

ST. MARY'S A. STEVENS.
Avenue of the Sun in England,
Where the flowers so early spring...

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

ETHAN ALLEN'S CAPTIVITY.

A TRUE AMERICAN STORY OF TERRIBLE INTEREST.

Among the episodes of the Revolutionary War, none is stranger than that of Ethan Allen in England...

For the most part, Allen's manner while in England was scornful and ferocious in the last degree...

At this blast, the wasp-waisted officer was blown backwards as from the sudden burst head of a steam boiler.

Staggering away, with a snapped spine, he muttered something about its being beneath his dignity to bandy further words with a low-lived rebel.

Israel Potter, an exiled Englishman, while strolling around Pendennis Castle, where Allen was confined, chanced to hear him in one of his outbursts of indignation and madness...

The good natured stranger, not to have his religious courtesy appealed to in vain, immediately dispatched his servant, who stood by, to procure the beverage.

At this juncture, a faint rustling sound, as of the advance of an army with banners was heard. Silks, scarfs and ribbons fluttered in the background.

"Ah," sighed a soft voice, "what a strange sash, and furred vest, and what leopardlike teeth, and what flaxen hair, but all-midewed; is that he?"

"Yes, it is, lovely charmer," said Allen, like an Ottoman, bowing over his broad bovine forehead, and breathing the words out like a lute.

"Why, he talks like a beau in the parlor—this wild, mossed American from the wood," sighed another fair lady to her mate.

"No, no—I am—" "Afraid would you say? Afraid of the vowed friend and champion of all ladies all around the world? Nay, nay, come hither!"

The lady advanced, and soon, overcoming her timidity, her white hand, whose like whirled foam amid the matted waves of flaxen hair.

"Ah, this is like clipping, tangled tangle of gold lace," cried she; "but see, it is half straw!"

Like some baited bull in the ring, crouched the Patagonian looking captive, handcuffed as before, the grass of the green trampled and gored up all about him, both by his own movements and those of the people around.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO.

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NO. 42.

Wearing a lawn skin jacket—the fur outside and hanging in ragged tufts—a half-rotten bark-like bell of wampum, aged breeches of sagathy, bedared worsted stockings reaching to the knee, old moccasins riddled with holes...

"I see, lady; I may do it, by your leave, but not by your word, the wretched way of all ladies. There, it is done. Sweeter than kiss, than the bitter heart of the cherry..."

"I am, he, I say, who answered your Lord Howe, 'You, you offer our land? You are like the devil in Scripture, offering all the kingdoms in the world, when the d—d soul had not a corner lot on earth! Stare on!'"

"Look you, rebel, you had best heed how you talk against General Lord Howe, officer of the Castle, coming near and flourishing his sword about like a school master's ferule..."

"Come, come, Colonel Allen, here said a mild looking man in a sort of a clerical undress; 'respect the day better than to talk thus of what lies beyond. Were you to die this hour, or what is more probable, be hung next week at Tower-wharf, you know not what might become, in eternity of yourself!'"

"The rebel gulps it down like a swilling hog at a trough," here scoffed a lusty private of the guard, off duty.

"Nay, sir; his red coat is a standing blush to him, as it is in the whole scarlet-blooming British army. Then turning derisively upon the private: 'You object to my way of taking things, do you? I fear I shall never be able to please you. You objected to the way, too, in which I took Ticonderoga, and the way in which I meant to take Montreal. So, lah! But, pray, now that I look to you, are you not the hero I caught dodging round, in his shirt, in the cattle-pen, inside the fort? It was the break of day, you remember.'"

"Come, Yankee, here swore the incensed private: 'cease this, or I'll darn your old lawn-skirts for ye, with the fat of this sword; for a specimen, laying it lashwise, but not heavily, across the captive's back.'"

"A CHILD is born. Now take the germ and make a bud of moral beauty. Let the dews of knowledge and the light of virtue dew it in the richest virtue and the purest hues; and above all, see that you keep its face and frock clean."

"Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to."

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Each leaflet is a tiny scroll.
Inscribed with holy truth.
A lesson that should be read...

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The faintest rocks they sweep,
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Shares to their blessedness...

SCIENTIFIC.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE AURORA.

To say that attempts have long and often been made to explain the cause of the aurora, is not new; but it will be new to many readers to hear that progress has been made in reasoning about this interesting phenomenon...

Professor de la Rive, of Geneva, is one of the few who have made the aurora a special object of study. Nearly twenty years ago, he suggested that to one and the same cause was due the origin of hail, of electricity, of the variations of the magnetic needle, and of the aurora; and he now finds himself in a position to state, that the view then put forth has been confirmed by all subsequent observations...

Let us presume that an aurora borealis is always preceded by the formation of a sort of vaporous veil, on the horizon, which rises slowly to a height of from four to ten degrees. Presently that portion of the sky which is in the magnetic meridian of the place of observation, begins to darken with a brownish hue passing into violet, and embracing the segment of a circle. The edge of this segment is boarded by a luminous arc of brilliant white light, that sometimes quivers and dances, and appears in a strange kind of effervescence for hours together.

These appearances, which are familiar to many persons, are attended by certain remarkable phenomena; a crepitating noise, for example, not unlike the rapid flutter of a distant sail, which has been popularly described as the noise made by the petticoats of the merry dancers; and this sound is accompanied by a peculiar sulphurous odor.

We thus see a very intimate relation between the aurora and certain magnetic or electrical effects; and now we may proceed to M. de la Rive's theory. The atmosphere, he says, in its normal state is constantly charged with a considerable quantity of positive electricity, which increases in proportion to the height; while the earth, on the contrary, is charged with negative electricity.

It has been proved that the earth is an almost perfect electric conductor; and that it is constantly traversed by electric currents. According to M. de la Rive, these currents are produced by the positive electricity of the atmosphere, which enters the earth at either pole, because those points being always covered by condensed vapors, present the best conducting medium. This is the normal process for establishing an equilibrium between the two electricities; the intense electrical discharges which take place, particularly within the tropics, constitute the variable or accidental process.

At the pole that the great electrical discharge takes place. "This discharge," says M. de la Rive, "when it has a certain degree of intensity, will be luminous, especially if, as is nearly always the case near the poles, and sometimes in the higher regions of the atmosphere, is met on its way with those extremely tenuous frozen particles out of which the loftier clouds and mists are formed." Of the existence of these particles, and of inconceivable numbers, there is no sort of doubt.

What if the history of a distillery could be written out—so much rum for medicine, of real value; so much as a tonic, of real value; so much for the arts, of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery. Then, so much sold to the Indians, to excite them to scalp each other; so much sent to the Africans, to be changed into slaves to rot in Brazil; so much sent to the heathens in Asia, and to the islands of the ocean; so much used at home. Then, if the tale of every drop could be written out—so much pain; so much sadness in eyes; so much of the diminution of the productive power in man; so many houses burnt; so many ships foundered, and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many lives lost, so many widows made doubly widows, because their husbands still live; so many orphans, their father still living, long dying on earth; what a tale it would be! Imagine that all the persons who had suffered from torments engendered on that plague-spot, came together and sat on ridge-pole and roof, and filled up the half of that distillery, and occupied the streets and lanes all about it, and told their tale of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity and murder, written on their faces and foreheads. What a story it would be!—The fact is stranger than fiction.—Parker.

There are people who talk with their whole body. The Frenchman talks with his arms, shoulders, and head; a Yankee with his eyes and face.

A certain member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, was speaking one day on some important question, and became very animated, during which he grimaced terribly, which set a brother member his opponent of the question, to laughing. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded to know why the gentleman from — was laughing at him.

Oh, I make monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for nature has saved you the trouble!

A Good One.—An anecdote was told to us a few days since, of one of our State officers and a well known clergyman of this place, which is too good to be lost to posterity.

State Officer.—Well, elder, the Grand Jury have indicted us, that is true, but if they convict us, I can't see how in hell they can punish us.

Clergyman.—O, sir, leave off the hell, and I can't see, myself, how you are to be punished!

The State officer hasn't resigned.—Ex.

ORNAMENTAL FRIENDS.—Our Vermont and New Hampshire friends will take the sense of this: "Q was elected 'side Judge' in one of the county courts of Vermont. He was not very well versed in 'legal lore,' so he called on a friend of his, who had served as a side judge to make some inquiries concerning the duties of the office. To his interrogatories the reply was: 'Sir, I have filled this important and honorable office several years, but have never been consulted with regard to but one question.—On the last day of the spring term, 184—, the Judge after hearing to three or four windy pleas of an hour's length each, turned to me and whispered—'C, isn't this bench made of hard wood? and I told him I rather thought it was!'"

Mr. Dentist, do you see that decayed tooth in my jaw? "Yes, sir." "Well, now put on your tweezers. If it hurts very bad, I'll sing out 'hold on,' and you'll hold on, won't you?" "Yes, sir." "Hold on! Thunder and lightning! you've not only pulled the tooth but half of my jaw-bone. Why didn't you let go when I sang out?" "Because you told me to 'hold on.'"

A Contemporary describing a dance at a country village in his neighborhood, says: "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glittered on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies resting on the surface of warm apple dumplings." Did you ever!

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