THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 28---NUMBER 4. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1853. WHOLE NUMBER, 145

"Poet's Corner."

For the Susquehanna Register.

Stanzas.

Lo! across the sky of June
One white cloud is gliding;
Now it hastes to meet the moon,
In mid-heaven riding.

Bathing in the silvery beams,
As it floats uncertain,
Lo! a brighter lustre gleams
From that fleecy curtain.

Soon beyond the moon afar
Is the light cloud wending.
Radiance born of many a star
With its brightness blending.

Yet the glow the moonbeam lent,
As they met in heaven,
Far excels all glories blent,
That the stars have given.

So, I've met, in sailing o'er
Life's tumultuous ocean,
One my spirit knelt before,
In true love's devotion.

From the clear and glorious eye
Of that peerless maiden,
Took my soul a brighter dye—
All with love-light laden.

Fate impelled me far from her,
In the path of duty:
Other eyes around me were—
Beaming orbs of beauty.

Other eyes may wake a thrill,
Faint and transitory—
But her mem'ry round me still
Clings with fadeless glory.

Montrose, Jan. 10, 1853. I. J. P.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

Woman's Charms.

BY J. C. MILLER.

The angel smile on woman's cheek,
The love light in her eye—
When these their proper language speak,
We answer with a sigh.

When anger flushes in her cheek,
And lightens in her eye,
We blush to think that woman's charms
Should ever wake a sigh.

As April clouds, when swiftly borne
Before the driving blast,
A beauty marring shadow o'er
The smiling landscape cast.

So Anger, woman's loveliness
With frowns can sadly mar,
And quench eternally the light
Of Love's sweet morning star.

Selected Tale.

Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

DECEMBER 15, 1764.

To-day I received from our Rector, Dr. Snarr, ten pounds sterling, the amount of my half-year's salary. After waiting an hour and a half in the hall, cold and fatigued, I was asked to walk into his study. He sat in a large easy chair before his writing table, on which was laid the money due me. He answered my salutation with a slight bend of his head, lifting at the same time a dark silken cap, such as is worn in the house in cold weather. Truly he is very dignified; and I never approach him without a sort of awe. I do not think were he the King himself, that he would command more respect.

He did not ask me to sit down, though he knew I had walked this morning eleven miles, through bad weather, to receive my instalment, but pointed to the money on the table.

My heart throbbed painfully, while I strove to say what I had long made up my mind to say—to utter my petition for a small increase of salary. Would that I could lay aside this silly diffidence, when what I have to say need surely cause no shame! I stood like a culprit, and twice essayed to speak in vain. The sweat stood on my forehead; at last, looking up kindly, the Rector asked—'Do you wish anything?'

I answered, hesitatingly—'Living is very dear, sir—I find it scarcely possible to subsist on my present salary at these times.'

'Your present salary? you have twenty pounds, sir. Let me tell you, I can have a vicar in your place any day for fifteen pounds per annum.'

Fifteen pounds! Well—if he has no family, he may possibly get along with it.

'Your family, sir, is not larger, I trust, than it has been? You are a widower, and have only two daughters.'

'Very true, but these are growing space. My Jenny, the eldest, is eighteen years old, and Mary is near thirteen.'

'So much the better—the girls can work, I suppose?'

He did not give me time to answer, but rose from his chair, walked to the window, and drummed awhile with his fingers on the glass. 'I have not time,' said he, 'to talk further to-day of the matter. Reflect upon it, and let me know if you wish to keep the place at fifteen pounds a year. If you decide that you will not, I wish you a better situation most pointed.

'One hundred [illegible] with the new year.'

He bowed formally to me and once more touched his cap. I hastily put the money in my pocket-book, took my leave and quitted the house, too much agitated to speak. I wondered what had brought such a blow upon me. Some person has undoubtedly been slandering me to him. He did not invite me, according to his custom hitherto, to stay to dinner, though I should have been glad of the invitation, having taken no breakfast before leaving Creekland. To satisfy the cravings of appetite, I bought a roll from a baker's boy, and ate it as I walked homeward.

On my way home I behaved the child. My tears moistened the roll I was eating. Truly I ought to be ashamed of my weakness. Suppose, instead of being only five pounds a year poorer, I had lost the place entirely! When I think of it, indeed, twenty pounds are little enough to feed and clothe three persons. What then—are not the lilies in the field clothed? Who feedeth the young ravens? We must endeavor to live even more frugally than we have done.

December 16th.—Jenny is a sweet girl. Her mind is as fair as her person. She is better than I, who am her father. I had not courage to tell my girls of my misfortune last night—when I did so this morning, Jenny at first looked grave—and then smiled sweetly, and said—'Are you distressed about it, father?'

'Have I not reason to be so?'

'No, father, you have not.'

'Dear child, we never shall have done with debts and troubles. I know not how we shall live.'

'God will take care of us!' cried Jenny, and laid her arm caressingly on my neck. Mary came and seated herself on my knee, seeing me look sad, and said by way of diverting me—'Let me tell you something, father. I dreamed last night it was new-year, and the King came to Creekland. Oh, what a magnificent suite he had! I thought the King got off his horse just before our door and came in. We were at dinner, and had roast meat and vegetables. The King had some gold and silver dishes brought in from his own table. Then I thought I heard trumpets and kettle-drums; and only think—they brought in on a satin cushion a new-year's present for my dear father! It was a bishop's mitre—all of gold! You looked very odd with it on your head, just like the bishops in my old picture-book. You seemed very well pleased, but I could not help laughing to see how strangely you looked. Then Jenny came and wakened me. Now, dear father, the dream of a new-year's gift must certainly mean something! It is now fourteen days to the new-year.'

'Dreams are nought, my child,' said I.

'I do not know; but I am determined to remember my dream, and see if nothing comes to pass. It will not be *very* wonderful if you should get a new-year's present.'

All this evening I spent in reckoning and calculations. Alas! it only perplexes me and makes me sadder at heart.

December 17th.—My debts, I thank Heaven, are now paid, with the exception of one. At five different places I have paid seven pounds eleven shillings; I have two pounds nine shillings remaining. On that I am to subsist six months.

I must do without the dark-colored breeches I was about to order from the tailor, though I have pressing need of them. They would just suit me, and their price is reasonable—but Jenny is yet more in want of a new gown. I cannot bear to see the good girl wearing her thin old frock this cold weather. Mary can do without, her sister having altered some of her clothes for her.

I must also give up my share in the *Times Gazette*, which I have been taking with the weaver Westburn. I am sorry for that, for here without the newspapers one never knows what is going on in the world. The last number gives an account of the races at Newmarket, at which the Duke of Cumberland won from the Duke of Grafton, a wager to the amount of five thousand pounds sterling! How strange it seems that the words of Scripture should be so literally fulfilled—'To him that hath shall be given; and it may be added with truth—'From him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'

Shame on thee, ungrateful murmurer! and wherefore murmur? Because I can no longer read the *Times Gazette*? May I be forgiven this sin! After all, I can learn the news from my neighbors almost as soon as I could have read it.

December 18th.—How little it takes to delight poor people. Jenny has purchased a gown from the shopman for a mere trifle, and is now, with Mary, engaged in ripping it up to make for herself. She understands bargaining better than I do; but perhaps her gentle, winning manners assist her. She will wear the new gown on new-year's day. Mary has a hundred cheerful comments and prophecies to make. I dare say the Dey of Algiers never pleased himself half so much over the presents of the Venetians.

Jenny thinks that we can save enough from the table to pay for it.

The weaver Westburn is a kind neighbor. I told him yesterday I should have to give up my share of the *Times*, and he answered, shaking my hand, 'Well, then, I will take the paper alone, and you shall read it with me, my good sir.'

It must be acknowledged, there are more kind people in the world than we are apt to think, and more among the poor than the rich.

Evening.—Though I owe the baker nothing, yet as Mary went to fetch the bread, which was half burnt, he began to quarrel with her so loudly that people stopped in the street. He protested that he would let us have nothing more on credit; that we must get our bread elsewhere. Mary came home crying. I am sorry for the poor child: we had enough to do to comfort her.

Truly, this little hamlet is a wonderful place for news. It is currently reported that Dr. Snarr is going to provide himself with another vicar in my stead. That would be my ruin.

The butcher, apprised of my coming misfortunes, has sent his wife to me, complaining of hard times, and regretting that it will be out of his power to furnish meat hereafter except for ready money. The woman was civil enough, and abounded in expressions of kindness and esteem for us; I cannot blame her. She advised us to go to Colswood, and deal with him hereafter; he was rich and could afford to wait for his pay. I could have told the good woman that we had found this man extortionate, some time since: he asked a penny a pound more for his meat than any body else; and that when remonstrated with, he had boldly said, the money he had to wait for ought to bring him interest, and had shown us the door.

My little wealth has dwindled down to two pounds one shilling and three-pence. How this will end I know not.—And, if the Rector deprives me of my place—but I will not anticipate evil.

December 19th, very early.—I have been awake a long time, turning over in my mind what I shall do. I thought of writing Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge, but alas! it is the rich, not the poor, who have cousins. Were I a bishop, as Mary thought me in her dream, half England would be related to me. Finally I wrote the following letter to Dr. Suarr, to send by to-day's post:

REVEREND SIR: I write with an anxious heart. It is rumored here, that you are going to provide yourself with another vicar, and dismiss me. I know not if there be any ground for such a report, or if it has merely grown out of what was said at our last interview, which I mentioned to one or two persons. I trust you have no intention of dismissing me. I have endeavored to discharge the duties committed to me zealously and faithfully. I have preached the word of God in its purity, and with a wish to impress the truth on the hearts of the people. I hear no complaints; nay, my inward monitor, concience, does not accuse me. I cannot think in what I have offended, except in my humble petition the other day for an augmentation of salary: you then spoke of lessening it, though before it hardly sufficed to keep me and my family from absolute want. Your own humane feelings, sir, may decide if I ought to be blamed for that. Under your honored predecessor I served sixteen years—under you I have served a year and a half. I am now fifty years old: I have no friends or patrons—no prospect of any other place—and can think of no other way of earning my bread. My living and that of my children depend on your favor. Should you cast us off, we are reduced to beggary. My expenses, as I mentioned before, have been unavoidably increased of late, notwithstanding the most rigid economy. My eldest daughter fills the place of mother to the younger, and takes charge of the house. We keep no servants—my girls are maid, cook, laundress and seamstress, and the out-door work I perform myself. They have endeavored to earn something by taking in work, but little can be done in this way. Creekland is a small place, the people are not rich, and seldom hire assistance. I should not forget to enumerate mercies with hardships; we have had little sickness, and no occasion to employ a physician. This has been fortunate for us. I trouble you with this detail to show you how much reason I had to wish for an increase of means. It was hard to live on twenty pounds a year—I anticipate more difficulty with but fifteen—but I have no other resource, and trust, sir, in your kindness and the mercy of God, to continue that to me—&c &c.

When I had sealed and directed this letter, I threw myself on my knees, and prayed that it might be successful, while Mary took it to the letter-carrier. How wonderfully relieved I felt in mind. Ah! a word *to God* is ever a word *from God!* I went forth from my chamber as light-hearted, as I had entered it sad.

Jenny sat by the window at work, looking as serene and happy as if nothing had ever occurred to trouble her. How beautiful she looked, as the rays of the morning sun, pouring through the little window, were reflected on her face! I felt refreshed in spirit. I sat down at my desk to write my sermon.

In the church I preach to myself as well as to others, and if nobody else is benefitted, I am; if no soul receives comfort from my words, I do. It is with the minister as with the physician—he knows the power of his salutary medicines, though not always their effect on the constitution of those to whom they are administered.

Noon.—This morning I received a note, sent from the inn, from a stranger who had lodged there all night, begging to see me as soon as I could make it convenient. I walked down immediately and inquired for the stranger. He was a fine looking young man, of about seven and twenty. He wore an overcoat, much the worse for wear, and his boots were soiled with traveling. His hat, though originally of better quality than mine, was even more worn; yet, spite of his thread-bare apparel, his bearing was that of a gentleman. I noticed also, that his shirt was of fine linen, and immaculate in whiteness. He asked me to walk into his chamber, and after many excuses for the liberty he had taken in thus troubling me, informed me that he found himself at present in the greatest embarrassment, and having no acquaintance in the village, when he arrived yesterday evening, he had applied to me, knowing that I was a clergyman. He was, he said, by profession a comedian, and on his way to Manchester, where he hoped for an engagement; but was just now unexpectedly out of money. He had not enough in fact, to pay for his night's lodging and his fare to Manchester; he but needed the merest trifle—twelve shillings. That sum would relieve him from his difficulties—and if I would be kind enough to advance it, I might rest assured that as soon as he realized any thing from his engagement in Manchester, it should be thankfully repaid. His name was John Fleetman.

It was not necessary for him to say how much anxiety his embarrassment caused him, as his distressed looks showed that more plainly than words. Alas! he must have read an answering grief in mine! When he ended his story and glanced at me, he seemed ashamed, and asked eagerly—'Will you not relieve me, sir?'

Without circumlocution, I explained to him the circumstances in which I was placed, that the sum he required was no less than the fourth part of my whole property, and that I was by no means certain of retaining the insufficient support I had. With evident disappointment and chagrin, he answered—'We are companions in misfortune, I see—I can ask nothing of you. But is there no other person in this village who has, if not wealth, at least sympathy for one in my strait?'

I felt ashamed and vexed that I had been induced to speak of my own unhappy situation, and to make that an excuse for being deaf to the call of distress. I thought over all my acquaintances in Creekland, but found not one to whom I could advise him to apply. At last stepping up, and laying my hand on his shoulder, I said—'Mr. Fleetman, I am truly sorry for you. Have a little patience—I am very poor, but I will help you if I can. In an hour you shall have an answer from me.'

I went home. On the way I could not help thinking how singular it was that the stranger should think first of applying to me—he being a comedian, and I a clergyman. There must be something in my nature which draws the poor and unfortunate to me like magnetism. Those in need come to me, who have least to give. I will venture, were I seated at a table with twenty others, and a hungry dog in the room, he would be sure to come straight up to me, and lay his cold nose entreatingly on my lap!

On reaching home, I told the girls of my adventure, and the request of the stranger. 'I wanted to have Jenny's advice. She said in a sympathising tone—'I know, father, what you are thinking—so I have no advice to give in the matter.'

'And what am I thinking?'

'That you will do to this poor actor what you wish Doctor Snarr should do to you.'

That was not what I was thinking; but I wish such had been my thoughts. I counted out the twelve shillings and gave them to Jenny, that she might take them to the stranger. I did not take them myself for I wished to shun his thanks, which would have humbled me. Ingratitude always makes me more proud,—and now I will go on to write my sermon.

Evening.—When Jenny returned, she had much to tell me of what she had seen and heard, not only about the stranger but the landlady. The mistress of the inn had learned that her guest's purse was empty, and Jenny could not deny when questioned, that she brought him a loan from me. Then she had to listen to a lecture upon the folly of those who gave when they had so little, or who lent to vagabonds when they had not enough to live on at home: with many prudent sayings, &c.

I was still writing my sermon, when Master Fleetman came in. He could not leave Creekland, he said, without thanking his benefactor, who had relieved him in so pressing a difficulty. Jenny was just laying the cloth for dinner. We had turnips and an omelet, and as our fare was better than usual, I invited him to partake it with us. He accepted willingly, having made, I suppose, but a sorry breakfast at the inn, and Mary was despatched to fetch some beer as a treat.

The young stranger seemed to enjoy our social meal. His former expression of anxiety and distress was gone, but still there was about him an air of reserve and melancholy. He thought us very happy, and we assured him we were so. He took me to be better off than I had said; but in that he was mistaken. Our real poverty was not apparent to him, while everything looked so neat and comfortable about us. The orderly appearance of our little apartment, the cleanliness of the floor and the windows, shaded by snow white curtains, with the polish of our chairs and table took his attention from the homeliness of the furniture. In truth, the cottages of the poor generally present such a scene of dirt and discomfort, as excites disgust as well as pity.—They seem to think it costs too much to be clean. But this is a mistake. Order and neatness are the best helps to economy: so my lamented wife taught the girls. Jenny has learned this lesson admirably, and is teaching it daily to her sister. She has an eye for the smallest speck of dirt.

Before long, our guest was quite domesticated with us. But he spoke less of his own, than of our prospects. He has evidently something still upon his heart; I will not believe upon his *conscience*. I noticed that he often paused in the midst of conversation, and seemed abstracted. May he be consoled, if he have need of comfort!

When he left us in the afternoon, I gave him a good deal of well-meant advice. He must know that theatrical people are too often frivolous and unstable. He smiled, and thanked me again for my kindness, promising to repay my loan as soon as he should receive any money.—He also asked, with an expression of sincere interest and sympathy, how long I supposed we could subsist on what remained to me. His parting words were—'It is impossible, sir, things in this world can go far wrong with you. You have Heaven in your own breast and two of Heaven's angels about you!' With this he glanced at my two daughters.

December 20th.—This day has passed quietly, though I can hardly say pleasantly. Lester, the shop-keeper sent me in his year's account. The amount was greater than we had expected; not that the articles were not accurately set down but their price was more than we anticipated. The whole with arrears, which I begged he would settle for, came to eighteen shillings.

I went myself to Mr. Lester. He is a civil and courteous man, and I made bold to ask him to receive payment in part, and wait for the rest till Easter. He regretted, he said, that he was unable to oblige me; within three days he must take up a note, on the payment of which his credit depended, and credit, I must be aware, was every thing to a merchant. My representations were in vain, and I was compelled to send him payment for the whole. My all has now dwindled down to eleven shillings. I hope Fleetman will not delay the performance of his promise, else I know not what is to become of me and my children. There is One who knows, if thou dost not—oh, thou of little faith! Why so disquieted? What have I done? Poverty, surely is no sin!

December 24th.—We have at least something to be pleased at. Jenny has finished her gown, and looks as pretty as a bride in it. Dear girl! She tells me every evening how frugally she has managed household matters during the day. In truth, we have not much evening, being obliged to go to bed at seven, to save fuel and oil, but the girls work more briskly while the day lasts, and talk cheerfully till they fall asleep. And then we have a good store of turnips and pulse. Jenny thinks we may get along for six or eight weeks, without contracting any debts. But I question that. Still we look forward to the returns from Fleetman. He is frequently the subject of our conversation; his arrival was an era in our monotonous life. The girls often talk of him, and it is amusing when Mary says—'What a pity he is nothing but a player!' to hear Jenny tell about the rich and celebrated actors in London, who sit at the Prince's table, and give her opinion that Fleetman must be one of the best of actors. He is tall and well formed, and has so much dignity and so expressive a voice! 'Ah, yes!' cries Mary, archly, 'did he not call you an angel?' 'And you too!' answers her sister, coloring. 'Yes, it is true, I may pass for one in your company,' says the younger, 'but he looked at you while he was speaking.'

All this and the like girlish nonsense awakens in me a father's anxiety. Mary grows apace. Jenny is now a woman. What prospects have the poor girls? Jenny is a well-informed, industrious, and a very lovely girl, but our poverty is known to all the village; on that account we are neglected, and she has had no offers. An angel without money is now-a-days thought little of. The only one who has paid her the least attention is the shop-keeper Lester. When she took the money to him the other day, he presented her with a pound of almonds and raisins, and said he was very sorry to press me for payment, but that if I would continue to deal with him, he would give me credit till Easter. I do not think he would have said so much to me.

December 26th.—These have been two gloomy days. The Christmas festival has never seemed so gloomy before. I preached my two sermons, during the day, in four different churches. The roads were dismal, as was the weather. I feel that I am beginning to grow old. I have no longer the strength and elasticity of frame I once had.

Both days I dined at Farmer Hurst's. The country people are far more hospitable than the villagers, among whom I have not been invited out to dine in half a year. How I wished my daughters could have sat down to table with us! Such a profusion of good things, and enough left to provide a Christmas feast for a poor family. But they had a share of it, and enjoy it even while I am writing. I am glad that on taking leave I had courage to ask for a cold cut, to carry to the girls. The good people filled a basket for me, and as it was raining, sent me home in a wagon.

I am now very tired, and will write down some other time my conversation with Farmer Hurst, which was really worth remembering.

December 27th.—How good and evil are blended in this world! I heard this morning a report that Brooks had committed suicide, and went to Alderman Fieldson's to see about it. This man was a distant relation of my late wife, and ten or twelve years ago I had consented to be his security to the amount of a hundred pounds sterling, he being about to purchase some property. I had never been released from my security, and remembered having heard recently that Brooks had met with losses, and become very intemperate.

I went to Fieldson in much trouble of mind, but he persuaded me not to distress myself about it. He too had heard the rumor, but thought it improbable, and advised me not to be uneasy, till officially notified of my liability. I went home somewhat more at ease.

Mary met me at the door, crying—'A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father! The package cost seven pence postage.'

Jenny reached it to me, before I could lay aside my stick and hat, and I perceived that both of the girls were half out of their wits with curiosity and delight. I opened the package; there were five pounds enclosed, and my first impression was rather of surprise than pleasure that he should have overpaid me. The letter was within and my daughters (true descendants of Eve) were all impatience to get at the contents.

'Now my children,' said I, 'I see, and you may see also, how much harder it is to bear joy with calmness and equanimity than even misfortune. I have wondered at your patience and cheerfulness in our afflictions. I am surprised to find you overcome at the first of Fortune's smiles. For a lesson and a punishment I shall lay this letter aside, and not open it till after dinner.'

Jenny tried to convince me that her joy was not so much for the money, as for this proof of the honesty and gratitude of Mr. Fleetman. She only wanted to know if he was in prosperous circumstances. But notwithstanding her disinterestedness, I adhered to my resolution.

Evening.—Our joy is turned into mourning; the letter and package come not from Mr. Fleetman, but from Doctor Snarr. It contained, in answer to my letter to him, my dismissal from the Vicarage after Easter. I was allowed till that time to look out for other means of livelihood, and to enable me to travel, my pay till Easter, five pounds, was enclosed, and the Rector informed me he had directed the new Vicar to perform my duties till that time.

Thus the village talk of a new Vicar was true, and I may give some credit, perhaps, to the further rumor, that the new Vicar obtained his place as a consideration for his marrying a cousin of Doctor Snarr's, who was in danger of losing her reputation, through whose fault people did not venture to say. I was to lose my means of support, to make way for a fellow who had been mean enough to sell his honor!

My girls were pale as death when they heard the contents of the letter which they had supposed to come from Fleetman. Mary threw herself on a chair, weeping and sobbing, and Jenny quietly left the room. I trembled with conflicting emotions, but putting a strong constraint on myself, I retired to my chamber, and there fervently implored of the Almighty strength to bear this blow. I rose from prayer much calmed and invigorated, and opening my bible, the first words on which my eyes fell, were the following from Isaiah, XLIII. 1.: '*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.*'

I felt inexpressibly comforted by this text; my heart replied, "*I am thine.*" I returned into the dining-room, but stopped when I saw Mary kneeling, her hands clasped in prayer; and returned softly to my chamber, unwilling to disturb her.

When we met again some time after, I could see from Jenny's looks, that she too had been seeking consolation where alone it may be found, though her red eyelids showed she had wept much.—They both looked anxiously at me, and were doubtless gratified to see me so calm. I put the letter and the five pounds in my desk, and for the rest of the evening no allusion was made to the occurrence.—They felt deeply for me, and I feared to show weakness before my children.

(*Concluded next week.*)

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Poor Agnes.

'The voice of the charmer—the voice of the charmer—charm he ever so wisely.'

'What does she mean?' I asked, turning to my companion; but before he could answer, the wild looking girl took off her bonnet, letting a shower of curls fall over her wan cheeks.

'I've wandered through the woods,' she said, 'and picked up the dead leaves every autumn to heap on my grave, but the red glory faded away, and my grave is not yet made. I've stood by flashing rivers, and gone down to the moon in their dark depths, but the voice of the charmer, the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely—ah me!' and flinging herself upon the green bank, she laid as motionless as if she were dead.

'Come with me,' said my friend; turning off into a charming lane, he led me to a beautiful spot. A little cottage stood in the midst of a clump of trees. It had a new, yet deserted and sorrowful look. The blinds were covered with dust, weeds straggled around its base, and one red sunbeam, level with our glances, gave an almost supernatural tinge to the gloom within.

'That cottage, strange as it may seem to you, was raised ten years ago, and no living person has slept beneath its roof—It was built by Cleary Hale, a young man born and brought up in the village. This poor crazy creature whom you just saw was his betrothed. She was beautiful enough to be the belle of the place. Indeed I can remember when with her thick glossy curls, and vivid black eye, she engrossed all my youthful attention. But poor girl! she was the victim of slander. One who was jealous of her influence, and envious of her beauty, sought to work her ruin. The child was as innocent as she was amiable, and just the victim upon whom an artful mind might work, and never be suspected.

'With stories plausibly told, linked together with the little thoughtless actions and speeches of this unsuspecting girl, the base woman succeeded in poisoning the mind of her lover. Yet he did not turn, as she had fondly counted, to her. Stung to the heart, he cast off all allegiance to the supposed false maiden, and left for a foreign land. The wonder of her companions, their suspicions and unspoken taunts, together with their desertion, drove poor Agnes mad, and so she has been ever since. Cleary never came back; he left his house as you see it, not quite finished; and I should not wonder if it stood there uninhabited till it falls.

'But was this Agnes guilty of any imprudence?'

'Guilty! I wish to heaven my soul was as pure as hers; and if Cleary but knew it, he would condemn himself forever for his unjust—'

At this moment a gaunt face startled us at the window of the deserted house.—We sprung to our feet, but hardly quicker than the man hurried from the threshold, and stood confronting us.

'Cleary!' said my friend, almost with a shout. The figure seized his hands, but seemed unable to articulate, though his lips moved.

At last he exclaimed: 'Agnes—where is she?'

'You have heard us, then—you have heard what I have been telling!'

'Yes, every word—only carry me to her—let me see her—let me on my knees entreat her to forgive me.'

We walked hurriedly to where we had left the unhappy girl. She had fallen asleep. The contrast of her almost jetty curls with her pale face, was almost startling. Cleary folded his arms and stood gazing upon her. His form shook like a leaf trembling in the autumn wind; his lips and cheeks were ashy white. [illegible] mysterious sympathy, perhaps, awa[illegible] Agnes. She looked dreamily rou[illegible] began her old strain, 'the voice [illegible] charmer; the voice—his face—his [illegible] she shrieked, catching the eye of th[illegible] burnt Cleary—his face, though alt[illegible] oh! Cleary—how could you stay so [illegible] I have been so lonely, and suffe[illegible] much,' she sobbed, as he caught he[illegible] folded her to his breast.

We could not but mingle our[illegible] with his. The great Father had re[illegible] reason to her throne, and she look[illegible] from those dark eyes half lovingly [illegible] reprovingly, as if she ought, but cou[illegible] bear to chide the cause of her banish[illegible]

No longer deserted, the little co[illegible] shows its red light every evening thr[illegible] the vines, and interlacing branche[illegible] trees. Strains of music float throug[illegible] pleasant rooms, and mingle with the [illegible] mer music of nature's sylvan [illegible] Round dimpled cheeks and sunny [illegible] shine out from the windows, and [illegible] childish bands gather roses in the [illegible] ing to set on the table for father.

Agnes looks young again. The li[illegible] has come back to her cheeks, the [illegible] glances are sweetly subdued, and [illegible] eyes have grown soft and loving.

But she who first lifted the standa[illegible] voice has grown old and unlovely [illegible] pised for the part she has played in [illegible] mer years, nobody seeks her lo[illegible] retreat, and in all but the name her mi[illegible] able home is, indeed and in truth, a [illegible] serted cottage.

☞ Our Daniel remarked the ot[illegible] day that the next time he put up at a [illegible] tel, he should enter his name as 'Dan[illegible] Sharp—judge.'

We asked him if he had ever tried [illegible] and he replied:

'Yes, I tried it once, and it work[illegible] like a charm. I had the best accomm[illegible] dations in the house for about a we[illegible] *without any expense*—till the landlord [illegible] day touched me on my arm, and says he [illegible] 'You are judge of the Probate are y[illegible] not?'

'No,' replied I, looking careless li[illegible] 'Not of the Supreme Court, certa[illegible] ly! says he.

'No,' rejoined I, 'not of any court.'

'Of what are you judge then?' contin[illegible] ed he, thinking of the many fixins he h[illegible] sent up to my room.

'I am judge,' pompously returned [illegible] 'of—of *good living*.'

'He said he would be happy to hav[illegible] me remain with him another week, [illegible] he expected a great deal of company th[illegible] next day, and I had to leave.'—*Literar[illegible] Museum.*

REAL AND IDEAL.—Dow, Jr, in one [illegible] his discourses, in which he described th[illegible] contrast between semblance and reality [illegible] thus hits off a ball scene:

'A woman,' says he, 'may not be a [illegible] angel though she glides through the ma[illegible] zes of the dance like a spirit clothed wit[illegible] a rainbow, and studded with stars. Th[illegible] young man may behold his admired objec[illegible] on the morrow, in true light of reality [illegible] emptying a washtub in the gutter, wit[illegible] frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pal[illegible] for the want of paint—her hair musse[illegible] and mossy, except what lies in the ha[illegible] reau; and her whole contour wearing th[illegible] appearance of angel rammed through [illegible] brush fence, into a world of wretchedn[illegible] ed and woe.'

☞ The Detroit Free Press, speaking [illegible] of street beggars in that city, tells the fol[illegible] lowing anecdote:

A little ragged urchin, begging in the [illegible] upper part of the city, was asked by the [illegible] lady of the house, after filling his basket [illegible] if his parents were living.

'Only dad, marm,' said the boy.

'Then you've enough in your basket to [illegible] feed the family for some time,' said the [illegible] lady.

'Oh, no, I haven't either,' said the lad, [illegible] for dad and me keeps five boarders; he [illegible] does the house-work and I does the mur[illegible] ketin'.'

DR. JOHNSON ON LIARS.—Even the rob[illegible] bor and cutthroat have their followers, [illegible] who admire their address and intrepidity [illegible] their stratagems or rapine, and their fidel[illegible] ity to the gang. The liar, and only the [illegible] liar is invariably despised, abandoned and [illegible] disowned; he has no domestic consola[illegible] tions, which he can oppose to the censure [illegible] of mankind; he can retire to no frater[illegible] nity, where his crime may stand in place [illegible] of virtue, but is given up to the hisses of [illegible] the multitude, without a friend and without an apologist.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?—The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great significant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory. These qualities will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Goethe.*

☞ There is a cockney youth, who every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, cries 'Are!' directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment she plunges her head out of the window, and inquires 'where?' when he poetically leaps himself on the bosom and exclaims, 'Ere, my Hangelina!'

☞ An old preacher once took for his text, 'Adam, where art thou?' and divided his subject into three parts:—1st, all men are somewhere; 2d, some men are where they ought not to be; and 3d, unless they take care they will find themselves where they had rather not be.

☞ All our trials and sorrows have elements of good in them—hopeful features which smile upon us in gentle reproof of our unbelief and discouragement. Now and then, as the swift shuttle passes, we catch glimpses of bright threads weaving themselves into the dark web of our affliction.