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Select Poetry.

A Rain Dream.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BEYANT.

Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by And stree gth the ruffian, glories in his guilt, Oppress the heart with sadness. Oh, my friend, In what serener mood we look upon

The gloomiest aspect of the elements Among the woods and fields! Let us awhile, As the slow wind is rolling up the storm, In fancy leave this maze of dusty streets, For ever shaken by the importunate jar Of commerce, and upon the darkening air Look from the shelter of our rural home. Who is not awed that listens to the Rain, Sending his voice before him? Mighty Rain! The upland steeps are shrouded by thy mists; The vales are gloomy with thy shade; the pools No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams Darken to veins of lead at thy approach, Oh, mighty Rain! already thou art here; And every roof is beaten by thy streams, And as thou passest, every glassy spring Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods Is struck and quivers. All the hill-tops slake

Their thirst from thee; a thousand languishin A thousand fainting gardens are refreshed; A thousand idle rivalets start to speed, And with the graver murmur of the storm Blend their light voices as they hurry on.

Thou fill'st the circle of the atmosphere Alone; there is no living thing abroad, No bird to wing the air, nor beast to walk The field; the squirrel in the forest seeks Has scampered to his den; the butterfly Hides under her broad leaf; the insect crowds That made the sunshine populous, lie close In their mysterious shelter, whence the sun Will summon them again. The mighty Rain

Holds the vast empire of the sky alone. I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream, The friendly clouds drop down spring violets And summer columbines, and all the flowers That tuft the woodland floor, or overarch The streamlet :- spiky grass for genial June, Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman, And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves. I see these myriad drops that slake the dust Gather in glorious streams, or rolling blue In billows on the lake or on the deep, And bearing navies. I behold them change To threads of crystal as they sink in earth, And leave its stains behind, to rise again In pleasant nooks of verdure, where the child, Thirsty with play, in both his little hands To wet his pretty lips. To-morrow noon How proudly will the water-lily ride The brimming pool, o'erlooking, like a queen, Her circle of broad leaves. In lonely wastes, When next the sunshine makes them beautiful

All through the starless hours, the mighty Rain Smites with perpetual sound the forest leaves, And beats the matted grass, and still the earth Drinks the unstinted bounty of the clouds, Drinks for her cottage wells, her woodland brooks,

Drinks for the springing trout, the toiling bee
And brooding bird, drinks for her tender flow-

Gay troops of butterflies shall light to drink At the replenished hollows of the rock.

Now slowly falls the dull blank night, an

Tall oaks, and all the herbage of her hills. A melancholy sound is in the air. A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail Around my dwelling. Tis the wind of night A lonely wanderer between earth and cloud. In the black shadow and the chilly mist, The dripping woods, and o'er the plashy fields, Roaming and sorrowing still, like one who makes The journey of life alone, and nowhere meets A welcome or a friend, and still goes on In darkness. Yet awhile, a little while And he shall toss the glittering leaves in play, And dally with the flowers, and gaily lift The slender herbs, pressed low by weight of rain, And drive, in joyous triumph, through the sky, White clouds, the laggard remnants of the storm.

Miscellaneous.

MANNY MEALL

ment rashly upon me-I must tell why I am and loved.

I can scarcely remember when my father sleepy lake down in the vale, such, I have the sky. heard my father say, was our home. These Our dreams were like the clouds. A cloud impressions seem to me as much like dreams was in the sky with a storm in its bosom too, as realities, and no wonder either, for the foot- but we saw it not. steps of long years have marched over them. But I do remember distinctly a broad river over on are not to be forgotten.

of stumps when we entered a little cottage on Among others who came to Brookville was He had been a hard drinker during the few man's eyes. "Run with me to Neall's run, last years—the demon in the wine glass had dreadful times there," and he grasped my been the main rock on which he wrecked his arm and I bounded away with him.

ing in the stormnight among the clouds. She

the difference, I believe.

full hour we played "captive's base" among mered in a drunken slarg: the broad walnut and popular stumps that "So, ho! Mister Hod Carrier, I've sold

the rocks, and when we grew tired sat down and she told me of her mother of how she used to weep while she sat at her feet, and and a broken heart, and that the Priest said out:

remember the first night there was a noise of the father against the shoemaker and his ing there, and I thought it must be some-own child; "better that than the wife of an thing very nice, but my mother told me it infamous hod carrier!" was a very wicked place, and that I must never go there. I often wished my mother had not told me that, for my Nannie was blue eyes of my poor, half distracted Nannie his life insured !" there, and she was my dearest friend.

Years passed as others had, and Nannie and I grew up; she was one of the loveliest She was as gentle as the whisperings of the cue. Kob Lincoln was before me. white-winged zephyrs among the April flowers, and as pure as the lilly that bent beneath the summer breeze to the kiss of the rippling waves of the meadow rill; and yet she was he had sold her, and grasping the old shoe-reared among the wrecks of a father's fortune, maker's hammer from the bench he hurled it men around the little bar her father kept.

character. She was kind and cheerful; nei- ed again and again to Nannie to tell me that ther wild nor melancholy, yet the lovely calm she had not fled from earth to heaven, but of her countenance was tinged with a shade she kept her blue eyes fixed upon me, and a do it, just allow me to give you a few hints of saduess—motion, look, tone, deed, were changeless smile rested upon her damp face. on the subject." gentle as the spring-time sun-beams shim- And all this time the old housekeeper kept "Oh! no, pra mering among the garden flowers. Nannie her hideous face pressed against the glass,

nature with us. For hours we have sat on worse! gliding like golden creatures among the crys- ly on his noble brow. ial waves and the clear wavelets hastening away, the mellow sunlight trembling on the maker carried Nannie from the tavern to the take care of herself; she would go to balls tree tops and falling away behind the hill, doctor's house, and I followed.

and all the time we felt that our hearts held And the blood of the victim fell drop by "Was she long ill?" sweet communion in breathless whispers- drop on the pure white snow. thus a holy tie was weaving woof and web

into our life and hopes and destinies. intimacy and became enraged. One evening The shaft of the Pale Archer had struck him when I had gone to spend a few hours with to vex and then destroy. In the battle strife her roses and white muslin, and they were Nannie at her home, the old man came to with the demon of delerium tremens he was the little sitting room where we were, and overcome, and his spirit shricking with fears, to say, nay; so go sheedid, and after dancing sternly ordered me away. I grose, and a tear went to be judged by him who weighs Im drop hung upon Nannie's evelid. I took my mortality in the eternal balance of Truth. hat, and as I went out, the old man sung out after me-" Hod carrier!"

The old housekeeper flattened her ugly and no eye in Brookville wept. face against the glass door between the two Day after day I watched by the bedside

he would see me that evening such terror that I shrank from them. And not the The rabble in the dram shop, through she would point her finger at me, and call la!" which I had to pass, caught the notes of the

That evening the old shoemaker saw me and told me Nannie loved me and we should see each other clandestinely. I thanked him, and through his interference, Nannie and I

And in this way we spent some of our hap-piest hours, dreaming of the bliss that was to removed to the new village of Brookville. It be ours, in a few short months; for when the seems, too, that there is a dim remembrance summer was passed we were to be married. knew no spring time of life! of an old house by the lake. It is all vague, Love with us was a reality, and in the solidim and uncertain, however. Yet I some- tudes about Brookville we dreamed of its sits in the broad flock of sunbeams that falls times find lingering within me a vision of an bliss, as together we watched the dritting of through her window in one of the little rooms said, "Oh, no; if it breaks out fine, I should

Christmas day we were to be married. that we crossed on our way to our new home, None knew it, however, except the old shoethat is the most distinct of all-its silvery maker and Rob Lincoln. Rob was to convey waves flashing around the flat we crossed her to a neighboring house in his new sleigh. and I was to meet him there with the village away!" The streets of Brookville were not cleared parson. Such was the arrangement. The day before Christmas the hills and the main street. There was a newness and honses were white with snow. Brookville ted, at the same time urging her to treat her fashness about everything there. It was not was all life for the enjoyments of the season. poor Nannie kindly. long before it began to assume a busy char. That morning two strangers appeared in our acter, as new settlers came in, and new stores midst. None knew from where they came.

All day long the revel increased in and a man named Neall. He had been a mer-chant in one of the scaport cities, but failing came near being a fight. Just after sundown by injudicious speculations, he had retired I met Rob Lincoln running towards his fath-with a little wreck of his fortune, to the new er's liouse at full speed. I had no time to village either to recruit or to spend the evening of his life in quiet. I never knew which, wildest terror flashing from the brave young

all; and his wife he left in the city, in the Hist! the wind blows now just as it shrick-

was the only child of the comer, and a love- ped hands folded in her yellow apron, with isfied with his scrutiny) seated himself oppo- in which the soul can learn that weightiest of all by being she was! She was just my age, or her face flattened against a dirty pane of a site me with the evident determination of havhearly, not quite—from April to June was glass door looking in to the tavern. A few ling "a talk."

the difference, I believe.

of the village sots were staggering around

Byer been in this part of the country be-Meall managed to get a house a few rods the room, or half dozing on the pine beuches fore, madam! from ours; and he with his daughter, a sour old dame of a housekeeper, and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk, to remain and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall, who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with Neall who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld who was nearly drunk and the old shoeld with the old shoeld Meall managed to get a house a few rods from ours; and he with his daughter, a sour old dame of a housekeeper, and the old shoese and the first the old shoese at the firs

which the village was named, and there for a When I sprang into the arena, old Neall stam- derwood beneath."

Nannie sold? I grew dizzy—the room with its tragedy seemed to whirl around with me. I heard then died in the cold night with consumption the familiar voice of the old shoemaker cry can compete with it?"

haps a Catholic, but of this I am not certain.

black as any purgatory, after promising your Pardon me for asking, but are you a wid
Neall put up a tavern in Brookville, and poor dead wife to be both father and mother ow!"

the new settlers gathered there and drank. I to the dear child!"

of the father against the shoemaker and his think you four and twenty."

almost starting from their sockets, and her right hand, that was free from the monster's right hand, that was free from the monster's "Ah! what a pity! every man should ingrasp, held out imploringly to me for help. sure his life; it is really the only substantial creatures of female beauty I had ever seen. She screamed my name. I rushed to the res- proof of his love that a man can give. He Draw your chair closer.

Old Neall was enraged that we should dare | dren ?" to rescue his child from the infamy to which With a low murmur of "mother, mother!" Nannie was happily in possession of the she sank in my arms to the floor. The two sa." virtues which ennoble and beautify woman's strangers fled forever from Brookville. I call-Neall was the loved one in Brookville.

I loved her when we were children playing on copie and heath, on rock and dell; and now that we were grown I loved her with all again to Nannie, and like a child whispered the passionate idolatry of my young manhood.

In her ear, that I loved her still, but the words here and there. After his hints (which along the brook where the waves danced o'er ling it so softly and tenderly, examining the their pebbly path that hed to the river; in the livid spot half hidden by her auburn hair,

The next day old Neall went to eternity. The Angels of Retribution had watched his ter's night. Her mother and I didn't wish Old Neall became aware of our growing steps and had marked his last going out-He was buried beneath the snow-web that

lay on the yard behind the village church. rooms and echoed the chorus—"Hod carrier,"

The old shoemaker stopped hammering his

The old shoemaker stopped hammering his

Tay after day 1 watched by the bedshop the cheeks, and my darling was as bright and wet her dry lips with water. She mostly lay gay as ever; singing like a bird, and making with her languid eyes closed, but when she her poor mother and me as happy as before leather as I went out, and spoke low and said did open them they stared out at me with that long illness; but, oh dear! she would be would see me that evening such terror that I shrank from them. And not take care of herself, my own little Lil me a monster, and command me to carry her derisive taunt, and shouted it after me-"Hod back to Brookville, to her own dear -. Oh! carrier!" The infernal taunt rings in my how agonizing that was! To hear her call my own name and link it with the fondest

It was all in vain.

The cloud that had drifted in our summer sky had burst upon us in a winter storm that

lunatic! And there she will sit and chatter to her bird and her straw until the good angels beck-her.) do let me go as I am; and Tom likes on her away!

There was no resisting

She sometimes calls to her kind hearted matron, and bids her "take the stranger shivering, and never set her pretty foot on

kind hearted woman's eyes as I have depar-

I am a bachelor?

What strange characters one sometimes. neets in travelling! I was lately going some distance by railway, and thought at one of Brummel. To have determined exactly what time of life he had arrived at would have been quite impossible, as he was an odd mixture of youth and age; his manners and movegrave-yard behind the steeple church—sent div my ears as I ran up the showy street there by his abuses and cruelty. So said the old shoemaker who came with Neall from the city.

Instit the wind down how just as it among the showy street down that fatal evening. Draw your chair closer; I wish to speak in whister who came with Neall from your chair closer; I wish to speak in whister who came with a bow which person.

Name Neall was like a bright standard.

Within Neall's house when we darding me with as inquisitive a look as was garding me with as inquisitive a look as was

down in the clearing on the brookside, after My blood boiled in every knotted vein !- of the rocks, and the deep ravine of dark un-

"Nothing to what we have in Scotland." the broad walnut and popular stumps that stood like watching sentinels in the vale.

The very next day we went out together on the hills with our baskets, and gathered whottleberries, and talked and played among ser.

"So, ho! Mister Hod Carrier, I've sold was my somewhat ungracious reply.

"In Scotland! ah, I thought you were from the sister kingdom." (How this accent of mine does belray me! I do believe if I went to the South Sea Islands, that the first question the good folks there would ask me, after my first sentence, would be, "Are you from Scotland?") "So you don't think we

"Not in the grandeur of your scenery." she went to live with the Virgin Angels. I "Mr. Neall, how can you barter your own have since thought that her mother was per child away to one whose heart is to-day as been in Scotland, and admire it very much.

> "Ah! you look very young; shouldn't This was intended as a question; I, however, only smiled in reply, and he looked a lit-I saw the old woman's pitted face grinning the confused, but resumed after a pause.
>
> against the glass. And then I saw the mild "Pardon me again, but had your husb "Pardon me again, but had your husband

"Ah! I was just going to recommend you to insure your life; I should be most happy and had heard, time after time, the rude, at us. The weapon flew close by Rob's ear, to do it. I'm an agent for an insurance comcoarse jest and drunken ribaldry of drunken and struck the head of my poor Nannie. pany, and I always take every opportunity to recommend gentlemen and ladies to do

> "I have no one that I would think of it suring my life for." "Ah! but in case you should ever wish to

"Oh! no, pray don't trouble yourself."
"No trouble in the world, my dear lady

Not a whisper of love ever passed our lips—changeless smile was the only answer. I were pretty numerous, but seemed to tend to anil yet the secret was written in and fouldy held her head in my arms and wept. The impress upon my mind that his was the most cherished by each hidden heart. Ah! we old shoemaker ran and brought the village advantageous company in which one could were happy in this secret heart worship. We surgeon. He came and knelt down by her insure their life in Great Britain) were exwere often together in the wild nook where on the tavern floor, and took her pale hands hausted, he again returned to his queries, we had gathered berries when children; in his. I loved him more than ever for hold"May I ask what your husband died of?" "May I ask what your husband died of?"

What a change came over the old gentleold woods where oak and pine pointed their where the hammer had struck. I could bear man's countenance! The look of frivoity taper spires up to heaven, we rambled and it no longer. I whispered, "Doctor, is San- vanished, but the little grey eyes almost lookdreamed and loved in silence, with none but nie gone?"-I could not say dead, but ed as if there was a tear twinkling in them, nature with us. For hours we have sat on worse!

the brook brink watching the frisking fish And he laid his slender fingers significanttwo years since; she was as sweet a girl as a Rob Lincoln, the doctor and the old shoe- father need desire to look at, but she wouldn't

> "About a year; she caught a very severe cold by going to a ball, one bitter frosty winher to go; but Tom-that was her sweetheart till three in the morning, drove home in an open carriage, went to her bed, and didn't eave it for months."

"And was she never able to go out again! "Oh yes; when the summer returned, the light came back to her eyes, and the roses to

The old gentleman turned away and put his head out of the window, as if to look at something; but I saw the tear again twink ling in his eyes, and the memulous motion of endearments, yet look upon me as the mon-ster who had bartered gold for her loveli-was not too painful—to tell me more of his was not too painful, to tell me more of his

sweet child. "Yes. I shall tell you because I think you I am a bachelor! Don't smile or pass judg- met each other almost every day, and talked faithful surgeon all the time endeavoring to feel for me, and like to speak about her. She call back her wandering mind. continued well all summer, till the beginning. of autum; and one gloomy day she must go away on an excursion to the country, dressed in her laces and muslins, as if it were the middle of summer and it wasn't going to My poor loved and lost Nannie Neall! She rain. Her mother wished her to put on a warmer dress and shawl, but she laughed and old brown building, with elms in front and a the white clouds riding on the blue ocean of at the D- Asylum, a harmless, dreaming just look like an old woman, dressed in that

way, and they will all be so gay; so mother dear (and she had such a coaxing way with I have sat by her side in that neat little her; so off they drove, laughing and joking, cell, looking into the dreamy eyes, many a looking so happy and handsome—my lonely hour, but she never knew me!

There was no resisting her; so off they drove, laughing and joking, and looking so happy and handsome—my poor child! The rain came on as they were sometimes calls to her kind hearted returning; she arrived home drenched and resisting toward the sentinel. He primed and loaded his musket. "The lobster is going to shoot us," cried the boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger. "If you fire, more strongly than she in hers, or who returning; she arrived home drenched and

We parted at the next station, with a hearty shake of the hand and kind wishes on both And now, fair readers, do you wonder that sides; and then I fell into a reverie on how little we can judge of the inner man unless and shops went up. My father was a brick-larger, and I carried some of the brick and I carried some of the streets early in the day.

The word which best describes Fanny was a lurking look of sin lingering about the limit to the main guard. They are thought, when the old gentleman was expansion to the main guard. Turn out the main guard. They are thought, when the old gentleman was expansion to the main guard. Turn out the main guard. Turn o some accidental circumstance calls forth the gers and huzzaed. mon of this world; and had no place for those deep affections that lay hid beneath the frivthe stations I was to be left solus; when just as the train was starting, in stepped a little, pompus, grey-haired old gentleman, almost as finical in his attire as the celebrated Beau his finical in his attire as the celebrated Beau his queries, I should have hastened to the opolous manner and foolish attire. Well may posite side of the carriage, and thus deprived myself of what was a real pleasure and profit-namely, sympathising in another's sorrow -the opening of those kind feelings in the hear; which must ever be beneficial to our naturally selfish natures, Leisure Hour. ..

*Under the common expression there lurks also much fatal error. The ball-room and oth-Nannie Neall was like a bright star gleam reached it, was this scene.

The old housekeeper stood with her chap in the stormnight among the clouds. She

The old housekeeper stood with her chap consistent with politeness, he (applarently sater haunts of worldly pleasure are not the school in which the soul can learn that weightiest of all lessons—the lesson how to die. .

Historical Shetch.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

March 5th, 1770. On Friday, the 2d day of March, 1770, a soldier of the twenty-ninth asked to be em-ployed at Gray's ropewalk, and he was repul-sed in the coarsest words. He then defied the ropemakers to a boxing-match; and one of them accepting his challenge, he was beaten off. Returning with several of his companious, they too, were driven away. A larger number came down to renew the fight with clubs and cutlasses, and in their turn encountered defeat. By this time Gray and others interposed, and for that day prevented further disturbance.

There was an end of the affair at the rope walk, but not at the barracks, where the soldiers inflamed each other's passions, as if the honor of the regiment were tarnished. Saturday they prepared bludgeons; and be-ter knocked the gun out of his hand, and lev-ing resolved to brave the citizens on Monday elling a blow at him, hit Preston. Three or women whom she has cut out. Fanny night, they forewarned their particular acquaintaince not to be abroad. Without duly restraining his inen, Carr, the Lieutenant Colshould always do it, even if it were only for one of the twenty-ninth, made complaint to one had any share in the disturbance.

A few hundred pounds. Have you may chillight remained. had received.

The colonel deliberating on Monday, seemed of opinion that the town would never be safe from quarrels between the people and soldiers, as long as soldiers should be quar-

their men within the barracks after nightfall. Hutchinson should have insisted on measures of precaution; but he too much wished the favor of all who had influence at Westminis-

Evening came on. The young moon was ly in the streets, and was imprinted in all shining brightly in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new fallen "Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms; snow. Parties of soldiers were driven about the streets, making a paralle of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabi-

A band which rushed out from Murray's cutlasses and bayonets, provoked resistance, my men."
and an affray ensued. Ensign Maul, at the gate of the barrack yard cried to the soldiers, which the sentinel stationed at the westerly end of the Custom House, on the corner of King street and Exchange line, left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head, which made him stagger and cry with pain.

The street soon became clear, and nobody roubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers knocked him down with a cutlass. They lieve. abused and insulted several persons at their

bell at the head of King street. was not molested the whole evening.

who knocked me down," said the barber's but approve her resolution.

guard "Turn out; why don't you turn out?" rooms, all the details of her table, must be they fared might not be successfully resistto the guard. "He appeared in a great flut-ter of spirits," and spoke of them roughly. A exquisitly nice and becoming. In the storm-party of six, two of whom, Kilton and Mont-iest days, when no visitor could be expected, which throbs beneath home-spun tackets, on party of six, two of whom, Kilton and Mont-gomery, had been worsted at the rope-walk, she is as carefully dressed and adorned as the hills and in the valleys of the Old Granformed with a corporal in front, Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they haughtily "rushed through the people" upon the trot, cursing them and pushing them as they have a structured by "rushed through the people" upon the trot, cursing them and pushing them as they attractive without bestowing much time or that it shall be; and if the portents of the went along. They found about ten persons thought upon the matter. Her voice is sinround the sentry, while about fifty or sixty gurarly musical; her manner varies with her came down with them. "For God's sake," humor, but is always that of a lady.—One said Knox, holding Preston by the cost take who knows Fanny Fern, has an idea what your men back again; if they fire your life kind of women they must have been for whom must answer for the consequences. "I know knights errant did battle in the middle

ands, moved from the middle of the street, have known. With

being given, he stepped a little on one side, and shot Attucks, who at the time was quietly leaning on a long stick. The people immediately began moving off. "Don't fire," said Langford, the watchman, to Kilroi, looking him full in the face; but yet he did so, at ten paces, performs on the stage, drives, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next to tandem, and cuts an unprecedented dash gen-Langford, with his hands in his bosom, fell erally, to the dashy astonishment of Broadlifeless. The rest fired slowly, and in suc- way. Those who are familiar with the wricession on the people, who were dispersing tings of Fanny Fern do not need to be assured. One aimed deliberately at a boy, who was running for safety. Montgomery then push- rerly and ludicrously false. She is no such ed at Palmer to stab him; on which the lat- person. The people who have asserted that persons were killed, among them Attucks, the Fern, it is true, has a superb figure and a stri-

So infuriated were the soldiers that when and every waving curl of her silken auburn the men returned to take up the dead, they hair. To which we add, that no one of the prepared to fire again, but were checked by names recently assigned her in the papers is Preston, while the twenty-ninth regiment appeared under arms in King street, as if bent on further massacre. "This is our time,"

character of Boston. All its sons came forth excited almost to madness. Many were absolutely distracted by the sight of the dead bodies, and of the blood which ran plentifully in the streets, and was imprinted in all Barracks, in Brattle street, armed with clubs, ed Mutchinson on meeting Preston, "to save

the barracks, and Hutchinson himself gave ers, that is, such as believed in him, went to stick them; knock them down; run your assurances that instant inquiries should be Texas, and are living in peace and prosperity. bayonets through them;" and one soldier after made by the Country Magistrates. The body Col. White is a worthy man compared with another levelled a fire-lock and threatened to of them then retired, leaving about one hun- our great, or rather notorious Brigham Young, "make a lane" through the crowd. Just before 9, as an officer crossed King street, now
tion, which lasted till three hours after midState street, a barber's lad cried after him, There goes a mean fellow who hath not ton, who surrendered himself to the Sheriff, paid my master for dressing his bair;" on and the soldiers who composed the party, ted States.

Fanny Feru.

The publication of "Ruth Hall" has stimulated public curiosity with regard to the ssued violently from the main guard, their name and character of its authoress, and arms glittering in the moon light, and passed given occasion for a number of articles puron, hallooing, "Where are they! Where are they! Let them come." Presently history. Some of these articles contain statetwelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cries, ments which we know to be groundless, and rushed from the south into King street, and so by way of Cornhill toward Murray Barracks. "Pray soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met. "No, no, I'll kill you all," answered one of them, and a great deal more than they ought to be-

Fanny Fern is the most retiring and unobdoor, and others in the street, "running about trusive of human beings. More than any like mad-men in a fury," crying "Fre," which seemed their watchword, and "where are they? Knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the pell at the head of King street. er going to parties or sorees, never giving The citizens whom the alarm set in motion such herself, refusing to enlarge her circle of came out with canes and clubs, and partly by the interference of well-disposed officers, partly by the outrage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto and some others, the fight at the barvitations to private and public assemblies, racks was soon over. Of the citizens, the and her acquaintance has been more frequentprudent shouted "Home, home;" others it ly sought by distinguished persons, during vas said, called out. "Huzzah for the main the period of her residence here, than any guard, there is the nest;" but the main guard other individual. To all solicitations, of this kind she returns a mild but decided negative. A body of soldiers came up. Royal) Ex- In the hotels at which she has resided, no change lane, crying, "Where are the cow-ards!" and brandishing their arms, passed known her as Fanny Fern. Indeed, she has through King street. From ten to twenty an abhorance of personal publicity, and cauboys came after them, asking, "Where are not be persuaded to sacrifice any part of the they, where are they?" "There is the soldier comfort of an absolute incog. We cannot

boy, and they began pushing one another Fanny Fern is a sincerely religious woman, She sometimes calls to her kind hearted natron, and bids her "take the stranger shivering, and never set her pretty foot on the green fields again! But she died very happy, that was a great consolation to her ind hearted woman's eyes as I have departed, at the same time urging her to treat her stranger the frequency of the green fields again! But she died very sentinel; "damn them; if they touch me, I'll less in awe of coventionalities—no one is more strated with disrespect. No one stands less in awe of coventionalities—no one is more strated with disrespect. No one stands less in awe of coventionalities—no one is more strated with disrespect. We parted at the next station, with a hearfrom a civil officer; and a young fellow spoke do all that she is convinced she ought, and out, "We will, knock him down for snap-ping;" while they whistled through their fin-ought not. In strength of purpose, we know as already within its control, and its jubilant

not her equal among women.

The word which best describes Fanny cried Preston, who was captain of the day, clean, elegant, and tasteful. Her attire, which ed. But there is a change. The sober second

None pressed on them or provoked them tremely sensitive. She can enjoy more, suf- accord to abolitionism, in some of its phases. till they began loading, when a party of about fer more, love more, hate more, admire more It is not simply an error, which may be ex-Jones stepped up to a gentleman who twelve in number, with their sticks in their and detest more, than any one whom we cased but a monstrous swindly which ought

for you. "Are the soldiers loaded," inquired Palmer of Preston. "Yes," he answered, with powder and ball," "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants!" asked Theodore Bliss. "They cannot, without my orders," replied Preston; while the town born called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs you loster second soldiers. They cannot, without my orders and her eyes; she has little aptitude or taster for abstract thought. She never talks of her was and cares little for criticism hnowever. backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire if you date. er severe. She is no more capable of writing We know you dare not." Just then Mont- an intentional double entendre, than the gross gomery received a blow from a stick thrown minded men who have accused her of doing which hit his musket; and the word "Fire," so are capable of appreciating the worth of

mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them king presence. But all her charms are her mortally. Of all the eleven, not more than own; to nature, unassisted, she owes all her beauty of figure, all the rose in her cheeks,

Mormonism-Letter from One of

tered among them. In the present case the owner of the rope-walk gave satisfaction by dismissing the workmen complained of.

The officers should on their part, have kept town drums beat, "To arms, to arms," was have been the victims of Mormonism and are the cry. And now was to be tested the true have been the victims of Mormonism, and are prepared to expose the mysteries of the creed in a light which will doubtless start the entire community:

CHICAGO, Tuesday, Jan. 16, 1855. Allow me to trouble you with these few lines which I wish you to insert in your Dai-"Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms; ly Times. My object is this.—I have been almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the for the last ten years a firm believer in the death of our slaughtered brethren." But Latter Day Saints, or rather Mormonism .they stood self-possessed and irresistable, de- My parents became followers of the celebratants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed manding justice according to the law. "Did ted Joe Smith in an early day, and emigrated cutlasses.

You know that you should not have fired to Nauvoo. After the death of Smith and without orders from a civil magistrate?" ask- his brother we were driven from thence. The society split; there were two who wished to take their leaders place, and stand at the head The people would not be pacified till the of the church, but could not agree; therefore twelve months I have seen enough to satisfy me : for what I don't know about mormonwere delivered up and committed to prison. ism is not worth knowing. They have secret -Bancroft's new volume of History of Uni- plots and objects that they mean to accomplish. They censure the government for not protecting them in all their hellish works.— For all this they mean to have satisfaction.— My object in writing this is to wain my female friends to beware of the false prophets who are daily sent out from the Great Salt Lake City to deceive the people. It is my intention to travel through the United States, and visit all the principle cities, and lecture on this important subject, to caution all young people who should be so unfortunate as to be led into the ungodly trap. Beware.

In Boston I shall deliver my first lecture,

as that is my native city. I have one young lady in company who also left the Mormons with me. She has renounced the doctrines. and will help me in my lectures. We shall both be present, and show Mormonism in its true colors, which you never had in your enlightened State. Had it been represented in its true light, and its object told, there would not of been a follower left sweet New England to join such a set of impostors, for I call them nothing else, knowing them to be such. If there should be any elders or followers of Mormonism I hope they will come to the lectures and dispute what we have to say if they can. We have and shall fetch documents to prove our assertions. We shall be there in a few weeks. We are at present staying with friends, and as soon as we are refreshed from the journey we shall start for Boston. It is near two mouths since we left the Salt Lake City. You shall-hear from me again, with more particulars. But no more at present from your humble servants,

MRS. SARAH YOUNG. MISS ELIZA WILLIAMS.

Decline of Know-Nothingism

The Union (N. H.) Democrat of last week held a very sensible article upon this subject. The editor of that paper had just returned from a tour through the State, which gave him a good opportunity of ascertaining the state of public feeling on the subject of Know-Nothingism.—After stating the fact that this heresy is everywhere on the decline, the writer adds :-- "A change has come over the spirit and prospects of Know-Nothingism. Inflated with its then recent success in Mastimes do not deceive us, the democracy go into this contest with unusual promise of a successfub issue." The causes which have produced this change are thus stated:

"First, the manifest dishonesty of the whole
Know-Nothing movement. It has not oven
the merit of being an honest fanaticism—s what I am about" said he hastily, and much ages. With all her strength Fanny Fern is exmerit we have sometimes been disposed for
merit we have sometimes been disposed for
merit we have sometimes been disposed for