The Montrose Democrat

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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Select Poetry.

DUCKING THE SCHOOL MASTER.

A PARODY ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a sound was heard save the school-boy's shout,
As the master fast we hurried,
To a hole in the ice already cut,
Where the frozen stream lay buried.

We ducked him there about daylight,
The ice with an old axe chopping,
Though it had been a cold rainy night,
And the cold rain still was dropping.

His hands lay tied upon his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a master taking his rest,
With the school-boys all around him.

Hany and loud were the words he said,
But we spoke not a word of sorrow,
For in the master's face we read,
That he would not treat on the morrow.

We thought as we dragged him along on the ice
And our demands for a treat repeated,
That rather than have been served so twice,
At once we would have treated.

And many perhaps will make fun and deride,
And behind his back upbraid him;
But how could he help it, when they had him tied,
And on the cold ice had laid him.

When he said he would treat we all returned,
For it was late in the morning;
And we hoped the lesson he had learned,
Would prove to each teacher a warning.

With shouts of triumph we all walked back—
With the master wet and dripping,
And though his looks were dark and black,
Not one of us got a whipping.

THE MAY FLOWER.

The trailing arbutes, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

Sad Mayflower! watched by Winter stars,
And nursed by Winter gales,
With petals of the selected spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrims said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

"God wills it; here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the Sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

Oh! sacred flower of faith and hope!
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its Rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day,
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

Miscellaneous.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE WIDOW LEEDOM'S LAST LOAF.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in one heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast,
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TENNYSON.

It was evening—a beautiful autumn evening. The red leaves yet danced, rejoicing in the mild air; the yellow sunshine yet gilded the hill tops, and the soft shadows of twilight were creeping silently up the valley, as the gentle widow Leedom with her child in her arms, wended her way homeward. She was tired, for she had toiled all day in farmer Wood's kitchen, and though it was Saturday evening, she had not been paid for her labor. The kind hearted housemaid at farmer Wood's had urged her to wait for her supper but she could not stay. She had no eye for the glory of that October sunset, as she walked wearily on, her tired arms scarcely able to hold the little joyous creature that laughed and crowed, and ever and anon peered into her bonnet, lisping his sweet-toned "mamma mamma." She thought only of her expectant little ones, and the means of obtaining bread for them to last over Sunday. As she neared the village, she seemed irresolute whether to enter it or pass on; but a vision of her lonely, fasting children, rose up before her in imagination, and she stopped, her lips moved a minute or two as if in prayer, and then quickening her step, and hurrying on like one who has nerved himself to a sudden resolution, she turned into the main street and was soon standing before the counter of the baker's shop. The baker was an austere man, but it was not in human nature to resist the widow's pleading tone and touching expression, as she faltteringly asked him to trust her for a loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed her the loaf reluctantly, and was about to insist on prompt payment, when a glance at the widow's flushed face and embarrassed manner, deterred him. With scarcely audible thanks she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl, and drawing her babe closer to her bosom, hastened home.

"Mother's come! mother's come," cried a couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the gate, and her seven year-old Robert and his little sister came running to meet her.—They were pretty children. The little Mary inherited her Mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion, and the boy his father's handsome face and honest brown eyes. Poor children, for they were accustomed to being left alone, for the widow went out to work daily, and the night was always welcomed that brought their mother's loved return.—They had a thousand things to ask and tell, which fell unheeded this time on the ear of the sad mother, though she instinctively answered them yes and no, as occasion required. She gave the loaf to Robert, and taking little Mary's hand, they entered the house together. The table was already set out by the expectant housekeepers, but there was nothing on it that could be construed into anything eatable, save a cup of molases and some salt.—The mother cut a slice of bread for each of the half famished children, and sat quietly by, nursing the youngest while they ate it, for she had no heart to eat herself. She was very sorrowful as she looked at these dependent beings, and thought of her failing strength, and shading her eyes with her hand the tears stole silently down her pale, patient face, and fell among the bright curls of the unconscious head pillowed so peacefully on her bosom. She had been sorely afflicted.—The husband of her youth had been stricken down by a falling beam while attempting to save a sick child that had been overlooked in the hurry and panic from a burning building. The child was saved but he who perilled his life for it, the strong-brave-hearted had perished. The fruit of this union, her eldest born, her pride of heart, the noble boy whose every movement and expression had been so many similes of his buried father, was a wanderer she knew not whither.

"Years after the boy had left her, when Robert Leedom came often to see her in her loneliness, and ventured to tell her at length how he had loved her from the time they had played together at school, and how he had remained single for her sake, and came back to the same old port that he might breathe again the same air that she breathed, and besought her to let him sustain and shield her, to comfort her in sickness and sorrow, she gladdened the honest sailors faithful heart, by consenting to become his wife. No wonder the young suitor loved her, she was so neat in her habits, so gentle and so industrious; and her calm, sweet face and holy eyes shone ever with "the beauty that dwelt in her soul." She had learned to love her second husband, and had born him three fair children, when the sad news came, that the gallant vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked on the dangerous coast near Abescomb, and in his generous efforts to save others, Robert Leedom was lost. She had been a widow the second time only six months, and now, as the thought of her utter inability to support her fatherless children, even in the summer time, and saw no other prospect before her whichever way looked, and knew that the cold, dreary winter was coming gradually on, her heart failed her utterly, and she could only weep. The wondering little ones tried by every endearing art they could think of, to attract her attention but in vain. Impressed by their mother's mournful mood, they ate their bread almost in silence; and when they had finished, she arose mechanically, and laying her babe in its cradle, put them to bed. She heard them say their prayers, and bade them good night, and God bless them, carefully and tenderly as usual, but with that subdued, spiritless tone, that emanates from a heart without hope. She continued kneeling at their bedside long after she had prayed with them, and wept.

Bitterly she wept, but there was no pitying eye to see now, no tender hand to press, no loving voice to sooth, as the cry from the overburdened, despairing heart, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" went up over the unconscious heads, of the sleepers in that hour of agony. No pitying eye did I say—The eye that never slumbers nor sleeps was there, the loving kindness that has said, "I will be a father to the fatherless," was about her even then, though she knew it not. In the power of the spirit came the blessed assurance, in answer to her despairing cry, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and her soul grew calm, all her old trusting faith returned, and she arose from be knees tranquilly, feeling that the "the Lord is a very pleasant help in time of trouble." She took down the little worn Bible from the mantle, and as she read on through the closing chapter of St. John, an expression of peace ineffable, "the peace that passeth understanding," settled serenely on her sweet face. Putting the Bible reverently back, she took some mending from her basket, and soon the clear tone of the hymn sounded though the stillness of the little cottage: and "How firm a foundation," rec, when peaded from lordly organ, and echoed through vaulted dome, never ascended more acceptably to Him who sitteth on the great white throne.

But other eyes beside the All-seeing had been looking in through the low casement at the lonely sufferer, and now the sweet tones of the holy hymn were interrupted by a knock at the door. The widow opened it and saw before her a weary-travel-stained man, who asked only for a crust of bread and a cup of water. The widow glanced at the loaf which still lay on the table, and then at the sleeping children, and hesitated not a moment; there was something in the tone of the stranger's voice that came gratefully to her soul as a breath of spring over violets, and she thought of her own colored boy asking for charity in some distant land and she hastened to place a chair and reach him the loaf, trusting to Him who causeth it to rain on the earth where no man is, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground," for her orphans.

"My mother! my own precious mother!" cried the familiar voice, in broken tones and springing forward, she was caught and strained to the besting heart of her long lost son. "My son, my son" she could only murmur, while he exclaimed; "I am rich, my mother I have plenty for us all; I have been to California, and have come back rich, beyond all I ever hoped for or dreamed of—my poor famished mother! I am just in time—thank God! thank God!" and mother and son knelt together in one glad earnest prayer of thanksgiving.

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

BY "E. D. R."—U. S. NAVY.

A Visit to Vesuvius.

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE SUSQUEHANNA.
NAPLES, Italy, Feb. 23d, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—If I continue writing to you spasmodically, as I have been doing of late, I fear you will soon form an unfavorable opinion of my character for regularity in writing, if indeed it is not already entirely ruined by the specimens I have given you. However, excuses will only make the matter worse, so you will please forget for the moment that I am not the most punctual correspondent in the world, while I tell you of a delightful excursion I had a few days ago to Vesuvius. It was an impromtu excursion, and consequent upon the arrival of an unexpected and unusually large mail from home. Under the influence of the cheering news we had just received, from friends far o'er the sea, no enterprise seemed too difficult for us to undertake, and the ascent of Vesuvius would be but child's play for us. It was a bright sunny day—not a cloud obscured the azure sky—Dame Nature was arrayed in her most propitious garb Leaving the ship at one o'clock, P. M., we landed at the Immaculate and persuaded a worthy son of Jehu to give us a passage in his vehicle, to Resina. We were in a hurry, we encouraged him by sundry presents of tobacco and cigars, to pass every other carriage on the road, which he did in splendid style, to our infinite satisfaction. Arrived at Resina—which is built on the lava and volcanic tufa over Herculaneum—we left our carriage and mounted horses; first buying some strong walking sticks to assist us when we reached the Cone. The winding, serpentine road, from Resina up to the Hermitage, is an excellent one, smoothly graded and paved the greater part of the way, with blocks of the hardened lava which resembles the Russ pavement in Broadway, New York. It was a capital place for racing, and we took advantage of it in a moment. It was an exciting sight to see us, that is, the four of our party who were racing, for one had an unconquerable aversion to that species of amusement, and our guide had not yet overtaken us. Waiving our heavy sticks over our heads with a whoop and hurrah, we were off like a party of mad men, or sailors on horseback, which is very much the same. There was no mistaking the road—it lay clear before us, and we tore along up the gentle ascent and around the frequent curves, at breakneck speed. We had been under way in this manner about five minutes, when we espied our guide enveloped in a long flowing cloak coming after us like the wind. Anxious not to be overtaken, I urged my horse to a still quicker speed, but the attempt came near being attended with disastrous consequences, for the indignant animal was then doing his best and became so exasperated, that he stopped short and tried to pitch me over his head; finding that wouldn't do, he backed off down a bank and commenced a series of circumstances, flying gurations that would have done honor to his ancient prototype, Pegasus. During the midst of this performance our guide went by me like a whirlwind, and soon overtook the rest of the party, to whom he explained my situation, and for a while the race was ended. Just as I had succeeded in coaxing my cavalio up into the road again, the one of the party who was averse to racing, on constitutional principles, came up with me and we jogged along slowly together—feeling rather chopfallen to think that I had been so shamefully distanced, and he declaring that if once he got back alive from this excursion, nothing should ever tempt him to go riding on horseback again. His horse was determined not to go along slowly as he wished him to do, and he had never seen a horse that was to be depended on for gentle speed, when others were racing by him. I tried to persuade him to exchange with me, recommending mine as a model for slow traveling, but unfortunately he had seen my cavalio roll down the bank, and would have nothing to do with such a vicious specimen. As we came up with the rest of our party, who were waiting for us, a happy thought struck me—if I could only induce the guide to change horses with me, my fortune would be made, for his horse was certainly the fastest in the party, and I do like to be ahead, on such occasions. I commenced my plan of operations by praising the easy grace of his riding and the skill with which he managed his horse. Then I offered him a cigar, and while he was lighting it, asked him if he would be so kind as to permit me to try his horse for a few minutes, as mine was very unruly and he could manage him so much better than I. This touched his pride and he consented. No sooner was I on the new saddle than away we went again at full speed, our guide next overtook us half way up the mountain where we had stopped at the Hermitage—at least three miles from where we had left him. After partaking of some refreshments in this well known half-way house, we mounted again and rode about two miles farther, in a narrow bridle path over rocks of lava and through beds of ashes to the base of the Cone. Here we left our horses and prepared for the ascent. The steep sides of the Cone were covered with snow, and standing at its base it looked almost a matter of impossibility to crawl up it. However, crowds of self-styled guides stood by ready to assist us, and we did not hesitate to undertake it. We wished if possible to ascend without assistance but the guides with leather straps, were so determined to help us nolens volens, that we were fairly forced to employ them. They constantly got in our way and shaking their leather straps at us, over their shoulders soon convinced us that their aid was not to be despised. Grasping their straps firmly with one hand and carefully using our walking stick with the other, we slowly and laboriously toiled along up the Cone, pausing frequently to rest wherever it was possible. Besides the guids who was pulling us we each had another one pushing from behind and when one of these fell, the other two were bound to follow his example, as was proved most conclusively by our experience. One of our party—the one opposed to racing—had three lusty fellows tugging at him, two pulling and one pushing, yet even with all that assistance, I thought he would never succeed in reaching the summit, he was so much exhausted. In ascending the Cone, our party consisted all told of four officers, accompanied by the engineer's steward whom we had brought along with us from the ship to act as interpreter for us in case we could not make them understand our French. Then came our guide from Resina—next on the list were our eleven pullers and pushers, and finally came two refreshment carriers, making the party in all number nineteen persons. As we had made no bargain about the price to be paid for the services of our new guides, I expected they would fleece us, but was a little surprised when arrived at the summit of the mountain they demanded a dollar each for what they had done. This was exorbitant for less than an hours work, yet after trying in vain to compromise the matter, we were finally outlawed to confess ourselves victimized.

We were now standing on the very summit of Vesuvius—shivering to be sure, but regardless of the cold when contemplating the magnificent view before us. Pompeii, Herculaneum and Naples, seemed almost at our feet, while in the distance beyond Naples, we could plainly see the islands of Ischia and Procida, and all the small towns about the Bay. The shipping in the harbor from our lofty position looked remarkably diminutive, and in fact, everything appeared represented in a miniature. On the opposite side, and inland as far as the eye could reach, lofty and snow-capped mountains rose up before us, with green and fertile valleys between them, contrasting pleasantly with the barren and chilly appearance the mountains themselves presented. But we did not stop long to gaze on this view, for the Crater was groaning beneath us, and we were too anxious to see its phenomena to admit of any long delay. There was something like a plain where we then were which we had to pass over, before we arrived at the brink of the Crater. This plain was filled with deep and smoking fissures, which our guide besought us not to approach, and we disregarding his entreaties, peered curiously down into their blackened depths, he seeming nearly wild with affright—evidently imagining the responsibility of preserving all our lives, to have devolved solely upon him.—When we had satisfied our curiosity on that side, where there was indeed nothing to be seen but the fissures, exhausted crater and smoke, we followed him around to the windward side, where at last we had a view of the active crater doubly surpassing our most sanguine expectations. Standing in a narrow pathway, we had on one side the glistening snow which covered the outer surface of the Cone, shining like molten silver in the sunlight making the steep side of the mountain for hundreds of feet below us, look so near and dangerous that we could hardly imagine ourselves safe, while standing above it; for a false step there would have sent us sliding headlong into another world in a remarkable short space of time. The appearance of the inside of the crater, realized every conception I had ever formed of the infernal regions. The abyss there was filled with dense, sulphurous smoke, reflecting vividly the raging fires below; while frequent explosions threw up masses of burning lava far above the surface of the mimic cone, to fall again in the fathomless depths from which they came. We held a short consultation here, on the propriety of descending into such a dangerous neighborhood—that it had been done we were well aware, and not wishing to be excelled, we prepared for our voluntary visit to the infernal regions below, by divesting ourselves of a superfluous clothing. Leaving it in charge of a refreshment carrier, we sprang over the side and down we went plunging deep into the ashes; mid clouds of sulpher and encouraged by cheering shouts from our guides above. There was not a particle of snow there—all the air was filled with heat and smoke so dense that we could hardly breathe. In a few moments we were standing on the fresh lava, as far down in the crater as it was possible to get, and close by the base of the new cone which was rising up in the centre of the other. From this new cone the smoke was bursting forth in dense volumes, and from time to time a vivid flash of light among it showed us where a larger mass than usual of the almost liquid lava had suddenly risen with it. Some of these pieces flew directly over us; others fell at our very feet, and for each successive one, there was a general scramble as we were busily employed in sticking small pieces of money, buttons, etc., into them while soft, to preserve as mementoes of an exciting scene. We could distinctly feel the lava under our feet moving, with the successive explosions, and it required some care to keep out of the way of the falling pieces. While we were grouping around there, a sudden change of the wind drove the smoke so densely down upon us that we could not see even those who were nearest us, and the sulphurous fumes so affected our lungs that we were almost strangled, and all commenced to cough violently. Each one made a rush to get out of the place, calling out to his friends to keep together for there was great danger of stumbling down in the fissures where once down and alone, the unfortunate individual was lost forever. Such a scrambling as we made through ashes up the side of the crater—it was a sight long to be remembered. We all succeeded in getting out safely, but our boots were cracked and burned—our hair and eyes filled with ashes, and our clothes strongly impregnated with sulphur. Then the refreshment carriers reaped a benefit. We ate all the eggs that had been boiling in the hot vapor of a little crevice on the very brink—we drank all their wine, and appropriated generally all their limited stock, in an unprecedented short space of time. Then we got under the lee of a rock where we resumed our overcoats, etc., and soon were prepared for the descent. This was not such an easy feat as it might appear to some. No ashes were there to impede too rapid progress, and the snow was frozen so hard that it was slippery as glass on its surface. The utmost care was necessary to prevent us from making a flying leap of 1200 feet to the bottom; and finally down I went flat on my back and made a regular sled of myself—graduating my speed beautifully, by digging my heels into the snow as hard as possible. My companions were nearly convulsed with laughter at this novel mode of descent, but did not undertake to imitate the example, fearing the consequences would be anything but pleasant—yet I experienced no ill effects from it, and would recommend it to any of my friends who may be descending Vesuvius under similar circumstances as decidedly the easiest and quickest way of getting down. At the Atrio del Cavallo we were again counted by the Gens d'arme stationed there for the protection of travellers, and mounting our horses, started homeward in single file, permitting them to pick their own way along the rocky path.

It was a bright moonlight night, and a more desolate yet romantic scene than that which we were then passing through, could scarcely be imagined. Before we reached the Hermitage, our road for about a quarter of a mile was soft with ashes, and there one of our party was violently thrown from his horse by the stirrup strap on one side of his saddle breaking. He was not much hurt however, although considerably shocked by his unexpected descent. Another of our party fell soon after—horse and all, but he escaped with only a few slight bruises, which did not at all interfere with his doing ample justice to the supper we got at the Hermitage. After our supper we started on again in fine spirits, but had not gone far before another of our party managed to fall off his horse. This happened to be the one who did not like racing, and he declared he would not ride another step; but we finally coaxed him to mount the soberest horse in the party and ride him on a walk. All this time I had kept the guides fast horse and run him several races, in every one of which his fleetness had enabled me to come out ahead, which was very gratifying to me. When we reached Resina again, about 8 P. M., we found our model Jehu awaiting us, and the shaking he gave us for the next five miles along the beach, jolted our very bones until half our joints were shaken out of good working order.

At 9 P. M. we were once more aboard the ship, well pleased with our excursion, but feeling that a "four poster" was preferable to any other curiosity ever invented—and soon were in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and devils innumerable. Thus ended my first excursion to Vesuvius, and if you are one-tenth part as fatigued in reading my description of it as I was enjoying the reality, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

Respectfully yours,

E. D. R.

THE TAME SEAL.

AN IRISH STORY.

It is seldom that one meets with a more touching recital, in reference to the brute creation, than the following, which is quoted from an Irish work:

About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Clay Bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew apace, becoming familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; it played with the children, came at his master's call, and as the old man described, it was as 'fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten.' Daily the seal went one to fish, and after providing for his own wants, brought in a salmon or a trout to his master.

His delight in the summer was to bask in the sun, and in the winter, to lie before the fire, or if permitted, to creep into a large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen. For four years the seal was domesticated, when, unfortunately, in that country the crippaun—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house.—Some died, others became infected, and the customary cure, by changing them to dryer pastures, failed.

A "wise woman" was consulted, and this hag assured the credulous owner that the mortality among the cows was caused by his keeping an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with immediately, or the crippaun will continue, and the charms be unable to avert the malady. The superstitious man consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat and carried out beyond Clear Island and there committed it to the deep, to manage for himself the best he could. The boat returned—the family retired to rest, and, next morning, a servant awakened her master to say the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal over night came back to the beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favorite resting place.

Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be removed. A Galway fishing boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him off till he had gone leagues beyond Lunis Baffle. It was done. A day and a night passed.—The second evening closed. The servant was raking the fire for the night when something scratched at the door—it was of course the house dog—she opened it and in came the seal.

Wearied with his rough and unusual voyage, he testified his delight to find himself at home—then stretching himself before the glowing embers on the hearth, he fell asleep. The master of the house was apprised of his unexpected and unwelcome visit. In this exigency the beldame was awakened and consulted. She avered that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight and a third time carried out to sea. To this hellish proposition the be-otted creatures who owned the house consented; and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight for which he had resigned his native element. Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clear Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

A week passed over and things became worse instead of better. The cattle of this truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal old hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitations upon his cattle exceeded her skill and care. On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pause of the storm a wailing noise at times was heard at the door. The servant who slept in the kitchen concluded that the *banshee* had come to warn them of approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed coverings.

When the morning broke, the door was opened, and the seal was there lying dead on the threshold. Story Julius! I exclaimed, give me time to curse all concerned in this piece of barbarism. 'Be patient Frank,' said my consin, 'the finale will probably save you the trouble.' The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand hill, and from that moment misfortune followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag, who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was within a fortnight hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her daughter.

Everything about this devoted home melted away; sheep rotted, cattle died, and blighted was the corn. Of several children, none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived everything he loved or cared for. He died blind and miserable. There is not one stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name, and the series of incessant calamity which pursued all concerned in this horrible deed is as romantic as true.

NEW ENGLAND MORALITY.

The sturdy land of the Pilgrims appears to be degenerating into the very lowest depths of moral and social impurity. Its high estate—its reputation for morality, honesty and virtue, has departed—"no man knows whither." And who does not see, in the spectacle which Massachusetts presents to-day—the correcting power of a mightier hand than that of man—a dispensation of reproof from high Heaven which it would be well for the citizens of that State to regard. Massachusetts has been among the first of those States which have manifested a bigoted and intolerant spirit towards the citizens of the South, and every little occurrence that has taken place in the Slave States which could, by any possibility, be held up to the injury of that portion of our Confederacy, has been magnified and misrepresented by the great majority of the press there, and made to assume a greatness which it was far from possessing, for the sole purpose of gratifying an intense hatred of the South—to 'show up' the horrors of slavery, and to exhibit to the world the superior morality of New England.

"See how much holier are we," seemed to be the burthen of their songs. The South was black with corruption, debauchery and sin; Massachusetts was pure and spotless as the white robed angels of heaven. There was no debauchery there; no immorality, no impurity. Her ministers were the embodiment of every good grace and virtue; her people lived a life of "gentleness and peace," and all their ways were pleasant ways. Her press claimed all the perfection, which genuine modesty would permit, and her Burlingames and Bankses were Statesmen beyond compare. Though the ashes of Webster sleep within the tomb of Marshfield, and the feet of many a traveller from abroad turn from their journeying to tread the sacred earth above, and many a tear waters his honored grave; though Everett still lives, and thousands still drink in the beautiful melody of his words as they listen to his praises of the 'Father of his Country;' though the memory of Hancock is cherished by every one who loves the country he assisted in rearing—yet, in Massachusetts, are, Burlingame and Banks are as far above either Webster or Everett, or John Hancock, as the stars in heaven are above the clods in the valley.

The trial of Kalloch is still fresh in the memory of all; and the eagerness with which his congregation hastened to do that which a jury of his countrymen would not do—acquit him of the crime—and accept him as their spiritual adviser ere the filth of the court room was off his garments, is also well remembered. The recent wife-poisining in Massachusetts villages, are not forgotten, and now we have the trial of another minister for adultery, and a divorce case, growing out of the Coburn and Dalton affair, whereby young Summer lost his life. What a shocking spectacle of Massachusetts morality! Who will say, we repeat, that the hand of a mightier power than of man is not upon this people—administering a rebuke which they cannot disregard?—*Albany Statesman.*

A MISDEAL IN LOVE.—The Keokuk *Gay City* relates the following:

Ed. H. paid his addresses to Rosa, the daughter of Dr. P. of that city, but his suit was not favored by her parents, and she was driven to make private appointments with her darling Ed. One of these eventuated funnily enough. Ed. was to come to the house and wait outside until the lights were turned off, and then she would quietly let him in. The evening came, and Rosa thought her parents never would retire. But after a while the doctor sought his night-cap, and Rosa slipped into the back parlor and sat down in the dark. Her mother, thinking all the others had gone to bed, lighted a lamp, turned off the gas, and went up stairs to bed. But while she was standing in the hall at the head of the stairs, she heard a gentle rap at the door. Fearing that the wind would blow out her only light, she thoughtfully sat it down in the hall, and descended to the door by its uncertain light. As she threw open the door, in rushed Ed., and seizing her in his arms, began such a siege of kissing, as prevented her from calling out for aid.

Poor Ed. did not discover his error until he had called her his darling Rosa about 90 times, and received upon his brow a blow in exchange for a kiss. But hearing himself called an impertinent villain, he fled from the house, as greatly chagrined as Mrs. P. was angry.

Whether his devotion and persistency won the mother to his favor is not stated, but Ed. and Rosa were married shortly afterwards, with the full consent of the parents. It proved with Ed.'s love making, as it often does with cards, a misdeal often changes the luck.

NOT SO VERY "LOONEY." At the Insane Asylum at Utica, New York, after Miss Dix the well known philanthropist, had passed through, an insane girl made one of a cluster called together by the occasion.

Girl—"Who was the lady whom we saw with the Doctor?"

Lady—"That was Miss Dix, the philanthropist."

Girl—"What is a philanthropist?"

Lady—"Philanthropist my dear, is a word from two greek words, signifying a lover of men."

Girl—"Well, then are not *all* we women philanthropists?"

☞ A man from the country, whose wife had eloped and carried off the feather bed, was in Louisville in search of them—not that he cared anything about the wife, but the feathers, said he, them's worth 50 cents a pound.

DEWDROPS OF WISDOM.

There is no cream like that which rises on spiled milk.

There is no danger in sharp truth, if the sheath of love be thick enough.

Prayer is a sovereign remedy for sadness, for it lifteth up the soul of God, who is our only joy and consolation.

It is idle worship to substitute form for the spirit; but it is a vain philosophy which seeks to dispense with the form.

There are characters of such a different kind from our own, that we are without the means of measuring and truly appreciating them.

Any truthful examination into our selves must be good; but we ought not to be satisfied with it, until it becomes both searching and progressive.

It is by adding to our good purposes and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall best be able to combat the bad ones.

My constant effort would be to have such a character that truth could come into my presence—that no one should for any reason soften or suppress it.

As it takes a diamond to cut and shape a diamond, so there are faults so obstinate that they are worn away only by lifelong contact with similar faults in many of those we love.

It is a sensitive self love that cannot forgive the self love of others. The more self love we have the more severe our censure.—The less we love ourselves, the more considerate we are of others.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.—Franklin was present at the meeting of some literary society in Paris, where many pieces were read, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, but wishing to appear polite, resolved to applaud when he should see a lady of his acquaintance, Madame de Bonflers, express satisfaction. After the reading was over, his grandson said to him: 'Why, grandpapa, you always applaud, and louder than anybody else, when they are praising you.' The good man laughed and explained the matter to the company. This reminds us of the mistake that the famous General Moreau made, when in this country. He attended Commencement at Cambridge, a musical society among the students, sang a song, the chorus of which was to-morrow—to-morrow.' Imperfectly acquainted with English, the French officer fancied it was a poetical tribute, and that the stanza closed up with a mention to his name—'to Moreau—to Moreau,' so that every time the phrase occurred, he rose and bowed to the singers, to the infinite amusement of those who saw into the General's mistake.

☞ 'Jake, did you ever study grammar?'

'I did.'

'What case is Mr. S.?'

'He's an objective case.'

'How so?'

'Because he objected to paying his subscription that he has been owing for two years.'

'Right.'

'What is a noun?'

'Don't know but I know what renoun is.'

'Well, what is it?'

'Running off without paying the printer, and getting on the black list as a delinquent.'

'Good.'

'What is a conjunction?'

'A method of collecting outstanding subscriptions in conjunction with a constable.—Never employed by printers until the last extremity.'

'That's right,—go take your seat and quit shooting paper wads at the girls.'

ADOLPHUS GETS INSPIRID.

Dearest, I will build thee a cott all covered with ivy, in some secluded vale, close by a purling brook, meandering over its pebbly bottom, incessantly babbling dulcet tinkling strains, 'Love, love, love,' where the atmosphere is redolent of soothing spicy aromas, that makes the eye languish, and the heart dissolve in the liquid fires of love—where the balmy morning zephyrs sigh in the dense forest's leafy mazes chanting love's melody,—where the tipy songsters that flirt in etherial space warble nought but love.—I will plant thee a garden of gorgeous loveliness, culled from nature's ardent designs warmest tints and smelling incense."

"Dolphy, dear, don't forget to have a patch for cucumbers and onyuns—they're so nice pickled."

☞ "I have found," says Addison, "that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies—who cherish for them the highest respect—are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of greater assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung—who make words supply the place of sentiment—are their favorites. A due respect for the women leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is mistaken by them for neglect, or want of love.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked an Illinois magistrate of a couple who stood up before him.

"Well, Squire you must be a tarnal green hand to ask me such a question as that an. Do you think I'd be such a plagued fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this an gal from the quiltin frolic if I wara't determined to have her. Drive on with your business and dont ax foolisd questions.

Do you know Mr. John Brown?"

"Yes my dear."

"Is he not a deserving man?"

"Yes he deserves a flogging, and if he gallants you home again, I'll give it to him."

The power of a horse is understood to be that which will elevate 3,300 pounds one foot per minute, equal to about 90 pounds at the rate of four miles an hour.

☞ A would be prophet down south, said lately in one of his sermons, that he was sent to redeem the world and all things therein. Whereupon a native pulled out some five dollar bills on a broken bank, and asked him to fork over the specie on 'em.

☞ A pretty pair of eyes are the best mirror to shave by. 'Yes' replied a bachelor on reading the above, 'many a man has been shaved by them.'

☞ Beautiful Extract—hugging a pretty lady out of the mud.

☞ This line is cut out here to be used