

Roaf's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1862.

VOL. 8.—NO. 40.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS.

H. B. WOODS, Attorney at Law, Indiana, Pa. Professional business promptly attended to.

D. G. CROUCH, Physician, Curwensville, Clearfield county, Penna. May 14.

L. J. CRAMS, Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office adjoining his residence, on Second street. May 16.

W. M. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, with L. J. Crams, Esq., on Second Street. July 3, 1861.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, adjoining his residence on Second street. Sept. 1.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store. May 26.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER SWOOPÉ, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Merchant, and dealer in Boards and Shingles, Grain and Produce Front St., above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa. [12]

A. J. PATTERSON, Attorney at Law, Curwensville, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office opposite the New Methodist Church. Jan. 15, 1862.

WILLIAM E. IRWIN, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.

D. R. WM. CAMPBELL, offers his professional services to the citizens of Morris and adjoining townships. Residence with J. D. Denning in Klerstown, Clearfield county. May 11, 1859.

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in the building adjoining the residence of James B. Graham. Nov. 10.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 59.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

L. ARIMMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal and other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 6, 1856. J. H. LARIMER. ISRAEL TEST.

D. R. M. WOODS, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite the office of L. J. Crams, Esq. Office in the building adjoining the residence of Hon. G. R. Barrett, where he can be found unless absent on professional business.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, over the Clearfield Co. Bank. Deals and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

D. G. CROUCH, Physician, Curwensville, Clearfield county, Penna. May 14.

SALT! SALT! SALT!!!—A prime article of ground alum salt, put up in patent sacks, at \$5.25 per sack, at the cheap coal store of November 27.

TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND AT PRIVATE SALE—extending to the mouth of the Moccasin river. An eligible property, on reasonable terms. Inquire of H. BUCHER SWOOPÉ, Dec 19-14. Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa.

PROPOSALS.—Proposals for the building of a Privity at the new Court House in the borough of Clearfield, will be received at the commissioners' office, on the 21st of May next. Plans and specifications can be seen at the commissioners' office. By order of the board of Commissioners. WM. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.

BRIDGE STOCK FOR SALE.—The Commissioners of Clearfield county will offer at Public Sale, at the court house, on Tuesday the 27th day of May (next), at 2 o'clock, p. m., one hundred and thirty (130) shares of the bridge stock across the Susquehanna at Clearfield. By order of the board, WM. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.

DR. LITCH'S MEDICINES.—A fresh supply of these invaluable Family Medicines are for sale by M. A. Frank, Clearfield, consisting of Pain Curer; Restorative, a cure for colds and cough; and Anti-Bilious Physic. They have been thoroughly tested in this community, and are highly approved. Try them.

NOTICE.—Daniel Faust of Curwensville has charge of my business in my absence. He is authorized to receive and receipt for money due me, and is the only person authorized to do so. Persons having business with me will please call on him. JOHN PATTON. Curwensville, April 2, 1862.

MORRISDALE HOUSE.—The undersigned having taken the Morrisdale House, situated in the town of Morrisdale, Clearfield county, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No pains or expense will be spared to render guests comfortable. Charges moderate. April 2, '62. GEORGE RICHARDS.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber having located himself in the Borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to do work in the above line, from plain to ornamental of any description, in a workmanlike style. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner, and on reasonable terms. April 7, 1858. EDWIN COOPER.

PROVISION AND GROCERY STORE.—The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full stock of Flour, Hams, Shoulders, Sides, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Molasses, &c. Also, Liquors of all kinds, Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c. all of which he offers to purchasers on the most advantageous terms. Give him a call, and try his articles. [mar 21] ROBERT LLOYD.

VULCANITE BASE FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Attention is especially called to this article, as a substitute for gold in inserting teeth. Many persons who have tried all kinds of metallic bases prefer this, and in those cases where it is applicable, it will in a great measure become a substitute for gold, silver or platinum. Its chief advantages are, cheapness, lightness and perfect adaptation to the mouth; it having a soft fleshy feel to the parts of the mouth with which it comes in contact. A. M. Hills is prepared to put up teeth on the Vulcanite Base, with Goodyear's Patent Gum, which is the only reliable preparation, and can only be had through their regular agents. Dr. Hills will always be found in his office on Friday and Saturday, unless notified to the contrary, in the town papers, the previous week.

TOUGH NOT THAT FLAG.

"Traitor touch not that flag! Touch not a single star! Its shell rings glory now! Still blazes near and far: 'Twas our forefathers' hand That placed it o'er his head, And thou shalt let it stand, Or perish with the dead."

That dear old precious flag, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea, And wouldst thou tear it down? Traitor! forbear thy touch! Rend not its heart bound ties; Oh, spare that glorious flag, Still streaming through the skies.

When I was yet a boy I gloried in the sight, And raised my voice in joy To greet its fold of light—For it my hours is dear; Dear is my native land; Oh, spare that glorious flag, But let that old flag stand.

My heart strings find thee cling, Close as the stripes, old friend; Thy praises men shall sing, Till time itself shall end, Old flag, the storm still brave, While I've a hand to the spot; Thy touch shall harm it not."

THE PRAIRIE ROBBER.

On a distant prairie at nightfall, a wayward and weary traveler was overtaken by a snow storm. When the first few flakes came softly dropping down, he looked eagerly around in hope of discerning a place of shelter, but none was to be seen—only the reckless waste of rolling lands and far off hills in the direction whither he was going—so far off he feared he never could reach them. With the departure of light the snow began to fall, the wind blew keener, the road soon hid from view, the traveler felt that he was lost on a trackless waste, without a star to guide him across the dangerous country.

"This is terrible!" said he aloud. "I fear much I shall never come to my destination. If I had but a compass and a light I should not fear, for I could resist the effects of the cold long enough to reach the hills, there I could find human habitations, or at least the shelter of a rock. Now I may go in a circle till I freeze, and be no nearer help. What a fool I was to leave the river side and cross the prairie just for the sake of a few miles more or less of journey. No matter; I must even battle it out now—Heaven helping."

And battle it out he did, most manfully. He drew his cap down over his ears and brow, and his fur collar up over his mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper in his pockets, pressed on through the yielding snow. The gloom increased, the wind sharper and through his heavy cloths the traveler began to feel the effects of the cold. His feet grew numb, his arms chilled, and after an hour's rapid walking he suddenly paused.

"And do I know whither I am going?" he exclaimed. "I know I have already turned aside from the straight line, and am wandering on the verge of destruction. Oh that I could shake off this drowsy feeling that is stealing over me! I know what it is—the precursor of a res in this cold winding sheet of snow. Great Heaven, I am freezing to death!" shrieked he, bounding forward with renewed energy. "Action—action is life, and life is too good to lose yet!"

He hurried along with a springing motion, stamping his feet vigorously at every step, and swinging his arms to keep the blood in circulation. Yet with all his efforts, he knew the angel of death was telling his white wings silently but surely around him.

"Despair—no!" he cried, "not while the memory of my loved wife and dear children is left me. I will struggle on for your sakes, and fight the storm fiend to the last extremity. O, just Heaven, for the sake of the innocent ones who stay at home, help me to resist—help me to triumph!"

At this moment he plunged into a hollow, his feet strode over ice, and he heard the voice of a streamlet singing of life and action beneath its icy crust. At the same time the smell of wood smoke saluted his nostrils.

"O, Thou who reignest above," he ejaculated, "I thank Thee that Thou hast heard my prayer. Help is near me."

He reeled heavily onward through the blinding snow, and saw just before him a low sheep, and his fur collar up over his mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper in his pockets, pressed on through the yielding snow. The gloom increased, the wind sharper and through his heavy cloths the traveler began to feel the effects of the cold. His feet grew numb, his arms chilled, and after an hour's rapid walking he suddenly paused.

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and stood erect and strong, without a sign of inconvenience from the effect of the weather. Milly retreated from him in amazement; but recovering herself, and putting the best face on the matter, she tremulously addressed the man—

"I am sorry, sir, you are cold. It is a bitter night to be abroad. Will you sit by the fire?" and she pushed a chair forward.

The man made no response, but stooping over, ran his fingers through the blaze. Then he turned and stared at her with a look which made her blood run cold. She would pretend there were others in the house, for she already felt afraid of the man, and bitterly regretted having admitted him.

"Would you like to see some of the men folks, sir?" she inquired. "If so, I will call them from their beds."

The man laughed hoarsely and replied: "Milly Dean, for that I believe is your name, you need not deceive me. You are alone in this house. I took particular care to ascertain that before I came. So you can make yourself easy on that score, and do as I bid you."

"Do as you bid me?" exclaimed Milly, in terror; "what do you want of me?"

"I want the twelve hundred dollars in gold your husband received for his produce two days ago. You probably know where it is."

Milly sprang into the entry and would have fled, but the stranger caught her by the wrist and dragged her roughly back.

"You cannot escape me, young woman," he said. "You will find it most convenient to make a clear breast of it at once. It will be better for you."

Milly strove to release her arm. The rough treatment she received aroused her temper, and indignation overcame all other feelings.

"Let me go, you scoundrel, let me go, or I will call for help," she cried.

"Call you for help?" said the ruffian, "and much good may it do you. Keep yourself still and tell me where the money is."

"I will not!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire.

"You will not," he then replied, "we shall see."

He released her wrist so violently that she reeled half across the room. Then he seized her by the throat, and held her fast, and held it at arm's length almost into the blazing fire, so that the terrified mother expected to see its light garments catch the flame.

"Now then where's the money? Speak out quick or hear your baby shriek with pain. I will burn it to death before your eyes if you do not tell me where the money is."

"Monster give me my child," shrieked Milly, endeavoring to reach the little one. "Let me see my baby!"

But every effort was frustrated, for again and again the strong hand of the robber thrust her back.

"See, its clothes will be on fire in a minute," said the man, putting the helpless innocent closer to the flames. The mother looked into his eyes. She saw there the look of heartless determination. She became aware that the cotton garments of the child were smoking with heat.

"How shall it be?" asked the ruffian. "Hurry, or the child dies. I have no time to waste here."

making a rush for the door, and striking at the stranger with a bowie knife, driving back a few steps, the stranger seized the robber by the collar, whirled him around, and threw him on his face in the snow. The robber struggled, but the stranger knelt heavily on the small of his back, and grasped his hair.

"Lie still," said the stranger, "or I will send a bullet through your brain."

The robber felt the cold barrel of a pistol at his ear, and obeyed. Milly quickly brought her husband's request, and the robber was bound hand and foot.

"It was a strange Providence," the new comer said, that overtook me with a snow-storm on the prairie, and forced me an hour ago to take refuge in your smoke-house, nearly dead with cold."

Milly acknowledged the truth of the remark, and she knelt and thanked her Father in Heaven for her deliverance.

The next day Milly's husband came home and when he had been told all, he remarked: "This fellow was in the tavern at the village, the day I sold my produce. It will learn a lesson—never to let strangers know when money is plenty with me, lest they should be tempted to crime and bring ruin on me and mine."

That day some sixty or seventy men gathered at the house of Mr. Dean. The robber was recognized as a notorious horse thief, who had long infested the neighborhood. There was a summary trial, and then in dogged silence, the wretch who would have burned a harmless infant and murdered a faithful and gentle woman, submitted to his inevitable fate. A rudely constructed gallows, and a stout rope ended his existence. So on the thinly settled frontiers of the west do they meet out justice to offenders against property and life.

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"How shall it be?" asked the ruffian. "Hurry, or the child dies. I have no time to waste here."

"Anything—anything, only give me my child!" she cried. The next instant it was handed to her, and she sank upon the floor and folded it to her bosom.

"Come," exclaimed the man, touching her roughly by the foot, "you have not told me where the money is."

"In the box on the upper shelf," she replied, pointing to the closet.

"So far so well. It is nearly all gold. I will pocket it with your leave or without your leave, just as you please." He filled his pockets with the golden coin, and threw the empty box in the fire. Then he came and stood beside her.

FACTS ABOUT GOLD.

Gold, next to iron, is the most widely diffused metal upon the surface of our globe. It occurs in granite, the oldest rock known to us, and in all the rocks derived from it; it is also found in the vein-stones which traverse other geological formations, but has never been found in any secondary formation. It is, however, much more common in alluvial grounds than among primitive and pyrogenous rocks. It is found disseminated under the forms of spangles, in the silicious, argillaceous, and ferruginous sands of certain plains and rivers, especially in their junction, at the season of low water, and after storms and temporary floods. It is the only metal of a yellow color; it is readily crystallizable, and always assumes one or other of the symmetrical shapes, such as the cube or regular octahedron. It affords a resplendent polish, and may be exposed to the atmosphere for any length of time without suffering change; it is remarkable for its ductility; it is nineteen times heavier than water, and, next to platinum, the heaviest known substance; its malleability is such that a cubic inch will cover twenty-five hundred square feet; its ductility is such that a lump of the value of four hundred dollars could be drawn into a wire which would extend around the globe. It is first mentioned in Gen. ii., 11. It was found in the country of Havilah, where the rivers Euphrates and Tigris unite, and discharge their waters into the Persian Gulf.

From the commencement of the Christian era to the discovery of America, the amount of gold obtained from the surface and bowels of the earth is estimated to be thirty-eight hundred millions of dollars. From the date of the latter event to the close of 1842, an addition of twenty-eight hundred millions was obtained. The discovery and extensive working of the Russian mines added, to the close of 1852, six hundred millions more. The double discovery of the California mines in 1848, and the Australian in 1851, has added, to the present time, two thousand millions; making a grand total, to the present time, of ninety-two hundred millions of dollars. The average loss by wear and tear of coin is estimated to be a tenth of one per cent. per annum; and the loss by consumption in the arts, and by fire and shipwreck, at from one to three millions per annum.

A cubic inch of gold is worth (at £3 17s, 10d., or \$18.69, per ounce) one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; a cubic yard, six millions eight hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The amount of gold in existence at the commencement of the Christian era is estimated to be four hundred and twenty-seven millions of dollars; at the period of the discovery of America it had diminished to fifty-seven millions. After the occurrence of that event it gradually increased, and 1600 it attained to one hundred and five millions; in 1700, to three hundred and fifty millions; in 1800, to eleven hundred and twenty-five millions; in 1843, to two thousand millions; in 1853, to three thousand millions; and at the present time the amount of gold in existence is estimated to be forty-six hundred millions of dollars; which, welded in one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-seven feet.

Of the amount now in existence three thousand millions is estimated to be in coin and bullion, and the remainder in watches, jewelry, plate, &c. &c.

Since 1792, the close of 1860, the gold coinage of the United States mint has amounted to six hundred and ten millions of dollars, of which five hundred and twenty-five millions have been issued since 1850. The gold coinage of the French mint, since 1726, has amounted to seventy-seven hundred millions of francs, of which forty-two hundred and fifty millions have been issued since 1850. The gold coinage of the British mint, since 1603, has amounted to two hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling, of which fifty-four millions have been issued since 1850. The gold coinage of the Russian mint, since 1664, has amounted to four hundred and eighty-six millions of rubles, of which two hundred and twenty millions have been issued since 1850. The sovereign of England contains one hundred and twelve grains of pure metal; the new doubloon of Spain, one hundred and fifty grains; the eagle of the United States, one hundred and six grains; the lion of the Netherlands, and the double ounce of Sicily, one hundred and seventeen grains each; the ducat of Austria, one hundred and six; the twenty-franc piece of France, ninety; and the half imperial of Russia, ninety-one grains. A commissioner has been despatched by the United States government to England, France, and other countries of Europe, to confer with their respective governments, upon the expediency of a uniform system of coinage throughout the world, so that the coins of one country may circulate in any other without the expense of re-coining—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

AN INCIDENT IN NASHVILLE.—Over the large gate at the Provost Marshal's splendid headquarters—Elliott's former school—waves a Union flag. A very ardent secession lady, who wished to see Colonel Matthews, was about to pass through the gate, when looking up she beheld the proud flag flapping like an eagle's wing over her eye. Starting back horror struck she held up her hands and exclaimed to the guard—"Dear me! I can't go under that dreadful Lincoln flag! Is there no other way for me to enter?" "Yes, madame," promptly replied the soldier, and turning to his comrade he said, "Here, orderly, bring out that rebel flag and lay it on the ground at the little gate, and let this lady walk over it!" The lady looked bewildered, and after hesitating a moment, concluded to bow her head to the invincible Goddess of Freedom, whose immaculate shrine is the folds of the "Star Spangled Banner." The rebels may all just as well conclude to follow her example.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, in a recent speech in the House, said of the President: "There is a niche in the temple of fame—a niche near to Washington—which should be occupied by the statue of him who shall save his country. Mr. Lincoln has a mighty destiny. It is for him to be but a President of the people of the United States, and there will his statue be. It is in his power to occupy a place next to Washington—the founder and preserver, side by side."

A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday School: "What was the sin of the Pharaohs?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read the Pharaohs "Strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious.

"THE EVIL HOUR."

When a mother looks upon her babe in the cradle, she regards him in his present loveliness, and is happy and satisfied. As he grows older, and the latent human passions begin to be developed, she becomes anxious for the future; but still hope predominates over fear. She believes that her son will be a good and noble man. If she is a faithful Christian mother, she has good ground for her faith and hope. There may be instances when such parents have been disappointed; but we think such cases are very rare. The conscience must be cultivated, and the fear of God constantly enjoined, or the youth will go astray at every turn. An amiable, loving spirit alone will not keep him from falling into sin.

Joseph Dean was what everybody called a good boy. He did all he could for his widowed mother, and being an only child, he could do much. Mrs. Dean was poor. She owned a small house and a few acres of land, and that was all. Her son was her great treasure, and in him she felt rich.

As Joseph was approaching manhood, he had a desire to see more of the world than he could do in the place of his birth, and to do something more remunerative than tilling his mother's little farm. He went to the city, and was so fortunate as to get into business which satisfied his desires. His mother heard from him often, and whenever he could leave, he went to see her, carrying some little comfort or luxury. She missed him sadly; but yet she was reconciled to his absence, because she believed it was best for him; and would in the end be the best for her; he might become a rich man, and come home and repair the house, and put the farm in good order, and take care of her in her old age.

Joseph remained in the business he had chosen for some years, and was prosperous, laying up money until he counted by thousands. Then the spirit of change revived again, and he resolved to go to a distant part of the country to improve his worldly condition. The proposition almost broke his mother's heart. How could she part with her son; so handsome, so kind and noble, what could she do without him? Her pleadings were all in vain. He had made up his mind, and must go. He went; and we fear he went in his own strength and not with the fear and love of God. Did his mother pray in faith for him? She did not profess faith in Christ, and perhaps did not pray at all.

The months wore away wearily, and no tidings came of Joseph. It was very strange he did not write. A year went by, and his mother heard not a word from him. He had been among strangers; or had he sailed for some foreign land, and his letters failed to reach her? The days grew very long to her, and the nights wearisome. The winds reminded her of the perils of the sea, and the scorching sun of sickly climates. Where, Oh where was her son?

The little keepsake he had given her was looked over and over, and the history of each recalled with a new heartache. The farm was neglected, and the house needed repairs; but widow Dean seemed to care for nothing but tidings from her darling son. Her hair became bleached by sorrow, and her eyes dim with weeping. Her neighbors tried to comfort her; but what did they know of the deep sorrow of her heart?

After years had gone by, one day the door of the cottage opened, and a stranger presented himself before Mrs. Dean. He was shabby and haggard, and had a wild and an anxious look. Who was this? Could he be her son? "Are you Joseph Dean?" said the mother. "No, that is not my name; my name is Johnson." The voice was Joseph's; but the person, Oh, it was but the wreck of her noble son. All that he could ever say of himself was, that in a distant city he was taken to a place where something was given him to drink, and after that he did not know anything for a long time. When he awoke his money was all gone. Poor Joseph; in an evil hour he had fallen into sin, and that one act proved his destruction. Of his subsequent life he could give no account; but that his mind had been disordered there was every reason to suppose. He remained with his mother, but could never be induced to mingle at all with men, and would not answer if addressed by any other name than that of Johnson. The farm and the cottage were never improved, but fell from year to year into a state of greater decay. Mrs. Dean died, and Joseph was left alone. There he lived a hermit life till his locks were white. One day it was observed by a neighbor that his door had not been opened for some time, and on going in Joseph was found lying on his bed dead. He had evidently died suddenly, probably from disease of the heart.

How many, like poor Joseph, fail to fulfil the promise of childhood, and then to find fault because they are not armed for life's conflict. Nothing but divine grace can give them the victory; and not seeking this aid, when the evil hour comes they fail.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—The love which survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its roots, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsed agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away, into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deep sadness over the hour of gloom; who would exchange it ten for the song of pleasure, or the bursts of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

A STRANGE STORY.—A strange story (not by Bulwer) is going the rounds of the English press. A lately married Irish earl, wishing to improve his old mansion, set architects at work, who discovered a room hermetically tricked up. It was fitted up in the richest style of one hundred and fifty years ago, and on the couch lay the skeleton of a female, presenting evident traces of violence. Jewels and dresses lay scattered about the room, but the fearful secret had been so well kept that no tradition could be remembered which would give any clue to the affair. The survivors—an injured husband probably among them—walled up the apartment, which has kept its dread secret over a century and a half.