The Montrose Democrat.

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

A. J. Gerritson, Proprietor. | Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, January 21, 1858. | Volume 15, Number 3.

THE MIDNIGHT RITE.

There is a certain island. Anonyma, beautiful and fruitful, enjoying a far purer air and warmer clime than ours, which does Great Britain the honor of being her ally, and of even forming on integral part of her empire, without copying slavery her constitution or her laws. The language which prevailed amongst us after the Norman Conquest still suffices, and our Norman code is still in effect among the Anonymese. Determined not to be indebted for new ideas to any of their neighbors, and having little originality of their own, they have been content with such political and judicial lights as beam, as it were phosphorescently, from the decayed and rotten *caput mortuum* of eight centuries ago. The president of the Anonyma still wears a red gown; the thirty-six who made up the parliament, and are supposed to be representative, are almost all of the same class, and practically elect themselves—twelve priests, who sit in right of their cures; twelve squires, who are legislators for life; and twelve mechanical law-figures, the popular element, returned by their respective parishes (our squires.) and warranted to go for three years. Liberty means its right of rejecting any proposed improvement emanating from Great Britain through the law officers of the crown; and reform has no signification there whatever. Criminal justice is administered with all the "glorious uncertainty" of English law, combined with the former rate of procedure of our Court of Chancery; the accused person who might have been stigmatised by the original prosecuter as a young reprobate, becoming, before his trial is ended, a middle-aged if not a hoary sinner. After a protracted inquiry of this description, by the time that all the dispositions have been written down in two languages, and the court has adjourned the case for the fourteenth time, it not unfrequently happens that the acute Anonymese tribunal has been concerning itself with the wrong man. It is not an easy matter for one, however innocent, to go out of a medieval prosecution conducted upon paper in an extinct tongue. I speak advisedly; and to the extreme length of its proceedings alone, and not at all the sagacity of the court I am myself indebted for my life.

I am an artist, and spent the winter before last in Anonyma practising my profession. Nature is displayed in miniature, in that island, very beautifully, and has a nook-and-dell attire such as perhaps she seldom wears elsewhere; the coast-line, too, is exceedingly grand, and the surrounding sea has deeper colors, and rages with a more terrible wrath than is common to it about the shores of England. In winter time, in innermost Anonyma, you can hardly find a spot quit out of hearing of the stormy water. I had been sketching in one of its western bays one December afternoon, while the storm seemed to be goading the whole Atlantic to rise and submerge the little island, and ensconced I was in as well sheltered a fissure as I could select, the spray got at me at last, wetted me through, and utterly destroyed the labor of four hours. Several miles lay between me and my lodgings, and a vision of possible rheumatism leading wings to my feet. I started at once homewards. In the second valley from the shore, however, I came upon a spectacle which my professional eye was bound to contemplate at all hazards—to a poor caricaturist like myself, the thing was worth at the least five pounds. In the road before me, and making signs for me to stop and to be silent, were cautiously stealing up a couple of mens with guns. They were neither native nor English sportsmen; their gay apparel, their huge shooting bags hung with tassels, their prodigious moustaches, at once proclaimed them to belong to one or other of those crushed nationalities that are in the habit of making Anonyma their resort in evil times. Their energetic gestures convinced me that they must be either Frenchmen or Italians; no other could have so eloquently telegraphed that game of some rarest species was in view, and that my advance would be dearly purchased at the escape of such a noble quarry. Chilled as I was, therefore, I remained stationary to watch their sport. They had no dog with them, but as they neared the desired object, they both sank down upon all fours, and crept up the frosty road like wary pointers. I followed as well as I was able the direction of their eyes, which were elevated, with mine, but I could see nothing skywards except one solitary blackbird upon a leafless tree. Surely, thought I, they are never in pursuit of that unoffending songster! An answer was given in the report of both their guns, followed by the hasty departure of the bird himself.

"Thousand thunders!" exclaimed the foremost sportsmen, "we have missed him *again*, mon ami!"

"Where is he gone?" cried the other.—"Regardez, monsieur, what you call merk, if you please."

But I could not mark. I was so overcome with merriment that I could only sit down and laugh. They were pleased, however, with my stopping for them, and proposed to have some refreshments with me in a roadside *cabarat* close by. I was in need of warmth, internal as well as external, and agreed at once. Brandy is very cheap in Anonyma, and very good; and the Anonymese are far from being neglectful of their opportunities in that respect. The tavern of the island have the worst looks and the best liquors of any tavern I know. There was a good sea-weed fire in this particular one; and as the wind beat against the crazy walls, and battered vainly upon the little window-panes, I felt no inclination to quit my stool in the chimney corner. There were studies enough in that smoky, floorless cabin, besides my two comic gentlemen-sportemen; men in dirty blouses and with unclean hands were there, under whose tangled hair lay foreheads heavy with thought; resolute mouths lurked under their shaggy moustaches; and light such as no brandy can bestow, gleamed forth from their eyes. These were political refugees, each with a real or a supposed wrong, and each counting upon not sitting still for ever under its inflictions. Anonymese fishermen, bronzed and sturdy, made up the rest of the company, whose conversation, carried on in French, modern and Norman, was remarkably unconstrained. One by one, these different parties dropped away, and at a very late hour of the night, I found myself the last man starting homeward and alone.

The wind almost lulled, still driving the dard clouds hither and thither over the wintry sky, but touching only the tree-tops of the island and the summits of its little hills. I could hear the ocean, like some mighty watchdog partially appeased, still growl in its half slumber. There was moon, which now and then shone brightly for an instant, making deeper the evening gloom; and my way lying for the most part through great avenues of trees belonging to old ruined seignuries, or dipping into curved valleys with a stream, should have been just the road to please a painter. Wether the strange characters of the men I had just left, however, had impressed me to deeply, and their lawless anecdotes shaken my confidence too much in the local police, I certainly felt ill at ease, and by no means in the humor for appreciating the picturesque. It seemed a weird, uncanny sort of night to be out in, and I began to wish that I had drunk more brandy, or else none at all. How much I would have given to have been in my own comfortable lodgings under the protection of my charming old landlady, in the High street, I daren't say, instead of feeling my way through a—Goodness gracious! what was that? Footsteps that knew the road a great deal better than I did, and some heavy body being dragged along with them—probably a corpse! I shrank into the hedge to let them pass, which they did at full trot, laughing.

"Just the night for a job like this," said one. "Why, it reminds one of body-snatching in the good old times." (Evidently a couple of resurrectionists whose occupation was gone, and who, like everybody else "in trouble" were now resident Anonymese).

"I suppose this would be a hanging business if we were caught at it," observed the other with a brutal unconcern that made my blood run colder than ever.

"I believe you," replied the first speaker; and the two together burst into such a guffaw as I should have thought peculiar to demons. The road, almost immediately, got clear of the trees, and swept in a half-circle round a little meadow; but the two murderers dragged their victim over a gate and into the open space without the slighest hestitation, although the moon was just than shining. I kept, of course, under the shadow of the avenue, and watched their movements with a curiosity that almost overmastered fear. They threw the body—it *was* a body—carelessly upon the frozen ground, and then set to work collecting sticks: it was easier to burn it, it seemed, than to dig a hole for it, and in a very few minutes they had collected quit a funeral pyre. Placing the corpse upon this, and kindling the brushwood which they had set at bottom from a match-box one of them carried, the flame began to spread apace, and soon lit up the faces of the two men, so that I should have sworn to them again anywhere. One was a stout fellow of about forty, not ill-looking, perhaps, if I could have separated him in my mind from his occupation; but, whenever his eye chanced to fall upon the fast consuming corpse, it saw them gleam with unmistakable hatred. The second, although a boy in years, exhibited also no trace of pity for his victim. They had lit cigars, and were getting so merry in their fiendish way, that I could scarcely believe my eyes. I tried in vain to think that, after all, it might be some dead monkey or other animal they were burning, and not a human creature. Whatever it was, the smell from its consuming carcass filled all the little valley, and drove up with the wind into my hiding place, so as almost to turn me sick. I longed, like Robinson Crusoe, when he saw the savages at dinner, to run in upon these wretches, and destroy them at their abominable entertainment; and had I had a Friday with me and half-a-dozen others, I might perhaps have made the attempt: as it was, I confined myself to making a solemn resolution to leave the island of Anonyma, by the next packet, to its smugglers, its refuges, and its body-burners for ever. I positively felt as if my hair was turning gray. At last the horrid rite was over; and the performers, kicking about the ashes, and laughing—always laughing—after their frightfull manner, left the place, and came up the road again. "He'll never bother me again," said the elder, as he passed by my ambush; "but we've had trouble enough and to spare in getting rid of the old Methusalah." It was an old man, then, that they had disposed of in this awful way, thinking that no eye could see them!

When their footsteps had died away, I crept out into the little field, and discovered among the dying embers a skull. I had studied anatomy for some time, for the better knowledge of my profession, and I knew at once that the skull was that of a man. Ashes to ashes dust to dust—a smouldering heap, which the breeze was already carrying hither and thither, was all which now remained of that human form.

"Poor murdered wretch!" cried I aloud, still holding the skull in my hand, and beginning to philosophise like another Hamlet, "how little couldst thou have guessed!—

"Murdered, was he?" said a gruff voice close beside me, while a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder and clutched it like a vice.

"No gentlemen," I cried, trembling like a reed, in the belief that the two wretches had come back again—"no, not murdered, only put out of the way very tenderly; and in the highest and noblest sense of the word, most justifiably, I am sure."

"What a cold-blooded villain!" ejaculated a second voice.

"Tie his hands, and march him away to jail at once," cried a third.

"My dear sirs," exclaimed I, "pardon me; I took you for robbers, murderers; I did indeed. Allow me to assist you in detecting the real offenders—they took that road to the left, yonder through the wood."

And so, at two o'clock in the December morning, I found myself at last going homeward, to the Police-office, with my hands tied and in the custody of three puddin-headed Anonymese. The smell of the burning corpse, it seems, had penetrated to their farm upon the hillside, and they had come down just in time to secure me and to miss the perpetrators of the crime. So horrified were they with its revolting character, that they would not so much as touch me with their hands; but having placed the scull in my pocket, drove me before them with sticks, as though I were an ox; and in that fashion I was escorted past the cheerful fire-light which still streamed from the windows of my lodgings, to the prison cell.

Being much adicted to a roving life, I had few stationary friends, and none at all in Anonyma. My landlady, of coure, could only attest to my being "a nice-spoken, well-conducted young man." My counsel could only say that it was absurd to suppose that a land-cape painter, however devoted to his art, could go the length of burning a man in a lone valley, at midnight to produce *effects*. On the other hand, the situation in which I was found, with a scull in my very finger—the words I used to myself, and the admissions I made, in the first instance, to those who seized me, combined with the extreme improbability of the story I had to tell in my own defence, were of course very convicting proofs of my criminality. That a crime had been committed who could doubt, with the human head and ashes still in existence, to appeal to Heaven for vengeance upon a murderer! Still, who had been murdered? In any other place but Anonyma, that question would, perhaps have stayed the hand of the executioner; but here, where so many strangers dwell whose object is to keep themselves unknown and aloof from others, the fact that no one was missing was not deemed at all extraordinary. I say, if it had not been for the providential delays of the criminal court, the time that was taken up in repeating the depositions again and again, in confusing English and Norman-French together, and in adjourning the proceedings, I, the writer of this adventure, which is, in main details, a perfectly true statement, should have been hung.

After six weeks, however, Captain Debandeur came back from England, where he had been spending his Christmas, and saved me. He was a naval gentleman of the old school, and didn't like to be contradicted. When anything bothered him, a servant or an umbrella, he would kick the one out of the house and break the other across his knee, without a moments warning. He had brought over in one of his voyages, a certain great curiosity from the East, and very soon got tired of looking at it. He offered it to the new Anonymese Museum, and that accepting it, although with some difficulty, for it was by this time broken and imperfect and worth but little, he was appeased, or otherwise he would have probably destroyed the great curiosity out of hand. The new museum failing, this precious wonder came back again to its original proprietor, who was wild with indignation at its reappearance. He and his son, therefore, after many attempts to annihilate it, which were frustrated by the other members of the family, fixed at last on burning "old Methuselah" in the open air, on the night before starting for England for a six weeks' holiday. If he had taken seven weeks, I should have been a dead man.

Now old Methuselah was a mummy.

A GREENHORN ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Mr. Snodgrass, Junior, has been "scooting around" at the west, and as some of his experiences ar rather amusing, we copy an extract as follows:

"When we got to the depot, I went around to get a look at the lion known as locomotive. It warn't no more like a hoss than a meetin' house. If I was goin' to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know, what it looked like, unless it was a regular demon, snortin' smoke all around, and pantin' and heaven', and swellin', and chawin' up red coals like they was good. A feller stood in a house like, feedin' him all the time, but the more he got the more he got the more he wanted, and the more he snorted. After a spell, the feller catched him by the tail, and great Jericho! he set up a yell that splitt the ground for mote'n a mile and a half, and the next minit I felt my legs a waggin', and found myself at t'other end of the string of vehickels. I wasn't skared, but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brown-yeller-green-bluish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. 'Well,' says I, 'comment is supper *furous*,' and I took a seat in the nearest waggin' or car, as they call it—a consarned long, steamboatlookin' thing, with a row of pews down each side big enough to hold about one man and a half. Jest as I sad down, the hoss hollered twice and started off like a streak, pitchin my head first at the head of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt, and crammed me under the seat; the cars was a thumpin' and terrin' along at nigh onto forty thousand miles an hour, and everybody was a bobbin' up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch on 'em had his mouth wide open and looked like they was laffin', but I couldn't hear nothin', the cars kept such a racket. Bimeby they stopped all at once, and then such another laff busted out o' them passengers as I never hern before. Laffin at me, too, that's what made me mad, and I was mad as thunder too. Iris up, and shakin' my fist at 'em, says I, 'Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger—' and away the darn trail went, like small pox in town, jerkin' me down in the seat with a whack like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cussed mouths flopped open, and the fellers went to bobbin up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em and very naturally went to bobbin' up and down myself."

THE SESSION DIDN'T MEET.—The Sandy Hill Herald tells the following, as happening in that neighborhood last fall:

A clergyman of our acquaintance was called upon by an Elder in his church, who urged upon the D. D. the importance of his introducing the subject of politics into his pulpit—telling him there were great moral questions involved in the then coming election, &c., &c. After patiently listening to the arguments of the Fremont Elder, the minister asked:

"Do you, as the Elder in the church, advise me to introduce politics into my sermons?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Let a meeting of the session be called, and if a majority decide that it is my duty to preach politics, I will commence next Sunday," said the minister.

"It shall be done," said the elated Elder; but as he was hurrying away to give the required notice preparatory to the assembling of the session, the minister called out:

"Remember, good brother, that if the session decide that it is my duty to preach politics, I shall advise all my hearers to vote for Buchanan."

It is unnecessary to say that the session was not called upon to decide the question.

AN ARTFUL.—No woman ever knows how handsome she is, until she has her portrait painted.

☞ Law is like prussic acid, a dangerous remedy and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

THE OUTPOST.

A Tale of the Frontier.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751 the French aided by vast bodies of the Hurons and Iroquois Indians, had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in Virginia, Ohio, and the Northwest portions of New York State—the French by their enactments on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays, and barbarities to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of the "regulars" and militia, were dispatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, a Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles from the north fork of the Allegheny river.

Having arrived safely at their quarters the little party set about righting up the old post so as to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this being done, and order once more restored, sentries were placed at all advanced points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and night.

Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall manly-looking young fellow, who from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman had received the somewhat awe-inspiring non de plume of Death. But with whatever justice this name had been applied to him for his skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror-spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the life of company.

His rich fund of mother wit, large social propensities and constant good nature, rendered him a general favorite with the men; while the never failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a little "short coming" of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which, otherwise, perhaps, he might not have got over so easily.

The company had not been stationed at the Fort much more than a week, ere Death in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small house, some three miles or so from the Fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Stanhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had never met before. And to render himself more certain of the fact, he called the day following, under cover of the pretence of having left his powder flask.

Death was invited by Hester Stanhope to become again, when happening to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and often as circumstances would admit, complied with.

The second week after this occurrence took place was marked by two events which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the Fort, were of widely different degrees in importance.

The first was that Death had either suddenly lost his skill as a marksman, or that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been found sadly wanting in the items of woodcocks, blackcocks, ptarmain, &c., for the week past—and the second and most important of the two events was, that in regular succession, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightes trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

The circumstances struck such dread into the breasts of the rest of the company, that none of them could be found willing to volunteer to take the post—well knowing that it would be only signing their own death warrant to do so, and Col. Innes, not wising to wilfully sacrifice the lives of his men by compelling them to go, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal post unoccupied for a night or two.

Two or three reconnoitering parties had been dispatched off round the neighborhood in hopes of finding some clue to the mystery, or obtaining some intelligence of the enemy, but they had each of them returned as wise as they had started, with no reward for their troubles except weary bones.

It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the Fort, after paying a visit to the Stanhope's farm. The moon was up, but her light was nearly all obscured by the dense masses of clouds which at every minute were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face; while the huge trees, now in full leaf, cracked and groaned, and bent their forms to and fro, as the heavy gusts rushed whistling among their branches.

Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open space in which the Fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down upon his hands and knees, crept carefully forward a few paces. Having remained in this position for a few minutes, he again stealthily retreated in the manner he had advanced; and plunging into the forest again emerged at a point considerably lower than where he intended leaving it before.

Col. Innes sat reading alone in his private apartment, when an orderly entered and informed him that one of his men wished to speak with him.

"Send him in," said the colonel, and at the next minute our friend, Death had entered, and made his best bow to the commanding officer.

"Well, what scrape have you been getting into now," said the colonel, when he saw who his visitor was.

"None, colonel," replied Death, "but I have come to ask a favor."

"Let us hear it," said the colonel "and then we'll see what we can do."

"Well, colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the rifles under my orders to-night, and let me octupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the disappearance of the four sentries but make the post tenably for the future."

"But how?" said the colonel in intense surprise.

"I guess, colonel," answered Death, "you had better let us have the men, and order us off, and I'll tell you the whole affair atrer. I promise you that no one shall receive even a scratch, that is if they will follow my directions implicitly."

"You are a strange man," said the colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you start?"

"In about an hour's time," answered the elated Death.

"Very well; I will give the necessary orders, so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more if you do as you have promised, and don't cause me to repent having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place."

Hector Campbell was a brave but very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of lieutenant at the Fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentries had so mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.

"Now, my lads," said Death, in about an hour after the conversation with Col. Innes, as he approached the deserted post, at the head of a dozen riflemen who had been temporarily placed under his orders, "I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and short of the affair is simply this; its a gang of them cussed thieving Iroquois that have circumvented and carried off four of our men—shooting them with their bodies. To-night as I was returning to the Fort, I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices, and creeping on my hands and knees towards the spot, I got near enough to see and hear about a dozen Iroquois who were arranging their plans to surprise the Fort to-night—intending to steal in upon it by the point which their cussed devilry had rendered so easy of access. I only remained long enough to learn this, when I hurried off to the colonel, asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learnt, being determined if possible that the "rifles" should have the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now are you ready and willing to follow my orders?"

Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative, and with quickened pulses, sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long narrow space bounded on each side by a rocky shelving bank while its extreme end was closed in by the dark and impenetrable looking forest. The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and among these Death now carefully concealed his men; taking care to arrange them so that their fire would cross each other, and bidding them not to fire until he had given the signal; and after they had fired, not to stop to reload, but clubing their rifles, jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

With steady alacrity each man took the post assigned him, and in another minute the post presented the same lone, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.

The little company had began to grow very impatient, and Death himself, to fear that the Indians had either rued of making the attempt, or else had changed their plan of attack, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of one of his crafty foes issue in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up the pass.

"Three—six—nine—twelve—thirteen," counted Death, as one after another they emerged in a single file from the wood, and with quick, cat-like stealthiness of movement, advanced up to the pass; their rifles in trail, and their faces and bodies rendered still more hidious and ferocious looking by the grotesque marking of their war paint. On they came, swiftly and silently, and all unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.

The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf-teeth collar, and eagle tuft, at once proclaimed him as chief had advanced until he was directly opposite the bush in which Death was hid who, with startling distinctness suddenly imitated the cry of the night-owl, and discharged his rifle.

Eight of the Indians fell by the volley while the eager riflemen now poured in upon them: but strange to say that one of the five who did not fall was the chief whom Death had aimed at. This unusual event was owing to the following cause: the branch of the Bush on which he had steadied his aim in firing, had suddenly yielded at the moment he dischared his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise unerring aim.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with a bound reached the side of the Iroquois chief. They grappled and both fell heavily to the ground, clasping in fearful embrace, and darting glances of hatred at each other beneath knitted and scowling brows.

"Keep off!" shouted Death, as he saw one or two of his companions stooping down to assist, "keep off, and if his masters me let him go."

Over and over they rolled, writhing and straining, but seemingly neither obtaining any advantage over the other. At last the head of the Iroquis suddenly came in contact with a point of a rock that protruded from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice-like grasp of Death's throat, and the latter thus released, springing to his feet, finished his career by bringing the heavy breach of his rifle with sledge hammer force down upon his head.

The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom had received a wound worth mentioning) now set up a shout of triumph for the victory, so that the echoes of the old wood rung with it for many minutes afterwards.

As Col. Innes had promised Death was promoted to the vacant post of lieutenant.

And now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and the uncompromising vetran, Gen. Morgan of revolution notoriety, were one and the same individual.

About a fortnight after this eventful night, Stanhope's farm became the scene of as much mirth, good eating and dancing as could possibly be disposed of during twenty-four hours; and, though we think it will be almost superfluous to do so, we will add that the cause of this "merry-making" was the marriage of the beauteous Hester Stanhope with Lieut. Henry Morgan.

☞ A man should study to get through the world as he gets through St. Giles's, with as little annoyance and interruption as possible from the shabbiness around him.

☞ Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease. Many without labor live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

That was a strange school at Rock Valley—a perfect democracy—for the scholars always had their own way, and settled the matter with the utmost promptness regarding their teachers. If they liked him, good; if not, down with him. The consequence was that the teachers in the Rock Valley school had not succeeded very well in advancing the minds of the young republicans entrusted to their charge. The boys acted their own pleasure about study, and never troubled themselves much whether they learned anything or not—at any rate the school master didn't dare to lick them in case of failure. At last the parents as they saw the small proficiency their boys were making, looked into it a little, and being shrewd and sensible people, guessed at the difficulty. They at once advertised for a new teacher, distinctly specifying that he must possess nerve and spirit—understood by the very expressive word "backbone."

Several presented themselves for trial.—Young students came with excellent recommendations, but they stayed only a day or two. They could not withstand the ridicule and opposition they had to encounter. There were large boys in the school, and the teacher measured the muscular development of the scholars in his estimate of his chances of succes in the event of a struggle. It was a queer state of things in Rock Valley.

The boys were not really malicious, but were naturally bright and capable, but their leader, a boy of sixteen, was a hard case—the master of them all by conquest—and held sway over them as powerful as the grandest monarch holds over his subjects. They acknowledged his power and believed him to be invincible. It was his word that had decided the professional faith of all the teachers.

After a year's bootless trying to secure a teacher, one made his appearance, passed examination creditably, and was accepted by the school committee. A notice was placed on the door of the school-house, and on the door of the church, that school would commence on the following Monday, under the charge of Mr. Judson, and the minister read the notice from the pulpit. Speculation was rife as to the new teacher, and a few have seen him, many questions were asked in regard to him. The boys held a special caucus, at which, of course, Bill Brown was moderator, and it was voted that the new master must be put down, as it was the best fishing season, and the books would interfere with the sports of the brook.

On Monday morning the boys were soon moving in little knots toward the schoolhouse, busy in arranging their plans of opperations.

"I wonder how big he is?" said Seth Goodwin; "I hope he isn't one of them savage fellers."

"I don't care how big he is, nor how savage he is," said Bill Brown; "if he don't walk Spanish in less than a week, than I miss my guess."

"I don't see how we are going to learn anything, if we don't have a teacher," said a little voice of the number.

"You shut up," said the leader; "I don't want to hear anything of that kind again."

The boy was silent and they walked on, still talking of the new teacher, unaware of the proximity of a delicate looking stranger, apparently about twenty-years old, who was walking in the same direction with themselves. They approached the school-house, and when they got there, they became conscious of the pale young man in their midst.

"Good morning, my lads," he said smilingly; "we are to begin a new career together to-day, and I sincerely hope we shall like each other. I shall try everything in my power to please you, that is consistent with duty, and I shall expect the same from you. I wish you to regard me as your friend at the commencement, and I shall certainly act from friendly feeling. I like your appearance, and I believe we shall find but little trouble about agreeing."

The speech evidently made an impression, but Bill Brown went round whispering, "that's all bosh, for I see the shape of a cowhide in his pocket," which at once awakened, as he intended it should, a combative spirit in all he spoke to. They went into the school house; the boys took their places, and the master mounted his tripod. But little was done in the morning. The restleness of arrangement—the getting used to the schoolhouse—produced confusion, and the commencement of business was deferred until next day. The school was dismissed at noon, and master and scholar separated—the former with the impression, that he had a vigorous and bright set of boys to manage—a little hard in the mouth perhaps, but who could be made tractable enough when the teacher could be managed by the persuasive force of strong arms, but it was best to wait and see how things would work.

They came together with the same feeling the next morning; classes were formed, and all preliminaries settled, and everything commenced as happily as need be desired. The teacher's heart was happy in the thought of his success, when, glancing down through a lane of boys, he detected an improper gesture from Bill Brown, and saw it repeated even though the boy's eyes, he knew, were fixed upon his own.

"Young man, come up here," he said in a gentle but firm tone.

Brown looked round upon his companions, and with a fierce movement of a bravado left his seat and approached the master.

"I expect a spirit of obedience in my school, my young friend," said the teacher, "and I shall insist upon it."

"I don't care what you expect," growled the young ruffian, "I should like to see you help yourself."

The teacher bit his lip, while his face whitened, especially as he heard a snickering laugh among the scholars; but he showed no other signs of temper, unless it might have appeared in his eye.

"Will you return to your seat and behave yourself?" said he, "and thus remove the necessity of my helping myself."

"No, I won't," was the reply.

"Then," said the young teacher, "you shall be made to obey me."

He reached to his desk, as he spoke, and took his ruler therefrom, when, turning to the rebel, he told him, to hold out his hand. The boy with a surly and impudent bow, kept his hands persistently in his pockets, looking at the same time around the school for encouragement. He evidently regarded his master as easy of conquest, and felt sufficient strength within himself to cope with the schoolmaster.

"Holt out your hand, sir," the teacher repeated in a more commanding tone.

Refusing to obey, he received a smart rap on the knuckles from the ruler, when drawing his right hand suddenly from his pocket, he gave the teacher a severe fillip on the side of the head, and then "pitched in." In a moment the school was in confusion. The bolder boys mounted the benches to see the progress of the row, and the timid ones sat trembling, waiting the result very anxiously.

The master, when thus assailed, did not hesitate for a moment. His delicate frain seemed to dilate with the spirit envoked by the young ruffian, and a sinewy strength to pervade him. He was smaller than his antagonist, but had by judicious training developed his muscle in a powerful degree. He threw his ruler away and grappled with his antagonist, and the struggle for mastery commenced in earnest—science against strength. The boys evidently thought their associate needed no assistance, for they did nothing to aid him, and thus the field was left to the two combatants.

They swayed this way and that way, back and forth, hither and thither, straining and striving, pulling and jerking, till, with a master stroke of science, the master brought his pupil forward on his knees, and then by an adroit twist turned him over on his back, like a turtle at Hall's, waiting for the immolating knife.

Immediately improving his opportunity, he threw himself upon his prostrate foe and commenced mauling him in the most approved chancery manner—hammering away at him, perhaps in a style not exactly sanctioned by the rules of the ring, but fully justified by the exigency of the case. The boys seemed paralyzed with astonishment at the unexpected result, and the bully, after un unsuccessfull struggle to release himself, roared out lustily for quarter, which was granted, on the condition of good behavior while in school. He was then allowed to get up, and in the vocabulary of the ring was found to be severely "punished." His nose had suffered, and his eyes were essentially bunged up. He looked the sneaking and used up wratch, and stood before his mates a conquered game chicken. His influence was from that moment gone, and when the master stood up before the school, as calm and collected as if he had merely been setting a copy instead of an example, not a sound was heard from one of them.

"Well, boys," said he, "if there is any other one here who is disposed to disobey me, I should like to have the matter disposed of now. Those disposed to be obedient, and pledge themselves to obedience will please to rise from their seats."

They all rose.

"Now I will tell you," said he, "that I am disposed to yield equal and exact justice to all—kindly, if you will, but as you will, (looking significantly at Brown.) be good boys and I am your friend. I am going to take a botanical stroll in the woods on Wednesday, and those who behave well in the meantime may accompany me. Do you wish to go?"

"Yes, sir," was the unanimous voice.

He felt that he had triumphed, and bade them be seated.

"Now Brown," said he, "I must finish up this matter with you. You seem sore in body and spirit, and you may either go or stay. If you think you have been unjustly dealt with, appeal to those who may right you."

Brown went to his seat and gathered up his books, and with a sneaking sort of look he departed. The boys settled down their studies, and the school became cheerful and industrious.

The next day Bill Brown's mother came to abuse the teacher for his violence to the boy. He referred her to the school committee and bad her good morning. The school committee investigated the case, and said he had served him right, and the justice of the village, when aware of the decision of the committee, would have nothing to do with it. In a week's time the boy came and asked permission to enter the school, which was granted without a word of reproach or a word of promise. He was evidently cured. He grew to be the best scholar in the whole school—graduated with honor—became a successful merchant in Boston, and every year when he goes to Rock Valley, visits the school, and tells, with tears in his eyes, the lesson the new school master taught him, and the good it did him.

The schoolmaster is now growing old in the station where he commenced so strangely a dozen years ago. He has his botanical walks still, which all of his scholars, the condition of their good behavior being the inducement to so doing. These excursions on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, have quite killed several circusses that came in the village, as not one of the scholars chose to deprive themselves of the walk for the sake of other attractions.

I was at Rock Valley last winter, on a Wednesday, and went down to the pleasure pond near the school house to indulge in the old sport of skating, which I had not done for years. The day was fair and the ice as clear as crystal. Hearing a tremendous shouting, I looked towards the end of the pond, and saw a crowd of boys on skates pursuing a man who kept well ahead, and when they came to where I was, like an army with banners, I saw it was the teacher. He recognized me and stopped.

"Ah," said I, "Mr. Judson, I see you are the same old boy."

"Yes," he replied, "we are all boys on such days as this, and such skating as this."

"Don't the parents think strange of you for such frivolus conduct?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "some like those described by Holmes—"

"Distrust the azure flower that blossoms on the shoot,
As tough wisdom's old potatoe may not flour in the root."

"But the boys are my inspiration, and as they are pleased so am I."

He swept away with his train of boys, and a happier band never woke glad echoes out of doors, than those who were in chase to beat the school master. He had never had occasion, as I afterwards learned, to flog a boy in his school after the first day, and he had the reputation of having the best school in the country.

☞ A coat out at the elbows may be buttoned over a generous heart.