The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors. | Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, February 2, 1854. | Volume 11, Number 5.

Select Poetry.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day;
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,
Till, suddenly, I came upon
Two children who hadither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she gently put—
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view—
But all they said I well could hearh,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long:
So do you see him in his joy.
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed and gently said:
"Sister I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there;
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leafs shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see,
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, he's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long disease his Lord led bid
On that dear boy so meek and mild.
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt the warm tears on his face,
And said: "Oh never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says, I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But mother dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward Mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

Historical Sketch.

MARSHAL MACDONALD.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

When the Bourbons reascended the throne, Macdonald was made a Peer of France, and never after broke his oath of allegiance. Unlike Murat, and Ney, and Soult, and others of Napoleon's generals, he considered his solemn oath sacred, and though, when sent to repel the invader, his soldiers deserted him at the first cry of "*Vive l Empereur*," he did not, like Ney, follow their example, but making his escape hastened to Paris to defend Louis. After the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, he was promoted faom one post of honor to another, till he was made governor of the 21st Military Division, and major-general of the Royal Guards. He visited Scotland soon after, and, hunting up his poor relatives, bestowed presents upon them, and finally, on the overthrow and abdication of Charles X. gave his allegiance to Louis Philippe.

We have given this brief outline of his history at the commencement, in order to speak more fully of the three great acts of his life. When commanding the army in the Grisons, Macdonald was commanded by Napoleon to pass the Splugen with his forces, in order to form the left wing of his army in Italy. This was in the campaign of Italy after Bonaparte's return from Egypt. Though no braver or bolder man than Macdonald ever lived, he felt that the execution of the First Consul's command was well nigh impossible, and sent General Dumas to represent to him the utter hopelessness of such an undertaking. Bonaparte heard him through, and then, with his usual recklessness of difficulties, replied, "I will make do change in my dispositions. Return quickly, and tell Macdonald that an army can always pass, in every season, where two men can place their feet." Like an obedient officer, he immediately set about preparations for the Herculean task before him.

The present pass over this mountain is a very different thing from the one which Macdonald and his fifteen thousand men traversed. There is now a carriage way across, cut in sixteen zig-zags along the breast of the mountain. But the road he was compelled to go was a mere bridle-path, going through the gorge of the *Cardinel*. To understand some of the difficulties that beset him and his army, imagine an awful defile leading up to the *height of six thousand five hundred feet* above the level of the sea, while the raging of an Alpine storm and the mighty sweep of avalanches across it add tenfold horror to the weary scene. First comes the deep dark defile called the Via Mala, made by the Rhine, here a mere rivulet, and overhung by mountains of ice three thousand feet high. Along the precipices that stoop over this mad torrent, the path is cut in the solid rock, now hugging the mountain wall like a mere thread, and now shooting in a single arch over the gorge that sinks three hundred feet below.—Strangely silent snow-peaks pierce the heavens in every direction, while from the slender bridges that spring from precipice to precipice over the turbulent stream, the roar of the frexed waters can scarcely be heard. After leaving this defile, the road passes through the valley of the Schems, then winding up the pine-covered cliffs of La Ratlla, strikes on the bare face of the mountain, going sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees, and finally reaches the naked summit, standing bleak and cold in the wintry heavens. This was the Splugen-pass Macdonald was commanded to lead his army of fifteen thousand men over in mid winter.

It was on the 20th of November he commenced his preparations. A constant succession of snow storms had filled up the entire path, so that a single man on foot would not have thought of making the attempt. But when Macdonald had made up his mind to do a thing, that was the end of all impossibilities. The cannon were dismounted, and placed on sleds, to which oxen were attached—the ammunition divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provisions. The guides went in advance, and stuck down long black poles to indicate the course of the path beneath, while behind them came the workmen, clearing away the snow, and, behind them still, the mounted draggoons, with the most powerful horses of the army, to beat down the way. The first company had advanced in this manner nearly half way to the summit, and were approaching the hospice, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm. The guides understood too well its meaning, and gazed on each other in alarm. The ominous sound grew louder every moment, till suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the breast of the mountain, and howled like an unchained demon through the gorge below. In an instant, all was confusion, and blindness, and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest, that threatened to lift the rock-rooted pines that shrieked above them from their places, and bring down the very Alps themselves. But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard amid the storm. "An avalanche! an avalanche!" shrieked the guides, and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and, striking the column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses along with it in its wild plunge. The black form of a steed and its rider were seen for one moment suspended in midheavens, and the next disappeared among the ice and crags below. The head of the column immediately pushed on, and reached the hospice in safety; while the rear, separated from it by the avalanche, and struck dumb by this sudden apparition crossing their path with such lightning-like velocity, and bearing to such an awful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back to the village of Splugen. For three days the storm raged amid the mountains, filling the heavens with snow, and hurling avalanches into the path, till it became so filled up that the guides declared it would take fifteen days to open it again so as to make it at all passable. But fifteen days Macdonald could not spare. Independent of the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision his army in these savage solitudes, and he *must* proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found to be led in advance by the best guides. Forty peasants followed behind, clearing away and beating down the snow, and two companies of sappers came after, to give still greater consistency to the track, while on their heels marched the remnant of the company of the dragoons, part of which had been borne away by the avalanche, three days before. The post of danger was given them at their own request. They presented a strange sight amid those Alpine solitudes. Those oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, while the soldiers, up to their arm-pits, struggled behind. Not a drum nor bugle-note cheered the solitude, or awoke the echoes of those snow-covered peaks. The footfall gave back no sound in the soft snow, and the words of command seemed smothered in the very atmosphere. Silently, noiselessly, the mighty but disordered column stretched itself upward, with naught to break the deep stillness of the wintry noon, save the fierce pantings of the horses and animals, as, with reeking sides, they strained up the ascent. This day and the next being clear, frosty days, the separate columns passed in safety, with the exception of those who sunk in their footsteps, overcome by the cold and the frost.

The successful passage of the columns these two days, induced Macdonald to march the the whole remaining army over the next day, and, so, ordering the whole army to advance, commenced, on the 5th of December, the perilous ascent. But fresh snow had fallen the night previous, filling up the entire track, so that it had all to be made over again. The guides, expecting a wind and avalanches after this fresh fall of snow, refused to go till they were compelled to by Macdonald. Breast-deep, the army waded up the wild and desolate path, making in six hours but six miles, or *one mile an hour*. They had not advanced far, however, when they came upon a huge block of ice and a newly fallen avalanche, that entirely filled up the way. The guides halted before these new obstacles, and refused to proceed, and the head of the column wheeled about and began its march down the mountain. Macdonald immediately hastened forward, and placing himself at the head of his men, walked on foot, with a long pole in his hand, to sound the treacherous mass he was treading upon, while he revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers with words of encouragement. "Soldiers," said he "your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer, first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the armies." Ashamed to see their general hazarding his life at every step where they had refused to go, they returned cheerfully to their toil. But, before they could effect the passage, the voice of the hurricane was again heard on its march, and the next moment a cloud of driving snow obliterated everything from view. The path was filled up, and all traces of it swept utterly away.—Amid the screams of the guides, the confused commands of the officers, and the howling of the storm, came the rapid thundercrash of avalanches.

Then commenced again the awful struggle of the army for life. The foe they had to contend with was not one of flesh and blood. To sword-cut, bayonet-thrust, and the blaze of artillery, the strong Alpine storm was alike invulnerable. On the serried column and straggling line, it thundered with the same reckless power, while over all the shifted snow lay like one vast winding sheet. No one who has not seen an Alpine storm can imagine the fearful energy with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom is whirled and scattered like an ocean of mist over all things. Such a storm now piled around them the drifts, which seemed to form instantaneously, as by the touch of a magician's wand. All was mystery and darkness, gloom and terror. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no note of defiance replied. The heroes of so many battle-fields stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe. Crowding together, as though proximity added to their safety, the disordered column crouched and shivered to the blast, that seemed to pierce their very bones with its chilling cold. But the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raging storm, and concealed pitfalls, were not enough to complete this scene of terror. Avalanches fell in rapid succession from the top of the Splugen. Scaling the breast of the mountain with a single leap, they came with a crash on the shivering column, bearing it away to the destruction that waited beneath. The extreme density of the atmosphere, filled as it was with snow, imparted infinite terror to these mysterious messengers of death, as they came down the mountain declivity. A low, rumbling sound would be heard amid the pauses of the storm, and, as the next shriek of the blast swept by, a rushing as of a counterblast smote the ear, and, before the thought had time to change, a rolling, leaping, broken mass of snow burst through the thick atmosphere, and the next moment rushed with the sound of thunder, far, far below, bearing away a whole company of soldiers to its deep, dark resting-place.

On the evening of the 6th of December, the greater part of the army had passed the mountains, and the van had pushed on as far as Lake Como. From the 26th of November, to the 6th of December, or nearly two weeks, had Macdonald been engaged in this perilous pass. Nearly two hundred men had perished in the undertaking, and as many more mules and horses. We do not believe there was another general, except Ney, that could have succeeded in the face of such obstacles as Macdonald was compelled to struggle against. And we never in imagination see that long straggling line, winding itself like a huge anaconda over the lofty snow-peak of the Splugen, with the indomitable Macdonald feeling his way in front covered with snow, while ever and anon huge avalanches sweep by him, and the blinding storm covers his men and the path from his sight, and hear his stern, calm, clear voice directing the way, without feelings of supreme wonder. There is nothing like it in modern history, unless it be Suwarrow's passage of the Glarus in the midst of a superior enemy. Bonaparte's passage over the St. Bernard, so world-renowned, was mere child's play compared to it. That pass was made in pleasant weather, with nothing but the ruggedness of the ascent to obstruct the progress. Suwarrow, on the contrary, led his mighty army over the Schachenthal, breast-deep in snow, with the enemy on every side of him, mowing down his ranks without resistance. Macdonald had no enemy to contend with but nature—but it was nature alive and wild. The path by which he led his army over the Splugen was nearly as bad in summer as the St. Bernard at the time Napoleon crossed it. But in midwinter to *make* a path, and lead an army of fifteen thousand men through hurricanes and avalanches, where the foot of the Chamois scarce dared to tread, was an undertaking from which even Bonaparte himself would have shrunk.

Miscellaneous.

Only a Country Girl.

"You are mistaken. I would sooner die than wed a mere country beauty."

"But Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry—tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by adoption—a guiltless, simple, loving creature—"

"Aye," said Fred laughing, "a choice cluster of virtue and graces. Country beauties are always sweet and simple, so are country cows. No! I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churns and knitting needles, I wouldn't marry her for a fortune."

"Ha, ha," laughed Helen Irving; but it was a very pianissimo laugh, away down in a corner of her musical little heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet only of the egotist.

Another moment the young man came within sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered in visible trepidation, "do you think she heard?"

"No," rejoined the other half audibly—"she shows no resentment; she has not even looked up from her book, you are safe, she could not have heard you—but what an angel she is!"

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid her book aside, and began to twine a half finished wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled oak trunk a back ground, flowers strewn around her, peeping from her bright locks, and scattered over her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unaware that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where a Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up. "Mr. Irving! the only Mr. Irving in the village is my father," she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery—that's where we live. I belive it was an—an academy once—that's sort of a select school, isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow.

"Tell your father, said he," "that I shall do myself the the honor to call on him to-morrow. He will remember me—Frederick Lane, at your service."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell him word for word," replied Helen, tucking her sleeves around her pretty arm, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then catching up her book and gathering the scattered flowers, hurried towards home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "assume as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you all talk so much about is in the village. He will call here to-morrow—the first proper specimen of a city beau (as of course he will be) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids, and spotless in dicky—important and as self assured as one of that like can possibly be.

Promise me, all of you, that you'll not lisp a word about music, reading or writing, in my presence—because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, only give him a newspaper. Aunt Minnie never talks, I mean in company, and mother will be very glad to see me churn butter and mend stockings. Sis, you rattle of a tongue, is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet and ask me no questions I will give that work box you have coveted so long."

"Ella! you are not quite respectful," said her father, gravely.

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were folded about his neck, "I always mean well, but I am thoughtless! There, all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

"Come sis, what say you?"

"Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"

"Ah that's my own," sung Helen dancing out of the room.

"You knit admirably," and Fred looked on with an unconscious smile of admiration.

Helen sat at an open window through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both shade and fragrance. The canary overhead burst out every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on a long blue stocking, nearly finished and her fingers flew like snow birds.

"You knit admirably; are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite. I like it better than anything else—that is—I mean—I can churn very well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glances had travelled to the corners of his eyes over every table, shelf, and corner, in search of some book or paper. But not a page, not a leaf, yellow or sere, repaid his search.

"Yes," Helen said, with a self-sacrificed glance.

"What books? permit me to ask."

"I read the Bible a good deal," she answered gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All, of course not; and yet, what do we not find in that holy volume? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos. Blushing and recollecting herself, she added, with a manner as childish as it had been dignified—

"As for other books—let me see. I've got in my library—first, there's the primer, (counting on her fingers) second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, nursery tales, fairy stories, two or three elements of something, biography of some person or other, another's magazine, Richard the Third—there! isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I don't know quite as much as some of those who have been to school more," she added, as if disappointed at his rejoinder; "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I'm not to be outdone."

The young man left her more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction which he vainly attributed to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manners, and gentle disposition, quite won upon the city aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness and refinement about everything she said and did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often, as she was wondering how some handsomely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl, from her lips, not more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

"If I should fall in the snare," thought he, "I could educate her. It would be worth trying."

It was useless to combat with his passion; so, at last he fell at Helen's feet, (figuratively speaking) and confessed his love.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine;" was his invariable answer to her exclamations of unworthiness; how she should appear in fashionable society, &c.

They were married—had returned from their wedding tour, and at the expiration of the honey moon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bride groom, Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should not depart from her simplicity, and indeed, without jewels or laces, with only that fresh white robe, simple each of blue, and ornaments of fair moss roses, she was the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her. "Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find that he is ashamed of me; I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional national notions, then I have a husband worthy to be honored—then he shall be proud of his wife."

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl, resplendant with diamonds, as she curled her lip and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied "poor Fred," wondered how he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he, oh joy! he seemed only to love her the more as she clung to his arm timidly. His noble face expressed the pride he truly felt; he looked as if he would have swept back the scorners with one motion of his hand had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word, not in strict conformity to etiquette—and Helen's heart beat high; tears came to her eyes, when she thus felt how noble a heart she had won.

The young bride stood near her husband talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features, and ill conceived scorn lurked in her great brilliant eyes, whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing who he had married, she fancied her hour of triumph had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" said a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled—her fair brow flushed indignant. She turned to her husband. He was gone—speaking a little distance with a friend.

Presently Marion Summers turned towards her.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked, there was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheek burning.

"And sing?"

"A little," was the calm reply.

"Then do favor us," she exclaimed, looking askance at her companions; "come! I myself will lead you to the instrument.

"Hark, whose masterly touch!" Instantly was the half spoken word arrested—the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprize. Such melody! Such correct intonation! Such breadth, depth, and vigor of touch—"who is it? she plays like an angel."

And again, hark! A voice rolls: A flood of melody, clear, powerful, passing sweet—astonishment paints many a fair cheek a deeper scarlet. There is a silence—unbroken as the silvery tunes float up.

Aye! care I not for cold neglect,
Though tears unbidden start;
And scorn is but a bitter word!
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true—
If one be true—
The world may careless be,
Since I may only keep thy love,
And tell my grief to thee.

"Glorious voice," said Fred to his friend, who with the rest had paused to listen, "who can it be?"

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She had turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife.

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble.—The color had left his cheek, as he walked slowly towards her.

If he was speechless with amazement, so was not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheeks—triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before—they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgement she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talks," who would have thought it?—Fred's little wife—he has found a treasure," was whispered around the room.

Meanwhile Frederick Lane, Esq., stood like one enchanted, while his poor little rustic wife quoted books and authors with perfect abandon—admired this one, commended that. A sedate looking student lost himself in a latin quotation—Helen smilingly finished, and received, a look of eloquent thanks. Bon mots, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if she had just received a touch from some fairy wand.

Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream—passed his hands over his bewildered sight, to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending a breathing vision of lovliness over the harp—her full arm leaning on its golden strings—heard again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," said he, when once alone with her, "what does this mean? who are you?—I feel like one waking from a dream."

"ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL!" said Helen gravely, then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed, "Forgive me; I am that very little rustic that you would die rather than wed. Are you sorry you married me?"

"Sorry, my glorious wife! but Elly, you could not deceive me. Did I not understand that you never——"

"Been at an academy," she broke in, "never took a music lesson—never was taught how to sing—all true. And yet I am all you see me to night—myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I trust I am worthy to be the wife of one so exalted as I find my husband to be."

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there now, and hear her story; she laughing between smiles, her pretty face all dimples, as she tells him how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door leaving them to seclusion and dust—while the little country girl, without any very deep laden, scheme, succeeded in convincing a well bred city gentleman, that he could marry a charming rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with churn and knitting needles, than the piano or the harp.

Early Courtship in Ohio.

"If you can't get them that you want, you must take them that you can get, and that is how I came to marry Patsey. Love will go where 'tis sent anyhow and we can't help it, and the harder a chap loves a gal the poorer chance he stands to get her; the thing is just there, the more he loves her, the more shy and trembling he is and he can't half tell his feelin's to her if he tries—while the careless and unfeelin' chap thats got no more love in him than a hoss, can have a dozen gals after him at once. I have thought the heart was like a mud turtle egg you dent the shell on one side—a dent on the other side in the same manner will bring it smooth again.—So with the heart: one girl makes a dent—it remains bruised until some other girl presses it, pushing out the old bruise and leaving a new one.

Well, well, accidents will happen, folks will laugh—the world is more fond of fun than logic—and they might as well laugh at me as anybody.

So I agreed to tell you about my first courtship. It wasn't Patsey, but my first sweetheart was a proper handsome gal. I worked for her father. Ohio was all in the woods then, and everybody lived in log houses except down in Cleveland there was a store or two. And my three hundred acres that is worth now one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, wasn't worth when I bought it only three dollars. Pshaw! pshaw! how times is changed. Glad to git corn-bread and gammon gravy then—had to go thirty miles, down to Chagrin mill. I always used to go for boss instead of himself, for I only 'hearted' ninety pounds in weight and made a lighter load over a bag of corn, hoss back. Let me see, I weigh eighty now. Well, I was twenty-five years old just about, and in love with boss's daughter, but I always thought, she felt leetle above me for I was not taller than I am now, not quite as she was anyhow and was working for eight dollars a month; had to dress in tow linen at that. You never seen one of them logging frocks, made out of flax tow, did ye? Well, till I bought this new coat when I married Patsey, thirty-five years ago, I never wore any but tow—and if it wan't Sunday to-day I should'nt had it on, for I dispise stravagance and new fangled flummeries and thinggumbob noodles around your big houses.

I was in love thirty-five years ago and never dared to say a word about it. Her name was Jemsha. I longed to tell her how my heart swelled and burnt for her as it thumped aginst its chist, but I cobld'nt screw my courage up to the pint—but thought I would some day—or some night. I'd been alone with her many a time and had resolved on popping it right out—but the stillness was awful on them 'casions as the roar of Niagara and my heart would feel all over like your little finger does, when you hit your elbow gin somethin' accidental, a tarnal tinglin' follows.

Cuss my luck, said I to myself one Sunday night as I cum hum from mill after a three days ride. Jerusha had a beau—a chap from town dressed as smart as a dancing master. My heart jumped into my gullet the minute I saw him. I felt down in my mouth for I knowed I was a goner. He had on broadcloth. Talk of your new fangled Gossip and greshun houses, now, but folks in them days didn't have but one room down stairs; and a ladder to go up stairs; puncheon floors was good enough below, and oak shakes split out by hand, kivered the chamber floor. It was so-in boss's house, and I slept up chamber.—I want you to imagin' two wooden hooks fixed up to hang a gun on right over the hearth on the chamber beam; I want you to remember my tow shirt and I want you to imagine, my feelin's that night after I went to bed, for Jerusha and the dandy chap had the hull room below to themselves with a rousing big fire to spark by. I could'nt stand the temptation to want to hear what they had to say to themselves. Whisper, whisper, whisper.—You may laugh at it, 'tis the naked truth that I am going to tell. I have laughed myself at the same since.

When I heard something go like a kiss by thunder, I could stand my great heart thumps no longer. Curiosity and jealousy got the upper end of me; I wanted to see for myself, so I slid out of bed, sitting flat like a tailor on the floor, determined to hitch up just as I got, inch a time to the opening over the hearth where the beam and gun hooks was. A cat could'nt been no stiller after a mouse; but my heart thumped louder every hitch just as it will when a man goes to do what ain't right. Well; just as I had gained the right pint to look over at 'em up tilted the pesky floor—down I went tow shirt to gun-hook—and there I hung blindfold like a squirrel half skinned, right over my sweetheart—ready for roasting. I could'nt see 'm at all arter that, and 'twas more than ten minutes before the old boss awoke to tear me loose dangling round the fire. What, what, said he, got a spare rib eh! Let me down said I.

I got pretty well baked, anyhow, and haint been quite so raw since in love matters.—Lord, I never looked Jerusha in the face from that day nor a girl in that neighborhood, for I could swear she told 'em all. The accident got my grit up to make a fortin. I went off a few miles and married the first chance I got, just out of spite—and Patsey is worth all on 'em, after all—and marrying is a lottery business. Then don't hang yourself (as I did) because you can't get a particular one, but recollect your heart is like rubber, it will stretch a good ways and not break.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Agssiz on the Races of Men.

We give the following from the Boston *Traveller's* report of Agassiz's lectures, now in the course of delivery at Lowell, Mass.:

"We next come to the geographical distribution of the races of man; and here we must leave out of consideration all question as to the unity of the races. Professor Agassiz is conscious that his views, on some points, are not generally received, and he fully respects the motives which make the views of others almost sacred to them. He hopes that his views will be received in the same spirit as he represents them, viz: in the effort to arrive at truth.

We will first study the limits of the range of each race on the different continents, and must consequently eliminate every element depending upon migration, as the present American races. We are to consider the primative location of the races, that is, the distribution of man as recognized by the earliest traditions. The question is, where the races were originally placed, rather than what are the modern changes in their distribution.

The first race to be considered is one peculiar to the Arctic regions, a race different much from any inhabiting the temperate zone and still more from those of the tropics.—This race comprises the Esquimaux of this continent, the Laplanders of Europe, and the Samoydes of Asia. They are all characterized by a broad face, short in its vertical diameter a low forehead, and great length of body when compared with the shortness of legs. For more minute descriptions the works of Pickering and Prichard must be consulted.—The distribution of these races correspond very nearly to the zoological regions of the north.

The races of the temperate zones are three. The Mongolians in Asia, the whites in Europe and the aboriginies in America; and it is remarkable, also, that these races occupy the same territories as the faunas previously described. In Asia has been described the terrestrial Japanese fauna, the insular Japanese fauna, and the fauna of the Caspian regions, intermediate to that of Europe and Asia.—Inhabiting precisely the same countries, are the Japanese, Chinese and Turks.

The Indians of North America are a distinct race, (on this point Professor Agassiz disagrees with Dr. Pickering,) differing from the races of the Old World, as the interior animals of North America differ in species from those of the Old World. It is only within a few years that the animals of North America have been considered not to be identical with those of Europe. The aboriginal Indian race is identical, from the Arctic regions to Terra Del Fuego, the only difference being one of the tribes, not of races. These tribes are divided into an infinite number of small tribes, a fact perfectly in accordance with the distribution of the inferior animals upon this continent.

We have seen that a great mountain chain, extending from the Canadas to Patagonia, connects North America and South America, and produces a certain uniformity in theia faunas; and they are subdivided into those of the Pampas, the Antiles, the Andes, the southern states, the middle states, and those of Oregon and California. In the same manner the aborigines are sub-divided into a large number of small tribes, which are circumscribed within narrow limits. They form no great nations as do the Chinese, Tartars and Japanese of the east.

The caucasian race is widely distributed and divided into many nations. Those inhabiting the eastern part of Africa, the northern part of Arabia, Mesapotmaia, Asia Minor, &c., all constitute different nations with different languages. The Teutonic branch, including the German, Dutch, English, Danish, &c., the Sclavenian branch, including the Russians, Poles, &c., each have a nationality and language peculiar to themselves. But they all have a feature in common, viz: a noble expression of the face, above that of all other races, a mirror of the innermost movements of the soul, and it is this branch, also, which is capable of the highest moral culture and the highest degree of civilization.

Africa has one characteristic race, the negro. But the interior of the great desert, Nubia and Abyssinia, have races different from the negro. The Hottentot lives at the south, and the western shores have their peculiar tribes. It was possible, even, during his recent visit to the southern states, to recognize among the negroes those belonging to these several African tribes.

In the East Indies are three distinct species: the Malay, Telingan, and Negriolla, (like the negro, only dwarfish.) The Australian is a tribe peculiar to that country. The features are those of a negro, but the hair is straight and flowing. The inhabitants of Madagascar are a peculiar tribe, but our information concerning them is scanty. They are not negroes, but resemble more the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands.

With these facts before us, we can assert that there is a law of distribution of the human race, as well as of the inferior races, and that these laws are in accordance with each other.

In the next lecture the same subject will be treated more minutely.

Life in New Mexico.

A correspondent of the New York Times gives the following shady picture of Life and Manners in New Mexico Territory:

I will now give you a faint insight into the moral and religious character of the Mexican portion of the population. Inspiration reaches us that there was a number of the tribes of Israel who were lost; and if it means that they were lost to all sense of the decencies of humanity, then I am of opinion that this people is one of those tribes; and that the Lord has lost track of them, or that this Territory is not within his jurisdiction! At all events He does not at present, and I believe He will never recognize them as his creatures, judging from the total depravity and bessotted ignorance of all of them. It is but one year since the first school was established here, and that has but a sickly growth. There are very few of the men who can read or write, and to see a *woman* that can do either is a curiosity.—They live in houses one story high, made of mud, with mud floors, and a chair or bedstead in doors, is quite as much a novelty as a plow, wagon, or scythe is out of doors.—They have no knowledge of the use of tools, and notwithstanding their excellent and unbounded pasture lands, there is not a pound of butter or cheese made in the Territory, and it is seldom that I get milk enough for my coffee; for the reason that they are too lazy to milk their cows. They use no leaven in making bread, and therefore you can judge of its palatableness; they make no pastry; they never salt their meat, but eat it into thin slices and dry it by the sun, and when dry it resembles chips, both in taste and appearance. They keep very large flocks of sheep, but they make no use of the wool, except for beds and pillows.

It would perhaps amuse you to stand in my office door and look out upon the Plaza and observe the dress and manners of the women as they pass. Their dress is composed of a skirt of common muslin, with neither sleeves nor waist, and extending to just above the ankles. In the place of a bonnet they wear a "rebosa"—a thing similar to a lady's long shawl, and when they wish to be *particularly* modest, they are used to cover the nakedness of their bosoms, which is not often however. Their personal habits are coarser and more detestable than the brutes of the forest, and the women as a mass, are without exception of condition, whether married or unmarried, the vilest kind of prostitutes. Mothers, without shame, sell the favors of their daughters; and husbands with eagerness accept of the price of their wive's debaucheries from the hands of all who choose to pay the tribute. It is impossible to conceive of a state of society more degraded or self-abandoned; and, although I regret to write it, there are many American lawyers and merchants who keep their mistresses openly and without shame, disgracing not only themselves and the commercial and professional character, but debasing the Yankees in the eyes of the natives to a condition equally as base as themselves.

The religion of the country is of the blackest kind, and it has been the policy of the priesthood to keep the people in a condition of the most supreme ignorance and abandoned superstition. They have been taught to sanction the vilest practices of immorality from their childhood to the close of life, and to tolerate the most heinous and unmitigated crimes, indeed, they believe that it only requires intercession of the priest with the Almighty, to procure a pardon of the villiany that is blacker than hell; and yet, by the treaty between the United States and Mexico, these same people are made "free and enlightened citizens of the American Union." But the more I write upon this subject, the more difficult it becomes for me to give a correct idea of the extent of the native degradation, and I will close this part of the subject by quoting the remark of John Randolph, of Virginia, that the people here are a "nation blanketed robbers and *rebosa'd* prostitutes." But this is a view of the masses, of which there are occasional exceptions."

A forward and talkative young man is not likely ever to become a great man.

Danger should ever be feared when distant, and braved when present.

Leisure for study, thought and social enjoyment, are to be counted as part of one's income.

Ever since there has been so great a command for type, there has been much less lead to spare for balls.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

Most people complain bitterly of their troubles of life, yet other greatly increase life's real troubles by the anticipations of imaginary ones.

The severest punishment of any injury is the consciousnes of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering pains of repentance.