## FRANKLIN AND GOV. BURNET.

Franklin had just returned from assisting poor Collins to bed, when the captain of the vessel which had brought him to New York, rtepped up and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand. Franklin opened it! not without considerable agitation, and read as follows:-

"G. Burnet's compliments await young Mr Franklin, and should be glad of half an hours chat with him."

"G. Burnet," said Ben., "who can tha

"Why, 't is the Governor," replied the captain smiling. "I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace."

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without a sigh as he cast a look at the door of poor Collins' bed-room, to think what an honor that wretched young man had lost for the sake of two or three drinks of filthy

The Governor's looks at the approach o Ben, plainly showed a disappointment. He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy contenance showed him so much younger than he had expected, that he gave up-all his-promised entertainment as alost hope. He received Ben however with great politeness, and took him into an adjoining room which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him:-

"Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the cap tain here, that you have a fine collection of books too."

"Only a trunk full, sir!" said Ben.

"A trunk full, sir!" replied the governor, "why, what use can you have for so many books?" Young people at your age, have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemiah.

"I can boast," said Ben, "of baving read a great deal beyond that myself; but still I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full to read every six months."

At this, the governor, regarding him with a look of surprise, said-

"You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the langua-

"No, sir," answered Ben, "I know no lan guage'but my own."

"What, not Latin nor Greek?" --

"No, sir, not a word of either."

"Why, don't you think them necessary?" "I don't set myself up as a- Judge-but I

should not suppose them necessary.'

"Ah! well, I should like to hear your rea

"Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a gentleman of your learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on lan-. guage merely as arbitrary sounds of characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire; were it not wiser in me to improve my time in sense through that one language, than waste it in getting mere sounds through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many."

Here the governor paused a moment, though without a little red on his cheeks, for having put Ben and chapter X. of Nehemiah so close together. However catching a new idea, he took another start.

"Well but my dear sir you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favor of the languages."

"I would not wish wantonly to differ from the learned world," said Ben, "especially, when they mantain opinions that seem to me founded in truth. But when this is not the case, to differ from them I have ever thought it my duty; and especially since I studied Locke."

"Locke!" cried the governor with surprise

"you studied Locke?"

"Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding three years ago, when I was thir-

"You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the Understanding, at thirteen!"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, and pray at what college did you to look at Locke till eighteen."

"Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to butchers, is not known; but still, probably fruitful. There are many fine trees in the of undertukers.

except nine months when I was a child."

Here the governor sprang from his seat and staring at Ben cried out:

'Never at a college! Well, and wherewhere did you get your education, pray?" "At home, sir, in a tallow-chandler's shop." "In a tallow-chandler's shop!" screamed

the governor. "Yes, sir, my Father was a poor old tallow-chandler with sixteen children, and I the school, but finding he could not spare the en." money from the rest of the children to keep night I read by myself.

gether, and gave a loud whistle, while his said: eye-balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in heir sockets as if in a mind to hop out.

'impossible; you are only sounding my cred- less." uality. I can never believe the one half of 'Captain, can this young man here be aim. I think he is not without his faults." ing at anything but to quiz me?"

"No, indeed, please your excellency," replied the captain, "Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true, for I am acquainted with his father and fami-

The governor then turning to Ben, said more moderately: "Well, my dear wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word, and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead langurges.

"Why, sir, I object to it principally on account of the shortness of human life .-Taking them one with another, men do not live above forty years. Plutarch, indeed, only puts it at thirty-three. But say forty .-Well, of this, full ten years are lost in childhood, before any boy thinks of a Latin grammar. This brings the forty down to thirty. Now, of such a moment as this to spend five or six years in learning the dead languages, F "How greatly I am obliged to you, sir, for especially, when all the best books in those languages are translated into ours-and, besides, we already have more books on every subject than such short lived creatures can ever acquire-seems very preposterous."

"Well, what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example; I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich native Greek into our poor, homespun English, would you?'

"Why not, sir?" "Why, I should as soon think of transplanting a pine apple from Jamaica to Bos-

"Well, sir, a skilful gardener, with his hothouse, would give us nearly as fine a pine apple as any in Jamaica. And so, Mr. Pope, with his fine imagination, has given us Homer in English; with more of his beauties ar from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language."

"You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics all tell us his beauties are inimitable."

"Yes, sir, and the naturalists tell us that the beauties of the basilisk are inimitable

"The basilisk, sir! Homer compared with the basilisk! I really don't understand you,

"Why, I mean sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded from the beautiful skin that covers its poison, so is Homer, for the bright colorings he throws over bad characters and passions. Now, as I don't think so important to human happiness, I must confess, I dread Homer, especially as the companion of youth. The humane and genyou would hardly think of sending your son to Achilles to learn these."

composition."

"Yes, sir, and when painted in the colors which Homer's glowing fancy lends, what youth but must run the most imminent risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws upon his pictures."

"Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject, is, I confess, an ingenious one,

"Not at all, sir; we are told from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer study Locke at thirteen; for at Cambridge that first put it into the head of Alexander College in old England, where I got my ed | the Great to become a hero, and after him of ucation, they never allowed the senior class Charles XII. What millions of creatures the general character of the lands in the

between individuals, from pride and revenge and we can scarcely imagine a more propnursed from reading Homer."

"Well, sir," replied the governor, "I nevin your charges against Homer."

"Ask your pardon, sir; I have the honor to think of Homer exactly as did the greatest philosopher of antiquity; I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer youngest of all; at 8 years of age he put me to his republic. And yet Plato was a heath-

Here the governor came to a pause. But me there, he took me home to the shop, perceiving Ben cast his eye on a splendid Here the governor spatted his hands to-shoulder, and in a very familiar manner,

"Well, Mr. Franklin, there's an author that I am sure you will not quarrel with; an "Impossible young man!" he exclaimed, author that I think you will pronounce fault-

"Why, sir," replied Ben, "I entertain a

"It would puzzle you, I suspect, Mr. Franklin, as keen a critic as you are, to point

"Well, sir," said Ben, hastily turning to the place, "what do you think of this famous couplet of Pope's:

> "Immodest words admit of no defence, For want of decency is want of sense."

"I see no fault there."

"No-indeed!" replied Ben; "why, now, to my mind a man can ask no better excuse, for any thing he does wrong, than his want of sense."

"How so?"

"Well, sir, if I might presume to alter a line in this great poet, I would do it in this "Immodest words admit of THIS defence,

That want of decency is want of sense. Here the governor caught Ben in his arms, as a delighted father would his son, calling out at the same time to the captain-

bringing me to an acquaintance with this charming youth! O, what a delightful thing it would be for us to converse with such a sprightly youth as him! But the worst of it is, most parents are blind to the true glory and happiness of their children. Most pa rents never look higher for their sons than to see them delving like muck-worms for money; or hopping about like jay-birds in fine feathers. Hence, their conversation i no better than froth or nonsense."

The Governor shook hands with Ben, begging that he would never visit New York without coming to see him.

## HENRY CLAY'S HOME AND GRAVE.

We made a promise some days ago, says the Cincinnati Gazette of September 25th, to give an account of our visit to Ashland, than ordinary scholars would find in him af which for so many years was the home of ter forty years study of the Greek. And be Henry Clay, a name dear to the American sides, sir, if Homer was not translated, I am people, and to which memory clings like ivy o the oak.

Ashland has often been described by abler pens than ours, and its name has gone forth ing to the edge of the opening. Near this to the ends of the earth. Those who have was a small auger hole, in which he inserted preceded us, however, saw Ashland when in one of his fore paws, while with the other he its full glory, as a quiet, modest, unpretending dwelling, and when the occupant was in his pride of place, first in the race of men. Those days have passed away, never to return. Not only has the jewel vanished from our sight, but the casket has been broken which contained it. Henry Clay is dead and

Ashland is a ruin. It was near the close of a warm and pleasant day, that we rode in a carriage from the hotel door in Lexington to Ashland. We were not prepared to find the dwelling totalthe beauties of poetry are comparable to ly demolished, but all that remained of it those of philanthropy, nor a thousandth part was part of a brick wall, which had once served to divide the parlor from the library, and upon this some half dozen men were at work with crowbar and pickaxe, levelling tle virtues are certainly the greatest charms and sweeteners of life. And I suppose, sir, of the old homestead of the Statesman, is a pile of bricks and rubbish. We were told that the present proprietor of the estate-a "I agree he has too much revenge in his son of Henry Clay-is about to erect on the site of the old dwelling a new edifice, of its exact form and character. This will make some amends for the work of demolition he has completed, but it will hardly pardon it. The old house might have been repaired, it should not have been destroyed. It was one of those consecrated spots, those shrines of liberty, to which the pilgrim would oft retire Mr. Franklin; but, surely, 'tis over-strain to revive hope and strengthen his love of country.

Aside from the interest affixed to the spot because of him who so many years found therein his home, there is nothing remarkable about Ashland. The estate partakes of

be at a college, or even a grammar school, not a tythe of what have perished in duels, immediate locality where the dwelling stood, er rural home than Ashland once was for such a man as Henry Clay. But its glory er heard the prince of bards treated in this has departed; Henry Clay's home is razed to way before. You must certainly be singular the earth. It was with a m ortified and disappointed spirit that we left Ashland and directed our way towards the cemetry, which is on the other side of Lexington from Ashland, but near the closely inhabited part of the

It is an exceedingly well selected spot, and contains many handsome monuments. Our chief desire, however, was to see the grave of the "Great Commoner." We soon found where I assisted him by twisting the candle copy of Pope, he suddenly seized that as a it. It is marked by no stone or monument. wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at fine opportunity to turn the conversation .- The place of sepulchre, however, is well se-So stepping up he placed his hand on his lected. Henry Clay lies just where he ought to-in the heart of Kentucky. The spot is beautiful and quiet, and "he sleeps well."-His grave is heaped up in the usual form and covered with the green sward. It is contemplated to build his monument on the spot where he now rests. We own that we like the simple beauty of his unmarked grave this." Then turning to the Captain he said: most exalted opinion of Pope; but still, sir, better than we would a monument. It bro't to our mind the grave of Sir Walter Scott, in St. Mary's aisle, in the ruined Abbey of Dryburgh. Scott's grave, like Clay's, bears no monumental stone; the green hillock alone marks where he rests. But how quiet and holy that rest doth seem!

## I MAY NOT LOVE THEE.

I may not love thee, but within my heart, / when night and darkness set my spirit free,
And I sit mising from the world apart,
There is a low, deep voice that tells of thee,
That voice is sweet and mournful as the tone
Of far Æolian music heard in sleep,
Or the wild cadence of a spirit lone
O'er the hushed waters of the midnight deep.

I may not love thee—but thy blessed look
Forever haunts my soul when then art far—
It glances upward from each moonlit brook,
And downward from each bright and holy star.
'Tis imaged in each flower that lifts its eye
At morn to greet the sunshine and the dow,
And the each fatry cloud that wanders by,
Floating in beauty o'er the mountain blue.

I may not love thes—but thy gentle words
Can stir within my soul its fount of tears,
And wake the echo of my heart's deep chords
Like some sweet melody of early years,
I may not love thee—but thy image sooms
A loving radiance to my spirit given.
For oh! I picture thee in all my dreams
Of bliss on earth and blessedness in heaven!

A RAT STORY.—The following rat story vas related to us by a neighbor, and did it not come from a source which entitles it to the utmost credit, we should feel somewhat dubious about the truth of the matter; but as it is, we believe every word of it.

Our neighbor says that he was very much harrassed by these animals, and had devised various plans for their destruction. Among the expedients employed was a barrel placed upright, which he had prepared by sawing a hole in the upper head about six inches square. Bait was put into this barrel near the bottom, just above a few inches of water, hoping that the rats might be induced to jump in and be drowned.

From time to time the delicious moresl was aken away and no rats entrapped. Feeling anxious to know by what means this was accomplished, he placed himself in a favorable position to watch progress. The secret was soon out. Several rats soon collected, one larger than the rest taking the lead. This one let himself down into the barrel by clingclung to the edge of the larger hole, thereby securing a firm grip. Then another would descend until he could embrace the first one round the hips, and so on till a perfeet chain was formed tails downward, reaching the bait. Then a rat, which had held himself in reserve, ran down The chain and bore away the prize! But the most curious part of the story is to come. Our informant says that when the bait was brought out not a rat ventured to touch it until the chain was unlinked, and all were present to share in its disposal.-Westfield Transcript.

JUDICIAL DECISION ON A BAD DINNER .-The late Judge Dooly, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit:

" At one place where he attended court he was not well pleased with his entertain ment at the tavern. On the first day of the court a hog under the name of a pig, had had been cooked whole and laid upon the ta-

No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect; and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned. As the boarders finished their dinner Judge Dooly rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the clerk. "Mr. Clerk," "dismiss the hog upon his recognizances until the first day of next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security.'

DEATH STATISTICS.—An exchange says-There are in the United States 40,561 phy sicions, 191 surgeons, 6,139 apothecaries, 465 chemists, 2923 dentists, 10 occulists, and 50 professed patelle medicine makers. have been slaughtered by these two great neighborhood of Lexington, being rich and make the list complete, we want the number

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March 1-ly

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