western coast of Norway, were respectable people; and amid all his adversity his honesty and integrity, and kindness of heart, have remained steadfast. In these qualities, he is undoubtedly superior to any man of his wealth in the country. By letter from the Swedish Consul, in New York, he is informed that a deceased relative in Norway has left him over, *ninety-four thousand dollars.*—*Vernon Onedia County Transcript.*

Paying like a Sinner.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern-keepers to charge the minister anything for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presumingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage, without offering to pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said, "There was some one who had not settled his bill." The passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who said that he understood he never charged ministers any thing. "What, you a minister of the gospel—a man of God!" cried the innkeeper: "you came to my house last night—you sat down at the table without a blessing; I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker (for I stood there until you retired); you rose and washed without prayer, ate your breakfast without saying grace; and as you came to my house like a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner, you have got to *pay* like a sinner!"

☞ Turnips grow so large in Oregon, they use them as targets for artillery practice, while radishes come forth with such magnificent proportions that one has been painted and varnished, and is now used as a liberty pole in front of the Atlantic and Pacific Metropolitan Hotel. We gather the above from a letter received by the last steamer.

☞ At a late woman's rights convention, a resolution was reported and laid over for the next meeting, that if justice was not fully done to the ladies, and soon, that they would *stop the population of this country!* "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! They'll have us there!"

☞ The Woonsocket Patriot edits Mahomet's mistake of a cold Shanghae hen, of his that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety now has it so that if it proves a brick yard—that hen is not for sale."

The Mysterious Traveller.

In ancient times, there once lived at Manheim, a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for anything, he spared no effort to obtain it; and his passions were like the storm-winds which cross rivers, valleys and mountains, crushing everything in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he led at Manheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Consequently, he put his best clothes in a bundle placed in his girdle all the money he possessed, and started without knowing where he was going. After walking several days he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach. Three travellers had stopped here, and seemed like himself, to be preparing to cross it.—One was a tall, haughty woman with a threatening mein, holding in her hand a javelin; the second, a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third, an old woman dressed in rags, and with a haggard air. Otto saluted them, and inquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest; and on their replying in the affirmative asked permission to accompany them, that he might not lose his way. All three consented, and they set out. The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid, and continued his walk, conversing with the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees, when the sound of a horse's footsteps was heard behind them. Otto turned, and recognized a citizen of Manheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and whom he hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot-passengers, smiled insolently, and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give all I possess and almost all I ever expect to possess, to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that man!"

'I can satisfy thee,' said the tall lady with the javelin. 'Shall I make of him a lame and blind beggar. You have only to pay me the price of this transformation.'

'And what is this price?' asked Otto, eagerly.

'Thy right eye.'

'I would willingly give it to be revenged.'

The young man had hardly finished speaking, when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he found himself blind of an eye. He was at first a little surprised, but consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and that he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest, the road becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, looking with envy on the chariot in which the young girl was half reclining. It was so skillfully constructed, that the deepest ruts scarcely jolted it. 'All roads must seem very short and smooth in this chariot,' said he, approaching, 'and I should like such a one myself.'

'Is that all?' replied the second traveller; 'I can this instant procure for you what you desire.'

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode; it seemed to become double—and Otto perceived a second equipage, drawn by a couple of black oxen. Recovering from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter it when she detained him by a gesture. 'I have fulfilled your desire,' said she, 'but I can not make a worse bargain than my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes; I demand one of your arms.'

Otto was at first a little disconcerted; but he was very tired, the chariot was before him, and, as I have already said he had never knew how to conquer his desires; so, after a short hesitation, he accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his new carriage, but deprived of his right arm. The journey continued thus for some time. Forest succeeded forest, and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile, Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The woman who was walking beside him seemed to perceive it.

'You are sad, my boy,' said she, 'when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness.'

'What is it?' asked the young man.

'You see this flask which I have in my hand; and often carry to my lips,' replied the traveller, 'it contains joy, forgetfulness of trouble, and all the hopes of earth. Whoever drinks of it, finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sisters, for I ask in exchange only half your brain.'

The young man this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste of the liquor in the flask, which appeared to him so delicious, that after having resisted for some time, he again consented.

The promised effect soon took place; he had scarcely drank, when he felt his strength revive. His heart became joyous and confident; and after having sung all the songs he knew, he slept in the chariot tranquilly, without caring what became of him. When he awoke, the three travellers had disappeared, and was alone at the entrance of a village.

He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the eye of which he had been deprived; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered, and he could collect only half his ideas. At last he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had