JUDGE NOT A MAN.

Judge not a man by the cost of his clothing,
Unheeding the life-path that he may pursue,
Or oft you'll admire a heart that needs loathing,
And fail to give honor where honor is due.
The palm may be hard and the fingers stiff-jointed,
The coat may be tattered, the cheek worn with tears,
But greater than kings are Labor's anointed,
And you can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

Give me the man as a friend and a neighbor
Who toils at the loom—with the spade or the plough—
Who wins his diploma of manhood by labor,
And purchases wealth by the sweat of his brow.
Why should the broadcloth alone be respected,
And the man be despised who in fustian appears?
While the angels in heaven have their limbs unprotected,
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

Judge of a man by the work he is doing,
Speak of a man as his actions demand;
Watch well the path that each is pursuing,
And let the most worthy be chief of the land!
And the man shall be found 'mid the close ranks of labor,
Be known by the work that his industry rears,
And his chieftain, when won, shall be dear to his neighbor,
And we'll honor the man, whatever he wears.

[From Household Words.]

A VISION OF A STUDIOUS MAN.

Long ago—how many years since I do not like to think of, but it was when I was a young man and just beginning the world—I took delight in being a book-fancier: not a bibliomaniac, as the profane have it, but an ardent, eager bibliophilist, gathering together volumes from the ends of the earth. The famous collection at Donninghurst attests pretty well the extent of my labors in this vineyard. Arrayed in snowy vellum raiment, or in old tooled calf, or, better still, in ancient French morocco, they line these shelves of mine in the oak-room, and are still the admiration—perhaps the envy—of the curious. Now that the fit has passed from me, I look on them as so many memorials of an old folly, and find myself gazing at them curiously, as a lover might do at the faded writings of an unworthy mistress. How I came to forswear this seductive pursuit and flee forever from the temples of Christie, and Sotheby, and such famous brethren of the hammer, I will now try and set forth, as some entertainment for this passing hour.

When I first went down to Donninghurst, which was just after leaving Oxford, this book fever, as it may be called, was very strong upon me, and I took exceeding delight in arranging and cataloguing the contents of certain great chests which had come down to me from London. And now, before going further, I may say a word concerning Donninghurst itself. It was nothing more than a small village—a quiet, retired, innocent little village of the Auburn kind, lying in a sheltered valley far from the busy hum of men. To look down from the brow of the hill upon the ancient church disguised in ivy, green and brown; upon the little bridge over the brook which divided the village; upon the noisy water-mill, the tiers of snowy cottages sloping down to the water's edge; this was a pleasant and fit recreation for any contemplative man, and was as fair a prospect as could be seen upon a long summer's day.

Naturally enough, I had a great liking for Donninghurst, and were it not for the utter dearth of all congenial society—that is, of bibliophilist brethren—I should have pitched my tent there for good and all. True, there was the parson, who is traditionally supposed to be ardent in such matters, but who in our instance happened unfortunately to be a placid easy man, full of soft words, and with little scholarship beyond his Bible; in short a smooth shaven respectability, as Mr. Carlyle would phrase it. I did not, therefore, grieve very much when I heard, on my second visit, that this reverend person had passed away to a brighter sphere—to a wealthier parish that is—and that Doctor Erasmus Ashmole, F.R.S., Corres. Mem., &c., &c., had been appointed in his place. This was joyful news for me. In those mystic characters I saw wondrous visions shadowed forth: long Attic nights, earnest disputations, eager criticism, unique and matchless examplars. Soon my card found its way to the vicarage, and within a very brief span I found myself in the full enjoyment of his friendship. I found him a fierce rude scholar of the true Bently school—a man that called you Sir in loud tones, after the Johnsonian manner—with a way of beating the table savagely in the warmth of argument. All the golden visions I had read in the cabalistic letters were realized to the full. He had brought down a matchless collection—whole regiments of Editiones Principes; camel-looking Fathers, clean and unsullied with virgin pages; Bellandists, Variorums, Aldines, all in superb condition and original bindings. Elzevirs, too, were there, not to speak of Plantins, Jansons, Baskervilles, Tousons, and other famous Imprinters. There were also strange black letter volumes—creatures in ponderous oak covers, with rude metal fittings. And, last of all, he had brought down with him an exquisite copy from Nature's own press, printed in the fairest characters, one unique and beyond all price; in short, no other than his own fair daughter, sweet Miss Lizzie Ashmole.

She was a bright little creature, with a beaming face and dark brilliant eyes, with arched, pencilled eyebrows and soft wavy hair worn *a la Greque*, which I was told fell nearly to her feet. Indeed, the other day when I went, to see a famous Little Lady at one of our great theatres, I was perfectly startled at the likeness. No wonder, then, that Doctor Erasmus loved her, if anything, better than his books. From long habit, too, she had caught up some odds and ends of bibliographical doctrine, upon which she used to discourse very gracefully; and it was very pleasant to see her striving hard to feel due reverence for the dusty inhabitants of the doctor's study. She had, besides, a tinge of romanticism, very refreshing in these flinty days of ours, and was filled with a kind of buoyant earnest faith, which she was not long in communicating to others—delighting, moreover, in rehearsing ghostly narrative and spectral appearances. This she did so prettily, and so mysteriously, that I, before a scoffer and unbeliever, came at last to feel uneasy of nights, and rather shrank from the idea of going up stairs in the dark.

In short, to this complexion it came at last, as indeed it was only to be expected—that the Attic nights with the doctor grew to be insufferably dull, and the doctor himself, and the Johnsonian manner something of a bore. I soon began to see a deal of truth in that passage of the ingenious Mr. Little, where he informs us that his only books were woman's looks. What if he had seen the precious little volume always open before me, and which I took such wondrous delight in perusing! I felt the Poisoned Arrow with the Golden Shaft smarting more keenly every day. In brief, I found myself one morning asking the Reverend Erasmus for a few moments' conversation, at the conclusion of which I received a paternal accolade and numberless benedictions. Then was sweet Lizzie sent for, who came in blushing most bewitchingly, as though she had a faint suspicion of what was going on. After a month's interval, during which time I conceived an utter disgust for all things leaves and parchment, the usual ceremony took place, and the happy pair departed for London en route for foreign parts, as was only proper.

During the happy days that followed, I never once thought of Elzevir or Aldine—never felt the least yearning towards my old objects of affection, until—yes, until we came to the ancient city of Bruges. No human virtue could have withstood that seductive town. We had been admiring its halls, churches, paintings, carvings, bits of Gothic, all day long, and were returning pretty well tired to our hostelry, when we suddenly found ourselves before one of those picturesque little alleys wherein this city abounds. "O!" said sweet Lizzie, "how like a Turkish bazaar! We must walk down—just once." With a gentle remonstrance, as though I had a presentiment of what was impending, I suffered myself to be led into the fatal street, and was utterly ravished, as the French say, with all I saw. Dark monstrosities carved out of oak, ancient china, arquebusses, vestments of rich stuffs, silver statues, bits of stained glass, and Heaven knows what besides, were gathered there, tempting sweet Lizzie to the very verge of distraction, while I—my hour had come at last—was irresistibly drawn to some quaint shelves crowded with old tomes in the livery that was so familiar to me. With the first glance I saw they were of a superior order, doubtless noble exiles from some rich library in the Fauburg, bearing on their backs the insignia of their haughty masters. I took one in my hand, and as I did so felt a queer sensation coming over me. They were bound in that famous old red morocco, and there was, besides, a second series arrayed in rich mottled calf—altogether a very choice and tempting lot. I was back under the old dominion in a moment.

"Look there, sweet Lizzie," I said, "did you ever see such a treasure?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, smiling; "very nice indeed"—she was at that moment studying an old Spanish rosary, thinking what a rare armlet it would make.

"Look," continued I, in a perfect transport—"such a superb piece of mottled calf; veined and freckled like a bit of jasper!"

"It is very pretty," said poor Lizzie, trying hard to admire it; "won't you buy it?"

Buy it! I hesitated—not for the price, which was scarcely a hundred francs or so, but because I knew how much depended on that moment. A look at the old red morocco decided me, and I was back again under the thraldom of the Book Demon.

The next day was spent in diligent investigation of my new-found prizes, and all their beauties were dwelt on pitilessly for the behoof of poor Lizzie. The day after, we were to have commenced our journey home, but it occurred to me that there were some famous libraries at Ghent, scarce an hour's travel from Bruges. It would be a positive sin to leave these unexplored; such an opportunity might never occur again. At Ghent, as everybody knows, are temptations enough for the book-gatherer; and from that city I returned very late at night, with a small sack filled with marvels of type and binding. Poor Lizzie, who had been sitting for hours expecting me, looked ruefully at these trophies as I tumbled them out on the carpet before her. She was very tired, she said, and had passed a very weary day. What could have kept me? "There is type! There's margin!" I said, opening one wide. "I tell you what, sweet Lizzie; I have a rare scheme in my head—I planned as I came along. Suppose we go back to Brussels; I hear there are things to be had there literally for a song. We might stay—let me see—a fortnight, whilst I rummage the great libraries. What say you, Lizzie?"

This was too much. I saw her bright little face suffused suddenly with a deeper crimson. How could I be so cruel to her! Especially when I knew she was dying to get home to her poor father. But she had been warned of this long, long ago. She ought to have taken advice. She knew that, in my heart, I preferred those horrid books to her and everything else in the world.

"Good Heavens! here was a burst! I was astonished and indignant. But the fact was, women were so unreasonable, so very unreasonable. I must make allowance for that. Still, I did not like this trait in sweet Lizzie's character; I would speak to her seriously when we got home. And so, with a pitying smile, I said it was no matter; I would make any sacrifice for peace and quiet. The next day I suffered myself to be led away, out of Belgium, home again to London.

There, in sight of all my favorite haunts, the old fever came upon me with tenfold vigor. I was welcomed once more at Christie's and Sotheby's, and passed hours and days in their famous temples; while sweet Lizzie pined and languished at home utterly neglected. And such was the strange blindness over me, I could see none of this, but wondered, and sulked, and fell back on my old complaint of women being so unreasonable. Not a little of our money, too, was going in this wild fashion, in spite of imploring looks and gentle remonstrances from Lizzie. But I only held this for more of woman's folly; and, wrapped up in this selfish doctrine, I saw her cheeks fade and her light spirits sink without setting it down to any cause but whim and caprice. Ah! a cloud settles down upon me as I think over those days and my own stupid blindness—sacrificing living affection, truth, and love, on the altars of these cold paper gods!

So it went on for some ten months, when news came that the Reverend Erasmus had been suddenly called away to his last account when sitting in his study chair. This was a sore trial to Lizzie, who loved her father dearly. She grieved very much, and said, what should she do now that her only friend in the world was gone. At this epoch I felt a twinge of remorse, and for the next few days was so devoted and attentive, that I saw the roses coming back to her cheeks, and the old bright light into her eyes once more. But my enemies were still in wait for me. Had not Dr. Erasmus left me the rare and valuable library at Donninghurst, as one who would take care of it and keep it together for his sake? I was burning to get down and explore its treasures; and, after many faint struggles, fell back under the old yoke.

It was just coming on to the winter of that same year, a very raw, unpromising season I well recollect, when I received one morning, with Messrs. Sotheby's respects, a catalogue of the extensive library of a distinguished person, lately deceased, which was about to be submitted to public competition. Glaucing down its long lines of names, my eye lit upon a work I had long sought yearningly for, and which, in utter despair, I had set down as *introuvable*. This coveted lot was no other than the famed Nuremberg Chronicle, printed in black-letter, and adorned with curious and primitive cuts. At different times some stray copies had been offered to me, but these were decayed, maimed, cut-down specimens, very different from the one now before me, which, in the glowing language of the catalogue, was a "Choice, clean copy, in admirable condition. —Antique—richly embossed binding, and metal clasps.—A unique and matchless impression." So it was undoubtedly. For the next few days I had no other thought but that one. I discoursed Nuremberg Chronicle; I ate, drank, and inhaled nothing but Nuremberg Chronicle. I stopped in at stray hours to look after its safety, and glared savagely at other parties who were turning over its leaves. Poor little Lizzie complained of being unwell, and lay all day upon the sofa; but what were such trifles compared with the well-being of the Chronicle? So I implored her to be careful of herself, and hurried away to watch over the precious treasure. What a change was here! And yet, not so long since, to save her a moment's pain I would gladly have made a huge pyre of all the black-letter rarities ever printed. But that was in the sunny days, when we lived at Donninghurst; she was very different then! So said I, shaking my head wisely, and hugging myself in my own folly.

The sale was to take place in about a week's time; and this particular lot was expected to come on about two o'clock, or thereabouts. All that morning I was very nervous and fidgety, and thought the hour would never draw near.

I had thirty pounds in clean crisp notes laid providently by for such an emergency. Such a sum, I calculated, would be more than sufficient to secure the prize, though I was aware that at the Fonthill and other great sales copies had fetched considerably more. My coffers at this period were at a very low ebb; I had been indulging this wild taste to an extravagant degree, giving fancy prices whenever required; and there were to be seen in our hall significant groups of dissatisfied claimants, who were only to be got away with lame excuses and abundant promises. Still, I had contrived to gather together these thirty pounds, which had lain perdus in my drawer until such an occasion as the present. It had now got on to one o'clock, and I was thinking it was full time to be setting out, when my agent from the country was announced. Was ever anything more unfortunate? Still he had business, business not to be deferred, and, besides, had to leave town that evening; so I had to sit patiently and hear him out. When he had departed, and I was just getting my hat and gloves, down came an express from Lizzie, begging to see me before I went out, just for one moment. It was out of the question, I said, utterly out of the question. I would be too late as it was; she must wait till I came back. Here the Abigail, who bore the message, putting on a mysterious manner, began to hint darkly concerning her mistress's health—that she had been ailing these few days back, and must be treated gently. Muttering certain ejaculations, I bounded up the stairs, and rushed violently into the drawing-room, where Lizzie was still lying upon her sofa. "Well, what is it?" said I impatiently; "I am in a hurry."

"O," said Lizzie, in her gentle way, "do come and sit down beside me; I want to speak to you very much—that is, to ask a great favor."

"Is the child mad?" I said, very roughly I fear. "I tell you I haven't a moment to spare; can't you say it out at once?"

Poor Lizzie sighed. "Well, then;" said she "you'll promise me not to be angry?"

"No, no," said I, stamping, "do be quick."

"Well," said she, taking out a little bit of paper from behind the cushion, "here is Madame Dupont been writing me a most impertinent letter, and——".

"What have I to do with Madame Dupont?" I interrupted; "who is she?"

"Don't you know?—the milliner," said Lizzie; "and now I want you, like a good dear, to give me the money for her—only twenty pounds; only to pay her and have done with her."

She said this so prettily, with that little earnest manner of hers, that my heart smote me; and, for a moment, she and the famous Chronicle were balancing each other in the scales. It was only for a moment. Ah, the choice copy! the rich embossed binding and clasps! It was not to be thought of!

"No, Lizzie, I have no money to spare at present; we must try and put off Madame Dupont."

"Well, ten pounds; only ten!"

"Impossible."

"What!" said Lizzie, with a little sigh, "couldn't you spare me that much out of all I saw in your desk yesterday?"

I blushed scarlet, not from shame, but from rage at being detected. "A spy!" I exclaimed, in a perfect fury; "a spy upon my actions! I hate such mean tricks. But," I added, turning sharp upon her with a feeling that I must put a stop to this work, "I won't tolerate this interference; I'm not to be brought to an account for the little money I lay out on myself. Such low, mean prying! But money must be had for all your finery—of course, of course," and more to the same effect, which it chills my very heart to dwell on now. My only hope and consolation is that I was beside myself all that time. Poor Lizzie listened to me, perfectly overwhelmed, and trembling like an aspen leaf. She never answered me, but sank down upon the sofa without a word. I left her, thinking I had given a wholesome lesson; and walked out of the house in a proper state of indignation.

But the Chronicle—the famous Chronicle. I had utterly forgotten it. I felt a cold thrill all over me as I took out my watch. Just two o'clock. I flew into a cab, and set off at a headlong pace for Sotheby's. But my fatal presentiment was to be verified. It was over; I was too late. The great Chronicle, the choice, the beautiful, the unique, had passed from me forever, and beyond recall, and, as I afterwards learned, for the ridiculous sum of nineteen pounds odd shillings.

And who was I to thank for this—this cruel prostration of all my hopes? Here was the prize torn from me, lost by a minute's delay, and all for a woman's absurd whim and caprice. By Heaven, it was enough to drive me distracted. But no matter; when I got home I would give her a piece of my mind. I would be master in my own house. Lashing myself thus into a rage, I strode moodily into the house, and made my way straight to the drawing-room. There I burst into a catalogue of all my griefs, mingled with a torrent of reproaches. She had ruined me—such an opportunity would never come again; I never would forget it to her. But let her take warning in time. I would put up with this kind of interference no longer. Poor Lizzie listened first with astonishment, but, as she began to understand me, I saw her bright eyes flashing in a way I had never seen before. "And so," she said, her voice trembling with excitement, "this was why you refused me the little sum I asked. For shame! I could not have believed you so cruel—yes, so selfish. But I ought to have known this before; kind friends told me that this would come to pass—that you would sacrifice me to this wretched passion."

Again my heart smote me, and I felt a longing to sink down before her and beg forgiveness; but at the same instant I heard something whispering secretly in my ear that she it was who had lost me my precious treasure. On this I froze again in a moment. What right had she to hold this tone to me? I asked. I was sickened and repelled, I said, with her coldness and want of interest in all that concerned me. Then Lizzie, raising herself up from her sofa, and her eyes flashing more than ever, said she would speak now, for my sake as well as her own; that as to my unkindness and neglect, that was not so much matter—she would try and bear it—she would get accustomed to it, she supposed; but that I was fast ruining myself, making myself a laughing-stock to every one. It was a pity we had ever come together.

"Yes," I said, bitterly, "it was a pity, a great pity, I did not meet one more suited to my tastes—one that might have made some allowance, at least, for any old habits and associations. But it was no use talking about it now; it was too late." With that I hastily turned away; and, feeling that I had been agrieved, retreated to my study, full of bitterness and disappointment. Was there ever anything so unreasonable? And, instead of showing some sorrow for causing me such a disappointment, to turn round and heard me in this manner. A laughing-stock! Those words grated unpleasantly on my ear as I thought them over. I felt an envenomed sensation against poor Lizzie, which I cannot describe.

And how long was this to go on? (I put this question to myself, sitting among the dark gloomy shadows of my study.) Were all my studies to be broken in upon with cold looks and harsh words? Was I to have my chief hope and comfort in life embittered? An idea struck me. In a day or so I should have to go down to Donninghurst on business. Suppose I went that very evening instead? I would be there in an hour or so, and could return tomorrow if it suited me. Here was a ready means of release offered me. I could withdraw myself for a little from London, which I had begun to hate, and from home, which was growing distasteful to me. It would be a pleasant change of scene; and I felt, besides, a craving for solitude and the companionship of my books. I longed for a quiet evening in my little study, many miles removed from unkindness and domestic bickerings. So all these things then appeared to my distorted vision.

It seemed a rare scheme; and so I lost no time in executing it. I packed up a few things, and telling Lizzie, coldly enough, that I would most likely return early in the morning, departed by that night's train.

About seven o'clock that evening we came rolling into Donninghurst. It was a raw, bleak night, with a harsh, black frost abroad; not your true, genial, inspiring weather, covering the ground with crisp snow, and making the cheeks tingle; but a dark, lowering atmosphere, very dispiriting and oppressive. Therefore it was that I felt very uncomfortable and out of sorts as I stood in the cold, comfortless study, watching the slow process of kindling a fire. No one had expected me, such a night—naturally enough—so I found everything cold and comfortless. There was an ancient retainer always left in charge of the house, whom I took a diamond pleasure in likening to Caleb Balderstone, in the novel. His queer ways and curious make shifts in providing for the emergency, were so many occasions of identifying myself with the unhappy Master of Ravenswood and his follower. At last a fire was lighted, and I settled myself down for the night. What should I have down, I said, looking round affectionately on the shelves.—Old Fuller?—None better—Old Fuller, by all means. I got him down reverently and cleared the dust from him gently. I was going to have a night of enjoyment.

When he was properly bestowed upon the oaken reading-desk, and the lamp had been turned up to the full, and one last poke given to the fire, I felt that I had all the elements of a studious night at hand, and that I ought to be exceedingly pleasant and comfortable. Yet someway Good Old Fuller seemed to me not quite so racy that night. I felt inexpressibly lonely, and every now and again I heard the wind, which had begun to rise, coming round the corner with a low moan, which gave me a very dismal feeling. Do as I would, I could not shut out Caleb Balderstone. Then, too, I found my eyes were perpetually wandering from Good Old Fuller to the coals, where I would discover all manner of distracting visions.

It certainly was a noble edition—that Chronicle, said I, reverting to the events of the day—a noble one, truly. O, how could she have let me miss it! And yet who knows? I might fall in with another copy some of these days! But then she had no need to speak to me in that way—to ridicule me—to reproach me. No matter about that now—to business. With that, I came back again to old Fuller—for about a page and a half of him, as it might be. It was very singular. I could not lay myself down to work. I grew annoyed—vexed. Impatiently I pushed the Ancient Worthy far from me, and leaning back in my chair fell to studying the fire once more—watching the wreaths of smoke curling upwards, every now and then taking the shape of a bright, gentle little face that seemed to look at me reproachfully.

Alone, here, in this desolate spot—alone with Old Fuller and his brethren. And these false slaves to whom I had bound myself, and sacrificed all, were now deserting me when I most needed their assistance. I likened them, bitterly, to the Familiars in the old Magic Legends who treacherously abandoned their masters in their greatest straits. And Lizzie (sweet Lizzie she was once!) all alone in the great London world, keeping her lonely vigil! Just then there came up before me, as it were, floating from the past, a vision of another time—not so long passed, away—coming to me, as it were, in a flood of golden light, wherein Old Fuller appeared to shrivel up, and shrink away into a dry, sapless ancient, as he was. It was on a clear moonlight night—I well recollected—with the ground all covered with snow, and I was coming out beneath the vicarage-porch, going home for that night—when she, sweet Lizzie, came out into the moonlight, and we lingered there for a few moments, looking round and admiring the scene. Such a soft, tranquil night, with a bright glare shining forth from the midst of the dark mass rising behind us, showing where the Doctor was hard at work in his room. I often thought of that night after, and of the picture of Lizzie, as she stood there with her face upturned to the moon. Conjuring up this vision from the fire, and recalling her poor tearful, pleading face, as she lay upon the sofa, when I so abruptly quitted her, I felt a bitter pang of self-reproach, and found my repugnance for the cold, senseless creatures around me increasing every instant.

After that there came a feeling over me that I had been sitting there for hours—for long weary hours, and that morning would never come. Suddenly it seemed to me that I heard the sounds of wheels outside on the gravel, with strange confusion as of many tongues, and that some one came rushing in hurriedly, seeking me, and telling me I must lose no time—not an instant. I knew by a kind of instinct what it was all about, and why it was I was thus brought away.

There was a heavy load upon my heart, as of some evil impending, some dreadful blow about to fall. Then came the long, hurried journey through the dark night—the rattle over the pavement, and the flittering of lights past the window, as we drew near the noisy city. Then was I led up-stairs softly in a darkened room—the drawing-room, where many people crowded together, and whispering. And there on the sofa, just as I had left her, I caught a dim vision of sweet Lizzie—very pale and sad—with the same gentle look of reproach. I heard the old soft voice, full of affectionate welcome and forgiveness, and then it seemed as though the shadows were beginning to fall, and shut me out from her forever! With a wild cry I stretched forth my arms to the fading vision—and there was I back again in my old study at Donninghurst, with the fire sunk down in ashes and the lamp flickering uncasily on the verge of extinction, and great grant shadows starting up and down all round me on the wall. The scales had fallen from my eyes. The delusion had passed from me forever. Just then the village clock began chiming out the hour—three-quarters past eleven. I recollected there was a train to London at midnight, and in another instant I had fled from the house, and was running up the deserted street. There scarcely was any passengers—so late was the hour—and there was a lone deserted look over the vast station, very chilling and dispiriting to one in my mood. After what seemed a weary, never-ending journey, we reached London, and in ten minutes I was in my own house at the drawing-room door. She had not gone to bed; and, as I opened it softly, I saw her stretched upon where she had cried herself to sleep—just as I had seen her in my dream!

What a meeting followed on that waking may be well imagined, and need not be set down here. I never fell back into the old slavery. All my famous treasures were ruthlessly sent away into banishment down to Donninghurst, where they may now be seen. And, not very long after, I heard of another copy of the great Chronicle being in the market; but I heard it with the utmost placidity.

Thenceforth our lives ran on smoothly as a bright summer's day; and, as they tell of good people in the story books, we lived happily together for ever after.

Forever after! It were better not to cast a shadow upon this vision of a poor lonely man, by dwelling on what befel me within a brief interval after that. I have not courage to say it now. So let those cheerful words stand, by way of an endearing fiction, to receive, as my only hope and comfort, their full, enduring truth in the long hereafter of another world.

How to Get a Lady to show her Foot.—Praise the boot of some one else.—*Punch.*

Miscellaneous.

HOMESTEAD FOR $2,00! LAND DISTRIBUTION!! CHANCE FOR POOR MEN!!!

The Northwestern Mutual Land Benefit Association will make a grand distribution of $30,000 worth of real estate and maps to its members. The number of members is limited to 15,000. $2.00 and five letter stamps per membership, or a share. Any individual sending $10 and the stamps, shall be entitled to six shares; or any person sending $10 with six names, with the address of each, carefully written, shall be entitled to six shares. The distribution will be made in Chicago, Sept. 25th, 1857.

The following is the real estate to be distributed:

No. 1. An improved farm of 50 acres in Cooke Co., Illinois, aloed at	$3,000
No. 2. An improved farm of 160 acres in Whiteside Co., Illinois, valued at	3,000
No. 3. An improved farm of 160 acres in Whiteside Co., Illinois, valued at	3,000
No. 4. An excellent private residence in Dubuque, Iowa, valued at	3,000
No. 5. 160 acres superior farm land in Cooke Co., Illinois, valued at	2,000
No. 6. 160 acres well pine timbered in Waupacca Co., Wisconsin, valued at	2,000
No. 7. A good lot and cottage residence in Chicago, Illinois, valued at	2,000
No. 8. 160 acres superior land in Whiteside Co., Illinois, valued at	1,000
No. 9. 160 acres good land in Chippeway Co., Wisconsin, valued at	960
No. 10. 160 acres good land in Chippeway Co., Wisconsin, valued at	960
No. 11. 160 acres good land in Chippeway Co., Wisconsin, valued at	800
No. 12. 160 acres good land in Dunn Co., Wisconsin, valued at	600
No. 13. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 14. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 15. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 16. 40 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 17. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 18. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 19. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 20. One building lot in Dubuque, Iowa, valued at	300
No. 21. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 22. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 23. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 24. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 25. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 26. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 27. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	240
No. 28. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	240
No. 29. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 30. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 31. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 32. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 33. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 34. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 35. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 36. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 37. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 38. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	160
No. 39. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	100
No. 40. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	100

The distribution will be conducted fairly and honorably. The names and address of stockholders will be written on as many small cards as they have shares, and the whole placed in a box, and the first name taken out shall be entitled to the improved farm No. 1, in the order that it is taken out will be entitled to No. 2, and so on until the 40 items of real estate are all distributed. Then to each of the remaining 14,960 stockholders will be sent a deed, duly executed, in proper State or Territory. A full account of the distribution will be forwarded in a printed circular, to each member of the Association, with the names and address of such as may receive the real estate. Persons can also the deeds will be sent and immediate possession given. Each application must be accompanied with $2.00 and five letter stamps. Address LINDELL, JONES & CO.

au-13 Chicago, Illinois.

CHOICE FARM LANDS FOR SALE.—THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY is now prepared to sell about 1,500,000 acres of choice Farming lands, in tracts of 40 acres and upwards, on long credits, and at low rates of interest.

These lands were granted by the Government to aid in the construction of this Road, and are among the richest and most fertile in the world. They extend from North-East and North-West, through the middle of the State, to the extreme South, and include every variety of climate and productions found between those parallels of latitude. The Northern portion is chiefly prairie, interspersed with fine groves, and in the middle and Southern sections timber predominates, alternating with beautiful prairies and openings.

The climate is more healthy, mild and equable, than any other part of the country—the air is pure and bracing, while living streams and springs of excellent water abound.

Bituminous Coal is extensively mined, and supplies a cheap and desirable fuel, being furnished at many points at $2 to $4 per ton—and wood can be had at the same rate per cord.

Building Stone of excellent quality also abounds, which can be procured for little more than the expense of transportation.

The great fertility of these lands, which are a black rich mould, from two to five feet deep, and gently rolling; their contiguity to this road, by which every facility is furnished for travel and transportation to the principal markets North, South, East, West, and the economy with which they can be cultivated, render them the most valuable investment that can be found, and present the most favorable opportunity for persons of industrious habits and small means to acquire a comfortable independence in a few years.

Chicago is now the greatest grain market in the world, and the facility and economy with which the products of these lands can be transported to that market, make them much more profitable, at the prices asked, than those more remote at government rates, as the additional cost of transportation is a perpetual tax on the latter, which must be borne by the producer, in the reduced price he receives for his grain, &c.

The title is perfect—and when the final payments are made, deeds are executed by the trustees appointed by the State, and in whom the title is vested, to the purchasers, which convey the absolute title in fee simple, free and clear of every incumbrance, lien or mortgage.

The prices are from $6 to $30: interest only 3 per ct. Twenty per ct. will be deducted from the price for cash.

Those who purchase on long credit, give notes payable in two, three, four, five and six years after date, and are entitled to the deed for one-tenth of the land, for every one-tenth paid, and have their land under cultivation at the end of that time.

Competent surveyors will accompany those who wish to examine these lands, free of charge, and aid them in making selections.

The Lands remaining unsold are as rich and valuable as those which have been disposed of.

SECTIONAL MAPS

Will be sent to any one who will enclose fifty cents in postage stamps, and books or pamphlets containing numerous instances of successful farming, signed by respectable and well known farmers living in the neighborhood of the Lindell Lands, throughout the State—also the cost of fencing, price of cattle, expense of harvesting, threshing, etc.—or any other information—will be cheerfully given on application, either personally or by letter, in English, French, or German, addressed to

JOHN WILSON,
Land Commissioner of the Illinois Central R. R. Co.
Office in Illinois Central Railroad Depot, Chicago, Illinois. au1

LOCAL FREIGHT NOTICE—THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY are now prepared to receive and forward FREIGHT between Philadelphia, Lancaster, and Columbia, at the following rates per hundred pounds:

BETWEEN PHILA. AND COLUMBIA.

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.
22 cts.	18 cts.	16 cts.	14 cts.

Flour, 18 cts. per barrel.
Pig metal, 10 cts. per 100 pounds.

BETWEEN PHILA. AND LANCASTER.

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.
20 cts.	17 cts.	15 cts.	13 cts.

Flour, 25 cts. per barrel.
Pig Metal, 10 cts. per 100 pounds.

ARTICLES OF FIRST CLASS.

Books, Boots and Shoes, Cedar and Wooden Ware, Dry Goods, Eggs, Furniture, Feathers, Fresh Fish, Nuts in Bags, Porter and Ale in bottles, Poultry in coops, Pork, (fresh,) Poultry, (dressed,) Wrapping Paper.

ARTICLES OF 2d CLASS.

Apples, Cheese, Clover and Grass Seed, Crockery, Candles, Casks or Barrels, (empty,) Groceries, Iron on Rides, Herring in boxes and kegs, Hardware, Hops, Iron, hoop, band, or sheet, Leather, Liquor in wood, Marble Slabs and Marble Monuments, Molasses, Melons, Oils in casks or barrels, Paper in boxes, Pateboard, Peaches, (dried,) Printing Paper, Paper Hangings, Queensware, Sweet Potatoes, Tobacco in bales, Tea, Type, Tallow, Turpentine, (spts.) Varnish.

ARTICLES OF 3d CLASS.

Alcohol, Coffee, Hides, (green,) Lard, Oysters & Clams, (in shell) Tobacco, (manufactured,) Potatoes, Turnips, Vinegar, White Lead, Window Glass, Whiskey.

ARTICLES OF 4TH CLASS.

Coldish, Corn, Fish, salted, Grain of all kinds, Nails and Spikes, Pitch, Plaster, Rosin, Salt, Tobacco, (leaf,) Tin, Tar, Whiskey,

☞ For further information apply to
E. J. SNEEDER, Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
E. K. BOICE, Freight Agent, Columbia.
W. H. MYERS, Freight Agent, Lancaster.
au18]

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT—NEW GAS CONSUMING FURNACE.

CHILSON'S NEW CONE FURNACE,

after having been put to the most severe test, during the two COLD WINTERS OF 1856 AND 1857, has proved to be the most *powerful heater in the world, saving from* $\frac{1}{3}$ *to* $\frac{1}{2}$ the fuel over any of the best furnaces now in use. THESE FURNACES are constructed with a cast iron ash pit, and a broad, shallow pan-shaped fire pot, lined with fire-brick or iron staves. The fire pot is surmounted with

A SERIES OF CONES, OR TAPERING RADIATORS, large and broad at their base, but tapering to small apertures at the top, and uniting with the scalar chamber, through which the heat and smoke pass to the flue. THE WHOLE products of combustion in the form of *smoke* AND GASES, are suspended directly over the fire, CONFINED or compressed into the tapering CONES and CONTINUALLY EXPOSED to the direct action of the rays of heat and light from the fire.

This heat and light is brought to a FOCUS in EACH CONE, not unlike the

COLLECTION OF THE SUN'S RAYS,

to a focal point through an ordinary lens, causing the SMOKE AND GASES to become intensely heated and thoroughly CONSUMED, by this operation the SMOKE AND GASES are MADE EQUALLY AVAILABLE with the FUEL ITSELF for heating purposes, while, in other furnaces, it is GARNERED OFF AND WASTED IN THE CHIMNEY.

All persons desirous of obtaining the best and MOST ECONOMICAL HEATING APPARATUS, should not fail to examine the NEW GAS CONSUMING CONE FURNACE, before purchasing any other. The attention of architects and builders is particularly requested.

ARNOLD & WILSON,
(Successors to S. A. Harrison,)
No. 524 WALNUT Street,
Opposite Independence Square.
aul-tf

PHILADELPHIA TYPE FOUNDRY—N. W. Cor. THIRD and CHESNUT Sts.

L. PELOUZE & SON, thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore accorded to their Establishment, and desirous to merit its continuance, would announce to Printers and Publishers that their new SPECIMEN BOOK is now ready, and from their increased facilities, are now prepared to furnish every thing necessary in a complete Printing Establishment, at the shortest notice. Their long practical experience in the business, and the fact of their personal superintendence of the manufacturing department, justifies them in asserting that they can furnish a more durable and better finished article than their cotemporaries.

Those, therefore, who desire Printing Materials, would do well to apply to them previous to purchasing elsewhere.

Old type taken at 9 cents per pound, in exchange for new at specimen prices. aul-tf

THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO., OFFICE, 320 CHESTNUT STREET, forwards PARCELS, PACKAGES, MERCHANDIZE, BANK NOTES and SPECIE, either by its own LINES, or in connection with other EXPRESS COMPANIES, to all the principal TOWNS and CITIES of the United States.

E. S. SANDFORD,
General Superintendent.
aul-tf

Savings Funds.

SAVING FUND—FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY.—WALNUT STREET, SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THIRD, PHILADELPHIA.

INCORPORATED BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Money is received in any sum, large or small, and interest paid from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal.

The office is open every day from 9 o'clock in the morning till 7 o'clock in the evening, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.

All sums, large or small, are paid back in gold on demand, without notice, to any