

# The Montrose Democrat.

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

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## Select Poetry.

From the Shekinah.  
A Song of Sleep.

Mr. Harris while stopping temporarily in St. Louis, was one evening watching by the sick-bed of his wife, when after a season of restlessness, the patient slept, Mr. Harris, while being suddenly entranced by a spirit, wrote without any conscious effort the following very beautiful lines:

Her sufferings end; she sleeps, she sleeps,  
Along the floor the moonlight creeps;  
That silver sea that laves the shore  
Of outer slumber evermore;  
That silent sea that ebbs and flows  
Round the rim islands of repose;  
And wafts from out ethereal deep,  
Their tranquil rest. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her pulsing beats calm and low. She sleeps,  
From sensibility the dream-light creeps;  
That silver sea that laves the shore  
Of inner waking evermore;  
That silent sea that ebbs and flows  
Round the veiled Edens of repose,  
And wafts from pure, immortal deeps,  
Their visioned forms. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her face grows beautiful. She sleeps,  
From angel words the love-light creeps;  
That silver sea that laves the shore  
Of inner life for evermore;  
That silent sea that ebbs and flows  
Round hearts that in God's love repose,  
And wafts from Heaven's untroubled deeps,  
Their endless joy. She sleeps, she sleeps.

### LET ME IN.

When the summer evening's shadows,  
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,  
Came a young child faint and weary,  
Tapping at a cottage door:  
"Wandering thro' the winding wood paths,  
My worn feet too long have been,  
Let me in, oh! gentle mother,  
Let me in."

Years passed on—this eager spirit  
Gladly watched the dying hours,  
"I will be a child no longer,  
Finding bliss in birds and flowers;  
I will seek the bands of pleasure,  
I will join their merry din;  
Let me in to joy and gladness,  
Let me in."

Years sped on—yet vainly resting,  
Murmuring still the restless heart,  
"I am tired of heartless folly,  
Let the glittering cheat depart;  
I have found in worldly pleasure  
Naught to happiness akin,  
Let me in to Love's warm presence,  
Let me in."

Years flew on—a youth no longer,  
Still he owned a restless heart,  
"I am tired of love's soft darkness,  
Sweet-voiced syren, we must part;  
I will gain a laurel chaplet,  
And a world's applause will win;  
Let me in to fame and glory,  
Let me in."

Years fled on—the restless spirit  
Never found the bliss it sought;  
Answered hopes and granted blessings,  
Only new sorrows brought;  
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,  
I am tired of grief and sin,  
Let me in to rest eternal,  
Let me in."

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit,  
Tantled by a vague unrest,  
Knocks and calls at every gateway,  
In a vain and fruitless quest;  
Ever striving some new blessing,  
Some new happiness to win—  
At some portal ever saying:  
"Let me in."

## Miscellaneous.

EXCESSIVELY LITERARY.—How a young lady endeavored to adapt her style of conversation to the character of her guests, is narrated in an Ohio paper. Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing, being on a political tour thro' the state, stopped at the house of a prominent politician at night, but found no one at home but a young niece, who presided at the supper table. She had never seen great men and supposed them elephantine altogether, and that they talked great language.

"Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea, sir?" inquired the young lady.

"Yes, Miss, if you please," replied the quondam-soap-boiler.

Corwin's eye twinkled. Here was fun for him. Gratiated at the apparent success of her first trial of talking with big men, the young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same manner:

"Will you take condiments in your tea, sir?"

"Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom.

Of course nature must rest, and Ewing and the fair entertainer roared in spite of their senses. Corwin essayed to mend the matter, and was voluble in anecdote, and wit, and compliment. But the wound was irreparable. To this day the young lady declares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar disagreeable man.

**The Missing Emigrant.**—Winchester, who ascended in a balloon from Norfolk, Ohio, on the 22 inst., had not been heard of up to the 17th at that place. The *Cleveland (Ohio) Herald* says: "May be he landed in Canada, so far from railroads and telegraphs as to prevent tidings yet reaching his home." He is a friend of *Millen*, Ohio.

## A BAD SPECULATION, OR, THE DARK STRANGER.

### CHAPTER I.

"Ah, Angely, I am ruined—utterly ruined!" exclaimed Robert Wilson to his young and devoted wife.

"Rained! why, Robert, what can have happened? I thought you were doing so well in your business," returned the wife, with the deepest anxiety depicted upon her fair features.

"And so I am, my love; but in an unlucky moment, I embarked in a speculation which has proved unfortunate, and every dollar I possess is gone."

"Why have you not told me of this before, Robert?"

"I wished not to pain you, love,"

"I fear you have been imprudent; may I not try to repay you?"

"I have hoped that until now I should be able to redeem myself. By risking a few hundred dollars more, I feel confident that I could retrieve my losses, and come out bright again; but alas! I have not another dollar in the world."

And the young husband looked anxiously at his wife.

"What kind of speculation was it, Robert?" asked his wife, as a slight misgiving crossed her confiding heart.

"O, it was a strictly business transaction, rather complicated in its details, and I don't think you would understand it if I explained it," said Robert.

"I am not so dull of comprehension, that I cannot understand an ordinary business transaction."

"No, my dear, I know you would understand it better than ladies generally would, but it is very intricate—very."

"I will not insist, Robert, upon knowing anything you desire to conceal," said Mrs. Wilson, with a gentle reproach in her tone—"but methinks a wife ought to know the occasion of her husband's sorrow."

"Forgive me, Angely, replied the husband impudently a tender kiss upon her lips; 'forgive me and I will tell you all.'"

"Nay, love, I ask it not; I am satisfied now. And is there no hope?"

"If I had two hundred dollars, I feel perfectly confident that I should redeem myself!"

"Is there a risk, Robert?"

"I will be candid, Angely; there is some risk."

"I will get you the money, Robert."

"My own true wife!"

This conversation occurred at the house of a young 'New York' shopkeeper. He had been married to a young, gentle-hearted girl only a year before, during which period they had lived in uninterrupted happiness.

The young wife had no suspicion that the clouds of adversity were lowering over their joyous home until her husband had communicated the fact. For some weeks, however, she had noticed that Robert was more than usually dull. Once or twice a week he had absented himself from her side in the evening, alleging that he had business demanding his attention.

Angeline Wilson, at the time of her marriage, was the possessor of a small sum of money, bequeathed to her by her father. It had been settled upon her so that her husband could not control it, and could not spend no portion of it without her sanction.

The young shopkeeper's business had prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations so that his devoted wife, who would have willingly placed her little fortune in his hands, saw no occasion to withdraw it from her uncle, in whose hands it was not only deemed to be safely invested, but was producing a handsome interest.

Robert Wilson was a whole-souled young man, without a selfish thought in his composition. He had married Angeline for herself alone, and had hardly bestowed a thought upon her portion.

But the 'bad speculation' had worried him exceedingly. All the ready money he could command had been exhausted, and in his extremity, the thought had occurred to him that his wife could supply his wants. The idea of asking her for relief, was, to a man of his high-strung temperament, so highly repugnant, that he only had the courage to hint at the service she might render him.

### CHAPTER II.

With the money in his pocket, which Angely had procured for him, Robert Wilson hastened down Broadway. At the corner of Park Place he paused, and cast a furtive glance around him, evidently much agitated. He thought of his loving wife at home.

He had deceived her, and his conscience smote him. She was all love and gentleness, and sincerity, and confidence, and he had basely deceived her.

Should he not return, throw himself at her feet, and beg her forgiveness? Such a course was certainly the most grateful to his erring, penitent soul; but he had made a 'bad speculation,' and while there was hope of retrieving himself, the demon of mammon within prompted him to sin again.

Turning down Park Place, he entered one of those gambling halls, which are the curse of enlightened America. Again he paused on the steps of the magnificent establishment, to silence the upbraiding of his conscience. The beautiful, loving expression of his wife, languishing away the tedious hours of his absence in lonely misery, haunted him.

But the usual consolation, the oft-repeated resolution of the erring soul: 'Only this time and then I will forever abandon the way of the transgressor,' came to urge him on.

By the gas-light in the street, he observed a dark form, closely muffled in the ample folds of a Spanish cloak, approaching the spot where he stood. The stranger paused by his side, glanced intently at him, and then entered the saloon.

He followed him; the hall flashed with brilliant lights, and the gay and fashionable of the metropolis thronged the scene. Men smiled as though the place was not the gate of hell itself. The old and respectable of the bar and forum, and the exchange, were there countenancing, by their presence and example, the iniquity practised within those gilded walls.

Robert Wilson shuddered as he entered the scene, in which the respectable men of the community hesitated not to mingle.

Poor, simple, young man! his soul had not yet come to believe that wealth, station and the honors of the world can sanctify sin and hollow iniquity.

In an unguarded hour he had been lured into a 'den of thieves,' by a man of good standing in society—the importer from whom he purchased many of his goods, and who held his notes in payment of them.

He had hazarded a few dollars, though his conscience smote him all the time. He won; he was in the hands of those who were experienced in the management of unsuspecting dupes. He went away with his pockets well filled with the fruits of his unhallowed gains.

Inflated by ambition and viciousness to become suddenly rich, he went again and again he won.

The devil lured him on. With a firm resolution to abandon those visits when he should have added the gains of one more night to his previous accumulation, he went a third time. If he succeeded on this occasion as he had on the two previous nights, he should be able to pay the only note he owed. The prospect of freeing himself entirely from debt, suddenly and without labor, tempted him to engage once more in the exciting game.

But the gamblers had permitted him to run the whole length of his rope. On the third night he lost—lost all he had before won!

All his fine fancies were thus smashed to the ground. But the hope of freeing himself from debt, had taken strong hold of his imagination, and he could so easily resign it.

Again he went, trusting to the chances of the game would again favor him—again he again he went, till all his available means were sacrificed. The gamblers, admiringly permitted him to win a few dollars occasionally, and thus his hopes were kept buoyant.

All was gone, but the passions for gambling had gained intensely as his worldly goods had melted away.

Utterly he strolled among the gambling tables, now pausing to glance an instant at the game, and then hurrying nervously on again.

He had two hundred dollars in his pocket—and humiliating reflection!—it had been given by his wife. He must be careful of it; he could hope for no more.

As he paced the gaily thronged hall he discovered the dark-looking stranger, who had confronted him at the entrance of the saloon, alone, at one of the marble tables.

The eye of the dark stranger rested sharply upon him. The glance he knew not why, riveted him to the spot, and he stood tremulously gazing at the stranger.

The complexion of the mysterious personage was decidedly white. His beard, curled entirely the sides and lower part of his face, even to the contour of the mouth. It was very long and curled gracefully down over the chin. Over his head he wore a cap, from beneath which, long, black, glossy curls floated down over his long collar. In stature he was below the medium size.

### CHAPTER III.

"Play!" said the stranger, in a low, guttural voice, not unmingled with softness.

Robert Wilson involuntarily seated himself opposite the dark being.

With his gloved hand the stranger placed a fifty dollar bill on the table.

"Highest wins," said he laconically, as he pushed the dice-box over to Robert.

"This was certainly an irregular game, and an irregular method of proceeding—but it was simple, and in this respect was preferable to him, so he placed a corresponding amount by the side of it."

Robert stooped the dice and cast them upon the table.

"Twelve," said the stranger, as he shook up the box and made his throw.

"Eighteen," continued he, sweeping stakes from the table.

The next throw Robert won. The stake was doubled; he won again. Maddened by excitement he placed all the money he had on the table. The dark-visaged stranger, without moving a muscle of his brow, covered it.

"At one fell swoop Robert was penniless again!"

Rising from the table in a paroxysm of disappointment, he was about to rush from the scene.

"Stay!" said the stranger.

"I have not a dollar," replied Robert, bitterly.

"Your watch."

"No," replied Robert firmly, "it is my wife's."

"Your luck will change again!"

The young man hesitated.

"Sure to change," continued the stranger. With a desperate effort, Robert drew the watch from his pocket.

"Seventy-five dollars," said he tremulously, as he placed the watch on the table.

"The stranger placed the amount on the table.

"The dice descended—Robert won!

For several successive throws he won, but staking all, again he was once more penniless.

The watch was put down again—it was lost! Robert was in despair.

"You have a wife?" said the stranger.

"I have—God forgive me!" replied the ruined husband, in a burst of bitterness.

"Of course, you love her, or you would not be here," continued the stranger carelessly.

"I do love her—as I love my own soul!" exclaimed Robert, perplexed by the singular turn the conversation had taken.

The character of the professional gambler was too well known to him, not to suspect that the dark stranger had some object in view in these inquiries. Those fearless tales of gamblers who have staked money against the honor of a wife, flashed across his mind, and he shuddered to think how near he stood to the fatal precipice, which might hurl him in his madness, into deeper dishonor.

"You would have her know what you have done?" said the stranger calmly.

"Not for the world!"

"Then play again; your chance is good."

"I have not a shilling!"

"I will lend you."

"On what security?" asked Robert, trembling for the answer.

"Mortgage me your stock of goods."

"You know me, then?"

"No; you are a shop-keeper."

"I will!"

The stranger threw him three hundred dollars.

In ten minutes it was all lost.

"The mortgage," said the dark being.

"Can we make it here?" said Robert, overwhelmed with anguish.

"No; I will go to your house."

"Impossible! not for the world!"

"But I will!" said the stranger sternly.

"By Heaven, you shall not!"

"Halt! you shall be exposed."

Robert was obliged to consent, and borne down by the terrible agony that prayed upon him, he conducted his mysterious companion to his once happy home. The clock struck eleven as they entered.

"Your wife is not at home," said the stranger.

Robert was surprised to find that Angely was not in her accustomed seat by the fire. Full of painful misgivings, why, he knew not, he hastened to her apartment to see if she had retired; there was no trace of her to be discovered.

Returning to the sitting room, he found the strange gambler seated by the fire, intently poring over the pages of a book he had taken from the centre-table.

"Left you, I should say; women are so tame," replied the stranger, sternly.

"Left me?" exclaimed Robert, casting himself into a chair, and venting deep groans, the anguish of his soul.

"The mortgage," continued the stranger, sharply.

"I will write it in my room," replied the young man, leaving the apartment.

Wiping away the tears that coursed in great drops down his haggard cheeks, he picked out a blank mortgage from his papers, and proceeded to fill it out. The task completed, he turned to the sitting-room.

As he opened the door, he started back with astonishment at beholding Angely seated by the grate, reading the last number of Harper's.

"Why, Robert, I did not know you had got home," said she, rising and placing a chair before the fire where his slippers lay, ready for him to put his feet into.

"The dark stranger was not there."

"What was the matter with you, Robert, how strangely you appear," continued his wife.

"Do I!" and Robert started and looked round him in wild amazement. "Where was the stranger?"

"I did not know you were here, Angely," stammered he.

"I have been out awhile, this evening; but I came in just as the clock struck eleven."

"So did I," answered he, more confused than before. "Where is Mr. —, the gentleman who came home with me?"

"I have not seen any gentleman."

"I came in at eleven with—"

"What time is it now, Robert?"

"The watch—his wife's watch—it was gone!"

"Your watch?"

"I have it; it is half-past eleven," said Angely, taking the watch from her pocket.

"What is the matter with you, Robert?—you are crazy I should say."

"That watch—Robert paused."

"Well," said Angely, beginning to wear a mysterious, mischievous look; "how goes your speculation?"

"Badly, my dear," replied Robert, with a look of wonder.

"What paper have you in your hand?"

"Nothing—that is—I will put it in my Secretary," and he left the room to get this ugly document out of the way.

He was not absent more than five minutes, but when he returned the dark stranger of the gambling hall sat at the fire.

Robert began to think he was dealing with the devil.

"The mortgage," said the stranger, in his low, deep tone.

"Who are you, sir, man or devil—who are you?" exclaimed the bewildered young man, rushing toward the dark form.

But before he could reach it the form shook off the cloak, whiskers and wig, and his WIZARD stood before him!

The spell was dissolved. He understood it all.

"Are you cured, Robert," said she, smiling mischievously. And then using the deep tones of the stranger, she continued: "You have a wife; of course, you love her, or you would not be here. Ah, Robert, that alone saved you; you confessed your love even in your gambling hell. In making haste to be rich, you have been led astray. But I forgive you, Robert," and the gentle-hearted wife twined her arms around his neck, and kissed his cheek.

"Always forgiving as the spirit of mercy. I do not deserve your forgiveness, Angely."

## THE BLACKSMITH.

BY CHAS. G. LELAND.

I dreamed I stood by a roaring fire,  
Near the blacksmith's grimy and grim,  
And watched the blaze rise higher and higher,  
As it lit up each brazen link.

Bang, bang, the hammer rang,  
And drove out many a spark;  
They seemed the devil's own fire-flies,  
As they darted through the dark.

The smith struck high—the smith struck low,  
As over his work he bent;  
And if every blow had been on a foe,  
A battle had soon been spent.

Cling, cling, the steel doth ring,  
In flaming crimson dressed;  
Of all the callings that I know,  
I love the blacksmith's best.

King Siegfried of old was a blacksmith bold,  
And well on the iron could pound;  
With his very first blow, he drove, I'm told,  
The anvil into the ground.

Round, round, into the ground,  
And beat his hammer fast;  
No anvil alive but a blacksmith stout  
Could strike you a blow like that.

And Siegfried became a monarch of might,  
And so you may clearly see,  
If a monarch were in power and height,  
A blacksmith he well may be.

Smack, smack, with many a crack,  
As he hammers the spade and plough;  
For so did Taha Gah of old,  
And he must do so now.

## Jonathan and John.

Under this caption, the Boston Post ridiculed the bluster and bravado of the British Ministry and Press, in their efforts to frighten the Yankees. Speaking of the efforts being made by the English Government to recruit men in foreign countries to lift up their arms in the Russian war, the Post says:

"Cousin John's efforts to maintain his ground are worthy of all praise, surely; but as he assumes airs, Jonathan must ask him in relation to his business of getting men to fight, if he will not, for his own credit, take an observation and draw an inference."

"It so happened that a year or two ago, Jonathan needed this same article more to enable him to maintain his cause in a foreign land. He wanted to conquer Mexico into a peace. He made a call for fifty thousand. Did he have to go from home to get them? Did he send 'recruiting agents' into Denmark and all over Germany, to sneak into petty duchies, and besides violating law, there engage out throats, the offspring of mankind, vile mercenaries, to come under his banner, and help him defend his cause?"

Say; did Jonathan think of prowling about John's parlor, like a thief in the night, snatching away, from here and there, from mines and factories, and farms, wretches in a state of semi-barbarism? Why, the very suggestion would have more stirred Jonathan's bile, than would now the whole Saboteur force on his soil arose from home to get them? Jonathan quietly raised the stars and stripes in different places on his farm, and not merely fifty thousand, but FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND FREEMEN voluntarily gathered round this glorious and unassailable banner, and what most troubled Jonathan was, to know how to pick out of so many gallant men the few he really needed?"

Now cousin John Bull, who had better stop being gruff and surly, and impertinent, and arrogant, &c., towards Jonathan, and put this fact down in your note book. It's something worth considering, John! Roll it under your tongue, John. Stop gambling long enough to think up to its full meaning and significance, John. There is a good deal to be inferred from this most striking revelation of national power which this age has seen, John. You might make forty such exhibitions of yourself as you have last year in the Crimea—we say nothing about the French feats—and lose credit before the world each time; while that HALF A MILLION OF FREEMEN—exactly such men, John, as you send your respects to, at Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and Yorktown, and New Orleans—volunteered to get out of their country to fight, tells how Young America would look with arms in her hands! Think of a nation of sovazeros with arms in their hands, John!

But this is not all—not half of it, what you will do very well to think of, John. You are sending a few of your ships over here, are you? Well, Jonathan's farm is a good deal crowded and unpeopled. A large part of it is

not fenced in at all! And you might put five or fifty thousand of your 'foreign legion' on it in many places—in order to protect Ireland! Now, there is a new problem in political arithmetic which you may think of. It would not hurt you a bit to work it out. If half a million of freemen volunteered, in 1849, to leave their pursuits, and go forth to defend the rights of their country in a foreign land, how many, John, would flock around the stars and stripes, from every walk in life, to chastise an invader of their native soil? How long would it be before these thousands of invaders would thaw away?—Again, we say, think up, to the eminent gravity of this question; to the half a million of men fact we have named, and let Jonathan alone.

The best thing Lord Palmerston can do is to order his fleet right back again. Here it looks saucy. The tirades of the London Times and its echoes are really of no account. They are mere gasconade. Who cares for them? Too much consequence has always been attached to such things. This government gun business is another affair.—But Jonathan's course is onward to his manifest destiny; and John should strive for grace to acknowledge, that no country in the world has derived so much profit from Jonathan's progress as Great Britain; and no country will continue to derive one-half the benefit from the sure march to greatness of these United States. John, don't grumble with your bread and butter.

**A Romantic Story.**

The following is a curious bit of romance from the Paris correspondent. The name of the young princess referred to is not ascertained, but the monarch alluded to is the King of Sardinia:

Gloomy enough are our prospects, you will say, and amid it all we have a *fiat de consolation* in the misfortune of our neighbors. Courts have their treacherous friends as well as causes, and one of these treacherous friends has betrayed the secret of the delay in the journey of a crowned head whose intention was to have paid us an autumnal visit in order to enjoy the pleasures of the chase in the Imperial forests with the imperial hosts. This delay, false attributed to ill health by the innocent, is ascribed by report to domestic perplexity occasioned by the vagaries of a member of his family to whom he is much attached, and for whose conduct he considers himself in some degree responsible. The young lady in question, perhaps the only one in Europe bold enough to claim her independence, has given her relations much disquietude by her decision to remain unmarried, to travel where she lists and with whom she lists, taking the care of her own reputation upon herself, and asking for no protection or patronage from any member of the other sex belonging to her family. Her affection for the late Sovereign of the country was unbounded, and the first symptom of friskiness which manifested itself in the young lady's behaviour was upon the occasion of his Majesty's death in a foreign land.

She immediately repaired to the spot where he had died, purchased the hotel where the sad event had taken place, had the entire edifice pulled down, built a magnificent chapel on the spot, in the midst of which the death-bed of the king, exactly in the same state in which it was at the last moment of his dissolution, rises in gay and gaudy colors, with its trumphy hangings and tawdry fringes, striking the stranger who beholds it for the first time with astonishment, to behold such an object in such a place. Last year the young lady repaired in grand ceremony to the chapel, and there upon the bed, deposited, first the royal robe she is entitled to by her birth to wear on all state occasions; then the broad riband with the jewelled star she wore upon her breast; and finally kneeling down by the bedside, while the tears streamed in a torrent down her cheeks, she lifted the crown from her brow and placed it on the pillar, publicly declaring her vow to live and die a maid, and never to omit, on every anniversary of the death of her royal relative, paying a visit to the chapel in order to offer up a fervent mass for the repose of his soul.

The bystanders were moved to tears by the scene, when presently the young lady arose from her knees, and standing erect before the multitude assembled in the chapel, and deliberately drew from her pocket a pair of scissors, loosening her magnificent tresses from the bands of velvet which confined them she cut them off to the very root, and laid them beside the crown she had just before deposited upon the pillow which had the last breath of the king. To describe the astonishment produced by the event would be impossible—a mixture of the sublime and ridiculous in the scene prevented any further demonstration of sentiment on the part of the bystanders. The princess is a small person, and she tripped down the chapel to step into her carriage divested of the long cloak with which she had entered, her hair cropped and bristly—her eyes flashing right and left with a singular expression of satisfaction at the trick she had been playing; it was impossible not to enjoy the mystification to its very utmost.

Ever since that day she had adopted male attire and travels as the Prince does, paying her promised visit to the dead around which hundreds of tapers are burning night and day. It will readily be believed that a party of this character has gathered up of late

and hate equally strong. She has taken Queen Christina *en griffe*, and vows that her relatives shall not visit France without her so long as that talented lady remains at Malmaison. 'There is one daughter unmarried yet,' says the princess; 'Christina has *diable au corps*. If I am not there to protect my relative he will fall a prey to that all-devouring *intrigante*; therefore I desert him not; he is the sacred legacy of my beloved sovereign and master, and I will defend him at any risk and peril.' It is said that the king is so alarmed at the threat of aid and protection, that he dares not move forward until his fair relative can be brought to reason.

**The Boy Who Conquered.**

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York alone, and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand-boy or otherwise; till he could command a higher position; but this boy had got in bad company, and had got in the habit of calling for his "bitners" occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant in Paris street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there, and made his business known.

"Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant. "I'll attend to you soon."

When he had waited upon his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a cigar in his hand. This was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and, if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are no exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John—for this was his name—held down his head, and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the council of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death bed, called him to her side, had placed her emaciated hand upon his head, said, "Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to leave you. You will know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this, and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised over to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant, he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys rallied at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed, he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar as long he lived. He went straight back to the merchant, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant, he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys rallied at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

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