

White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

OUR FLAG.

Fling it out, and gaze upon it—
Emblem of the free and brave;
With their lives our fathers won it—
Shall it droop above their grave?

Let it wave, and may the nations,
Be they near or be they far,
Watch its waving molitions,
And above their guiding star.

Let the stricken ones behold it,
As they wipe away a tear,
Would to God each one could fold it
Round their form, without a fear.

Fling it out, and sing it boldly,
Never fear a nation's hate;
There are those who love not coldly,
There are those who watch its fate.

Only those who prize it
When it first appeared in view;
But now thirty-one in beauty
Gleams on a field of blue.

Other round it, and sing it loudly,
As the floating moments pass;
Let the very air be laden
With the number thirty-one.

Citymen who are in the habit of preaching long sermons during the dog days, will please read the following lines, addressed to them by a victim—

Oh beneath thy gentle preaching,
Visions of the dreamland come,
Of peaceful slumbers, comfort and weeping,
Of states no longer dead and dumb.
My own many sins confessed me,
I begin to fear and quake;
But the sinners, sleeping round me,
Nervous as lead that I awake!

Thou art not a son of tender,
But thou bringest rest to all;
Soon again I sink in slumber—
Fainter still thy accents fall.
To the weary, heavy laden,
Tell thy words like drops of balms—
Sleeping pain and aching midrins,
Bless thy accents soft and calm.

Select Tale.

JOE BUNKER'S COURTSHIP.

A TALE OF A BAG OF BEANS.

There was a body not a body
In a bag of beans,
Can a body tell a body
What a body means—(Old Sam.)

Every body in the county of Essex has heard
of Bunker, and the quips and cranks by him
evoked. In truth he was a famous fellow in his
day, and he had a name that passed into a proverb and
day, and he was immortal. Joe Bunker's character is
ing the story of his life. The old cronies and gossip
made him North-East corner of Massachusetts as
no recent ideal of a genuine unspiced in
the knee clothopper.

His fame for ten miles round the country ran,
And all the old ladies called him a queer man.

He was the first man in his parts that ever
picked his teeth with a wooden shoe. Various
other fashions introduced by him are in the
remembrance of many, but it is not our purpose
now to specify them. The story of his courtship
and the bag of beans is not so common; it runs
thus:

It was sometime in the month of April or May,
or at any rate, just at the time of planting
beans, of all the days in the year of a Sunday,
that Joe being at meeting, spied Colonel Shute's
daughter Hannah. It was in prayer time, (they
make terrible long prayers in that part of the
country) and Joe was hanging over the pew door
in about the shape of a figure, tired to death
and wriggling himself about in an awkward and
slouching fashion as could well be imagined.
Joe looked at Hannah, and Hannah looked at
Joe. It is pretty certain that the little hedge-
hog Cupid shot off a pair of his quills at the
same instant, for Hannah was struck with a very
quarrelsome sensation, and as for Joe, he felt some-
thing which he could not exactly describe ex-
cept by saying that it was a kind of an all-over-
ness like.

This is all we happen to know of the first
item in this chapter of accidents. The next
morning Joe lay in bed so long that his father
began to grumble, and presently his mother
came up stairs.

"Come, Joe," said she, "get up and go
to planting your beans."

"I can't," said Joe, "I'm sick."

"Sick! What's the matter with you? What
ails you?"

"Why I don't know what ails me; nor I don't
want to tell."

"Don't want to tell! a fiddlestick; let us know
what it is."

Joe hid his face under the blanket for some
time, and at last blubbered out, "I want to go
and see the Colonel's Hannah."

Down goes the old woman and reports pro-
ceeding to her husband.

"What," said old Bunker, "he go to see the
Colonel's Hannah tell him to come instantly and
plant his beans." The old woman runs back
and tells this to Joe.

But Joe was hard to work upon. He was
grumpy; he was sullen; there was no softening
nor moving him. You might as easily
have shouldered Oldtown Hill from its founda-
tion as have made him plant a peg.

"I won't go to planting beans; I will go and
see the Colonel's Hannah."

This was all she could get out of him, and so
she paddled off again to her husband.

"Really, Mr. Bunker, there's no getting Joe
to mind; he says he won't go to planting beans
nor touch them; and he will go and see the Co-
lonel's Hannah. Now do let the poor boy have
his way for once; remember you was once a
young man yourself."

This was bringing the matter home, and old
Bunker, though he was no logician, nor imagin-
ed how the thing could be proved in *Berolipon*
or *Ferite*, yet he thought the reasoning so pat to
the purpose that he fairly yielded.

"Well, well, let him take Dobbin and go, but
not stay long."

"But," said Joe, on hearing this, "I won't go
without I can go grand, and I won't have old
Dobbin." So off goes the old woman once more
with this intelligence.

"Well, then," said old Bunker, "he may go
grand, and let him take old Bob."

"But I won't ride upon old Bob," said Joe.
"I'll have Possett."

"Then take Possett," said his father, "and
make haste back."

Hereupon Joe began to bustle about with all
speed, and bedizen himself out in his Sunday's
best. He was a strapping, bony, long-sided fel-
low. It would do you good to see him dressed
in the fashion of that day astride his nag.

Joe had just bestowed a heavy kick upon the
rims of his Rosinante at setting out for the Co-
lonel's, when old Bunker bawled after him, "hal-
loo, Joe; stop there, come back again. You are
going by Pearson's mill, and you shall take
a couple of bags of corn, to be ground while
you go to the Colonel's, and bring it back with
you when you come away; so you can kill two
dogs with one stone."

Joe was inclined to demur to this plan of mix-
ing business, but hating to waste time arguing
with his father, he assented, and shambling off
to the barn, brought out his two bags and bestow-
ed them snugly en croupe. Thus fairly ac-
counted, he trotted off to the mill.

"Pearson, can ye grind my grist while I go
to Colonel Shute's?"

"Yes, Joe, but what are you going a courting
for, so early?"

"Oh, who the dickens told you?"

"Never mind, Joe, pluck up courage; faint
heart never won fair lady."

"Thank ye for nothing," said Joe. "I shall
be back in an hour. Don't let your horse eat
out of the hoppers." So off he started for the
Colonel's.

Joe bolted in at the Colonel's door without
knocking. Indeed it is affirmed he was never
known to be guilty of making such a supercilious
noise in all his life.

"Ah, Mrs. Shute, the top of the morning to
ye; where's Hannah?"

"An' Joe Bunker, is that you?" where's Han-
nah? why she's up stairs a spinning."

At this Joe stamped off up stairs without any
further idle palaver.

Hannah's wheel was humming right merrily
when Joe entered, and she blushed like a blue cat
upon seeing him.

"How d'ye do, Hannah?" said Joe, and sham-
bling up toward the window, he slouched him-
self into a marvellously uncomfortable skewing
position on the corner of a chair.

Well! now was Joe fairly seated alongside of
his Dulcinea; but how to begin conversation;
ah, there was the difficulty. What was he to
say? indeed he had never thought of that. How-
ever, he looked out at the window and saw a
large flock of sheep; there is nothing like tak-
ing a hint from the first thing that offers.

"Are these your father's sheep, Hannah?"

"Yes, Joe."

Joe gave a hem and tried to think of some-
thing else to say about the sheep; such as how
much wool they gave, and whether they were of
the Byfield breed, but he could not make it word.

Presently he espied some cows:

"Are these your cows?"

"Yes."

"How many cows have you got?"

"Twenty."

"Twenty! that's a tarnation lot of 'em."

Here was another pause in the conversation,
and Joe felt more awkwardly than ever. As for
Hannah she did not feel altogether quite as
sheepish. She looked out of the window again,
but could see nothing to talk of. He looked
round the room and up to the ceiling, but there
was nothing save a seed cucumber, three red pep-
pers and a crook-necked squash. This he gath-
ered not suit. He drummed with his finger upon
the table, and began unconsciously to whistle a stave
of "The Tongue and the Bones;" this quavered
away into Yankee Doodle, and finally he found
himself humming a mixture of the Old Hundred
and Little Marlborough. At last he was struck
with an idea, and out it came—

"Did you ever see a crow?"

"Yes."

"How black they are, ain't they?"

"Yes."

Another pause. Joe began to wipe his fore-
head with his coat sleeve. Presently the apparition
of another idea dawned upon him.

"Did you ever see an owl?"

"Yes."

"What great eyes they've got, hain't they?"

"Yes."

"Do you love maple sugar, Hannah?"

"Yes."

"Next time I come, I'll bring you a great
job."

Joe fairly made a hit in this remark, for he
touched upon a sweet subject and it completely
broke the ice. Remembering the advice of the
miller, he plucked up courage and stood bolt
upright; then making a side-long blundering sort
of a hitch a little nearer, "Hannah," says he,
"I loves ye."

Hannah let her wheel from pure awkward-
ness, and Joe growing still bolder, made a sud-
den grapple with both paws and bestowed upon
her a smacking buss that made the very windows
rattle. How long it lasted never was known,
but Hannah's mother not hearing the wheel bus-
sing, bawled out below, "Hannah, what are you
doing up there with Joe Bunker?" This inter-
ruption gave them a roise like an electric shock.
Joe claved off in a terrible fright, thinking it
was time to cut and run. "Hannah," said he,
"I must clear out; but I'll come again next
Sunday night." So saying he made the best of
his way off, hardly looking behind him.

"Well, Pearson, have you ground my corn?"

"Yes, Joe, and your beans too."

"Beans? what d'ye mean?"

"What I mean, why was one not a bag of
corn, and 'tother a bag of beans?"

"No, it wasn't."

"Yes, it was though."

Energy.

There are two classes of people in this world.
The one who upon being baffled at the outset of
any new enterprise, sit despondingly down and
abandon it forever—the other who are aroused
and excited by defeat to the carrying of new
efforts, by the success of their late-
tains and the great objects of our race. This is the
difference of the arts, and of government—as well as
of the earth—which like those of Egypt or Yua-
tan—of Rome or London—remain from century
to century to glorify their authors. It was no
vassalizing genius which piled up the vast mur-
ders of Thebes, the Graites of Alexandria or
the Porphyry of Babylon. The pandects of Jus-
tinian, the code of Alphonso the wise, or Buo-
naparte, were not the work of minds impatient
of effort and averse to labor. The marvellous
perfection also to which the mechanic arts are
brought, exhibit the triumph of patient labor,
endured but ultimately mastered. And so it is in
all things. *Nihil sine labore.* This is the law
of life. To attain any end or object which is
estimable among mankind, we must reconcile
ourselves to frequent disappointment and to per-
severing effort. If we are ambitious, every earth-
ly obstacle will finally vanish from our path; but
if we are not so, difficulty will multiply upon
difficulty, and doubt upon doubt, until overwhelm-
ed with despondency we are crushed and van-
quished.

The great Frederick of Prussia in his first
battle fled the field. Some temporary disaster
inspired him with a panic, and believing that all
was lost, he ran a long day's journey in the great
precipitation. On the following morning his
generals overtook him with difficulty and ap-
prised him that he had met with a crowning vic-
tory. The monarch could scarcely credit it—
The lesson however was not lost upon him. He
was afterwards not only more steadfast and more
brave, but his renown as a warrior gradually filled
Europe and the world, and it was left as an
inheritance to Prussia and constituted in after
generations a rampart of strength for the king-
dom. In short it is but the first step which tries
us in every enterprise. Like the musician when
he first touches his instrument—like the mechanic
when he first grasps the pen—like the peasant
when he afterwards masters with ease and skill
of a magician's wand, the effort compelled
in our progress toward perfection to go slowly
and painfully through a condition of imperfec-
tion. Let us never despond therefore, nor
let us ever believe that there are any insurmount-
able obstacles to human advancement. If we
habituate ourselves to feel that labor is intoler-
able, and difficult and unbecomingly, we shall grow
worthless and incapable, and like the herds
which perish leave no memorial of our wisdom
or our works to future times.

Apart, however, from all considerations of am-
bition there are considerations of duty impera-
tively wrapped up in this subject, which should not
escape our notice. Such as are, such will our
children be who follow after. These habits of
mind which grow settled and confirmed with
us, become at length a part of our organization.
Our intellectual and nervous structures imbued
and shaped by them, and like the features of the
face and of the outward body, these traits of the
inner man will go down to our posterity and work
out results whether for good or evil upon their
lives and characters. If parents possess char-
acters of inflexible integrity from the long and
steady practice of virtue, their children will in-
herit them. But if parents indulge themselves
in a relaxation of principle—if they steal—if
they lie, if they cheat—they should suffer no
surprise to find their offspring inheriting their
own natures, and in the prison or on the scaffold
expiating those crimes which they have thus
passed by inheritance. These reflections should
render energy the most exalted of our virtues.
We should teach ourselves to feel that not only
can we in our exercise triumph over the trials
and obstacles of life, but that in its practice
of virtuous principles and qualities which will
constitute for us a blessing and for them the rich-
est inheritance that was ever entailed upon a
heir.—*Frankford Herald.*

Miscellaneous.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

'Twas time to close, and the chiming bell
Pealed out the hour we loved so well—
The hour of release from our weary toil;
Which we heard the sound with a fragrant smile,
And which bled o'er our faces, so pale and wan,
As straight on streams, when the day is gone.

We heard the porter, with heavy feet,
Pass to and fro in the busy street,
As the postillions shouted forth he brought,
And our hearts from his whistle a gladness caught,
And the clang of the hoofs was sweet to our ears,
As musical bells from the heavenly spheres.

A light step passes the threshold o'er—
We're prisoners now for an hour or more—
For the silver voice and the golden tread
Belong to one who would shed a gladness o'er;
She is kind to please, and she comes late—
Alas!—that for the shoptown's fate!

Let Me Die Quietly.

"Be still—make no noise—let me die quietly."—*Victor
Prudent Kru.*

"Be still!" The hour of the soul's departure
Is at hand; Earth is fading from its vision;
Life is gliding from its presence! Hopes that
cluster around young life, that swell in the bosom
of manhood, have fallen from around it like
the forest leaves, when the frosts of Autumn
have chilled them unto death. Ambition with
its hollow promises, and pride, with its lofty
looks have vanished away. The world, with its
deceitfulness; pleasure, with its gilded tempta-
tions, are gone; and alone, in utter destitution
of all that time promised it, must start on its
solemn journey across the valley of the shadow
of death!

"Make no noise!" Let the tumult of life
cease. Let no sound break the soul's communion
with itself ere it starts on its returnless
flight. Trouble it not with the accents of sor-
row. Let the tear stand still on the cheek of
affliction; and let not the wailing of grief break
the solemn silence of the death scene. Let it
gather the accents that come from within the
dark shadows of eternity, saying to it, come
home. A far off music comes floating to the
soul. 'Tis the sound of the heavenly harps
played by visionless fingers—mar not the har-
mony by the discord of earth.

"Let me die quietly!" The commotions of
life, the struggles of ambition, the strife and
warring with human destiny are over. Wealth
accumulated must be scattered; honors won
must be resigned; and all the triumphs that
come within the range of human achievements
must be thrown away. The past, with its trials,
its transgressions, its accumulating responsi-
bilities, its clinging memories, its vanished hopes,
is rendering up to the future account—distant
not of fading memories, of affections whose ob-
jects perish in their loveliness, like the flowers
of Spring, or wither in a slow decay. Talk not
of an earthly home where loved ones linger,
where a seat will soon be vacant, a cherished
voice hushed forever, or of the desolation that
will gape behind by the hearthstone. The soul is
at peace with God; let it pass calmly away—
Heaven is opening upon its vision. The bright
turrets, the tall spires, the holy domes of the
Eternal City, are emerging from the spectral
dawning, and the glory of the Most High is
dawning around them. The white-throne is glis-
tening in the distance, and the white robes an-
gels are beckoning the weary spirit to its everlast-
ing home. What is life that it should be cling-
ing to longer? What the joys of the world that
they should be regretted? What has earth to
place before the spirit of a man to tempt its way
or turn it from its eternal rest!—*Albany Regis-
ter.*

NON STARE ALONE.—It is the providence of God that none stand alone; we touch each other; man acts on man, heart on heart; we are bound up in each other; hand is joined in hand; wheel sets wheel in motion; we are spiritually linked together, arm in arm; we cannot live alone, nor die alone; we cannot say, I will only run risks with my own soul—I am prepared to dis- obey the Lord for such a gain, but I do not want to implicate others, I only want to be answer- able for myself. This cannot be. Each living soul has its influence on others in some way and to some extent, consciously or unconsciously; each has some power, more or less direct; one mind colors another; a child acts on children; servants on our fellow-servants; parents on their children; masters on those whom they employ; friends on friends. Even when we do not de- sign to influence others, when we are not think- ing in the least degree of the effect of what we do, when we are unconscious that we have any influence at all, when we do not wish, our con- duct or way of life, our conversation, our deeds, are all the while having weight somewhere or somehow; our feet leave their impression, though we may not look behind us to see the mark.

EXTRACT.—The velvet moss grows on a sterile
rock—the mistletoe flourishes on the naked
branches—the ivy clings to the mouldering ru-
ins—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fade
less amid the mutations of the passing year; and
Heaven be praised, something green, something
beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will in
the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils
around the crumbling altars and broken arches
of the desolate temples of the human heart.

He who compliments another with hearty wishes
to his face, and afterwards degrades his repu-
tation, is a double-tongued hypocrite.

A Visit to the Sister of Robert Burns.

A European correspondent of the Central
Presbyterian furnishes that paper with an ac-
count of a visit to the sister of Robert Burns,
in Scotland. The writer says:

We visited an eminence which commanded a
view of "the Castle of Montgomerie," where
Highland Mary lived, and then we went to the
spot where she and Burns had their last meet-
ing. A little brook separated them, across which
they extended their hands, holding between them
a Bible, over which they made their vows of
unchanging constancy. Shortly after, High-
land Mary died. I saw that Bible in a collection
of relics of the kind, and read on the fly leaf
verses taken from Leviticus, I think, about fidel-
ity in keeping vows, written by Burns for Mary.
Fastened to the same leaf was a yellow ribbon.
To me it was something to see a lock of High-
land Mary's hair.

Returning to Ayr, we passed a pretty little
residence, half hidden by shrubbery, in which
Mrs. Begg, the only surviving sister of the poet,
resides. Arresting our carriage at the door, I
rang the bell. A pleasant looking young woman
answered it. Said I, "Would it be agreeable to
Mrs. Begg to receive a call from some travel-
lers from the United States, who wish to pay
her their respects?" "O, yes," the prompt an-
swer was, "my aunt is always delighted to see
visitors from America." She ushered us into
the parlor, and after waiting a few moments, a
little bright-eyed, quick-moving old lady came
rustling in. I excused our visit, on the ground
of a natural desire to see a relative of one whose
writings were known and admired in every part
of the United States. She was evidently pleased
with the compliment, and answered, "I'm think-
ing ye ken a great deal about Robert in Amer-
ica;" and added, that she received more calls
from gentlemen from "the States" than from
any other part of the world. She showed us
some letters of her brother, written in a bold
round hand; also an original portrait, which she
declared was a correct likeness. Mrs. Begg is
the Jenny of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

But last! a rap came gently to the door;
Jenny, who knew the meaning of the same,
Tells how a neighbor had come over the more;
To do some errands, and convey her home.

One of my friends made an allusion to the
fact that she was the original of this picture—
She only laughed and answered, "perhaps the
less that is said about that the better."

Energy.

There are two classes of people in this world.
The one who upon being baffled at the outset of
any new enterprise, sit despondingly down and
abandon it forever—the other who are aroused
and excited by defeat to the carrying of new
efforts, by the success of their late-
tains and the great objects of our race. This is the
difference of the arts, and of government—as well as
of the earth—which like those of Egypt or Yua-
tan—of Rome or London—remain from century
to century to glorify their authors. It was no
vassalizing genius which piled up the vast mur-
ders of Thebes, the Graites of Alexandria or
the Porphyry of Babylon. The pandects of Jus-
tinian, the code of Alphonso the wise, or Buo-
naparte, were not the work of minds impatient
of effort and averse to labor. The marvellous
perfection also to which the mechanic arts are
brought, exhibit the triumph of patient labor,
endured but ultimately mastered. And so it is in
all things. *Nihil sine labore.* This is the law
of life. To attain any end or object which is
estimable among mankind, we must reconcile
ourselves to frequent disappointment and to per-
severing effort. If we are ambitious, every earth-
ly obstacle will finally vanish from our path; but
if we are not so, difficulty will multiply upon
difficulty, and doubt upon doubt, until overwhelm-
ed with despondency we are crushed and van-
quished.

A Beautiful Thought.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid
her hills as a child upon the breast of its moth-
er. The noiseless sentinal stood like a statue at
his post, and the philosopher's lamp burnt
dimly in the recess of his chamber.

But O, dark night was now abroad upon the
earth. A moral darkness involved the nations
in its lengthened shadows. Reason shed a faint
glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold
inefficient shining of a distant star. The immor-
tality of man's spiritual nature was unknown,
his relations to heaven undiscovered, and his
future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period, two forms of ethereal
mould hovered over the land of God's people.
They seemed like sister angels sent to the earth
on some embassy of love. The one was of ma-
jestic stature, and in the well formed limbs
which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in
an impressive gesture upwards, where night ap-
peared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while
on her left reposed her delicate companion, in
form and countenance the contrast of the other,
for she was drooping like a flower when moisten-
ed by refreshing dews, and her bright but trou-
bled eyes scanned the air with ardent but un-
availing glances. Suddenly a light like the sun
flashed out from the Heaven, and Faith and Hope
hailed with exulting songs the ascending Star
of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and a stranger was seen
in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man,
whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of be-
nevolence to the human race. There were deep
traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no
one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the
practice of every virtue, and was loved by all
the good and wise. By and by it was rumored
that the stranger worked mighty miracles! That
the blind saw, the dumb spoke, and the dead leaped
to life at his touch! That when he command-
ed, the ocean moderated its chafing tide, and
the very thunders articulated he is the Son of
God. Every assailed him with the charge of sor-
cery, and the voice of impious judges condemn-
ed him to death. Slowly and thickly guarded
he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross
bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned upon
his arm, and Hope dipping her pinions in his
blood, mounted to the skies.

Four Great Men.

It is a remarkable fact, that four of the most
renowned men that ever lived, closed with some
tragedy or mournful death.

AGASSIZ, after having climbed the dizzy
heights of his ambition, and with his temples
bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of count-
less nations, looked down upon a chagrined
world, and wept that there was not another
for him to conquer; set fire to a city, and died in a
scene of debauch.

HANNAH, after having, to the astonishment
and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps;
after having put to flight the armies of the
greatest of the world, and stripped three bushels
of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered
knights, and made her foundation quakes—fled
from his country, hated by those who once ex-
ultingly united his name with that of God, and
called him Hannibal—died at last by poison,
administered by his own hands, unlamented and
unperpetrated for, in a foreign land.

CEASAR, after having conquered eight hundred
cities, and dyed his hands in the blood of one
million of his foes; after having pursued to death
the only rival he had on earth, was miserably
assassinated by those he considered his nearest
friends, and in that very place, the attainment
of which had been his greatest ambition.

ROMANUS, whose mandate Kings and Emper-
ors obeyed, after having deluged the earth with
the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and
blood, and clothed the world with sack-cloth,
ended his days in lonely banishment, almost lit-
erally exiled from the world, but where he could
sometimes see his country's flag waving over
the deep, but which could not or would not bring
him aid.

Thus four men, who, from the peculiar situa-
tion of their portraits, seemed to stand as the
representatives of all those whom the world calls
great—Those four whom, each in their turn,
made the earth tremble to its very centre by
their simple tread, severally died—only by in-
toxication, or some subtle poison mingled
in his wine, or by suicide, one murdered by his
friends, and one in lonely exile.

Washington.

REMEMBER OF WASHINGTON.—One Reuben
Rousey, of Virginia, owed his Colonel one thou-
sand pounds. While President of the United
States, one of his agents brought an action for
the money; judgment was obtained, and execu-
tion issued against the body of the defendant,
who was taken to jail. He had considerable
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plied that the debt of his family to the Father
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the General, to avoid the pleasing importunity
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sisted, accepted the money, only, however, to im-
mediately send it—*Old Colony Memorial.*

Loafers in Printing Offices.

The composing
room of a printing office is not the place to
tell long stories, or argue abstract points in metaphysics.
Read, ye loafers, and be advised—

"A printing office is like a school; it can have
no interlopers, hangers-on, or twaddlers, without
a serious inconvenience, to say nothing of loss
of time, which is just as much as gold to the
printer, as though it were metallicity glistened in
his hand. What would be thought of a man who
would enter a school, and twaddle, first with the
teacher, and then with the scholars—interrupt-
ing the studies of one, and the discipline of the
other? And yet this is the precise effect of the
loafer in the printing office. He seriously inter-
feres with the course of business, distracts the
fixed attention which is necessary to the good
printer. No gentleman will ever enter it, and
pretend to act loafer. He will feel above it,
for no real man ever sacrifices interests or inter-
feres with the duties of others. The loafer does
both. Let him think, if he ever has, that the
last place he should ever inhabit his worthless
and unwelcome presence, is in the printing of-
fice."

Good Advice to Apprentices.

When serving
your apprenticeship, you will have time and
opportunity to stock your mind with useful in-
formation. The only way for a young man to
prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote him-
self to study during his leisure hours. First, be
industrious in your business—be frugal, be econ-
omical—never complain that you have to work;
go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it
will become a habit which will make you respect-
ed and beloved by your master or employer;
make it your business to see to and promote his
interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to
take care of your own. Young men at the pre-
sent day are too fond of getting rid of work.
They seek for easy and lazy employments, and
frequently turn out poor, miserable vagabonds.
You must avoid all wishes to live without labor;
labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes
you food, clothing, and every other thing
necessary, and fees you from temptation to be
dishonest.

Washington.

REMEMBER OF WASHINGTON.—One Reuben
Rousey, of Virginia, owed his Colonel one thou-
sand pounds. While President of the United
States, one of his agents brought an action for
the money; judgment was obtained, and execu-
tion issued against the body of the defendant,
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