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AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

III.

Notes on Kansas.

LEAVENWORTH, May 20, 1859.

The Convention at Osawatimie was of course very slow in assembling, and I think not more than half the organized Counties were represented at all. Hardly any were present from the southern counties, for whose benefit that place of meeting had been selected. Those who did come got there by swimming many dangerous creeks; but from most localities attendance was a physical impossibility. Ferry-boats are scarce in Kansas, and the water runs off these rolling prairies so rapidly that a stream which a three-year old might ford at night will be running water enough to float a steamboat before morning. Of course there can be no ferries maintained on such, and until bridges can be erected, those whose way lies across them have no further alternative when they are in flood than either to swim or wait. But to swim an angry, turbid, rushing torrent, perhaps a dozen rods across, and running dritdown in a perfectly reckless manner, is a job requiring nerve and skill; so the greater number have simply to stay at home or camp on the bank and wait until the flood runs out, which it will in twelve to thirty-six hours, according to the size of the stream, unless the rain or thaw continues. But it had rained nearly half the week prior and up to the 19th, so that few even of those who supposed the Convention would be held could reach it. Yet there gathered on the afternoon of that day nearly a thousand of the pioneers, mainly of the immediate neighborhood, to whom; in an interlude of the Convention's discussions concerning their organization and platform, I had the satisfaction of setting forth the Republican faith as I understand it, and by whom it was heartily received. It was a labor of love so to speak, but rather a tax to write the speech out, even imperfectly, as I was obliged to do during the next two days in the intervals of riding and speaking, in order that all those people of Kansas who care to do so may consider my notions of "Free-State Democracy" and "Squatter Sovereignty."

The twin curses of Kansas, now that the Border Ruffians have stopped ravaging her, are Land Speculation (whereof the manufacture of paper cities and bogus corner-lots, though more amusingly absurd, is not half so mischievous as the grasping of whole townships by means of fraudulent pre-emptions and other devices familiar to the crafty and One-Horse Politicians. Many of these latter were driven into the Free-State movements by their own terror or indignation, and by the overwhelming force of public sentiment; but, being essentially demagogues, they gravitate irresistibly toward the Sham Democracy, in whose embraces the whole tribe will bring up, sooner or later, their prototype is Mr. H. Miles Moore of this city, who, after having been one of the noisiest and most conspicuous Free-State men in 1855-6, after having been driven down the river by the Border Ruffians, who gave him his choice between leaving Kansas and instant death, and after having been once strung up by the neck by them and choked till nearly dead, is now hard at work trying to put Kansas once more into their hands, and figuring in Conventions and on Committees with those who didn't quite hang him, as fellow Democrats! His case reminds me strongly by contrast of that of the man who observed that, for the first month after marriage, he loved his wife so that he wanted to eat her, while ever since he had wished he had.

The controlling idea of the One-Horse politicians is that the Republicans must not let their adversaries have a chance to raise the cry of "Nigger" against them—that hence they must be as harsh, and cruel, and tyrannical, toward the unfortunate blacks as possible, in order to prove themselves "the White Man's party," or else the mean, low, ignorant, drunken, brutish whites will go against them from horror of "Negro Equality." To which I reply that this sort of cattle are against the Republicans any how, and never can be permanently otherwise.—They may be driven by circumstances to vote once or twice with us, but the virus of Sham Democracy is in their blood, and must come out. The Democracy, from long practice and an experience that it pays, can dive deeper, stay under longer,

and come up nastier, in this business of negro-hating, than any other party that ever was or ever can be invented. There is nothing that more strikingly exposes the radical baseness of slaveholding than the fact that its votaries so hate those whom they have long injured that, beset in their desperate struggle to force negroes into Kansas as slaves, they now turn a short corner and insist that, if they shall be shut out, and even driven out, altogether.

I apprehend that it will be necessary for the Republicans of Kansas, in view of the inveterate Western prejudices of a large portion of her population, to concede, for the present, that the Right of Suffrage shall be exercised only by white males, or men of European lineage, excluding, on account of their imperfect moral and intellectual developments, Indians, Negroes, and their descendants. Further than this, I would not go, no matter how great the inducement. Leave the Democrats alone in their glory, when they come to propose and support, as they are certain to do, propositions that negroes shall be expelled and excluded from Kansas—shall be excluded from testifying against a white man—shall be debarred from attending schools frequented by white children, &c., &c. Let any city or district that sees fit make adequate provision for the education of colored children by themselves; but in default of this, let the schools be open to all who need their ministrations. Such, I hope, will be the determination of Republicans generally; and, if Kansas has to be lost in consequence then let her go!

I left Osawatimie on the morning of the 19th, in the Lawrence stage, crossing the Marais des Cygnes, at Bundy's Ferry (where we crossed the day before), and finding the water considerably lower, though still over its regular northern bank, and the access on either side detestable. Passing Stanton, we kept still west of north into the Ottawa Reserve, so as to leave a mail at Ottawa Jones when we struck due north to Prairie City, leaving Peoria City and Ohio City some miles distant on our left either upon or near the Marais des Cygnes. (It takes three log houses to make a city in Kansas, but they begin calling it a city so soon as they have staked out the lots.) I stopped at Prairie City and talked to a Republican gathering of four hundred people, though where on earth so many could have been seared up, within a reasonable ride of this point, one who merely rides over the country could not imagine. True, we had here "Prairie City," "Baldwin City" and Palmyra" in a string, all within three miles; but they could not all have mustered half this audience; and I was forced to conclude that the country is really better peopled than it seems to a mere traveler—that, while the favored roads traverse the high "divides," or middle of the prairies, in order to avoid, so far as possible, the miry bottoms and water-courses, the settlers are nestled in the edge of the timber, and fuel are far more accessible.

The country, I traversed between Stanton and Prairie City was a little more rolling, and considerably better timbered than that between Shawnee and Stanton, already described. The Oaks often covered considerable tracts of upland, while young timber was visibly spreading on all hands, under cover of the universal hazel bushes of those Kansas uplands, which are not burned over every year. Our next post office above Jones was Hickory Grove, which reminds me that I saw more good Hickory this day than in any former day of my life. The grass was, also, very good. These, with the Black Walnut, are the settlers' main reliance for timber, rails included. The Elm, Cottonwood, Sycamore, &c., warp so badly when sawed into boards and seasoned, that very little use can be made of them, though I think I saw a few Cottonwood rails. The grass was abundant and superb; the soil generally deep and excellent.

We had another smart thunder-shower on Friday morning (20th), after which I came from Prairie City to Lawrence, 15 miles north. My companion was a young pioneer from Southern Missouri, reared among slaves and slaveholders, but Free-State from the time he could fairly see, who assured me that he knew a large portion of the people of Missouri to condemn and hate slavery, even while they shout and vote in its favor. He came out here in 1855 to be rid of the curse, and had had a pretty fair experience of the struggle, having been with Lane at Bull Creek, when 800 Missourians did not venture to attack 350 Free State men, but, after being separated by night, beat a retreat across the line, leaving some of their arms and camp equipage behind them. He was also at the somewhat noted "Battle of Black Jack," which he described to me substantially as follows:

On the 1st of June, 1856, Henry Clay Pate, at the head of a Pro-Slavery band, emerging suddenly from the Indian Reserve, which then covered most of the region between this point and the Missouri border, surprised the little settlement of Palmyra, which they sacked without resistance. Next morning they proposed to extend their operations to Prairie City, which would have probably shared the same fate, had not Old Brown, lately driven away from Osawatimie by an overwhelming force, been camped with ten of his tried men in the woods on Black Jack, a little creek four miles eastward.—

Strengthened by these, Prairie City resolved on resistance, and mustered its sixteen Sharp's rifles, in addition to those of Old Brown's party, and when the Ruffians sent in six of their men to sack the place, presuming there would be no resistance, they took four of them prisoners, and chased the other two back to their band, with bullets whistling by their ears. They found the Ruffians encamped on the open prairie, but drawn out in line for battle, where they stood perfectly still as the Free State men neared them, firing as they neared—to get the range of their rifles. As they approached, a small ravine only lay betwixt them, but the two lines could be and were distinctly counted on either side—fifty-four men in rank composing the Pro-Slavery and twenty-six the Free-State party. Soon, two or three of the Ruffians went down badly wounded, and one after another of their comrades were seen falling off, making tracks for Missouri at a 2:40 gait, until barely twenty-two of them remained, when Pate raised a white flag and surrendered at discretion, to just fourteen men standing in the Free State array at that moment.—Seven horses, two wagons well laden with the plunder of Palmyra, two drums and about forty stand of arms were among the "spoils of victory;" and though Col. Sumner with his U. S. troops came down on hearing of the affray, liberated the prisoners, and restored what they claimed as their property, the booty taken from Palmyra was left and restored to its rightful owners. Not one Free-State man was killed or badly wounded. The wounded Missourians were kindly nursed at Prairie City till they were well enough to travel, when they were recommended to resume that wholesome exercise—a suggestion which they gladly profited by.—Two of those who got away died of their wounds. And, though there were many alarms, and a year of marching, camping, scouting, riding, after that, to the destruction of all industry and progress, Prairie City has seen no organized company of Border Ruffians at her doors since that 2d day of June, 1856.

The road from that City to Lawrence (15 miles) passes over a rolling country, mainly prairie, crosses the great Santa Fe trail, now horribly cut up by many heavy wagons passing in bad weather, then takes over a high divide and along a limestone ridge which runs out into the valley of the Wakarusa, and affords a magnificent view of the country for an area of twenty miles in each direction, with the prairie in good part cultivated, gleaming in sunlight on every bend, and the Wakarusa with its belt of timber making its way through them to join the Kaw, with its still larger belt, on the north. Spacious mounds or spurs of limestone covered with soil and grass rise to a height of two or three hundred feet on every side, on one of which, visible for many miles on every side, a flag, when raised, used to give warning of invasion and danger in the troublous days now happily passed away. At the base of one of these spurs by the side of the Kaw, sits Lawrence, clearly discernible from a distance of ten miles. Descending from the ridge, and passing over a lower prairie two or three miles, we cross the Wakarusa (a moderate creek, hardly twenty yards wide, but very deep and with high steep banks) on a good toll-bridge, traverse its prairie-marsh, and pass over two miles of superb prairie into the renowned citadel of Free-State principles, the first-born of Northern resolution that Kansas should not be tamely yielded to the slaveholders, and which does not deny its parentage.

Lawrence can only grow with the more thorough development of the surrounding country. Across the Kaw on the north, a large Indian reservation (the Delaware) impedes its progress, while town sites, and very good ones, are so abundant in Kansas, that no location but one where navigable water is abandoned for land transportation can be of very much account. I should say Lawrence has now five hundred dwellings and perhaps 5,000 inhabitants, and these figures are more likely to be over than under the mark. She has a magnificent hotel (the Eldridge House)—the best, I hear, between the Missouri and the Sacramento—far better, I fear than its patronage will justify—though it has nearly all that Lawrence can give. She is to have a great University, for which a part of the funds are already provided, but I trust it will be located some distance away, so as to give scope for a Model Farm, and for a perfect development of the Education of the Brain and the Hands together. In our old States, the cost of land is always assigned as a reason for not blinding Labor with Study; authoritatively and systematically; here there can be no such excuse. I trust the establishment of the Lawrence University will not be unduly hurried, but that it will be, whenever it does open its doors to students, an institution worthy of its name.

I passed into the town over "Mount Oread," a considerable eminence on the south-west, on whose summit the Free-State fortress of other days was constructed. It is now dilapidated, but is a place of considerable natural strength as a defensive position, and in the hands of the grandsons of the men who defended Bunker Hill, would have cost something to whoever might have taken it. As it was the Ruffians, though often in the neighborhood in overwhelming force, and anxious

enough for its destruction, never got possession of it but once, and then by marching with Federal officers at their head and Federal writs in their pockets.

For one, I regret that even these were suffered to shield them, and thus allowing printing presses to be destroyed and houses battered and burned with impunity.

I did not speak long in Lawrence for I trust words are not there needed. Her people have had practical illustrations of the great issue which divides the country, and are not likely soon to forget them.—Of course, her pioneer will die or become dispersed; new men will come in or rise up to fill their places, and "another king arose who knew "not Joseph," will find its parallel in her future. Thus, among her new comers is the gentleman who led over one thousand armed Missourians from Jackson County in March, 1855, and returned by their votes and revolvers Pro-Slavery men to represent her in the bogus Legislature of that year. He is, of course, an "Old-Line Whig" of the Buchanan stripe, and will make a first-rate "Free-State Democrat" in due season.—By-and-by, when the grogshops already too numerous in Lawrence shall have manufactured or attracted thither a sufficient number of Groundtier Democrats, and mortified pride or disappointed ambition shall have wrought its perfect work with quite a number of sometime Free-State men, he may be chosen Mayor of the city of his young love, and *The Constitution* (or whatever may then be the name of the Pro-Slavery organ at Washington) may announce with guns and trumpets that "National Democracy has triumphed at last in the great stronghold of Kansas "Abolition." But that will not probably happen just yet.

—While I was in Lawrence, the little steamboat "Gus Linn," Capt. Beasley, came down the Kaw from Fort Riley, some thirty miles above the fork of the Big Blue, and (I believe) 235 from the mouth of the river, and over 100 in a bee line. She reached the Fort in a little over two days from Kansas City, discharged her cargo, and loaded on her way down with Corn, whereof Kansas has a large surplus of last year's growth, after supplying this year's heavy emigration to Pike's Peak. As the Territory has little or nothing else to sell, and almost everything to buy, she would like to export her Corn if she had any way by which to get it to the Missouri without costing all it will fetch, so that this pioneer passage of a steamboat above Topeka and Manhattan was hailed with general exultation. Her burden is 300 tons, and she draws when full but thirty inches (when light, scarcely 10), and, in the present stage of water, I presume she might easily go up to the Falls, 20 miles further. Of course she can only do this to any purpose when the water is very high; but in the absence of passable roads, the fact that this river can be navigated at all throughout the most thickly peopled portion of Kansas, is of some consequence.

—I left Lawrence by stage on Saturday morning, crossing the Kaw by a good ferry directly at the city, and rising to a wide and well-timbered bottom on the north. It is probably well for Lawrence ultimately that this timber is in Indian hands, and therefore sure to be preserved for some years, though for the present the Reserve is a nuisance to her. Beyond the Kaw Bottom, stretches beautiful and gently undulating prairie, chequered by belts of timber on the creeks which traverse it, across the Reserve and beyond, until we begin to descend the Missouri bluffs to Leavenworth.

Coming to "Turkey Creek," the passengers were turned out (as once or twice before) to lighten the coach, which was then driven cautiously through the steep-banked ford, while the passengers severally let themselves down a perpendicular bank by clinging to a tree, and crossed a deep and whirling place above the ford, on the vest log I ever attempted to walk—twisty, sharp-backed and every way detestable. One of the passengers refused to risk his life on it, but hired one of the lazy Indians loafing on the further bank to bring over a pony, and let him ride across the ford. At "Big Stranger," we changed coaches with the passengers from Leavenworth—who had been waiting our arrival here two hours, and must have been glad to see us—our baggage being first taken across the deep, ugly stream in a skiff, and the passengers next, either coach returning the way it came. We left Lawrence at nearly 10, and arrived here (35 miles) about 6 p. m.

Leavenworth is, of course, much the largest place in Kansas, containing (I judge) 1,000 houses and 10,000 inhabitants.—The Fort, three miles up the Missouri, is not included in this estimate; though that is a city of itself, with extensive barracks, spacious store-houses, several companies of soldiers, many fine houses for officers, sutlers, &c., and a farm of 1,200 acres, which Uncle Sam cultivates. I presume, to much the same profit with other gentlemen who have fancy farms and do not oversee them very closely. It is a nice place, that Fort, with many excellent people about it; but I can't help asking what it costs, and who pays, and whether that little bill might not be somewhat docketed without prejudice to the public interest. I believe it could. Whenever our people shall have grown wise enough to maintain no standing army whatever but the barest skeleton of one to be clothed with flesh whenever needed by calling out the volunteers, the Annual Expendi-

tures may be reduced at least one fourth and we may build a Railroad to the Pacific with the savings of three or four years.

But Russell & Waddell's Transportation establishment, between the fort and City, is the great feature of Leavenworth. Such acres of wondrous such pyramids of extra axletrees! such herds of oxen! such regiments of drivers and other employes! No one who does not see can realize how vast a business this is, nor how immense are its outlays as well as its income. I presume this great firm has at this hour Two Millions of Dollars invested in stock, maily oxen, wules and wagons. (They last year employed 6,000 teamsters, and worked 45,000 oxen.) Of course, they are capital fellows—so are those at the Fort—but I protest against the doctrine that either Army Officers or Army Contractors, or both together, may have power to fasten Slavery on a newly organized Territory (as has just been done in New Mexico) under the guise of letting the People of such Territories govern themselves. Yet this is just what "Squatter Sovereignty," unmodified by a fiery Anti-Slavery agitation in the Free-States, will in practice amount to.

Whether the three great cities of America are to be New-York, St. Louis and Leavenworth, as one set of friends seem to think, or New-York, St. Louis and Atchison, as another set assure me, I do not pretend to decide. If Atchison had the start that Leavenworth now has, I think she would probably keep it. But not having it, you see alters the case materially. The Fort is here as a fixed fact; the United States goods are landed at the Fort; so the trains are made up there; and so Leavenworth is Leavenworth, and Atchison (for the present) only Atchison.

I saw a great Mule Train started from the fort to-day, and another will start soon, filled with 160 soldiers, wives and babies, on their way to join their husbands in Utah, from whom they have been separated nearly two years. I argue from this fact that Uncle Sam expects to have use for his army in Utah for some time yet.

There has been no rain for three days; the sun is bright and hot; the prairie wind from the west is a gale; the streams are down—all but "Big Muddy," which does not give an inch, but rushes by Leavenworth almost bank-full and turbid as ever. The roads which so lately were mud, are now blowing dust in clouds; and there is a fair prospect of settled Summer weather. I turn my face westward tomorrow.

HORACE GREELY.

A correspondent of *The Boston Journal*, who traveled to Pike's Peak with Mr. Greeley, writes from Station 15:

An admirable traveling companion is Mr. Greeley, with an inexhaustible fund of humorous experience and mirthful anecdote, a philosophy that neither frets nor grumbles at annoyances, and an always benignant countenance radiant with a clear conscience, a sound digestion, and abundance of the milk of human kindness. Occasionally when crossing rivulets on foot he sinks in mire to the knees, but maintains his serenity undisturbed. In amusing the marvelous little "Ida" he shames her mother altogether in the use of "baby talk," and other seductive arts to captivate infant affections. To-day we met a party of returning Ohio emigrants who had hired their wagon in a slough, from which their weary cattle were unable to extricate it. He gave a few common sense directions about using the spade, and then took hold of the lever and pried at the wheel with a vast deal of vim. Meanwhile, one of the emigrants, having learned something of his profession, asked:

"What New York paper are you connected with, Sir?"

"THE TRIBUNE."

"Oh, yes; you're with Greeley are you?"

"Yes, Sir," was the dry reply, the editor meanwhile tugging away like an Irish laborer. Just as the wheel was extricated, some one came along who recognized the old white coat, and made its owner known to the crowd. I think I never saw men more amazed.

Almost every train we met contains some one who recognizes him as if he were the seventh wonder of the world. But yesterday, on the outskirts of a crowd, a rather stolid-looking man asked of me: "Stranger, is that John Greeley, those fellows are talking so much about?"

"No, Sir, that's Horace."

"Horace—Horace Greeley—who is he?"

"Editor of THE TRIBUNE."

"Which?"

"Editor of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE."

"What's that?"

"A newspaper published in New York!"

"No! I never heard of it before."

"My friend," asked I, "where were you raised?"

"In Missouri."

The explanation was satisfactory.

A journeyman tailor has just returned to Bloomington, Ill., from England, with a quarter of a million of dollars, his share of a legacy of nearly three millions. He was so much excited that he could neither eat nor sleep, and it is feared his good luck will be the death of him.

A bowl containing two quarts of water, set in an oven when baking, will prevent pies, cakes, &c., being scorched.

Clearing a House of Rats.

A chemical friend of ours has recently detailed to us the following account of a novel, amusing, and at the same time effectual, plan adopted by him for freeing his house from these most unwelcome visitors—the rats. The house he occupied in Boston was one of a block, and when first tenanted was comparatively free from the intruders in question. After a time, however, for some unknown reason, they appeared at once in great numbers.—They occupied every room and closet, marauded in the cellar, galloped in the garret, and danced jigs nightly over every sleeping apartment, or rolled nuts for their amusements, *a la ten pins*. Every expedient thought of was adopted for lessening their numbers, but without effect. Traps availed nothing,—the rats were old and wise,—poison had no temptations, cuts were defied. At last our friend bet thought himself of summoning the powers of chemistry to his aid, which he did as follows:—Raising a small board in the garret floor, he opened a communication between the floor and ceiling beneath, which interior communication with the spaces between the side walls and the laths and plaster over the whole house.—Into this opening he placed a dish containing finely pulverized black oxide of manganese, and poured over it a suitable quantity of strong hydrochloric (muriatic) acid. The effect of the chemical mixture of black oxide of manganese and hydrochloric acid is to disengage slowly in the cold that most powerful, deodorizing, fumigating gas, chlorine. In common with all gases, it gradually diffuses itself through the air, but having a greater weight than atmospheric air it accumulates at the lowest levels. The tendency of the gas liberated, therefore, was to penetrate every vacant space between the walls and ceiling, and at last found exit in the cellar.

It may be here stated that the quantity of gas so liberated can exert no injurious effect upon the house or its inmates—indeed the result is rather beneficial than otherwise upon the general health. In the case in question, the odor was not noticed to any extent in the body of the house, but after a while was very perceptible in the cellars. In a concentrated condition, chlorine is well-known, is most offensive, irrespirable and destructive of animal life. It, at the same time, neutralizes and destroys all other odors and infectious matters.

To return, however, to the rats. The chemical arrangement described had not been long in operation, when it became evident that something unusual was occurring in random. Meetings were apparently being held in hot haste, and messengers were despatched to and fro. "All right long, it would seem," says the narrator, "as if Budlam had broken loose between the partitions of my house. The inhabitants were not only decamping, but were carrying their plunder and household goods along with them." Towards morning, however, all had become quiet—the rats had vanished, big and little, and for a period of nearly three months not one was heard or seen on the premises. Now they are gradually returning, but as soon as they become troublesome, another invitation to leave will be extended.—*Farm Journal*.

A Good Story.

An anecdote, worth laughing over, is told of a man who had an infirmity, as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal, and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly, and honestly, haven't I?"

"O, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant.

And the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend," cried the merchant, "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter codfish."

Heart Hunger.

The heart hath hunger as the body hath. Where one person dies of physical want, a dozen perish from starvation of the affections. Men cannot live by bread alone, but the soul must likewise be fed. A pig can subsist on corn, and a horse on hay and oats; but men and women have spiritual natures that require spiritual food. He who attempts to live without sympathy makes a beast of himself. We have seen a poor, puny child, to which neither nutriment nor medicine could give warmth and strength, suddenly rouse and become healthy and ruddy when some large-hearted, elderly, unmarried aunt, with no husband or child of her own, to bestow the rich store of her affections upon, came to feed the little thing with her heart's blood and teaspoon. This hunger for love is a divine appetite, and it is folly to attempt to starve it out.