The Louisiana Democrat.

E. A. BIOSSAT | THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH. | PUBLISHER

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The Democrat.

TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT" is published Weekly, at FIVE DOLLARS per annum, THREE for six months, payable in advance. No Subscription taken for a less period than Six Months.

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R. W. BRINGHURST,
Civil Engineer
—and—
PARISH SURVEYOR,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

ORDERS sent by mail, or left at R. C. Hetherwick's store will be received and attended to.

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Jan. 20th, 1869–tf.

C. R. BOYD,
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WILL survey in the Parishes of Rapides, St. Landry and Avoyelles. Applications may be left at the office of the Democrat.

February 8, 1871–tf.

R. J. BOWMAN,
Attorney at Law,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

OFFICE in the rear of Jacob Walker's store.

Sept. 8th, 1869–tf.

W. W. WHITTINGTON, JR.,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
—and—
Notary Public
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Sept. 1, 1869–tf.

ROBT. P. HUNTER,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Sept. 1, 1869–tf.

W. S. L. BRINGHURST,
Notary Public,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Feb. 8, 1871–tf.

C. R. BOYD,

AGENT FOR THE BUYING and SELLING of Lands. Address
DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

February 22d, 1871–tf.

WM. A. SEAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALEXANDRIA, La., Will practice in the Courts of Rapides and adjoining Parishes.

THOS. C. MANNING,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT Law, Alexandria, La.

H. S. LOSEE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE FRONT Rooms, up stairs, in Jas. W. Osborn's Brick store, Front Street, Alexandria, La.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALEXANDRIA, La.

MAURICE GRIVOT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE 38 Natchez Street, corner of Bank Place, up stairs, New Orleans.

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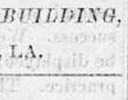

ALEXANDRIA, NEXT door to Levin & Ferguson's Jewelry Store.— The best of leather always on hand.
TERMS CASH.

Feb. 15, 1871–6m.

FOR RENT!

THE ICE HOUSE HOTEL—POSSESsion given at once. Apply on the premises to J. S. FISH.

Sept. 27, 1871–tf.

CHOICE BOURBON WHISKEY— For sale by
HENRY A. BIOSSAT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. R. R.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A cure for every pain. It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE

cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle.

Health! Beauty!!
Strong and Pure Rich Blood—Increase of Flesh and Weight—Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT!!
HAS MADE
The most astonishing cures; so quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes, under the influence of this truly wonderful Medicine, that
Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is seen and felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

EVERY drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. *Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.*

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints!
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS!
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

HAY, CORN and OATS, for sale by HENRY A. BIOSSAT.

OWEN KING,
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER
SHOP WITH
HENRY FORENAN,
Johnston St., in the rear of the Jewel Coffee House.
Work done with neatness and dispatch
FOR CASH.

Sept. 27–3m.

HEAVY MESS PORK and EXTRA Lard for sale by
HENRY A. BIOSSAT.

Land to Rent.

I WISH to rent the plantation known as the "Scott Place," lying adjoining the Town of Alexandria, 400 acres of which has been in cultivation for the last two years. There are on the place sufficient cabins for the hands. Parties wishing to rent will do well by calling on me as soon as possible. A. W. McLAURINE.

Nov. 8, 1871–tf.

Our Poet's Corner—Selected

THE SWING.

BY M. C.

It stands, no beauty on the lawn,
 Though beautiful to me,
The rugged, crooked, gnarled, stunted,
 Blossoming apple tree,
I love to see it rich with blooms
 Or white with feathery snow,
Ripening thoughts as well as apples,
 Out of the Long Ago.

Twelve summers up the stream of Time;
 It seems but yesterday;
I made a swing from its sturdiest bough,
 In a morn of merry May.
And from it swung my love, my life,
 In the flush of her sunny youth,
And I wooed her shyly, won her bravely,
 With all her love and truth.

And now I swing another as fair,
 She's nine years old, or ten,
And she laughs, and sings, and shouts,
 "Papa, swing me again, again!"
And I swing her again and kiss her;
 "Don't kick at the stars!" I cry;
She crackles with laughter, and says,
 "I will, if you'll swing me up as high."

Gnarly, crooked, rugged, stunted,
 Blossoming apple bough!
I do not know in the wide, wide world,
 Another as fair as thou!
Three loves, three lives, three spirits of
 Hope,
 Amid thy leaves are hidden,
And thy fruit is a fruit of Paradise,
 Pleasant and unforbidden.

MYRTILLE.

BY H. M.

On the outskirts of the village of Dosenheim, in Alsatia, fifty feet above the sandy path which leads to the woods, stands a pretty little house, surrounded by fruit trees, its flat roof loaded with heavy stones, its gable overhanging the valley. Flocks of pigeons whirl around it; hens wander up and down the hedge-rows; a cock perches upon the little garden wall, and sounds the reveille and the retreat among the echoes of Falberg! a flight of stairs, with wet linen hanging upon the wooden railing, reaches to the second story; and two branches of a vine climb over the front of the house and spread themselves to the very roof. If you ascend the staircase, you see, at the end of the passage, the kitchen, with its flowered dishes and chubby soup-basins, and if you enter the great hall, with its ancient oak furniture, its ceiling crossed with dark beams, and its antique, Nuremberg clock, with its measured tick. A woman of about thirty-five, her form incased in a long, black bodice, her head surmounted by a velvet cap, with ribbon streamers, spins and dreams. A man in a velveteen coat, trousers of maroon-colored cloth, his forehead large and bony, his expression calm and thoughtful, trots a chubby-faced boy on his knee, while he whistles a bugle-call.

The village down in the valley seems framed in the little windows of the house; the river flows over its dam and crosses the winding high street; the old houses, with their dark shops, their stables, their dormer windows and the nets in the sun; the young girls kneeling upon a large stone on the bank of the stream, washing; the cattle, grazing and lowing gravely among the great willows; the young herdsmen cracking their whips; the mountains, on whose summit stands out the sharp, arrowy tops of the pine trees—all this is reflected in the blue stream as it flows by, carrying with it a brood of ducks, and some old trees, uprooted from its banks.

When you behold these things, you feel, with irresistible emotion, "God is good. All that He has made is excellent, perfect. Let us give thanks to Him, and sing His praises from generation to generation. Amen."

Well, my dear friends, such was Bremer's house, such was Bremer himself, and his wife Catherine, and their little son Fritz, in the year of our Lord 1820. I can see them myself, exactly as I have pictured them to you. Christian Bremer has served in the Imperial Guard. After 1815 he married Catherine, his old love, no longer young, it is true, but still fresh and graceful.—With his own little savings, his house, his five or six acres of vineyard, and the land that Catherine brought him, Bremer found that he was one of the wealthiest men of Dosenheim. He could have been Mayor, Deputy Mayor, or City Counsellor; but he cared little for such honors, and his only pleasure, after finishing his day's work in the fields, was to take down his gun, whistle for his dog Friedland, and wander through the woods.

Now it happened one day that the good man returned home from hunting, bringing in his great game bag a little gipsey girl, two or three years old, lively as a squirrel and brown as a nut. He had found her in the bag of an unfortunate gipsy woman who lay dead from fatigue and perhaps hunger at the foot of a tree.

You can imagine Catherine's outcries and protestations; but as Bremer was in the habit of being master in his own house, he simply announced to his wife that the little one was to be baptized under the name of Suzanne-Frhcierique Myrtille, and that she was to be brought up with their own little Fritz.

Of course all the old wives in the village came, one after another, to look at the little gipsy, whose grave and dreamy looks astonished them.

"She is not like other children," said they. "She is a heathen, a real heathen! You can see by her black eyes that she can understand everything we say. See her listen to us now. Take care, Father Christian, gipsies are light fingered gentry. If you bring up such a little imp as this, you will find some fine morning, that she has strangled your cock and decamped."

"Go to the devil," said Christian, "and mind your own business. I have seen Russians, I have seen Spaniards, I have seen Italians, Germans and Jews; some were brown-haired, some were black-haired, and others were red-haired; some had hook-noses and some had straight noses, but good men were to be found among them all."

"That may be," retorted the old woman; "but all these people lived in houses, while gipsies lived in the open air."

Upon this, he took them by the shoulders and then politely turned them out of doors. "Go—go," said he, "I don't want your advice. It is time we had some fresh air here, and we want to see the cattle and wash the floor."

However they were not entirely wrong, as was unfortunately seen twelve years later.

Fritz liked to fodder the cattle, to lead the horses to water; to follow his father to the fields, to sow and to reap, to bind the sheaves and to bring them in triumph to the village, as much as Mytille disliked to milk the cows, to churn butter, to shell peas and peel potatoes.

The young girls of Dosenheim, washing their linen in the morning, would call her heathen. She, complacently regarding her image mirrored in the fountain, and seeing her beautiful black hair, her rich, red lips, her white teeth, and her necklace of brierberries, would smile and murmur:

"They call me heathen because I am prettier than they."

Then she would laugh loudly, and stir the water with her little feet.

Catharine, seeing how things were going on, complained bitterly. "Myrtille," said she, "is good for nothing. She isn't willing to do anything. I advise, preach and scold in vain; she does everything wrong. Why, only the other day, when we were arranging the apples in the fruit room, what did she do but bite into the finest to see if they were quite ripe. Her greatest talent is munching everything she finds."

Bremer himself could not help seeing her wild nature, and when he heard his wife calling from morning till night, "Myrtille; Myrtille, where are you? Oh, that naughty girl has gone into the woods again after blackberries!" he laughed to himself, and said, "Poor Catharine, you are like a hen that has hatched ducks; they go into the water—you fly frantically about on the bank, you call to them, but you might as well call to the wind.

Every year, after harvest time Fritz and Myrtille spent whole days away from the farm, watching the cattle as they grazed.

They sang, whistled, cooked potatoes in the ashes, and descended the rocky path in the evening to the sound of a wooden horn.

These were Mrytille's happiest days. Seated near the brushwood fire, her beautiful dark head resting upon her little hand, she would remain motionless for whole hours, lost in vague reveries.

The flocks of wild ducks and geese, that flew across the clear sky, from one mountain to another, over the tops of the tall forest trees, seems to sadden her to the very depths of her soul. She would cast after them a long, lingering look, as into the depths of boundless space; then suddenly rising. and stretching out her arms, she would exclaim:

"I must go—I must go—yes, I will go;" then she would bow her head upon her knees and weep, and Fritz, standing by her side, would weep also, and say,

"Why do you weep, Myrtille? Who has made you unhappy? Is it one of the young men in the village—Kasper, Wilhelm, Heinrich? Tell me, and I will be after him. Come tell me."

"No."

"Why do you weep, then?"

"I don't know."

"Let's run to the Falberg."

"That is not far enough."

"But where do you want to go, Myrtille?"

"There—there," she said, pointing far away beyond the mountains, "where the birds go."

Then Fritz would raise his eyes and stand with his mouth wide open.

One day, when they were on the outskirts of the woods, near mid-day, the heat was so intense and the air so still, that the smoke of their little fire, instead of rising in a column, diffused itself like water beneath the dried bushes.

The grasshopper had ceased its monotonous chirp. You could not hear an insect hum, nor a leaf stir, nor a bird chirp.

The oxen and the cows—their eyelids closed, their legs folded under them—reposed in the shade of a great oak, in the middle of the field, and occasionally one of them would low in a slow and heavy voice, as if complaining.

Fritz, at first, had begun to braid the cord of his whip, but he soon stretched himself out upon the grass, his hat over his eyes, and Freidland came and lay down beside him, yawning form ear to ear.

Myrtille, alone, was not affected by extreme heat. Crouching down near the fire, hugging her knees, she sat motionless in the full blaze of the sun, gazing with her dark eyes into the somber recesses of the forest.

The hours wore slowly on; the distant village clock struck twelve, then one, then two, and the gipsy girl did not stir. The woods, the bare mountain tops, the rocks, the rows of pine trees stretching down the opposite side of the mountain, all seemed to possess a profound, mysterious meaning for her.

"Yes," whispered she to herself.—"I saw that long ago."

Suddenly, she looked at Fritz, who was fast asleep, then rose up softly and fled. Her light feet hardly touched the ground; she flew, flew up the side of the mountain; Friendland turned his head lazily around, and seemed inclined to follow her, but stretched himself out again upon the ground, overcome with lassitude.

Myrtille disappeared among the bushes that border the forest; with one bound she crossed a muddy ditch, where a solitary frog was croaking among the rushes. Twenty minutes later, she gained the crest of Roche-Creuse, which overlooks Alsatia, and the blue tops of the Vosges; then she looked back to see if any one was following her.

Fritz, with his hat over his eyes, was still sleeping soundly in the green fields; so were Friedland and the cattle under the trees.

She gazed at the village beyond, at the river, at the roof of the farm-house, around which the pigeons were flying, looking in the distance like so many swallows; she gazed at the crooked high street where several peasant women in red petticoats were walking; at the little moss grown church, where the good cure Nicklauses had baptized and afterward confirmed her in the Christian faith; then she turned toward the mountain and gazed upon the arrowy tops of innumerable pines, growing as thick as grass on the sides of the precipice. In the presence of this grand spectacle, the gipsy girl felt her breath leave, her heart beat with unaccustomed force.

Resuming her course, she crossed a crovice carpeted with moss and ferns, in order to gain the herdsman's footpath through the woods. Her whole soul, all her wild nature shone forth in her countenance with unwonted force; she semed transfigured; she clutched the ivy with her little hands, and planted her bare feet firmly in the fissures of her rock.

She soon set off on the other side of the mountain, running, leaping, and sometimes suddenly stopping to regard the surrounding objects; a tree, a ravine, a solitary pool, a clump of sweet smelling grasses, as if struck dumb with surprise. Although she had never, to her recollection, seen these thickets, these copses, this heath, yet at every turn of the road she would say, "I knew that this tree was here, that rock there, and the stream down below." A thousand strange memories crossed her mind with lightning speed, but she did not understand why, nor did she reason about it. She had not yet said to herself: "What Fritz and other people need is the village, the fields, the shelter of the farm-house, the fruit trees in the orchard, the cow that gives milk, the hen that lays eggs, the provisions stored in the cellar and in the garret, the warm room in winter; but I have no need of such things because I am savage—a real savage; I was born to these woods as the squirrel to the oak, the hawk to the rock, the thrush to the pine."

No, she had never reasoned about these things, but her instinct guided her, and urged on by this strange power she reached at sunset the bare plateau of Kohle-Platzs, where the gipsies who travel from Alsatia to Lorraine ordinarily halt to pass the night, and hang their kettle amidst the heath.

There Myrtille, worn out, her feet bruised, her little red petticoat torn by the briars and thorns, sank down at the foot of an oak tree. For a long time she sat there motionless, her gaze lost in space, listening to the winds whistle through the tall pines, and happy at feeling herself alone in this solitude. Night came on. The stars appeared by thousands in the dark depths of the heavens, then the moon arose and with her bright rays softly silvered the birches scattered along the sides of the mountain.

Sleep had begun to overtake the young gipsy girl, her head was beginning to droop, when she was started by distant noises in the woods; she listened, and the same noises broke the silence of the night; Bremer, Fritz and all the farm people were out in search of her.

Without hesitation Myrtille rushed farther into the forest, only stopping from time to time to listen. The noises became fainter and fainter, and soon she heard only the rapid beatings of her heart, and pursued her way less hurriedly.

At last, very late, when the moon had shed her last rays upon the foliage she sank down among the heath, overcome with lassitude, and slept profoundly. She was then four leagues from Oremheim, near the source of the Zinzel, and Bremer would not be likely to extend his search so far.

It was broad day when Myrtille awoke in the solitude of the Harburg forest, under an old moss-eaten pine. A thrush was singing above her head; another, far off in the valley, echoed his song. The leaves shook as if quivering in the morning breeze, but the air already warmed by the sun seemed laden with a thousand perfumes of vervain, moss and wild honeysuckle.

The gipsy girl opened her eyes in utter surprise, she looked about her, and then reflecting that she would no longer hear Catharine call "Myrtille, Myrtille, where are you—you lazy girl," she smiled and listened to the song of the thrush.

A brook babbled near by; the girl had only to turn her head a little to see the living water flow over the rock and then spread itself through the grass; above the rocks hung an arbutus—heavy with bunches of red fruit; below was a magnificent wolf's bane with its violet-colored flowers spotted with white.

Myrtille was thirsty, but she felt indolent, so content to hear the water flow and the thrush sing, that she had not the courage to disturb this harmony; so letting her pretty dark head fall back, she smiled, and looking through her half-closed eyelids, said:

"I shall always be like this. Well, I am lazy. Heaven made me so."

And dreaming of the farm with its great cock, its hens, then of the eggs hidden amongst the straw in the barn.

"If I only had two eggs," said she; "two eggs, boiled hard, like those Fritz had in the bag yesterday, with a crust of bread and a pinch of salt, I should be very glad; but then, when eggs are not to be had, mulberries do very well.

An odor of mulberries made her distend her delicate nostrils. "There are some," said she; "I smell them." She was not mistaken; the woods were full of them.

In a minute, no longer hearing the song of the thrush, she raised herself upon her elbow and saw the bird pick at one of the bunches of arbutus berries. She arose and drank some water out of the hollow of her hand, and observed that watercresses was abundant thereabout; then, something that never before happened, certain words of the cure, Nicklausse, came into her mind: "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, for your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

"Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow! They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall be not much more clothe you, Oh, ye of little faith.

"Therefore take no thought of these things, for after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your Heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of them.

"Ah!" thought Myrtille, "when mother Catherine called me a heathen. I could well have said to her: It is you and yours who are heathens, because you sow and reap, but we are good Christians, because we live like the birds of the air."

She had hardly finished these wise reflections when the noise of a footstep among the dry leaves startled her. She was about to fly, when a young gipsy, eighteen or twenty years old, tall, slender, with dark complexion, curly hair, bright eyes, his thick lips parted, slid down the rock, and said: "Almani?"

"Almani," replied Myrtille, much agitated.

"Ah," said the youth, "of what band?"

"I don't know—I am seeking—"

And without delay she told him how Bremer had brought her up, and how she had run away from his house the evening before.

The gipsy smiled and showed his white teeth.

I am going to Hazlach," said he, pointing. "A great fair is held there to-morrow, and all our band will be there—Phiter-Karl, Melchoir, the Blue Tom-tit, Fritz, the clarionet player, Coneon, Petre and the Black Magpie. The women tell fortunes, while we men make music. Will you come with me?"

"I will" said Myrtille, looking down.

Then he kissed her, put his bag upon her back, and taking his staff in both hands, cried.

"Woman, you shall belong to me; you shall carry my bag, and I will support you. Forward."

And Myrtille, so lazy at the farm, walked bravely on. He followed, singing and dancing, sometimes even on his all fours, so joyous was he.

Since that day no one has ever heard what became of Myrtille.

Fritz almost died when he found she was never coming back; but he became consoled for his misfortune when several years later, he married Gredel Dick, the Miller's daughter—a good natured, buxom lass, very fresh and wholesome looking.

Catherine then seemed satisfied, for Gredel Dick was the richest girl in the village. Bremer alone remained sad.

He had come to love Myrtille as his own daughter.

One winter's day, he was looking out of the window, he saw a gipsy clad in tatters, with a bag on her back, traverse the snow-covered vally; he sat down and heaved a deep sigh.

"What is the matter with you, Bremer?" asked his wife.

As he did not answer her, she approached him—but found that he was dead!

Grumblers.

A very large, very respectable, and very knowing class of misanthropes rejoice in the name of Grumblers—persons who are sure that the world is going to ruin, that they resent every attempt to comfort them as an insult to their sagacity, and accordingly seek their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased. Their raven croaks drown all melodies of lark and linnet. Indeed, like Jacques, "they can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs." It is to them we are doubtless indebted for that phrase which includes all our actions and all the circumstances of our being in this world, under the general term of "the concerns of life."

Doleful and crabbed, their conversation is a succession on ominous prophecies emitted in a series of growls. Mad in the infatuation of those simpletons who insist on feeling cheered by cheerful things, they gruffly hint of the tempests which are cradled in the sunshine and the calm. You meet one of them in the street, and in a gush of delight at the heavenliness of the weather, venture the suggestion that it is a fine day. "Yes," he replies, "one of those infernal storm-breeders!" Such a creature having no other comfort than a kind of fretful satisfaction in finding fault, you make him hopelessly miserable when you leave him no shadow of a cause for complaint. Thus Charles Lamb speaks of one of his companions, who, in the game of whist, was always grumbling because he had so few trumps.

By some artifice in dealing, the whole thirteen were once given him, in the hope that some sound of glee might be audible from his instinctive grunt; but after examining his hand attentively, he looked more wretched than ever. "Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you got enough trumps now?" "Yes," was the growling answer, "but I've got no other cards!" Indeed, discontent, in the confirmed grumbler, is literally a complaint—a settled disease of the mind. All his perceptions of nature and life being twisted and distorted into the shape of his own wretched fancies, he can see nothing as it is. Obstinate in absurdity, you can not tempt or coax him into sense.

"Stiff as apoker said a friend! of one of these unreasonable and unreasoning dogmatists. "Stiff as a poker!" was the reply; "why he would set an example to a poker!" Dejection in the heart is thus apt to become stupidity in the head; and against stupidity "heaven and earth fight in vain." In fact, the grumbler cultivates his crabbed folly as a conscientious duty, and swaggers and swells on the strength of it as if to be a snarling bore was to reach the summit of human excellence, and to grow in stupidity was to grow in grace. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson in reference to one of this class—"Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but he must have taken a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity is not in nature, sir. I am willing to allow him all the merit for it he can claim."