

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Raymond had now reached the age of thirty years, and instead of finding that his condition or the state of his feeling improved, they seemed rather to grow worse. He became more and more unhappy. Every morning when he rose, it was with a kind of dread as to how he should contrive to kill time, to get through the day to endure his own listlessness, or dissatisfaction, or disgust. The idea of setting about some useful or honorable employment, that would occupy his thoughts, give excitement to his faculties, and bring satisfaction to his conscience, never entered his head. He had never been taught that no one has a right to lead an idle and useless life, and that no man can be happy who attempts to live only for himself.

It is indeed a common opinion among rich people, that they are under no obligations to engage in the active duties of life; that they are not bound to labor, or toil, or make sacrifices for society; that they are in fact privileged classes and may spend their time and money with an exclusive regard to themselves. Raymond was educated in this foolish and narrow-minded opinion; and here was the real foundation of all his misery. Could he only have discovered that happiness is to be found in exercising our faculties; in using the means, and employing the power, that Providence has placed in our hands, in some useful pursuit—and in this way alone—he might have been saved from a gulf of misery into which he was soon plunged.

At this period, which was soon after the revolutionary war, America was attracting great attention, and Raymond having met with one of his college mates who had been there, and who gave him glowing accounts of it, he suddenly took the determination to sell out his estates and set out for America, with the view of spending the remainder of his days there. He knew little of the country, but he supposed it to be the contrast in every thing to that in which he had lived, and thinking that any change might bring enjoyment he sold his property, and taking the amount in gold and silver, set out in a ship bound for New York.

The vessel had a prosperous voyage till she arrived in sight of the highlands, near the entrance of the harbor of New York. It was then that, just at evening, smart gusts began to blow off the land, and the captain showed signs of anxiety, lest he should not be able to get in before the storm, should arise. The passengers had dressed themselves to go on shore, and most of them, anxious to see friends, or tired of sea, were anticipating their arrival with delight. Raymond, however, was an exception to all this. He went upon the deck, looked a few moments gloomily at the land that was visible low down in the horizon, and then retired to the cabin, where he gave himself up to the accustomed train of discontent and bitter thoughts.

"I alone," thought he, "of all this company, seem to be miserable; all are looking forward with pleasant anticipations of some happiness, some enjoyment in store for them. But for me—what have I to hope? I have no friends here; this is a land of strangers to me. It is true, I have wealth—but how worthless it is! I have tried my virtues in England, and found that it could not give me pleasure. Wealth cannot bestow happiness; and I should not mourn if every farthing of it were lost in the sea. Life is indeed a burden to me. Why is it that every thing is happy but myself? Why do I see all these people rejoice at the sight of land, while I am distressed at the idea of once more mingling with mankind? Alas! life is to me a burden, and the sooner I part with it the better!"

While Raymond was pursuing this train of reflections in the cabin, the heaving of the vessel increased; the creaking of the timbers grew louder, and the deck became a scene of uproar, occasioned by running to and fro, the rattling of corals, and the clanking of heavy irons. The commands of the captain grew rapid and stern, and the thumping of the billows against the sides of the ship, made her shiver from the rudder to the bowsprit.

Raymond was soon buried in his own gloomy reflections, that he did not for some time notice these events; but at last the din became so tremendous, that he started to his feet and ran upon the deck. The scene that now met his eye was indeed dreadful. It was dark, but not so much so, as to prevent the land from being visible at a little distance; the wind was blowing with the force of a hurricane, and urging the vessel, now perfectly at its mercy, into the boiling waves that frothed and foamed along its edge. The captain had given up all hopes of saving the ship, and the passengers were kneeling and throwing up their hands in wildness and despair.

Raymond was perfectly calm. The thought of losing his wealth crossed his mind, but it cost him not a struggle to be reconciled to its destruction. He thought of sinking down in the waves to rise no more. To this, too, he yielded, saying briefly to himself,
 "It is best it should be so."

Having thus made up his mind and prepared himself for the worst, as he fancied, he stood surveying the scene. The force of the gale was fearful; as it marched along the waters it lashed their surface into foam, and burst upon the ship with a fury that seemed every moment on the point of carrying away her masts. At last the vessel struck; a moment after, her masts fell, with their whole burden of spars, sails, and rigging; the waves that rose over the stern of the steed of the helpless hulk, and swept the whole length of it. Several of the passengers were buried in the tide, there to find a watery grave; some clung to the bulwarks, and others saved themselves in various ways.

Raymond himself was plunged into the waves.

His first idea was to yield himself to his fate without an effort; but the love of life revived, as he saw it placed in danger. He was an expert swimmer, and exerting himself, he soon approached the masts, which were still floating, though entangled with the wreck. It was in vain however to reach them, owing to the rolling of the surf. Several times he nearly laid his hand upon them, when he was beaten back by the dashing waves. His strength gradually gave way, and he was floating farther and farther from the wreck, when he chanced to see a spar near him; with a desperate effort he swam to this, and lay holding it as was thus able to sustain himself upon the water.

The night grew dark space, and Raymond being driven out to sea, was parted from the wreck, and could distinguish nothing but the flashing waves around him. His limbs began to grow cold and he feared that his strength would be insufficient to enable him to keep upon the spar. His anxiety increased; an awe of death, which he had never felt before, sprang up in his bosom, and an intense love of life—that which he had so recently spurned as worthless—burned in his bosom. So little do we know ourselves until adversity has taught us reflection, that Raymond, a few hours before, fancying that he was willing and prepared to die, now yearned for safety, for deliverance, for life, with an agony he could not endure. His feelings, however, did not overpower him. Using every effort of strength and skill, and rubbing his chilled limbs from time to time, he was able to sustain himself till morning. He could then perceive that the vessel had become a complete wreck, and that the fragments were floating on the waves; he could not discern a single human being, and left to infer that all beside himself had perished.

In this situation, benumbed with cold, faint and exhausted with exertion, he was on the point of yielding himself a prey to the waves, when a pilot boat came in view. It gradually approached the place where he was, and at last seemed so near him as almost to be within reach of his voice. At this critical moment she made preparations to tack, and then change her direction.—Raymond noticed these movements with indelible anxiety; if she should advance a few rods more, he should be discovered and saved; if she would change her route ever so little, she would pass by, and he unobserved and helpless, would perish. The experience of years seemed now crowded into one moment of agony. Weary, cold and exhausted, the poor sufferer wished not now to die, but to live. "Help, help!" he cried with all his strength. "Oh, God, send me deliverance from these waves!" This earnest and agonizing petition was the first prayer he had uttered for years, and it was in behalf of that existence which, in the days of luxury and splendor, he had thought a curse!

Watching the pilot-boat with the keenest interest, poor Raymond now sat upon the spar, almost incapable of moving on account of his sufferings and weakness. He saw at last the helm put down; he saw the vessel obey the impulse he saw her swing round, the sail flapping in the wind, and then filling again; and then saw her shoot off in another direction, thus leaving him destitute of hope. His heart sank within him, a sickness came over him, his senses departed, and he fell forward into the waves! It was at this moment that he was discovered by the pilot.—The vessel immediately steered towards him, and he was taken on board. In few hours he was at New York, and put under the care of persons who rendered him every assistance which he needed for his immediate comfort.

It was several hours after his arrival at the city before Raymond had fully recovered his senses. When he was completely restored, and began to make inquiries, he found that all his ship companions had perished. He who probably cared less for life—who had no family, no friends, and who was weary of existence—he only of that ship's company, was the one that survived the tempest.

There was something in this so remarkable, that it occupied his mind and caused him deep emotion. In the midst of many painful reflections, he could not disguise the fact, that he felt a degree of pleasure in his deliverance from so fearful a death. Again and again, he said to himself,
 "How happy, how thankful I feel at being saved, when so many have been borne away to a watery grave!"

The loss of his property though it left him a beggar in the world, did not seem to oppress him the joy of escape from death was to him a source of lively satisfaction; it gave birth to a new feeling—a sense of dependence in God, and lively exercise of gratitude towards Him. It also established in his mind a fact before entirely unknown, or unremarked—that what is called misfortune, is often the source of our most exquisite enjoyments.

"It seems to me," said Raymond, in the course of his reflections, "that as gems are found in the dreary sands, and gold along the rugged rocks—and as the one is only yielded to toil, and the other to the smelting of the fiery furnace—so happiness is the product of danger, suffering and trial. I have felt more real peace, more positive enjoyment from my deliverance, than I was able to find in the whole circle of voluptuous pleasures, yielded by wealth and fashion. I became a wretch, existence was to me a burden, while I was rich. But, having lost my fortune, and experienced the fear of death, I am happy in the bare possession of that existence which I spurned before."

Such were the feelings and reflections of Raymond for a few days after his escape; but at length it was necessary for him to decide upon some course of action. He was absolutely penniless. Everything that had been snatched with the ship

He had no letters of introduction, he had no acquaintances in New York; nor, indeed did he know any one in all America, save that a brother of his was a clergyman in some part of the United States, but he had not heard of him for several years. Raymond was conscious too, that his separation was the result of his own ungenerous conduct; for the whole of his father's estate had been given to him to the exclusion of his brother, and he had permitted him to work his own way in life, without offering him the least assistance. To apply to this brother, was therefore forbidden by his pride; and besides, he had every reason to suppose that brother to be poor.

What then was to be done? Should he return to England? How was he to get the money to pay his passage? Besides, what was he to do when he got there? Go back to the village where he had carried his head so high, and look in the faces of his former dashing acquaintances—acknowledging himself a beggar! This was not to be thought of. Should he seek some employment in America? This seemed to be the plan. He began to make inquiries as to what he could find to do. One proposed to him to keep a school; another to get into a counting house; another to be a bar keeper. Any of these occupations would have given him the means of living, but Raymond's pride was in the way—pride that dogs us all our life, and stops up almost every path we ought to follow, persuaded Raymond that he who was once a gentleman, ought to live of a gentleman, and of course he could not do either of these things proposed.

But events day by day, pressed Raymond to a decision. His landlord at last became uneasy, and told him that for what had accrued he was welcome, in consideration of his misfortunes; but he was himself poor, and he begged him respectfully to make the speediest possible arrangements to give up his room which he wanted for another.

"I have been thinking," said Raymond, in reply to this, "that I might engage in the practice of physic. In early life I was thought to have a turn for the profession."

This suggestion was approved by the landlord and means were immediately taken to put it into execution.

"Dr. Raymond, late of England," was forthwith announced, and in a few weeks he was in the full tide of successful experiments.

This fair weather, did not continue without clouds. Many persons regarded "Dr. Raymond" only as one of the adventurers so frequently coming from England to repay the kindness and aid of courtesy of the Yankees, with imposition and villainy. Various injurious stories were got up about him; some having a sprinkling of truth in them, and for that reason being very annoying. Raymond, however, kept on his way, paying little heed to these rumors, fancying that if left to themselves they would soon die. And such most, perhaps, have been the result, had not a most unfortunate circumstance given matters another turn.

In the house where Raymond boarded, several small sums of money, and certain ornaments of some value, were missing by the boarders, from time to time. Suspicion fell upon a French servant in the family, but nothing could be proved against him, he was retained, and a vigilant watch kept over his actions. Discovering that he was suspected, the fellow determined to turn the suspicion against Raymond; he therefore in the dead of night, took a valuable watch from one of the boarder's rooms, and laid it under the pillow at Raymond's bed. This was done with so much address, the gentleman from whom the watch was stolen, nor Raymond himself, knew any thing of it at the time. The watch was missed in the morning, and the servant arrested.—But as soon as the chambermaid began to make up Raymond's bed, the pilfered watch was there. The servant was at once released. Raymond was arrested, briefly examined and thrown into prison.

The circumstances in which he came to this country were now arrayed against him. The unfavorable rumors that had been afloat respecting him revived; all the stories of swindlers that had visited the country for twenty years back, were published anew with embellishments. In short Raymond was tried and condemned by the public, while he lay defenceless in prison, and long before his trial came on. The subject became a matter of some notoriety; the circumstances were detailed in the newspapers. A paragraph noticing these events met the eye of Raymond's brother, who was settled as a minister of the gospel in a country parish not far distant, and he immediately came to the city. Satisfying himself by a few inquiries that it was indeed his brother who was involved in difficulty and danger, he went straight to the prison, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and kindness. But pride was still in the way, and Raymond haughtily repulsed him.

The pious minister was deeply grieved, but he did not the less seek to serve his brother. He took care to investigate the facts, and became persuaded that the French servant had practised the deception that has been stated, but he was not able to prove it. He employed the best of counsel; but, in spite of all his efforts, and all his sympathies, Raymond was found guilty, condemned, and consigned to prison.

Up to this time, the pride of Raymond sustained him; but it now gave way. He had borne the loss of fortune, but to be convicted of a low, base theft, was what his spirit could not endure. His health sank under it, and his reason, for a time, departed. His sufferings during that dark hour, God only knows. At last he recovered his health and senses, when he heard that, on his death-bed the French servant had confessed his iniquity.

It was from the lips of his brother, and under his roof, where he had been removed during his insanity, that Raymond learnt these events. He had been released from prison, and his character cleared of the imputation of crime.

From this period Raymond was an altered man. His pride was actually quelled; no longer did that disturber of earth's happiness,—the real serpent of Eden,—remain to keep him in a state of alienation from his brother. The two were now, indeed, as brothers. But there were other changes in Raymond; his health was impaired, his constitution was enfeebled; his manly beauty departed; he was, indeed, but the wreck of former days. But strange as it may seem, he now, for the first time, found peace and happiness. He had now tasted of sorrow, and was acquainted with grief. This enabled him to enter into the hearts of other men, to see their sorrows, and to desire to alleviate them. A new world was now open to him; a new world of effort, of usefulness, of happiness. In the days of prosperity, he had no cares for anybody but himself, and mere selfishness had left him a mere wretch while in possession of all supposed means of bliss. He had now made the discovery that pride is the curse of the human race, and humility is its only cure; that trial, sorrow, and misfortune are necessary, in most cases, to make us acquainted with our own hearts, and those of our fellow-men, and that true bliss is only to be found in a plan of life which seeks, earnestly and sincerely, the peace and happiness of others.

"List to the Mocking Bird."
 A strong story is related by the Scott Legion "boys" at the expense of one of the captains attached to their regiment. The story in brief is this;
 Shortly after the arrival of the regiment at _____, our officers, while pressing near a handsome dwelling, were listeners to most beautiful music. The unknown vocalist sang in tones so soft, so tremulous and melodious, that they strained their ears to drink in every note of the strain. In the day time they went by squads past the dwelling, but saw no soul. Once they pursued a sylph like figure, to the very gate but alas! she was not the lady sought for. And so they lived on, each night hearing the music repeated; and when it ceased ambition at a worldly interest went out with them, and so that their dreams were filled with fancies of the unknown face. One night when gathered together the voice struck up again.
 "By Jove!" said one, "this is agonizing. I can't stand it. She must be discovered. Eager voices took up the remark, and W. determined to reconnoitre the place. He crept on tip-toe toward the dwelling, leaped the garden pales, and finally, undiscovered, but very pallid and remorseful, gained the casement.
 Softly raising his head, he peeped within. The room was filled with music—he seemed to grow blind for the moment.
 Lo! prone upon the kitchen hearth sat the mysterious songstress—on ebony lined negro scowling the tin kettle.
 W.'s limbs sank beneath him, when the discovered, looking up, shouted:
 "Go way dar, you soger man, or I'll fly de frying pan' at yer head. Don't stand dar peakin' at dis chile!"
 W. left instantly, and the boys who had followed close in the rear, escorted him back to his quarters with peals of laughter.
 TO DAY AND TO MORROW.—Half the griefs of the world are ideal. No matter to what rank of life the man belongs, unless he possess a remarkably contented quality of mind, he is perpetually annoyed with small sorrows, arising from the anticipation of evils which in fact, never come to pass. At the end of any year he can look back, if he choose, and count his hours by the score, spent in this manner over ideal misfortune. And it is exactly the same thing with our moments of happiness; for "man never is, but always to be, blessed;" and how very much of our enjoyment is occasioned by the expectation of pleasurable event which always fail to occur? As a certain bishop once said to a sprig of nobility, who asked for the loan of a rural the reverend gentleman never used.
 "Sir don't you know it is necessary to have a place where you never go—place in which you fancy you might ever be happy, if you were there; but which you absent yourself because you know you won't be?"
 And the bishop in that remark announced a great truth: for delight, as well as sorrow, lies so much in what is never realized.
 Common sense, fair reader, ought to take a solid hint from this fact. In children's language "never grieve after spilt milk," and never over what may occur.—The past is irrevocable, and the future brings trouble enough of its own. Enjoy the present in its innocency as circumstances may permit. Today is certainly yours, and to-morrow may not be. And although reveling in gratifications to come may not be so objectionable as a cheap species of happiness, beware of indulging in an anguish over calamities equally in posse, for it is both idle and unphilosophical.

Select Poetry.
 O! GIVE ME BACK MY RUSSET GOWN.
 O! give me back my russet gown,
 My cottage by the valley side;
 There's nothing in this wild town
 Save gilded pomp and pouted pride;
 O! give me back my garden chair,
 My morning walk, my song bird's call;
 For nature's self is present there—
 And heaven's dear light is over all!
 These crowded streets are not for me;
 I seek in vain the clear blue sky;
 I long the mountain paths to see—
 The green woods waving broad and high,
 I long to hear the Sabbath bells,
 Gaily chiming with the river's flow;
 To feel the joy that yields
 Afar from fashion's dust and show!
 Give—me back my russet gown—
 And take these bright pearls from my view;
 And smother these sadurn ringlets down
 As once a mother's hand would do!
 Give—me back my own green bowler,
 And bid me far from pomp remain;
 And I will love—will bless the hour—
 When Nature's home is mine again!

THE INHERITANCE.
 BY S. G. GOODRICH, ESQ.
 There once lived in a village near London, a youth by the name of Raymond. His parents died when he was young, leaving him an ample estate. He was educated at one of the universities, travelled for two years on the continent, and at the age of twenty-four, returned to the paternal mansion and established himself there. Being the richest person in the village, and descendant representative of a family of some antiquity, he became the chief personage of the place. Besides all this, he was esteemed remarkably handsome, possessed various accomplishments, and had powers of pleasing almost amounting to fascination. He was therefore courted and flattered by the whole neighborhood, and even lords and ladies of rank and station did not disdain to visit him. The common people around, of course, looked up to him; for in England, where distinctions in society are established by government, and where all are taught to consider such distinctions right the great, as they are called, are usually almost worshipped by the little.
 Surrounded by luxuries, and flattered by everybody, it would seem that Raymond might be happy; but he was of a discontented turn, and though for a time these things pleased him, he grew tired of them at last, and wished for some sources of pleasure and excitement. At the university he had imbibed a taste for reading; but he could not now sit down to his quiet and gentle pleasures. He had been in the gay society of London and Paris, and had drunk the cup of pleasure so deeply that nothing but his drugs remained.

Raymond was therefore restless, discontented, and miserable, while in possession of all that usually excites the envy of mankind. He was rich beyond his utmost wishes; he was endowed with manly beauty and the most perfect health; he was admired, flattered, cherished, and sought after by all; yet he was unhappy. The reason of this he did not know; indeed, he did not look very deeply into the matter, but went on from one scene to another, seeking enjoyment, but turning with distant and disappointment from everything. He was, however, too proud to leave the world know his real condition; he kept up a fair outside, sustained his establishment with magnificence, and dressed himself, when he went abroad, with elegance and care; he affected gravity in company, often led in the dance, was ever foremost in the chase, and was usually the life of the circle where he went.

They are few, perhaps none, who imagined that, under this aspect of prosperity, the canker of discontent was gnawing at the heart. Yet such was the fact. Of all the people in the village, Raymond was considered the most happy, but in truth he was the veriest wretch in the place. And though this may seem a rare instance, yet we have good reason to believe that often, very often, there is deep misery untold and unsuspected in the great house, where more elegance and luxury are seen by the world at large; very often the beggar at the door would not exchange condition with the lord of the lofty hall, if he but knew his real condition.

THE CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP.
 A proposal was sent by the post in the days when letters travelled at the rate of ten miles an hour on the mail coach. The anxious lover for the first week breathlessly expected the reply, but it did not come. The next week he pined and was sleepless; still no answer. "A civil acknowledgment was his due. She was heartless, and a flirt." The next week he despised her, and congratulated himself upon his escape, and when at the end of it he received his own letter back from the dead-letter office, he had so completely outlived his love that he never proposed to that lady at all.

I once saw a middle aged invalid making love to a young lady. After making great efforts to meet her he drew his chair close to her, looked into her face, sighed heavily, drew his chair still closer, and while she looked at him in astonishment and I in the distance strained my ears to hear what tender remark followed all this preparation. I heard him whisper with great emphasis. "Who is your doctor?" I need hardly say that the proposal failed which followed this well judged commencement. A more pardonable case of amorous absorption in his own pursuits was that of a sly lover, whose one idea was horses. There he spoke, and there she answered yes. But this was natural and pardonable; a sly man may need his vantage ground, and feeling his own inferiority in the drawing-room may yet be aware of his superior knowledge and superior power in the stable, where his horses make his throne and himself a king.

A marriage took place not many years ago in the great world, where two lovers, long attached, but separated by the desire of their parents, met under an arch while each was taken refuge in London, from a sudden rain. Neither of them had the least idea of the neighborhood of the other, when the sudden meeting occurred which decided the course of their lives.

In another case the engagement was broken off on account of limited means, and the gentleman went abroad. When returning home after several years' absence, he arrived late on the railway platform and rushed into the first carriage he reached just as the train was in motion. In it he found (with her mother) the lady he had been so long vainly endeavoring to forget, and the meeting ended in one of the happiest marriages.

Hans Anderson gives in one of his books, an amusing account of a young man, newly appointed to some official position in the court of Copenhagen, ordering his court dress in great haste that he might be present at a ball where he meant to declare his attachment to a beautiful girl whom he had long loved. All went smoothly, was on the point of proposing, nay, had said a few preliminary words, when a button gave way on the hastily made court dress. The lover rushed abruptly away, and the lady, hurt at his unlooked for departure, made an engagement for a sleighing party next day, where she received and accepted the offer of another lover.

Thus love, as well as life, often hangs upon a thread. Always secure your retreat in love as well as in war; this is a precaution never to be neglected. Mr. A. _____, a brother to the late Lord Z. _____, whose proud and haughty temper was proverbial. After being refused, the rejected lover turned away from her in great indignation, but finding the gates of the garden locked, was obliged to return to the lady to petition for the key.

Another case still more trying was that of a gentleman travelling in North America, who after being hospitably received in the house of an officer high in command there, proposed to the host's daughter the evening before his intended departure and was refused. A deep fall of snow came on in the night; and the poor man, to his unspeakable mortification, was detained for a week in the house with the lady who rejected him.

CONSUMPTION.—Why do speculators wish for the X-Chequer Bill? Because they wish to play a game of drafts on it.

A lady informs us that she knows a chap down east whose lips are so sweet that everything he utters is perfectly cordied, (read did.)

THE FALLING LEAVES.—A sweet singer of merry old England once wrote "Leaves have their time to fall"; and that melancholy time is here, and as the wind whistles without and we see the leaves sailing along like vessels on the wide ocean a pensiveness falls upon us—so much like the fading away of some dear heart affectionate and beloved, passing away to the silent land. But ought we not to look up to their mighty monuments instead of becoming saddened at their decay? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills? So stately! so eternal! the joy of man, the comfort of all living beings, the glory of the earth they are but monuments of those poor leaves which fit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, however, without our understanding their last counsel and exhortation; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world's monument by which men may be taught to remember, not when and where we died, but when and how we lived. So much for the lesson of the leaves.

THING THE KNOT.—A young man was taking a sleigh ride with a pretty girl, when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for tying the knot matrimonial on short notice. He stopped him and asked hurriedly: "Can you tie a knot for me?" "Yes," said the minister, "I guess so; when do you want it done?" "Well, right away," was the reply; "it is lawful, though, here in the highway?" "O, yes, this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."—Well, then I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow," shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, fearing lest the minister, in his profane wrath, should fall from grace.

If a woman is truly beautiful let no her beauty be made dim by the flash of diamonds.

A POSITIVE FACT.—We once knew a young drinker who had a breath so strong that he could not hold it to save his life—and so he died.

Ephraim being asked how he was managed to pick so many knots, answered with a grove shake of the head, that he did not know, as such deeds were always done mysteriously.