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The Laborer and the Warrior.

BY EPPES SARGANT.

The camp has had its day of song:
The sword, the helmet, the plume,
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plow, the anvil and the loom!
Oh! not upon our tented fields
Are freedom's heroes tried alone!
The training of the work-shop yields
More heroes true than war has known!

Who drives the helve, who shapes the steel,
May with a heart as valiant smite,
As he, who sees a German reel
Its blood, before his blow of might!
That skill that conquers space and time,
That grace life's toil lightens well,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a reaping its spell.

Let labor then look up and see
If craft no gift of honor decks;
The mother's title yet shall be
Less honored than the soldier's axe.
Let art his own apt instrument prize,
Nor deem that gold or coronet alone
Can compensate the worth that lies
In the one that bears the crown of delight.

And may the time draw nearer still
When man the second time shall hear,
That I am the thought of God in the world,
Man all that makes man up of me!
Though spade shall be honored as the sword—
Forces shall unite make a world
And so from traits in truth shall spring
The life and death are made sacred.

Education of the Heart.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom; to educate the head and forget there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection, when it is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy the strength and the memory are only excited strongly by the sense and move the heart. The father may instil more solid and available instructions in an hour spent in the fields where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotyped aphorisms.

No physician doubts that precocious children, fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid.

When the strifes of mature years are stuffed into the head of the child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man: that the one is confirmed, and can bear exertions; and the other is growing and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts; to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as would be to hazard the same sort of experiments on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out this course, for the emotions are the liveliest and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source the mass of men are hereafter to show their sum of happiness and misery. —The actions of the immense majority are under all circumstances determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents a happiness that we should feel rightly; very few instances occur where it is necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention, not to interrupt them by improper or over excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period that is necessary to its health; and the best is moral instruction, exemplified by the objects which strike the senses.

It is, perhaps, necessary to add, that at this period of this life special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical developement of the child. Pure air and exercise are indispensable; and wherever they are withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life.

The seeds of protracted and hopeless sufferings have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child, simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and teacher in the land. Give us fresh air and wholesome exercise, leave our expanding energies to be developed in accordance to the laws of our being, and full of scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE SOLITARY FRIEND.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

I think it is now about twelve years—it may be thirteen—since the "Jacob Morgan," a ship of seven hundred tons burden, sailed from Brunswick, Georgia, for the East Indies. She was a noble ship, but if we believe the assertions of one who sailed in her, she was built for misfortune. She was launched from her stocks at mid-day, but yet the moon was seen in the heavens, when she gave her first impress to the salt water. Several years subsequent to the period when the story opens, she was driven upon one of the Martyr's Reefs, and her ill-fated timbers were strewed upon the sands of Florida.

At the time of which we write, the Jacob Morgan was commanded by Captain Ben. Wallack, a powerful, broad-chested man, but as kind and considerate as he was fearless and strong. Seamen were scarce, and the ship's crews were obtained with great difficulty, and under these circumstances, men had been hired who would otherwise have been rejected. The ship had been six days out, when the first mate, a Mr. Gwynn, from Providence, R. I., was suddenly taken sick, and on the next morning his lifeless clay was consigned to the deep grave of the blue Atlantic.

This untimely event left Capt. Wallack in a critical situation. Nat. Faulkner, his second mate, was by no means qualified for the office, nor would he have taken the responsibility had the captain desired it. There was but one man in the ship who possessed sufficient knowledge of seamanship for the mate's berth, and though Wallack found that to him he must give the office, yet he did so with many misgivings. The man's name was Tom Roland, haughty and overbearing in his disposition, seeming by his general conduct to have been in the habit of commanding, rather than obeying, on ship-board, and who had already begun to exercise a sort of control over the crew. But the case was one of necessity, and Tom Roland was installed into the office of first mate, and quartered in the cabin.

For several weeks things passed off smoothly enough. Roland proved to be a thorough navigator, and finished seaman, and a ready and efficient officer, and Capt. Wallack began to think his misgivings were entirely groundless. Over the crew Roland had the most thorough control, and even those men who had evinced towards the Captain marks of insubordination, moved without a murmur at the slightest beck of the mate.

One morning, when Capt. Wallack and his second mate had the morning watch, they both kept the deck until Roland had finished his breakfast, and when the latter took his watch at a few minutes past eight o'clock, they went below. When they reached the cabin, Mr. Russell, the supercargo, was just rising from the table, and taking a book from the head of his berth sat down upon a stool at the foot of the ladder and commenced reading. He passed a few observations upon the weather, as the captain and his second mate went on with his reading. Some five minutes had passed, when Faulkner and Wallack were startled by a sudden exclamation of pain from the supercargo, and on turning, they saw that he had dropped his book, and sat with both hands pressed hard upon his stomach, while his features had assumed a livid hue expressive of the most acute suffering. The captain sprang quickly from the table, and laying his hand upon the sufferer's shoulder, exclaimed:

"What is the matter, Mr. Russell?"

"O, God! I don't know. Here it is! I burn!" uttered the suffering supercargo, as he pressed his hands harder upon his stomach.

"What have you been eating? What have you been drinking?" asked Wallack in a frenzy of anxiety.

"Nothing, nothing. Oh! oh!" groaned the poor fellow.

Wallack cast a trembling glance at his second mate, and for a moment they both remained silent.

"It's strange," at length uttered Faulkner, "poor Gwynn was taken exactly the same way."

The Captain made no reply, but his countenance wore a strange shade of doubt and suspicion, as he gazed upon the torpid features of the supercargo.

That night the broad Atlantic rolled its ceaseless waves over another of the ship's company. Mr. Russell had breathed his last.

Capt. Wallack and Nat. Faulkner had the last dog watch. Roland had gone down into the cabin, while the foremost hands, with the exception of the man at the wheel were all forward. The captain paced the quarter-deck in a thoughtful, troubled mood, ever and anon casting his eye towards the companionway, where his first mate had disappeared a short time before, and then turning his gaze toward the forecastle, where the men had congregated. Faulkner was by the wheel, and several times as the captain approached him in his walk, did he start to join him, but a fearful suspicion kept him back, and until the watch was changed, neither he or Wallack spoke a word, save such as related to management of the ship. At eight o'clock Roland came on deck for the first watch. The ship was upon the starboard tack, close hauled upon the wind, and just able to stand on her course.

As Capt. Wallack gave up the deck, he requested the mate, if the wind should haul round to the eastward any, to call him. Roland replied kindly that he would, but beneath the half curling smile that rested upon his features, the captain tho't he could detect a lurking spirit of evil. He let not a shadow of his doubt manifest itself upon his countenance, but with a bland frankness he wished his mate a pleasant watch, and went below.

"Faulkner," said the captain, as he cast a furtive glance at the head of the ladder, "let not a word escape you, unless it be of common place affairs, until we turn into our berths; but keep your weather eye open and follow my movements."

Faulkner did not start at this request, for the same thoughts seemed to be passing in his own mind.

"Let's see," said the captain in a tone loud enough to be heard on deck, "I must run over my reckoning before I turn in. Mr. Faulkner, just hand me that chart, if you please."

As Wallack spoke, he reached over into his berth and took out his pistols, which he proceeded carefully to load, taking care the while that his back was turned towards the companion way. Faulkner followed his example, and ere long the candles were extinguished, and the two men retired but not to sleep.

"Faulkner," whispered the captain, we are in a snug fix, for I have reason to believe there is mutiny on board. Gwynn and Russel have both been poisoned."

"So I believe," returned Faulkner, in the same low tone, "and if I'm not mistaken, there'll be poison in our coffee-cup to-morrow morning."

"What make you think so? Have you seen anything?"

"Yes. I saw Roland give the cook a small paper to-night, and they held quite an animated conversation about it. I knew from their manner that there was mischief in their minds."

"Then in God's name, what will we do?" uttered the captain. "Their plan must all be formed, and I suppose they have made arrangements for the disposal of those in the forecastle who do not join them. Would to Heaven I knew how many of them there are."

"You have a passage between the decks to the forecastle bulkheads," suggested Faulkner.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might gain some information by listening."

"No. If Roland leads the plot—and I know he does—he would not dare to carry on his conversation upon there, for they would hear him."

"Hark!" whispered Faulkner, as a suppressed voice at the wheel met his ear.

He beat his head out from the bunk, and caught the following words, which he knew to be from the lips of Roland:

"They are both asleep before this time, Hal. You look out for the deck a few minutes, while I see the boys in the forecastle."

"He's going to the forecastle," whispered Faulkner. "Now is your time to follow him."

"No—you had better go, Faulkner, for it may be that some one will come down to see me, and in that case our movements would be discovered. There's mutiny, and no mistake. You know where the passage runs between the boxes; just abaft the mainmast it takes a short turn to starboard and follows along the chock, down to the tanks. Slip out from your berth, and go over to where the supercargo used to bunk, and move that panel, it moves easier than mine does."

Faulkner lost no time in obeying the captain's directions. There were two secret communications to the hold of the ship through the cabin bulkhead, and through one of these the second mate soon made his way. Nearly half an hour elapsed ere he returned, and during that time the captain's mind was tortured by various fearful emotions. Until the death of Russel, he had not held a suspicion of direct mutiny, and his former fears with regard to Roland had nearly been quieted, but now the suspicion had been been sudden, and it was strong even to the very certainty. A thousand little instances came back to his mind, which singly had appeared as nothing, but which now helped to solve the mystery of Gwynn's death. Wallack had medical knowledge enough to know that the supercargo had been killed with *white arsenic*, and he now knew that his first mate had come to his end the same way, though the dose of the latter must have been much smaller than that which sent poor Russell to his untimely end, and its symptoms had not been so palpable.

While the captain lay thus racking his brain, Faulkner returned from his espionage, and as he crept stealthily past the foot of his bunk, Wallack fancied he could hear his hear his heart beat in his bosom.

"What news?" asked the captain, almost fearing to put the question.

"We are lost!" uttered Faulkner, as he clasped his hands in silent agony.

"Lost!" reiterated the captain. "No, no, that can not be. *Some* of them will surely help us."

"Ben Wallack," returned the the mate, in a tone that made the captain's stout heart beat more quickly, "*you have but one solitary friend on board the ship!*"

"*All! all!* are they ALL against us?"

"All but poor Nat Faulkner. I have heard the whole plot, and every part and parcel of it. Roland is an old slave dealer, and all the men, with the exception of four, whom he frightened or persuaded to join him, are from St. Domingo, from whence they came in company to pick up the first ship they could meet with that suited their purpose. We are to be murdered to-morrow, and then Roland intends to run on to the coast of Benguela, and take in a load of slaves for either Brazil or Cuba. When the bloody villian first began to talk to-night, he had some thoughts of killing you and then trying to gain me into his service, but he soon rejected the idea, and to-morrow we both die."

"Don't give up yet," said the captain. "Some plan may be devised to thwart then in their villiany."

"No, no, Wallack—there are sixteen of them, and we know not how or where to meet them. If we drink not their poison they will yet kill us. But there is one consolation—we will die together, honest men."

"By the power of great Heaven, we will not die!" uttered Wallack, in a tone so loud that it might have proved dangerous. "My own arm is fit for half a dozen of them. No, no, Faulkner, let me think. You say Roland thought of *retaining* you

"Yes."

"Then I have it. I'll tell you on the watch to-night."

As the captain spoke, he heard a slight footfall at the companion way, and fearing that he might be watched, he turned upon his back, laid his hand upon the butt of his pistol, and fell into a low, steady snoring, which he kept up till his watch was called at midnight.

The remainder of the night passed on without disturbance. Wallack and his *solitary friend* carried on such conversation as they could during their watch and in the morning, they came upon deck half an hour before the cook had prepared their breakfast. The captain walked up and down the lee side of the quarter deck several times in a sort of angry, troubled mood, and muttering stifled curses to himself, until, at length, he stopped before his second mate and shaking his finger menacingly in his face, he uttered:

"Mr. Falkner, that makes the fourth time you have, by your lubberly carelessness, torn up the paper containing my day's work. Now if you do it again' I will disrate you and put you before the mast."

"Do it as soon as you please," returned Falkner, his face reddening with apparant anger. "You won't frighten me."

"Don't be insolent, sir."

"I am not insolent.,'

"You were."

"It's a lie!" uttered Faulkner, actually trembling at the sound of his own words, addressed to his herculean commander.

Capt. Wallack took one step forward as the word dropped from his officer's lips, on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the breast that prostated him upon the deck.

"Capt. Wallack," said Faulkner, as he arose from his fall, "you shall suffer for this; I will be avenged as sure as there is a God in Heaven."

The captain made no reply, but turning quickly upon his heel, he went to his cabin. Twice did Roland start to follow him, but yet he remained on deck. There was a strange light in his eyes as he caught the revengeful expression upon Faulkner's countenance, and then, as if a sudden tho't had struck him, he went quickly to the caboose and gave some hurried directions to the cook. After that he took two or three hurried turns up and down the quarter deck, and then beckoning to Faulkner, who stood sulkily leaning against the lee rail, he walked forward to the bitts. The second mate followed his silent request, and in a moment after he passed the caboose, the cook came out and threw overboard the coffee he prepared for breakfast!

When Faulkner came up to the bitts, Roland cast a furtive glance around him, and then looking fixedly into his companion's eyes, said:

"Faulkner, have you the courage to follow up the revenge you have sworn against the captain?"

"Yes."

"But you would not dare to *take his life*."

"I dare take any man's life that *strikes* me."

Roland's eyes sparkled as he heard this; he then asked,

"But who would take his place in command?"

"Who?" returned Faulkner, with a perfect appearance of honest intent. "Why who is there but you that is qualified?"

"But if I were captain would *you* follow me?"

"Yes, even to the hoisting of the black flag, so that I had revenge."

Roland grasped his companion by the hand, and after gazing a moment into his face, he went on and detailed the whole plot he had formed for taking the ship, landing the cargo on the coast of Lower Guinea, and going into the slave trade.—His recital was just the same that the second mate had heard while listening at the forecastle bulk-head, and, as he concluded, he said:

"Now, Faulkner, will you join us?"

"Yes, readily; but remember, it shall be my hand that finds the life of Captain Wallack."

"Then be it so," returned Roland.—"And now we must have the matter settled as soon as possible, for Wallack intends to touch at the Cape Verdes, and we are not more than three days' sail from there at the furthest, so you must have him out of the way to-night. I want to keep away to-morrow morning, and run down between St. Matthews and Ascension."

"But, say, Roland, why have you not put Wallack out of the way before this? It seems to me, if I had been in your place, I should have made quick work of it."

"So I should," replied the villian, with a peculiar, meaning smile; but you see I have been picking them off carefully. Had Jack would not have been living now."

Before night, Wallack learned the result of his own and Faulkner's stratagem of the morning, but the two had to be exceedingly careful, for Roland's eyes were open to all that passed about him, and they knew that if their deception was suspected, their death would be certain and immediate.—But the most difficult part of the work was to be accomplished, for they had sixteen stout men to dispose of. Faulkner had learned that five of the principal mutineers—those upon which Roland placed the greatest dependence—were in the captain's watch, while there were some six or seven who were mere hirelings, following whatever fortune turned up for them, most of whom were stationed in the watch with their leader. Wallack's main hope was in disposing of the five leading mutineers in his watch, by some stratagem, and then dispatching Roland before the watch below could come to their rescue; but whatever was done must be done before midnight, as all hands would be on the alert for action before the morning watch was set.

At length the captain and second mate took the first watch. Nine o'clock passed and so did ten. Wallack paced the deck in a steady, thoughtful mood, ever and anon casting his eyes about upon the crew, most of whom were forward. The moon threw its pale beams upon the herculean frame of the captain, and a close observer might have seen the iron muscles as they worked in his limbs. His countenance betrayed the varying thoughts and intense anxiety that moved within him. Five times after the bell had told that ten o'clock had passed did he walk from the wheel to the mainmast and back. At the sixth turn, just as he reached the rack in which were coiled the mainsail halyards, he stopped quickly, with a nervous quickness, while the flashing of his eyes and the instantaneous contraction and expansion of the muscles of the face, showed that a sudden and powerful idea had shot into his mind. He quickly resumed his walk, however, and the same appearance of cool thought once more rested upon his features.

The wind was now blowing a good top-gallant breeze from S. S. E., and the ship was close hauled upon the star-board tack, and stood E. half S. under single reefed top-sail and top-gallant sails.

"Mr. Faulkner," said the captain, again stopping in his walk near the mainmast, at the same time motioning for his second mate to come to him.

"I have it! Watch my every motion, and fail not to catch every word I utter. At the first opportunity you get, as soon as the men are all up, secure the cabin and forecastle companion ways, and arm yourself."

This Wallack spoke in a hurried whisper, and then raising his voice, he said:

"Mr. Faulkner, will you go below and tell my mate that I should like to see him a moment on deck?" Then he added in a whisper, "Tell him I have business of the utmost importance."

Faulkner looked a moment into his commander's face, as if he doubted whether this order was given in earnest, but the confident, resolute countenance which met his gaze, assured him, and he immediately went below to do his errand. In a few moments he returned, followed by the first mate, who had not stopped to dress himself, but came up in his simple robe de nuit.

"Mr. Roland," said the captain, as his mate came on deck, at the same time stepping over under the lee of the spanker. "I should not have called you had I not the most urgent necessity. If you will just step this way out of the ear shot of Faulkner, I will tell you."

Roland stepped to the lee rail, and leaned his back against it, while the captain stood leaning against the rail at the mate's left hand.

"Roland," continued he, "I'm afraid Mr. Faulkner is up to some evil design."

"Ah," uttered the villian, while a peculiar sparkle shot forth from his eyes. "Perhaps he has not forgotten the blow you gave him."

"Look out, sir! look out, Roland, or you'll be overboard."

As Wallack uttered the first syllable of this exclamation, he placed his hand upon Roland's mouth, and with a crushing, irresistible force, he bent him back over the rail. At the same instant, he caught the mutineer by the leg, and ere the last syllable of this exclamation fell from his lips, Roland was plunged headlong into the sea. All hands on deck had heard the captain's apparent warning but none had seen his deed.

"A man overboard!" shouted Wallack, as he sprang to the wheel and took the helm from him who held it. "Mr. Roland is overboard! Cut away the life buoy there, one of you! Main and maintopsails braces, both sides. Main clewgarnets and buntlines! Mr. Faulkner, rouse up all hands, quick! Let go the main tack and ces and round into windward! work lively, men, or we shall lose him! Haul out the spanker!—now spring to the stern davits, boys! Cut the lashings—don't stop to cast off anything!"

These orders had been given at intervals, as rapidly as they could be obeyed, and by the time all hands were up from below, the ship was hove to, with the maintopsail to the mast. The boat was lowered from the davits and hauled under the quarter, and those who were most anxious to save the mate, were the first to leap into it.

"Let every oar be manned!" shouted the captain, "and you'll save him yet. I can see him. He's caught the life buoy."

The boat pulled eight oars, and with a hand at the tiller, she had nine men in her when she put off, and as Wallack had expected, these comprised the men he most feared. Faulkner saw the whole in an instant, and unobserved by the rest of the crew who were too intently watching the mate, whose white shirt could every now and then be seen, as he rose and fell upon the life buoy, he sprang forward and secured the fore-castle companion way, so that the men could not readily obtain their arms. When the boat had neared to where the mate was rolling about in his salt bath, the captain gradually gave the ship weather helm until the maintopsail was filled abaft. Then as if the affair was the result of an accident, he exclaimed—

"Hallo, I've let her off! Mizzen braces, boys, and we'll wear around on the other tack."

The men mistrusted not, and in a minute the mizzen topsail was squared.

"Belay that, and jump to the head braces. That will do—belay."

As soon as the head braces had been belayed, part of the men came aft to the main, not yet suspecting that anything but accident had to do with the movements of the ship. The ship was now very nearly astern, and of course she was rapidly sailing away from the boat which had just picked up Roland and had turned to come back.

"Here, Howell," said the captain to one of the men who had stopped at the starboard mainbrace, "take the helm a moment. Lay aft here all hands," he ordered, and he stepped back and beckoned Faulkner to his side.

Instinctively the men obeyed his order. —"Shall I let her off, sir?" asked Howell.

"No!" thundered Capt. Wallack, as he drew a heavy pistol in each hand, while Faulkner did the same. "If you move the wheel a single spoke, or leave the helm without my order, you are a dead man! Stop there!" he continued, turning to the five men who had now come aft. "The first man that moves an inch till I bid him, dies on the spot! Aha, my fine fellows, you are well caught! That boat astern never will return to this ship. I threw your scoundrel leader overboard, and then I sent nine more after him. *They* may find the same resting place that they gave to poor Gwynn and Russell! Ten of the sixteen individuals who thought to murder me, have been disposed of by stratagem, but by heaven, I shall need no stratagem with the other six, for if one of you dare speak a mutinous word—ay, if you dare look a mutinous look, that man is dead on the very next instant! Wallaigh, Burnham and Vaughn, step forward here."

As the captain spoke, the three men thus designated advanced from their companions, and trembling at every joint, they awaited his will. A moment he looked at them as though he would have utterly annihilated them with his very gaze, and then he said:

"Tell me, my men, and mind that you tell me truly—were you frightened into this bloody mutiny, or did you join of your free will?"

"O, Captain Wallack," exclaimed Wallaigh, as he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands, while the other two followed his example, "we were drawn into it, sir. Gwynn and Russell had both gone when Roland threatened us, if we didn't join him. As there is a God in Heaven, we did it to save our lives."

"And you, Howell," said the captain, as he turned to the man at the wheel.

"Wallaigh knows," answered Howell, not daring to let go the wheel, but laying his right hand upon his heart, "that I refused at first, but there were twelve of them, sir, and we couldn't help it."

"Well, my men, I believe you," returned Captain Wallack, in a frank tone, "and if you prove faithful now, I will not only forgive you, but I will never speak of your fault to your harm."

"Oh, God bless you, sir," ejaculated they all in a breath, and the tears of gratitude rolled thick and fast down their weather-beaten cheeks.

"That will do—I will trust you now," said the captain, who saw that they were sincere in their protestations. "Now bring me some seizing-stuff from the long boat, Roland's two remaining companions."

The two men were bound without trouble and placed in the long boat for safe keeping. They begged and they prayed that they too might be pardoned, but Wallack knew that fear of punishment alone actuated them, and he would not trust them.

The ship was soon in good sailing trim, head put N. E. by E., and in four days she was anchored in Funchal Road, where the two mutineers were delivered up to justice, and where Captain Wallack obtained men enough to man his ship once more for his voyage.

When the Jacob Morgan returned to the United States, Capt. Wallack learned that her owners had given her up as lost. A homeward-bound East Indiaman had picked up one of her boats, which was found bottom-upwards in the water, twelve hundred miles to the northward and westward of the Cape Verds.

The villain Roland and his companions in guilt, had indeed met the same grave to which they had consigned poor Gwynn and Russell. They had thought to make the blue bosom of the Atlantic bear them on in their ungodly enterprise, but its rolling waves were only destined to burst open the gates of eternity, and usher their souls into the presence of Him who crushed them in their path of sin!

Lady vs. Wife.

The editor of the Providence *Journal*, who is considerably of an *arbiter elegantiarum*, which means a man of taste, says:

"We wish the Democratic papers would call Mrs. Pierce the *wife* of the President elect, instead of his *lady*. They are legally married, and she is entitled to the name of wife. Besides, it shocks all our ideas of morality to hear it said that the President elect of the United States is traveling around so much with any other woman than his wife. If any of the Democratic papers labor under the impression that the title of wife is not grand enough, we can assure them that *Blackwood's Magazine*, which is high aristocratic authority, has fully endorsed it in a long and excellent article, the text of which was taken from a paragraph in this paper.

"An anecdote is told of a Scotch shopkeeper, who declined some request made by a customer. "Do you know," said the customer, "that I am the Bishop's lady?" "Hoot, woman," was the answer, "I would not do it if ye was his wife, much less his leddy." Lady is a beautiful word in its place, and female is a proper word in its place, but either of them employed for wife or woman is in shocking taste."

NEAL DOW, the author of the "Maine Liquor Law," is in this State operating in favor of his darling measure. He lectured in Spring Garden, Philadelphia, on that subject, on Thursday night last.