

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 14

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. OCTOBER 12, 1854.

NO. 48.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding one square (ten lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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Beyond the River.

The following beautiful lines, from the Dublin University Magazine, will remind the reader of the last scene in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Time is a river, deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.

Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its verdantness
In visions granted, oft we see.

The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tints glow
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.

And sometimes listening ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats,
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's river,—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.

But their pure love can live, can last;
They look for us their home to share,
When we, in turn, away have passed;
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

ELDORADO.

No. III.

BY THOMAS BULLFINCH.

Orellana arrived safe in Spain, and was favorably received. His act of insubordination in leaving his commander was forgotten in the success of his achievement. For it had been successful, even if the naked fact only had been told, inasmuch as it was the first event which led to any certain knowledge of the immense regions that stretch eastward from the Andes to the ocean, besides being in itself one of the most brilliant adventures of that remarkable age. But Orellana's accounts went far beyond these limits, and confirming all previous tales of the wonderful Eldorado, with its temples roofed with gold and its mountains composed of precious stones, drew to his standard numerous followers. Everything promised fairly. The king granted him a commission to conquer the countries which he had explored; he raised funds for the expedition, and even found a wife who was willing to accompany him. In May, 1544, he set sail with four ships and 400 men.

But the tide of Orellana's fortune had turned. He stopped three months at Tenerife and two at the Cape de Verdes, where nine-eight of his people died and fifty were invalided. The expedition proceeded with three ships, and met with contrary winds which detained them till their water was exhausted, and had it not been for heavy rains, all must have perished. One ship put back, in this distress, with seventy men and eleven horses on board, and was never heard of after. The remaining two reached the river. Having ascended about 100 leagues they stopped to build a brigantine. Provisions were scarce here, and fifty-seven more of his party died. These men were not like his former comrades, seasoned to the climate and habituated to the difficulties of the new world. One ship was broken up here for the materials; the other met with an accident, and became unseaworthy, and they cut her up and made a bark of the timbers.

Orellana meanwhile in the brigantine was endeavoring to discover the main branch of the river, which it had been easy to keep when carried down by the stream, but which he now sought in vain for thirty days, among a labyrinth of channels. When he returned from this fruitless search he was ill, and told his people that he would go back to Point St. Juan, and there he ordered them to seek him when they had got the bark ready. But he found his sickness increase upon him, and determined to abandon the expedition and return to Eu-

rope. While he was seeking provisions for the voyage, the Indians killed seventeen of his men. What with vexation and disorder he died in the river. This sealed the fate of the expedition. The survivors made no further exertions to reach Eldorado, but returned to their own country as they could. Such was the fate of Orellana, who as a discoverer surpassed all his countrymen, and though as a conqueror he was unfortunate, yet neither is he chargeable with any of those atrocities toward the unhappy natives which have left such a stain on the glories of Cortes and Pizarro.

The next attempt we read of to discover Eldorado was made a few years after, under Hernando de Ribera, by ascending the La Plata, or river of Paraguay. He sailed in a brigantine with 80 men, and encountered no hostility from the natives. They confirmed the stories of the Amazons with their golden city. "How could they get at them?" was the next question, "by land or by water?" "Only by land," was the reply. "But it was a two months' journey, and to reach them now would be impossible because the country was inundated." The Spaniards made light of this obstacle, but asked for Indians to carry their baggage. The chief gave Ribera twenty for himself and five for each of his men; and these desperate adventures set off on their march over a flooded country.

Eight days they traveled through water up to their knees and sometimes up to their middle. By slinging their hammocks to trees, and by this means only, could they find dry positions for the night. Before they could make a fire to dress their food, they were obliged to raise a rude scaffolding, and this was unavoidably so insecure that frequently the fire burned through, and food and all fell into the water. They reached another tribe, and were told that the Amazons' country was still nine days further on; and then still another tribe, who told them it would take a month to reach them. Perhaps they would still have advanced, but here an insuperable obstacle met them. The locusts for two successive years had devoured everything before them, and no food was to be had. The Spaniards had no alternative but to march back. On their way they were reduced to great distress for want of food, and from this cause and traveling so long half under water, the greater number fell sick, and many died. Of eighty men who accompanied Ribera upon this dreadful march only thirty recovered from its effects.

This expedition added a few items to the story of Eldorado. Ribera declares under oath that the natives told him of a nation of women, governed by a woman, and so warlike as to be dreaded by all their neighbors. They possessed plenty of white and yellow metal; their seats and all the utensils in their houses were made of them. They lived on a large island which was in a huge lake, which they called the "mansion of the sun," because the sun sank into it. The men of the neighboring tribes visited them three or four times in the year. When boys were born they were sent to their fathers, but the girls were retained and brought up in the warlike habits of their mothers. The only way of accounting for these stories is that the Spaniards furnished, in the shape of questions, the information which they fancied they received in reply, the Indians assenting to what they understood but imperfectly or not at all.

After this a good many years elapsed before any other expedition of note was fitted out in search of Eldorado. But the story grew, notwithstanding. An imaginary kingdom was shaped out. It was governed by a potentate who was called the Great Paytiti, sometimes the Great Moxa, sometimes the Enim or Great Para. An impostor at Lima affirmed that he had been in his capital, the city of Manoa, where not fewer than 3000 workmen were employed in the silver-smiths' street. He even produced a map of the country, in which he had marked a bill of gold, another of silver, and a third of salt. The columns of the palace were described as of porphyry and alabaster, the galleries of ebony and cedar, the throne was of ivory, and the ascent to it by steps of gold. The palace was built of white stone. At the entrance were two towers, and between them a column twenty-five feet in height. On its top was a large silver moon, and two living lions were fastened to its base with chains of gold. Having passed by these keepers you came into a quadrangle planted with trees and watered by a silver fountain, which spouted through four golden pipes. The gate of the palace was of copper, and its bolt was received in the solid rock. Within, a golden sun was placed upon an altar of silver, and four lamps were kept burning before it day and night. This imaginary kingdom was called Eldorado from the costume of its emperor. His body was anointed every morning with a certain fragrant gum of great price, and gold dust was then blown upon him through a tube, till he was covered with it. The whole was washed off at night. This the savages thought a more magnificent and costly attire than could be afforded by any other potentate in the world, and hence the Spaniards called him Eldorado, or the Golden One.

It may surprise us that tales so palpably false as these should have deceived any, to such an extent as to lead them to get up costly and hazardous expeditions

to go in search of the wonder; but we must remember that what the Spaniards had already realized and demonstrated to the world in their conquests of Mexico and Peru was hardly less astonishing than these accounts. It is therefore no wonder that multitudes should be found willing to admit so much of the marvels of Eldorado as to see in them a sufficient inducement to justify the search, and others less credulous were perhaps willing to avail themselves of the credulity of the multitude to accomplish plans of conquest and ambition for themselves. Of the latter class we may imagine the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh to be one, who at this time undertook an expedition for the discovery and conquest of Eldorado.

Some Passages in the LIFE OF DEACON GOODMAN.

Wherein is shown the inconvenience of NOT having the "Musical Ear."

Most of our readers remember Deacon Goodman, some passages from whose life we extract from "The Ploughman." The sage lessons which are covered, but not couched, under the abounding humor of the piece, are too many and too good to be forgotten.

Deacon Goodman was extensively known, not merely in his own parish, but through several miles of the surrounding country, for his amiable disposition, active benevolence and unquestioned piety. So thoroughly was the Deacon's character established, that when the people of the neighboring towns saw him passing by, they would say—"That man was rightly named, for if there ever was a good man, he is one." And from this there was no dissenting voice. Nay, I am wrong in saying that; for there are some who never hear anybody praised without an interposing and qualifying "but." He may be well enough on the whole, they will say, "but, &c., &c.," and then they will go on and make him out "anything but a clever fellow."

The qualifying "but" must be interposed even in the case of Deacon Goodman. He had a fault: He *would* sing in meeting. "Call you that a fault?" saith the reader. Well then, kind reader, call it a misfortune. "But why a misfortune?"

I will tell thee. Nature has so formed us, that some have the "musical ear," and others not. Now this "musical ear" has nothing to do with the real character, moral or intellectual; but yet the persons who have not the "musical ear" ought never to sing in meeting. If they do, they will be sure to annoy others, and make themselves ridiculous. Deacon Goodman had not the "musical ear." Whether it were the "Messiah," or the Creation, or Jim Crow or Zip Coon, it was all the same to him, so far as music was concerned; it was just so much singing. Whether the artist were Sivoi, or Ole Bull, or poor old John Casco, it was just so much *filling*. He had not the "musical ear," and still less, if possible, the musical voice; but yet he would sing in meeting. And the gentle and respectable remonstrance of the choir leader were met with the unvaried reply, "Singing is praying, you might as well ask me not to pray; I shall sing in meeting."

It is now proper for the Biographer to hint at another trait in the good Deacon's character. He was rather set in his ways; or in other words, he was dreadfully obstinate in what he thought a good cause; and he was generally correct in appreciating the merits of the cause.

We all know that musical people are apt to be sensitive and sometimes a little capricious; and who has ever known a theatrical Orchestra, or even a village choir, that had not a regular "blow up" at least once a year? Beyond all doubt, Deacon Goodman's singing was a very serious grievance to the choir and no small annoyance to the congregation. Yet in consideration of his great merits he was indulged; and his regular Sunday performances often drew forth the remark, that if music-murder was a sin, Deacon Goodman would have much to answer for. But there is a point beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Great pains had been taken by the choir in getting up a new Anthem, (selected from Mozart) for Thanksgiving day, and the very gem of the piece was a solo, which had been assigned to the sweetest voice, and the prettiest little girl in the village. All who attended the rehearsals were perfectly delighted with the solo as sung by "little Mary." It was very difficult. It was marked from beginning to end "Andantino," "Dolce," "Affectuoso," "Crescendo," "Piano," "Pianissimo," with changing keys, and flats, and sharps, springing out from unexpected places; but she had conquered it all. Three or four accomplished singers who had come from Boston, to pass Thanksgiving in the country, and who attended the last rehearsal, were in raptures with little Mary's singing. They had heard Tedesco and Biscaccianti, and yet they say, "for a country girl she is a prodigy."

In due time Thanksgiving day arrived; and while the "second bell" was ringing news came to the village that a very serious accident had happened to the Universalist minister. His horse had thrown him, and either his leg or his neck was broken; the boy who had brought the news had forgotten which. "I hope it is not his neck," said the rich and charitable old church member. When Deacon Good-

man heard that remark, he held up his hands and exclaimed, "I never!"

Now the Deacon dearly loved good preaching, and the meeting-house was to him a 'house of feasting.' But his religion was of a very practical kind, and although he thought but precious little of his good works, he took care to do a good many of them, and was far from believing with Amsdorf, that 'good works were an impediment to salvation.' So said he to Mrs. Goodman, 'do you go to the house of feasting, and get all the good you can, and I will go to the house of mourning, and do all I can.' And away he went to see, and if possible, to relieve the Universalist minister.

In the mean time the congregation assembled and the worship proceeded in the usual way. At length came the Anthem. It even went beyond expectation. A long 'rest' immediately preceded the solo. It was no rest for poor 'little Mary.' It was the most anxious minute she had ever passed. She arose, blushing. Her agitation gave a tremor to her voice, which, added to the pathos of the music, it was beautiful.

Now, Deacon Goodman always made it a rule, when any accident had detained him until after worship had commenced, to come in very softly. How different from the fashionable flourish! All were intent on the solo. None heard, and but few saw Deacon Goodman enter his pew, and take up the sheet on which the words of the anthem were printed.

Unlike that of many singers, the articulation of 'little Mary' was perfect. The Deacon soon found the place; and to the astonishment of the congregation, indignation of the choir, and the perfect horror of 'little Mary,' he 'struck in,' and accompanied her through the whole solo. Accompanied! 'Oft in the stilly night,' accompanied by Capt. Bragg's battery, would give some notion of it. Poor little Mary was sick a fortnight. 'Why don't you cut that old fellow's tongue off?' said one of the Boston singers. 'What good would it do?' said the choir leader; 'he would howl though his nose.' They were all very cross. As for the deacon he looked around as innocent as a lamb, and thought he had sung as well as any of them.

Immediately after meeting, the choir leader called on the minister. 'Sir,' said he, 'this must stop. If Deacon Goodman sings again, I do not.'

'Oh I know it,' said the minister; 'I have long felt the difficulty, but what can we do? Deacon Goodman is a most excellent man, and his only fault is that he is rather set in his way and will sing in meeting.'

'But Deacon Goodman is a reasonable man,' said the choir leader.

'On most occasions,' replied the minister. 'Do go and see him, sir, for my mind is made up; if he sings in meeting, I do not.'

'Deacon Goodman,' said the minister, 'I have come on a delicate errand; I have come to present the respectful request of the choir that you would not sing in meeting.'

The Deacon was thunderstruck, but he soon recovered. 'Singing is praying,' said he; 'they may just as well ask me not to pray. I shall sing in meeting.' And on the next Sunday, sure enough he did louder, and if possible more inharmonious than ever. The men singers looked daggers at him; the girls hid their smiles behind their music books. Little Mary was not there.

'This shall stop,' said the choir leader; 'I will go and see him myself.'

'Deacon Goodman, we all most highly respect you, as you must well know; but you have not the musical ear nor the musical voice, and it is the earnest wish of the choir, and many of the congregation, that you do not again sing in meeting.'

The Deacon was again thunderstruck, but he soon recovered. Singing is praying, said he, 'and they might as well tell me not to pray. I shall sing in meeting.'

The good Deacon was dreadfully set in his way, and so it went on again week after week, in the same old way.

But an incident occurred, which contributed much to bring this singular case to a crisis. About two miles from the Deacon's comfortable dwelling there was a wretched hovel, which imperfectly sheltered the wretched wife and children of a still more wretched drunkard.

On one of the most inclement evenings of a New England January, the Deacon and his family were cheerfully and thankfully enjoying a glorious hickory fire; Mrs. Goodman was sewing for the family, and her daughters for the Missionary Society. His son was reading the Massachusetts Ploughman, and the good man himself was just finishing off a sermon by a distinguished divine of his own denomination, when bang went the front door, and in came his good neighbor and own beloved and respected minister. 'Why! I never!' said Deacon Goodman, 'what has brought you along in such a night as this?' Now this minister had his peculiarities as well as the Deacon. Among others, he was very close-mouthed about his own good deeds. He merely answered, 'I have been about my duty I hope.' The fact was he had been to visit, and to talk and pray with a poor dying negro. 'Seems to me you are rather crusty,' said the Deacon. 'But I suppose you are half frozen, and so sit down and thaw yourself out.' 'I thank you,' said the minister; 'but I merely called to tell you that I have just left a scene of misery, and I want you to go there as early as you can in the morning.' On my

way here and home I passed that wretched hovel which we all know so well. I felt it my duty to stop and learn the terrible uproar within. I found the wretched beating his wife, and her screams, and his horrid oaths made my blood run cold. I knocked the rascal down, (served him right,' said the Deacon,) and think he will be quiet until morning; but do go as early as you can.' 'Od rabbit the varmint,' said Deacon Goodman, 'and od rabbit eternal blasted rum shop.' That was the nearest to swearing that the Deacon was ever known to come.

'Put old Mag in the wagon,' said he to his son. 'Deacon, don't go to night,' said Mrs. Goodman. 'Do wait till morning,' said his daughters. 'Let me go,' said his son. 'Mind your own business,' said the Deacon to all of them, 'I shall go to-night.' When it came to that they knew there was no more to be said. He was dreadfully 'set in his way.' He took a bag and a basket, and went into the cellar. He filled the bag with potatoes. He took a piece of pork from one barrel and a piece of beef from another, and put them in the basket. He went to the closet and took a brown loaf and a white one. He went to the wood-pile and took an armful of wood, and told his son to take another.

All was put in the wagon; he not forgetting six candles and a paper of matches. Deacon Goodman needed no secondary motive to Christian duty; yet historical truth demands the concession, that the wife of the poor drunkard was his first love. She jilted him, or as we Yankees say, 'gave him the mitten,' in favor of the abject wretch who has now become her tyrant. And this was the way he 'fed fat the ancient grudge' he owed her! The truth is, Deacon Goodman knew nothing about grudges ancient or modern. The old Adam would occasionally flare up, but he always got him under before sundown.

All was ready, and in five minutes the Deacon was 'exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm.' But what did he care for the storm? 'I am going to God's errand,' said he to himself; 'I am going to visit the worse than widow and fatherless.'—The next thing he said was, 'Oh, get out.' That he meant for the promptings of his own proud heart.

Misery, misery, indeed did he find in that most miserable dwelling. The poor wretch himself was dead drunk on the floor. The poor pale woman was sobbing her very heart out; the children were clamorous, and but few were the words of their clamor. 'I am cold, I am hungry,' and that was all. The Deacon bro't in the wood; made up a fire; lighted a candle; and emptied the bag and basket. The poor pale woman wept and sobbed her thanks. 'Oh, you varmint,' said the Deacon, as he looked at the husband and father; and broke off a piece of bread for each of the children. The general commotion aroused the poor wretch from his drunken stupor. He looked up and recognized the Deacon.

'Hallo, old music,' said he, are you here? give us a stave, old nightingale.—Sing as you do in meeting. Sing and scare the rats away.' 'Why, what on earth does the critter mean?' said the Deacon. The poor, pale-grateful woman smiled through her tears. She could not help it. She had been a singer in her better days; she had also heard the Deacon sing.

I do not record these incidents merely because they are honorable to Deacon Goodman, but because they are particularly connected with my story. In this errand of mercy the Good Deacon caught a very serious cold; it affected his throat, and his nose, and even his lungs; and gave to his voice a tone not unlike to that of the lowest note of a cracked bass-viol alternating with the shriek of a clarinet powerfully but unskillfully blown. On Saturday evening he soaked his feet in hot water; drank copiously of hot balm tea; went to bed and said he felt comfortable. 'Now Deacon,' said Mrs. Goodman, 'you are dreadful hoarse; you won't sing to-morrow, will you?' 'Singing is praying—and—'—he dropped asleep. And sure enough he *did* sing to-morrow, and it surpassed all that had gone before. 'This is the last of it,' said the choir leader, 'I have done.'

In the afternoon the choir was vacant, some of the singers absent and others scattered about in the pews. The minister read three verses of a psalm; and then observed, 'the choir being absent, singing must necessarily be omitted.' But Deacon Goodman saw no such necessity. He arose and sung the three verses himself! He stopped six times to sneeze; and blew his nose between the verses by way of sympathy! The next day he was sick abed. A parish meeting was hastily called, and a resolution unanimously passed that, 'Whereas the solemnity and decorum of public worship depend much on the character of the music; resolved, that hereafter no person shall sing in meeting, in this parish without the approbation of the choir.' Rather a stringent measure; but what could they do? The minister called on Deacon Goodman, and handed him the resolution. He read it over three times. He then calmly folded up the paper, and handed it back to the minister. 'This is a free country yet, I hope. I shall sing in meeting.' He said those very words! He was dreadfully 'set in his way.'

'Then, Deacon, said the minister, 'I have a most painful duty to perform. I am instructed to tell you, that your connection with the society must cease.' The Deacon here started from his seat. Had the full moon split into four pieces and danced a quadrille in the heavens; Orion singing, and the Northern bear growling bass, he could not have been more astounded. He was silent. Emotion after emotion rolled over his heaving spirit.—'At length tears came to his relief,' as they say in the novels. He spoke, but almost inarticulately. 'I know that I am a poor unworthy creature, but I hope they will take me in somewhere.' The minister wept himself. How could he help it! The Deacon's cold was nearly cured; and about an hour after the interview, he was seen mounted on old Mag, heading due North. Four miles in that direction lived the worthy minister of another parish. The Deacon found him in his study, where also was his daughter copying music. She was a proficient in the art, and played the organ in her father's church. She had heard of the Deacon's musical troubles, and had also heard him sing. 'Sir,' said he to the minister, 'there has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw; and I have come to ask the privilege of uniting with yours.' (At this moment the young lady vanished from the room.)

'I much regret the difficulty in your parish,' said the minister, 'and hope it will be amicably settled. But if you finally conclude to withdraw, we shall be most happy to receive you; and when it shall please the Lord to take good old Deacon Grimes to himself, and a very few days must now give him his dismissal, we shall expect you to sit in his seat. After half an hour's pleasant conversation, the Deacon arose to take his departure. At that moment a boy came in and handed a billet to the minister.—He glanced at the billet, and Deacon sit down one moment,' said he. He read the billet, and after some hesitation, said, 'I have received a singular communication from our choir leader; he has somehow or other heard of your intention to join our society; and has heard of it with very great pleasure; but he adds that it is the earnest and unanimous wish of the choir that you will not sing in meeting.' The Deacon was again electrified, but had got used to the shock. 'Singing is praying; and I join no church where I cannot sing in meeting,—good day, sir.' He was very 'set in his way.'

Five miles West of his own dwelling lived the good pastor of another flock. The Deacon found him shelling corn in his crib. This minister, although eminently pious, thought it no harm to be a little waggish in a good cause, and for a worthy object. He also had heard of the Deacon's musical troubles, and shrewdly suspected the object of his visit.—'Deacon Goodman, I am glad to see you,' said he. 'This is not exactly ministerial labor, is it?' 'If you of a different opinion,' said the Deacon, 'any honest and useful labor is ministerial labor; I hate all dandies; the Lord forgive me, I don't like them; and I like a dandy minister the least of any.' 'You and I are agreed there,' said the minister; 'come walk into the house and see my wife; she says she is in love with you for your honesty and your oddities.' 'I never,' said the Deacon, 'but I thank you, I am in something of a hurry; and have a little business which we can just as well settle here.'

'There has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw, and I have come to ask the privilege of joining yours.' At this the reverend gentleman looked as if he was very much surprised. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'well, Deacon, though an ill wind for them, it is a good one for us; for it has blown you hither. We shall be most happy to receive you, especially as our choir leader has followed the multitude and gone West. We have been looking about for a competent man to take his place. Our singers are all young and indifferent, and each one is loth to take the lead. We hear that you sing the most difficult music and—'

'Why, merry upon you,' said the Deacon, 'I don't know one note from another. I know that singing is praying, and I sing in meeting as I pray in meeting.'

'Excuse me, my friend,' replied the minister, 'it is your modesty that now speaks; you do understand music, you must understand music, or you could never sing Mozart with proper expression; and did not you sing that most beautiful solo, which is worthy of an angel's ear and voice?' Now this was all Greek to the Deacon, and like a sensible man as he was, he always said nothing when he had nothing to say. 'You say truly,' continued the minister, 'that singing is praying.' But to those who know nothing of music, it is praying in an unknown tongue, and I am sure that you are not Papist enough to approve of that; music is a language, and like other languages must be learned before it can be spoken. When the deaf and dumb attempt to speak our common language they make strange noises, and still worse noises do we make when without the musical ear or the musical voice, we attempt to sing.'

'Thus sensibly did that good minister speak. The Deacon was a good deal 'stack' up, though set in his way, he was not a fool, and only needed to be touched in the right place. 'I never appeared to me in that light before,' said the Deacon thoughtfully. 'And yet, my friend, it is the true light,' said the minister. 'And now do let me give you a word of advice. Go home, and take your own seat on Sunday, and never again attempt to sing in meeting. For if your heart is right, your ear is untuned, and your voice, though kind, is anything but musical.' The Deacon said nothing but thought the more. He mounted old Mag. The angel of reflection came down and sat upon her name, and looked him full in the face.—Reader, does that seem incongruous? Is the old man's name an improper seat for an angel? I am afraid you are proud. Who once rode on an ass?

The Deacon passed a point in the road where on one side was a sturdy oak that had been blown over by a recent