The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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Miscellaneous.

THE LOST WILL.

Two young girls sat in a plain, small and poorly furnished apartment. The room was evidently kitchen and eating room, for a small stove that stood upon the hearth, with the cooking utensils and plain service of white delf that were arranged in a dresser upon one side of the chimney, denoted these uses; while a few books, a piano forte and the implements of sewing also indicated that it was parlor and sitting-room. An open door beyond this showed a neat chamber, with its white bed and toilet. And these two narrow rooms, on one of the upper floors of a lodging house, were the sole home of the two sisters.

They were handsomely dressed in mourning garments, and their air of refinement, as well as some small articles of luxury, indicated that their present dwelling was far below what suited the condition in which they had been reared.

And in truth, this was the case; and as they sat together, on the first evening they had spent together in their new home, they might well be pardoned if their thoughts went back sadly to that which they had left. Spacious rooms, costly furniture, luxurious appointments, flowers, perfumes and music, were but the fit surroundings for such as they. It was not strange that their girlish philosophy did not serve to make them indifferent to their new discomforts, or content with bare walls and narrow rooms, or the noise of strange feet in the unexpected passages without, or all the thousand things which to them bespoke their fallen fortunes. Yet one, at least, was strong enough for the struggle before her; the strife for daily bread, and the poor but sufficient needs of their altered stations.

Margaret and Lilian Bruce had known poverty in their childhood, but that was long ago, and remained to them only as a memory. Their father had left them when scarcely more than infants, to the care of a widowed mother, who, with scanty means, reared them tenderly and well. She too, died while they were yet children, Margaret, the eldest, scarcely ten years of age. But her dying moments were cheered by the promise of their wealthy grand-uncle, Mr. Lemuel Bruce, to care for them as for his children. And with her last breath she commended them to his care.

Mr. Lemuel Bruce had well fulfilled his promise. Immediately after their mother's death the little girls were removed to Fairmount, the residence of their uncle, and in his household they passed the years of their youth.

Every luxury that wealth could purchase was at their disposal. Their wants were anticipated, their wishes were the laws of the household, while they were the pets of their uncle, and dearly loved by their invalid aunt. With the exception of two years at school, their lives, from the day of their first removal thither, had been passed at Fairmount.

Margaret was eighteen when she was recalled hither on the death of her aunt, to take her place at the head of the household. Lilian had never been separated from her sister, and therefore accompanied her home to finish her education there, under the charge of masters.

The mansion which, with all its magnificence, had been gloomy in the stillness during the lingering illness of the long-suffering invalid, now grew brighter with the presence of those lovely girls. When the year of mourning had ended, and its doors were open to visitors, Fairmount became the resort of the *élite* of the neighboring country, and the sisters were, by common consent, toasted as the belles of the country.

Margaret, fair, stately and serene, was known as the "Pearl of Fairmount," Lilian, gentle, meek, of that soft and fragile style of beauty of which flowers are the fittest type, was named the "Lily." Margaret was her uncle's comfort and companion, the mild and steadfast lustre of her character fitting her for such relation, even to one so many years her senior. But Lilian, pretty, graceful Lilian, was his pet, a child to set upon his knee, fit recipient of caresses and bon-bons, her life passing without care or responsibility in the perfumed atmosphere of household affection.

One day the two sisters went, hand in hand, to the old man's library. They stood before him blushing and down cast, waiting to be questioned, not daring to speak the secret their blushes revealed. Even Margaret, so self-sustained, was as very a child as little Lilian on this occasion. But her uncle had not beheld unmindful certain indications, that her love had gone beyond the household circle; he was not utterly unprepared for her tale, nor entirely unwilling to aid in its utterance. Nor, when it was told, did he refuse to sanction the promises she had made to Arthur Lovel, the young clergyman of the parish, whom he loved almost as a son.

But that his Lily should dream of love and marriage, was an idea not so readily comprehended. The child, the baby that sat upon his knee, could she have a woman's heart, going out after other loves than his? Preposterous!

The whole thing appeared to him in a light so ridiculous, his wonder and surprise were so genuine, but so unflattering to Lily's newfledged importance, as Mark Carrington's *fiancie*, that she burst into tears, and sobbed and pouted in something as much like anger as was possible to one of her gentle temperament.

Mr. Bruce was alarmed by this outburst of passion. To comfort his Lilly he would have promised anything but to give her to Mark Carrington. He believed the young man to be false at heart, though outwardly he had the form of an Apollo. And he knew that the country had more than once rung with the story of his mad pranks and that whispers of deeds dishonoring his manhood had privately circulated.

At first he refused to consent to the marriage, refused to see Mr. Carrington when he came to plead his suit, tried to coax Lilian out of what he deemed a childish preference. But all in vain. All the wisdom of all the elders is but useless words, when opposed to the unthinking, undisciplined passions of youth. Lily loved Mark; he craved the portion of her uncle's property, which, as coheiress with Margaret, was understood to be designed for her.

But at last Lily's tears won the old man's consent. He would not listen to Mark's entreaties for an early marriage, but made his assent conditional on a delay of two years. Lilian was young, and two years might produce some result to save her from the most unhappy fate. Alas, little did he dream what that result would be.

Margaret's quiet joy in her new hopes had, meanwhile, been greatly marred by the sight of Lilian's sad face. But now that it had grown radiant again, now that her voice rang out once more in musical tones of her intense happiness, the last shadow left Margaret's brow. And Arthur Lovel looked upon the precious "Pearl," he had won, and saw her again in all her calm, serene beauty.

His was a toilsome life. His large parish with widely scattered inhabitants, full of the abounding needs of a poor, rural population, formed for him a most ardent field of labor. Margaret had always been his coadjutress in all his parish work not strictly clerical. When he should wear this pearl upon his bosom, he felt that still more would his toils and cares be lightened by her ready and constant sympathy, her efficient aid and counsel.

He well knew that it was a humble fate to which he was about to consign her, but mutual love, mutual hopes, and mutual faith like theirs depend not on external circumstances, or high station, for their full and happy station.

Very happy were all at Fairmount, and looking forward with the brightest anticipations, when suddenly the storm broke upon them. One blow—a stunning stroke—and their fabrics were crumbled to ashes.

The family were aroused at daybreak by screams and the ringing of bells. Hurried feet were heard in the passages, doors creaked and slammed—there was all the confusion of some unexpected and fearful event. Lilian and Margaret summoned from sleep, hurried to their uncle's room. A silent, awe-struck group was already gathered there. Every eye turned upon the still sleeper, lying there amid the rich drapery of the bed.

Margaret was the first to approach him; she laid her hand upon his own—there was no answer from the silent lips, there was no answering clasp from the chill hand. He was dead! In the silent night-watches the messenger called him, and the spirit of Lemuel Bruce had gone forth into the unseen life.

Days passed. The dead had been interred with all the pomp and ceremony that befitted his vast wealth. Then came the bustle of men of business; then came the greedy heirs.

There was searching among all the repositories for the will which the deceased had made. His lawyer had drawn it scarce a month before; it had been properly executed, and, by its provisions, Margaret and Lilian were sole inheritors of his wealth.

But no will could be found. In vain was the protracted search. Their were heirs at law, nearer of kin than the orphans—a brother and sister, with whom the deceased had for years held no intercourse. The property doubtedly theirs. They came at once and entered upon possession. The orphan girls, so lately looked upon as heiresses of all the wealth around them suddenly found themselves homeless and penniless.

True, Mr. John Bruce pomposly offered them a home in his house, until the marriage of which he had heard should take place; and his sister, though careful to say that young people annoyed her, ungraciously seconded the invitation. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Lovel were called to a council, for the girls could not decide, without their advice and approval, on my plan.

Unknowingly they had produced a test for the character of these men. Carrington had wooed the heiress. All Lilian's sweet beauty went for nothing, all her lovely traits were powerless to bind him to his promised allegiance. With many awkward excuses, for he had the grace to be ashamed of himself, he contrived to make Lilian understand that he no longer desired the proposed alliance. She proudly assented to the dissolution of the engagement, and he departed, feeling, if one might judge from his appearance, like a man who had committed a most dishonorable action.

But the pure gold of Lovel's character came brightly through the trial. His home, the humble parsonage, awaited its mistress, he said. And he urged her consent to an immediate marriage, that both herself and Lilian might have its shelter and protection.

But Margaret refused. Lovel was poor. His large parish afforded him much labor, but small remuneration. She well knew he could afford no luxuries, not even that of charity. She would not burden him with Lilian's maintenance. The child was her especial charge from her dead mother.

And here the strength of Margaret's character was displayed. She resolved to sacrifice her hopes, her ease, and to enter upon a life of toil, and thereby provide for herself and Lilian an independent, if humble, subsistence. She gently put aside all her lover's arguments and entreaties.—She made her arrangements, and soon, with the heart-broken Lilian, found herself the inmate of the poor home we have described.

Margaret's accomplishments now became the means of her support. Lilian lent her efforts to aid in this work, and in the cares of the little household, but they were feeble and uncertain. She drooped like a flower upon which the storms have beaten. The "Lily" was fading beneath the rude breath of misfortune. She had loved with all the power of her being, and when love was crushed, the very springs of life were trampled upon.

Slowly, slowly she faded away. And Margaret, watching her decay with sad anxiety, had still another sorrow. Arthur was in failing health. A neglected cold had produced dangerous symptoms. She saw him but seldom, but each time she noted changes, increased pallor, or the wasting hectic flush, or the sharp, quick cough and hurried breathing.

It was a sad fate, that of this young girl, to see those she best loved fading from her sight, and feel herself powerless to aid them. But still she steadfastly kept on her appointed path of labor and duty.

So, slowly passed the weary months.—On a glorious summer night Lilian died. The withered petals of the crushed Lily fell away. Her pure soul exhaled, and went to heaven.

When the funeral passed into Fairmount church-yard, the young pastor did not come forth to meet it. Prostrated by illness that seemed mortal, he lay within hearing of the tolling bell that sounded a dirge over Lily's new made grave.

Most gladly would Margaret have devoted herself, henceforth, to him. But she could give but brief space to her desires. Lily's long illness had left heavy debts on Margaret's hands. The poor cannot afford the luxury of indolent grief. She was forced to return to the scene of her labors.

Daily came little notes from Mrs. Lee, Lovel's housekeeper. They cheered the lonely, toiling girl, for they mentioned his apparent improvement. But the physicians were not deceived. They suddenly ordered him to a southern climate, as the only means of prolonging his life.

Suddenly the news of his contemplated voyage came to Margaret.

"Mr. Lovel earnestly begs you to write to him, at once, dear Miss Margaret," wrote Mrs. Lee, "and if possible to come and see him, if only for an hour, before he leaves home."

The first shock of this announcement over, Margaret sat down to write the letter for which she knew Arthur was longing. She opened her desk, an ancient one, of some inlaid wood, which had been the property of her uncle. The last time she looked upon him in life, he leaned over it, engaged in writing. After the establishment of the heirs-at-law, Margaret had found this desk, thrust away among other things regarded as useless lumber, in the garret of the mansion. She had reclaimed and converted it to her own use.

With hurried fingers she now searched its receptacles for implements of writing. Her hand struck a slight projection in one of the compartments of the desk, which she had never noticed before. Suddenly a tiny door flew back, disclosing a narrow drawer, in which lay some closely folded papers.

The LOST WILL was found! Margaret read enough to satisfy herself of this, and then, laying aside Arthur's letter, she went out and sought the residence of the lawyer who drew it, fortunately near her own.—He was absent and would not return until the following day. She was forced, therefore, to curb her impatience. She would not tell Arthur of the discovery until she could tell him whether it were valuable. So she wrote him that she would be with him on the third day, and then waited with what patience she could.

In due time, Mr. Templeton, the legal gentleman, returned. He at once pronounced the will genuine, and found with it the schedules of the property which he had himself prepared.

Margaret only waited for the confirmation of her hopes. She set off to carry the tidings to her lover. He had already set out to the seaport, whence he was to embark. She followed him thither, and casting her elf into the arms that opened joyfully to receive her, assured him that she would never leave him more.

"My wife!" [illegible] and she met no refusal.

They were married.

It so chanced that country winds detained the vessel, and Margaret and Arthur spent the first week of their married life in S——.

"I almost think you might safely take your husband home again," said the physician, on the morning they sailed. "He has improved wonderfully. Had happiness been among the elements of materia medica, I would have prescribed it for him. Unfortunately it was not; and you, I think, will have the credit of his cure."

* * * * *

A year afterward the wedded pair were settled at Fairmount, Arthur, with re-established health, entering wito renewed zeal upon his duties with Margaret as his helper. Above all the gifts of fortune that she brought him, above all earthly goods, Arthur Lovel prizes his sweet "Pearl," his precious, and only the sight of "Lily's" grave mars their joy.

A Midnight Adventure.

Females often possess presence of mind, and the power of self control under circumstances of imminent peril which seems almost foreign to their nature and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization. A striking instance of self command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares is given in Chamber's Journal of last month. We copy the adventure, premising by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

"The wedding day was to be upon the morrow of that upon which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers, who had come to a prize fight, which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since had packed up her jewels, etc. She was consequently still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened but could discover nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the croaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House breakers were mere myths in primitive Thydon, and the bride elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old and feeble and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise I beg of you.

The robber was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise, (he replied suddenly,) if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love gifts, remarking at the same time that two more masked ruffians stood at the half open door. As he took the jewel case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative. "He wasn't going to run a risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she would go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you, the fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal, and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they got the spread of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid, to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows, eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and cut her own wedding cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate and drank, and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended; and the plate was transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her; they told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was a jolly french, regular game, and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent; and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during the parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on his left hand.

Alone in the despoiled room, Adelaide faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of day; when, as the robbers did not return she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation ing than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to, the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property being nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared, and with truth, that he owed his life to the self-possession and and judgment of his eldest daughter.

JAPAN.

JAPANESE HOUSES AND DOMESTIC MANNERS.

The houses of the Japanese are of wood, and never more than two stories high; they are covered with thatch or tiles; the front and ends are closed by wooden window sashes, covered with paper, which give a pleasant light in the interior, and wooden shutters inclose the windows at night. The interior is divided into rooms by means of sliding partitions, made of wooden frames, covered with paper. These partitions can be removed in a few moments, and the whole house thrown into one room. The floors are covered with straw mats, some two inches thick; they are soft and fine, and are kept exquisitely clean. Neither chair, table, couch nor bedstead, nor any ornamental article is seen to be seen. The mat serves as a chair and table by day and as a bed by night. This description of a house will apply to all, from the palace of the Emperor to the cottage of the peasant. In winter they are warmed by charcoal braziers. There is not a chimney nor a pane of glass to be found in the whole Empire.

The gilded columns supporting the fretted ceilings and golden roofs of stately palaces, described by the old writers of Japan, are not to be found, and I am assured by the Japanese that they never had any existence out of the Traveller's Tales, which relate such marvels about Japan.

The Japanese are eminently genial in their dispositions, and there is a cordiality in their refined politeness that convinces one of their sincerity. They are frugal in everything and utilarian up to the standard of good and wise old Jeremiah Bentham. Food is abundant and cheap. The beggars of Japan are mostly of a religious class, and are all fat as seals. Not one Japanese in fifty ever tastes of any animal food, except fish. Sugar is the only luxury, and yet I buy it here in Simoda cheaper than you can in New York. They are the best fed, clad and lodged, and the least overworked of any people on earth. God grant that the future generations may not have cause to regret the hour I arrived in Japan!

The usual dress of the Japanese of rank is of silk; but on the occasion of my audience the nobles wore dresses made of a coarse yellow grass cloth. This, as they say, is to remind them of the poverty and frugality of their ancestors. I have never seen a diamond, pearl, or ornament of gold or silver worn by any person in Japan.

BEAUTIES OF JAPAN.

As you take an interest in the "fair sex," you will expect some description of the beauties of Japan. The women of condition never make visits (except the mother to a married daughter,) they have no assemblage of their "dear five hundred friends," nor do they assemble at the tea table to hold high courts of censure on the manners and morals of their friends. They go out once or twice in a year to visit some celebrated temple, but their ordinary devotions are paid at a shrine within their houses, or at a pretty *miu*, erected within the inclosure of their grounds. The females of the laboring classes perform some portion of outdoor labor; but they are not overworked, as in China and other parts of Asia.—Polygamy prevails—i. e., a man may have any number of "second wives." When a female is selected as a first wife, she prepares for her "change of condition," by smearing her teeth with a horrid mixture, which not only blackens them forever, but also destroys a portion of the gums, and the lips sometimes remain permanently swollen. She next shaves her eyebrows and exterminates her eyelashes, and changes the fashion of her hair. She has now only to bring the knot of her girdle round to the front, and all the world knows that she is a first wife, the commander-in-chief of all the "second wives," and the undisputed proprietress of all the children born in the house.

The last privilege reminds one of a similar right exercised by the wives of the respectable Abraham, (Rachel and Leah.) The second wives do not perform any of these absurd actions, consequently they are by far the best looking in the eyes of the To-jin or foreigners.

A lady in full dress, i. e., made up for mischief—is worth describing. Her face is thickly covered with rice flour, on which rouge—real rouge—is prettily placed, while her lips are brought to that just violet tunge that drives the Japanese lover even to making poetry; her robes are numerous and clumsy, and her girdle is so vast in its amplitude, that it would make a robe for an ordinary woman; her head is bristling with metal ornaments that look like the grandfathers of all the tuning forks; her really pretty feet are protected by neat straw sandals; when she walks she minces her steps as though her legs were tied together at the knees.

Did I ever tell you of the description of a young Malay Tuinangong of Sumatra once gave me of a young girl with whom he was in love? No.—Then you shall have it now:

"Tuan," said he, "Tuan, she is Light become and moon faced; she has a mole on her cheek like a spot of ambergris; her lips are like the new cut shell of the mongosteen; her teeth whiter than the chambaka flower; her breath makes the clove tree die with envy; her hair is blacker than the night of separation to the distracted lover; her form is like a branch of willow, and when she walks her lips move from side to side."

THE EXTENT, POPULATION AND BUILDINGS OF JEDDO.

Jeddo covers more ground than London, with a population of 3,000,000. The Japanese say that no census is ever taken in Japan; that returns are made of the numbers of certain classes; but as the nobles, peasants, mechanics, and women and children are omitted from these returns, they do not serve even as a basis for estimates on population, scale, it is of little value; even the compass bearings of different points in the city are incorrect. The streets generally are of good width, and are well sewered, but they are all unpaved. No carriages are seen, a few handcarts are used to transport heavy articles; canals intersect the city in various directions.

The chief feature of Jeddo is the "Castle," as it is called. This consists of four irregular circles, or rather polygons, all surrounded with moats or ditches. The three inner circles have stone walls, or a bank of earth faced with stone, and varying in height from twelve to thirty feet, according to the nature of the ground on which they were built. The gateways through the walls open into quadrangles of fifty to sixty feet, the gates of egress being placed at right-angles with the entrance gate. As a means of defence the Castle is unworthy of its name, except against assailants armed with bows and arrows. The moats are fordable, and are some eighty to a hundred and fifty feet wide, spanned by neat wooden bridges. The inner polygon is occupied exclusively by the Emperor and his sons and families; the second by the Council of State and Princes; the third and fourth polygons by the Dimios, titular princes and high officers of the Government.

Lapland Reindeer Travel.

Bayard Taylor, in his lecture on Lapland, thus speaks of reindeer travel.

"A more bleak, and dismal region than the greater part of Lapland could not be imagined, except when the noonday sky of winter covers it with a mantle of crimson and gold. Here, however, God has made the home of one animal, without which human life would be impossible.—What the camel is to the Arab, the reindeer is to the Lap.

He was created especially for service in the snow, as the camel was for journeys over the sand. He is not much bigger than a large Newfoundland dog, and a strong man could easily lift him. His muscular strength is not great, yet he has a vast deal of endurance. His hoof is divided into two compartments, like that of the camel, so that it spreads out and covers a large surface when he puts it down, the parts coming together as he lifts it up again. This peculiarity, combined with his lightness of body, prevents him from sinking into the snow.

From this animal the Lap obtains his clothes, tent, thread, needles, meat, milk, cheese, the handles of their knives—in fact, everything he uses, except his musket and a little coffee.

But of all perverse, obstinate, stupid animals, the reindeer stands at the head. Although he has been so long domesticated, he has not increased in sagacity. The common deer and the gazelle may become familiar with the presence of man, but they never show the least degree of affection for him; and the same is true of the reindeer. All he knows is to jump and run when he is harnessed, and turn round and stand still whenever he chooses to do so. His speed has been greatly exaggerated. There are few reindeer in Lapland that will travel fifteen miles an hour, but there are a great many who will go one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours. To drive a reindeer in the little canoelike sledges, is like undertaking to drive a sturgeon in a rough sea. It is no easy matter to retain one's balance. If you are a new hand, your first sensation is a perfect blank, for you find your self head downward in a snow-drift. [Laughter and applause.] After a series of such experiments you at last succeed in keeping your ballance, even when asleep, and guiding the animal, but cannot prevent him from jumping around and slating at you with the most provoking coolness, as much as to say, "What are you going to do about it?"—There is nothing to do but turn him round, start him again, and take your chance of jumping into the sledge as he runs. The animal shows no recognition of his master, except he will allow him to approach him more easily than he will anybody else. This is the extent of his affection. The sagacity with which the deer picked out the hidden path under the snow, was astonishing.—On those exposed plains every wind fills up the furrows, and the traveler is driving on a pathless sea. The leading deer, driven by a careful Lap, picks out the concealed trail; or, if he loses it now and then, crosses, backward and forward till he strikes it again. Behind him glides the little caravan in single file, silent and strange as a procession of phantoms. There is nothing to be heard but the breathing of the deer, and the slight grooching sound of the sledge upon the snow, as you sit in the uncertain twilight, a strange and subtle enchantment seems to come over you, and you almost doubt your own identity.

Eighteen Thousand Dollars Stolen.

We learn by an extra of the Coshocton Democrat, that on Friday night the 21st ult., at about one o'clock, the Treasurer of Coshocton county, Ohio, was robbed of about $18,000. The Court of Common Pleas was in session, trying three men for a recent burglary in Walhouding. A large number of witnesses from Dresden and the western part of the county had just been discharged, and to accomodate such of them as desired to go home on the 11 o'clock train, the Treasurer had, unfortunately as it now appears, kept his office open to cash their orders. He was about closing the office, when three men entered, one of whom asked the amount of tax on a lot in West Carlisle, a town near which several witnesses reside. The Treasurer turned to get the tax duplicate, when suddenly a large shawl was thrown over his head, his arms pinioned and his body forced to the floor. He was instantly gagged, his arms tied behind him with a cord, his legs also tied, and his eyes kept blindfolded. He thinks one man locked the office door and stood sentinel; one stood over him, while the other took the keys, unlocked and robbed the safe. They then relocked the safe and took the keys with them. All this was done before the arrival of the eastern train of cars, as Mr. Ketchum heard them come after the robbers left, and they had time to get upon the train. Mr. Ketchum remained in this painful condition for a long time before he worked the gag from his mouth. When he did he commenced hallowing for help—but people were generally in bed, and it was near one o'clock, when he was heard by Hiram Taylor, who aroused the Sheriff, and breaking in the door, found the Treasurer tied upon the floor; nearly exhausted, his face black from the effects of the gag. The cord had cut into the flesh of his arms—his legs were leased. [illegible] morning unless rescued.

The Tre[illegible] one of the men, the one who [illegible] who is about 35 or 40 years old, black, straight whiskers over all his chin, high cheek bone, gentlemanly in appearance, and about five feet nine or ten inches high. Such a man has been noticed in attendance on this trial, and no doubt belongs to the same gang. We learn that a reward of $2000 is offered for the robbers, and $3000 for the recovery of the money.

AN IMPATIENT JURYMAN.—The following anectode is reported as authentic:

The District Court in one of the northern parishes of Louisiana was in session; 'twas the first day of the court; time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined, and were sitting out before the hotel, and a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em and remarked:

"Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this court; for I want to go home; I left Betsey a-looking out."

"Ah!" said one of the lawyers, "and pray, sir, what detains you at court?"

"Why, sir," said the countryman, "I am fotched here as a *jury*, and they say if I go home they will have to *find* me, and they mout'nt do that, as I live a good piece."

"What jury are you on?" asked one of the lawyers.

"What jury?"

"Yes, what jury, grand or traverse?"

"Grand or traverse jury? dad fotched if I know."

"Well," said the lawyer, "did the judge charge you?"

"Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit, and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he *charged* anything or not."

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT. The following, though old, is to good to be lost, evidencing as it does, the steady improvement in manners constantly going on in our country.

Some time ago as the Hon Edward Everett and an intimate friend were riding out, a short distance from Boston, the road led them directly by a country school house, the boys of which were dismissed for recess just before the sleigh reached the house.—Mr Everett turned to his friend, and made the remark.

"Let us see if the youth now-a-days are taught, as we were in our younger days, to reverence age, and touch our hats politely to all strangers and elderly persons."

The question was soon practically solved, for as the sleigh drove past, the urchins, with their hands loaded with snowballs, gave a simultaneous whoop, and poured a rapid and well-directed volley into the sleigh, causing the two gentlemen to duck their heads in haste and spur up their horse to an improved gait. A more forcible illustration of the improved manners of the young would be difficult to find.

CATTLE KILLED BY EATING SORGHUM.—*The Independence* (Iowa) *Guardian* gives an account of the destruction of seven head of cattle from eating the refuse of Chinese sugar cane, after it had been compressed in the mill. The outer coating of the stalks is of a very vitreous character; when thus broken up and taken into the stomach, it operates like broken glass, cutting, and in some cases penetrating entirely through the coats of that organ, producing a violent inflammation. A post mortem examination in this case revealed this as the cause of death. This important fact should be made known all farmers, as it may be the means of preventing a serious destruction of their stock.

Educational.

If you would learn—study. If you would become learned—practice what you learn.

A Good Test.

One of the best means by which to judge the disposition of a Teacher, is to watch him when he passes boys at play. Does he notice their sport, and does a smile play over his features as they make the welkin ring with their joyousness? Does he pick up the ball as it rolls upon the ground near him and throw it to them, or does he kick it in another direction? Does he hold up the little fellow, who in his eagerness runs against and falls to the ground, giving him words of consolation in tones of tenderness as they fall from his lips, or does he look cross at him and exclaim—"Good enough for you, you dirty little rascal! Learn after this to keep out of the way. If you want to, and *must* play, go off, out of sight and hearing. Bellow away, you little scamp, it will do you good." Does he stop to witness their play, or does he hasten on, pushing the boys from him as they happen to come near him, exclaiming as he passes—"Young America is growing wild, boisterous and saucy! What shall be done with these fellows who are growing out of their boots?"—Watch him again as he passes the dirty, ragged little boy or girl in the street, or field. Does he pass by without speaking or giving a nod of recognition, or does he slacken his pace that he may have an opportunity of dropping kind words into the heart? Does he call to mind these beautiful lines:—

"Speak gently, kindly to the poor,—
Let no harsh tone be heard:
They hear enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word."

These may appear like small and trifling tests, yet they are sure. Straws indicate the direction of the wind. Is there a love and sympathy for children in the heart, it will show itself wherever children are found. He that can look at the sport of children unmoved, has quite too cold a heart to deal successfully with the rising generation.

Office of Education.

But how shall man attain a higher life? —Weaker than a worm the frailest of all God's creatures is he when he comes upon the stage. His inherent energies are slumbering and must be aroused; his affections are dormant, and must be enkindled; his mind is imprisoned in the flesh, and must be educated, or *let out*. All the germs of power are wrapped in his little frail being, but they are all infant and must be developed in order to assert their power. And a general education, not only of the intellect only, but of the whole being—body, mind and head—including business, literature, æsthetics, and his complicated organism to secure his high-est well being and happiness, and prepare to come. [illegible] process of developing

To unfold the germs of thought and feeling, to enlighten the mind; direct the affections, cultivate pure principles and form good habits; to develop character in beautiful symmetry; and thus prepare the young to act well their part in the drama of life; to dignify and ennoble humanity, and elevate it to a place nearer God and Heaven, is, therefore the great work of education, and consequently the true mission of the teacher. —[Mass. Teacher.

THE HYPOCRISY OF DAILY LIFE.—Mr. Brown called in at a neighbor's, and was urged to take supper, which he did, the old lady all the while saying, "I'm afraid, Mr. Brown, you will not make a supper. You have eaten nothing—do eat some more." After he had stepped out, he heard the old lady say to her husband, "Why I do declare I think Mr. Brown had not eaten anything for a month."

TALMUDICAL PARABLE—*Man:*—Why, serpent, dost thou bite? The lion rushes upon its prey to devour it, the wolf tears its victim, in order to satisfy his hunger; you, alone, wound for the sole purpose of killing.

Serpent:—Is it not my destiny to do so?

Man:—But why must your poison rage through the whole body—why do you not attack one single limb?

Serpent:—Is not man a great deal worse than myself? Even when in Syria, his tongue often wounds one that is in Rome; and being at Rome its venom may wound one in Syria.

HONOR TO LABOR.—Two men I honor and no third. First the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritual indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wherever it listeth.—[Carlyle.

POETINO.—As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh and let you fall off."

☞ The Supreme Court of the State of Indiana has decided that the liquor law of 1853 is not in force. "There is not a concurrence in the opinions of the Judges, as to the grounds of the decision, but they are unanimous in the result."

☞ You may wish to get a wife without a failing, but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character?

☞ With four metalic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of worldly success—they are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart. But HUMANITY loaths such a character.

☞ Leave your grievances as Bonaparte did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them will require answering.

☞ If you see a wife carefully footing her husband's stockings, you may conclude that he will not find it difficult to foot her bills.