

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

(From the Louisville Journal.)  
**THE WINDS BY THE MILL.**  
BY ANNA MARIA WELBY.

Through the twilight's purple glory,  
I have come back, they say,  
From the west wind's airy wing,  
Of my young love in this air,  
Near the halcyon's nest in blossom,  
I will remember still,  
When I clasped thee to my bosom,  
Ere we parted by the mill.

Oh, the same soft light was streaming  
Through the clear sky's crystal lore,  
But we heeded not its gleaming,  
From the air's soft and sweet air;  
And thy cheek and lip were glowing,  
To mine own eyes pressed as will,  
When thy rosy cheeks were plighted,  
Ere we parted by the mill.

Yet scarce 'twas twilight, they say,  
And the bright stars were not out,  
From mine own eyes were closed;  
And the breeze that could not rest,  
In the air's soft and sweet air,  
As my lip, the last time kissed thee,  
Ere we parted by the mill.

Yet they could not make me when they,  
Ere I saw thee 'twas twilight,  
Where the air's soft and sweet air,  
From thy father's aerial hand,  
And these eyes that could not rest,  
Through the air's soft and sweet air,  
Ere we parted by the mill.

From my boy's eyes across a river,  
I have come back, they say,  
And with mine eyes were closed;  
And the breeze that could not rest,  
In the air's soft and sweet air,  
As my lip, the last time kissed thee,  
Ere we parted by the mill.

## Select Tale.

**THE MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE.**  
A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA.

"Well, Kate," said her bridegroom, Lucy Cameron, "the clock looks very threatening, and you know it is said to be an unlucky omen for one's wedding night to be stormy."

"Pshaw, Lucy, you would frighten me with some old grandmother's tale as if I were a child! I believe not in omens, and shall foretell all my lucky presages, when the wife of Richard Gaston," answered the lovely and smiling bride.

"You treat it lightly, and I trust it may be ominous of your conjugal life," resumed Lucy; "but my aunt Kitty says that's the reason she never married; because it was raining in torrents the day she was to have been wedded, and she discarded her lover because it was unlucky."

"Ah, Lucy, I do not mean to doubt your good aunt's word; but there must have been some more serious cause linked with the one you have mentioned. My life on it, I do not lose a husband for so slight a cause. It must be something more than a common occurrence that shall now break off the match with Dick and myself. But see, the company are beginning to arrive." said Kate, as she looked from the window of her room, "and I must prepare for the ceremony."

The morning of the day which we have spoken, had opened in unclouded splendor, and all seemed propitious to the nuptials that were to be solemnized in the evening. The inmates of the cabin in which the preceding conversation had been carried on, had arisen cheerfully with the first notes of the early robin, to prepare for the festival, to which the whole neighborhood, consisting of all within fifteen or twenty miles (for the neighborhoods were then large, and habitations scarce), were indiscriminately invited.

Kate Lee was the only child of her parents, and had been reared in the humble cottage which her father had assisted to construct with his own hands. Mr. Lee had moved to his present residence when few ventured thus far into the Indian territory; and by his own labor and that of his two servants, had erected a double cabin, and cleared about fifty acres of land upon a rich piece of high ground, a mile and a half from the James River. By his urbanity and kindness, he had gained the confidence of the Indians, and in all their depredations so far he had gone unscathed. He was of good birth and education, and the most hospitable man in the settlement. The property which he held, and the style in which he lived, together with his superior knowledge, gave him a standing among the settlers superior to all. Ever ready to assist the needy, and always just in his opinions and actions, he was looked to for counsel rather than treated as an equal.

As we said before, Kate was his only child, and had been the solace of her parents for nineteen years. She had now attained to full-blown womanhood, and from her beauty and intelligence, her hand had often been asked by the hardy sons of the pioneers. Her heart was untouched until young Gaston laid siege to it. To his eloquent appeals she lent a willing ear, and promised to be his bride.

As Kate was the loveliest girl in the country, so was Richard Gaston the most to be envied among the youths. Of fine, manly stature, superior intellect and unflagging energy, he was the best match in the settlement. He cultivated a little farm on the other side of the river, and when occasion offered, engaged in the practice of the law, for which both education and nature fitted him. He had been in the settlement about seven years, and from his open and conciliatory manners, his bold and easy bearing, had be-

come a favorite with all around him. He was always the first to take up his rifle, and sally against the hostile Indians, when necessity required it, and, from his undoubted courage, was always chosen leader of the little bands formed to repel the savage foe.

When the toils of the week had passed, Gaston might be seen, with his rifle on his shoulder, moving toward the river, where his canoe was fastened, and springing lightly into it, dashing through the foaming water, and among the rocks, as safely and cheerfully as if passing over a smooth and glassy lake; and, on the following evening, he might be seen again, braving the rushing current, with the same careless ease, but more thoughtful brow; for who ever yet parted from the girl of his heart, with the same joyful aspect which he wore when going to meet her. Let us now return to the wedding-day.

"Have you heard of the Indian that was found murdered on the bank of the creek this morning?" said a young man, after the company had assembled, to Mr. Lee.

"No," answered Mr. Lee, with surprise, "I had hoped from the long peace that had reigned, we should have no more such outrages against the poor Indians. But how is it possible, sir, if they are thus shot down, that we can expect them to keep quiet?"

"The body," continued the first speaker "was found by some of his tribe; and they immediately threatened vengeance if the murderers were not given up. But this is impossible; because we do not know them."

At this moment a loud crash of thunder echoed through the woods so suddenly as to make all start from their seats.

"Well, my friends," said Mr. Lee, as soon as all was again quiet, "we shall be as likely to suffer from this rashness as the offender, and must be prepared. I am glad you have brought your guns with you, for unless they come in too large a body, we shall be able to hold out against them."

This was said with that calmness which a frequent recurrence of such circumstances will produce; and as he resumed his rifle, after preparing it for immediate use, the bride entered the room in all the loveliness of her bridal beauty. Few ornaments decked her person, because none could add to her natural grace and elegance—Her hair of jet black, was simple parted in front, drawn back, and fastened behind, displaying a forehead of myrtle whiteness; a wreath, mingling the white rose with other flowers, was the only ornament on her head.

The storm, which had before been heard, but at a distance, seemed now to have attained its greatest violence, and to be concentrated over the house. Peal after peal of thunder, came ringing through the hollows, each succeeding one apparently louder and more crashing than the former. Flash upon flash, of the quick and vivid lightning, streamed out, resting awhile upon the surrounding scenery, and striking terror into the hearts of the more superstitious guests. The rain, which at first fell in large drops, that could be distinctly heard amid the awful silence, save when the thunders echoed, now came down in torrents; and the thunder pealed out louder and louder, quicker and quicker, leaving scarcely an intermission enough for the voice of Richard Gaston, to be heard by his beautiful bride. He had impatiently awaited the invitation of Mr. Lee to meet his daughter, but no longer able, amid the war of elements, to restrain himself, he advanced to, and seated himself by the side of his beloved Kate, and gently taking her hand in his, inquired if she was alarmed by the storm? To his inquiry she only smiled, and shook her head.

"I see not, then; why may I not proceed with the ceremony; the storm"—here a keen and fearful crash jarred the house to its foundation, leaving traces of fear on the countenances of all but the lovers and the parson; Gaston continued, however, "the storm may last an hour, and that is longer, my Kate, than I would like to defer the consummation of my hopes."

"I am ready," answered Kate, blushing, and without raising her eyes.

They rose from their seats and advanced to the parson, who immediately commenced the ceremony. It was impossible to tell whether pleasure or fear predominated on the countenances of the guests, as they pressed forward to witness the solemn ceremony of uniting two beings for life. In the intervals of the thunder a faint smile would play upon their faces, but, as a rattling volley would strike their ears, their shining forms and bloodless lips, betrayed their terror. The tempest seemed for a moment to have held its breath, as if to witness the conclusion of the nuptials; but now, as the parson concluded with "adate your bride," a peal of thunder, keener, and more startling than any yet, struck such terror to their souls, that none, not even the parson, or Gaston himself, both of whom had been shocked, perceived that the chimney had fallen to the earth, until awakened to a sense of their situation by the shrill war-whoop of the Indians, which now mingled in dreadful union with the howling storm.

All thought of the storm vanished at once—confusion attended the savages seemed to be the first idea of all, as each man, with determined look, grasped his rifle, and gathered around the females.

The Indians, lead on by their noted chief Eagle Eye, to avenge the death of their comrade, found in the morning, would perhaps have awaited the subsidence of the storm, had not the falling of the chimney displayed to them the disorder and confusion within the cabin. Viewing it as the most favorable time for an attack, they raised their dreaded war-whoop, and sprung to the breach. That war-whoop, however, served but to nerve the sturdy pioneers, and chase from their bosoms the fears which the war of nature alone created. Richard Gaston, from custom, assumed the command; and with that coolness and self-possession, which indicates undamated bravery, he proceeded to give such orders as the time would allow.

"Let the females," said he, "go above and lie upon the floor, and we, my brave boys, will show them what stout hearts and strong arms can do in defence of beauty. Six of you go in

the next room, and see that the villains enter not, except over your dead bodies; the rest will remain and defend this opening."

The reader must not suppose that all was still during this brief address. The Indians, whose numbers amounted to several hundred, had fired once, and not being able, on account of the rain, to load again, now attempted to enter over the ruins of the chimney, and through the windows. The light had been extinguished at the first yell, and all was dark, save when the flashes of lightning revealed to the few within the fearful odds against them without. Several volleys had meanwhile been poured into the Indians, and a momentary flash revealed the effects. Many were lying dead, or dying, forming a sort of breast-work at the breach. Becoming more infuriated as those who had gone before, fell, under the constant fire of the whites, the savages now, in a compact body, attempted an entrance; and the whites, still cool, as if danger threatened not, waited until they reached the very breach, and then every man, with his muzzle almost touching the Indians, discharged his piece. The savages wavered and then fell back, amid the shouts of the victorious yeomen.

The next flash of lightning discovered the Indians retreating to the woods, and dragging many of their dead with them. Another wild shout burst from the lips of the victorious whites—When all was again still, the voice of Mr. Lee was heard in thanksgiving for their deliverance so far; and when he had concluded, he proposed a consultation upon the best means to be pursued, as it was certain the Indians had only retired to devise some other mode of attack. Some were for deserting their present situation, and flying to the woods for concealment; others, and the greater number, proposed remaining where they were, because the Indians had not certainly gone far, and if discovered, unprotected by the logs, they must fall an easy prey to such superior numbers, while by remaining they had some advantage, and a small chance to keep them off.

In the meantime, the females, the firing having ceased, had left their hiding-place, and now mingled with the warriors. It was soon determined to hold on to their present situation, and defend to the last, should they be again attacked. The better to add to its security, several of the stoutest commenced raising a barrier at the opening, with the logs that had been thrown down; while others barricaded the doors and windows. This being finished, they began an inquiry into the injury they had received; and found six of their number were killed.

The rain meanwhile had ceased, and the distant murrings of the thunder could only be heard in integrals. All was silent in the cabin, awaiting the expected approach of the savages. Kate had approached Gaston when she first came into the room, and timidly asked if he was hurt. Having received a satisfactory answer, she remained silently by his side, until all was prepared for action. Then, for a moment, forgetting the dangers that surrounded him, Gaston yielded to the impulse of his heart, and imprinted upon her ruby lips the kiss of which he had been so suddenly deprived by the onset of the savages.

"My own Kate," said he, "if you find we are to overcome, you must try and make your escape through the back door, and thence to the woods. Here is one of my pistols, take it, and if you are pursued, you know how to use it;—shoot down the first foe who dares to lay a hand on you. Make for the river; you know where my canoe is; the current is rapid and dangerous, but if you can reach the other bank you are safe. Farewell, now, my own sweet love, and if I fall, may heaven protect you."

Gaston was not a man to melt at every circumstance, but to be thus separated from his bride, perhaps never to meet again, brought a tear to his manly cheek. Love had for a moment unmanned his firm and noble heart; but it had passed, and he was again a soldier; thinking only how best to defend what he valued more than his life—his wife.

At this moment the whoop of the Indians was sounded to the assault. Each man sprang to his post. The whites had been equally divided, and a party stationed in each room. The rooms were now simultaneously attacked by the foe; and with clubs and large stones they endeavored to force the doors. The silence of death reigned within, while without all was tumult and confusion. The door at length yielded—one board and then another gave way, while yell upon yell rose at their success.

"Hold on, boys, until I give the word," said Gaston, "and then stop your blows only with your lives."

The door and its whole support yielded, and in poured the savages like a whirlwind. "Fire now," said Gaston, "and club your guns."

Almost as one report sounded the guns of every one in the house—the yells and cries of the wounded and infuriated foe almost appalled the stoutest hearts; but this was no time to admit fear, if they felt it. The Indians were making every exertion to enter over the pile of dead bodies that blocked up the door-way; and the gun of each man with a clinched by the barrel, was lowered only to add another to the heap. For twenty minutes the fight had raged with unabated fury, and with unrelaxed exertions, when the door, breaking forth in all its splendor, exhibited the combatants as plain as the light of mid-day. One Indian, stouter and bolder than the rest, had gained an entrance, and fixing his eyes on Gaston, as he saw him encouraging and directing the others to their work of death, he gave a loud yell and sprang at him like the tiger on his prey. The quick eye and arm of Gaston were too rapid for him, and in an instant he lay dead from a blow of the young man's rifle.

But the strength of the brave little band began to length to fall. Their numbers had diminished more than half. Before the enemy had, however, entered, it had been proposed and accepted to, as the only chance, that the females should attempt an escape from the back door, near the river, while the men should cover their retreat, as well as their diminished numbers would admit. Accordingly an attempt was made,

and an exit gained; the whole force of the Indians being collected at the front door, to overcome the stubborn resistance of the whites.

The little phalanx stood firm to its post, until they saw the women had sufficient time to reach the woods before they could be overtaken; and then, pressed by such superior numbers, they slowly fell back to the same door, and the few that survived, made a rush, and drew the door close after them. They had now given way, and nothing but superior speed could possibly save them. It overtook before reaching the woods, they were inevitably lost—if they could gain them they might escape. The delay caused by the closing of the door was short, and the enemy were now scarcely fifty yards in the rear. Fear moved the one party almost to the speed of lightning—thirst for revenge gave additional strength to the other. The Indian, fresher than his chase, gained upon them rapidly. As they heard the savages close upon them, every nerve was excited, every muscle strained to the utmost. For a short distance, indeed, they maintained the same space between them, but, alas! the strength of the whites failed, and too many of them, overtaken, fell beneath the club of the savages. Gaston, who was equal in activity to any of his pursuers, had in crossed the distance between him and the Indians.

He knew that his wife would make for the river, and in all probability would be able to reach it; and it was his object to get there also, if possible, in time to assist her across the rocky and rapid current, or at least to see that she was safe beyond pursuit. The river was not far, and as he bargued down the rough hill sides, he could distinctly hear the rolling of its waters, over the rocky bed. He took the nearest course to the landing, and the yells of the Indians, scattered in every direction through the woods, strained him to the greatest exertions. "He reached the river—his canoe was there—his wife was not—despair overcame his soul.

"She must be taken, and I too will die," he exclaimed in bitter agony.

At that moment, a light and bounding step, like that of a startled fawn, drew his attention to the top of the bank, and his wife, whom he had given up for lost—his darling Kate, bounded into his embrace. He hurried her into his canoe, for the Indians were but a few yards behind. It was but the work of a moment, to be long the line that held his bark; but before he could spring into it, three stout Indians were close upon him.

"Shove off, Kate, and trust to fortune to reach the other shore," cried Gaston, distractedly, as he turned to engage the Indians, while his bride fled. The devoted girl seemed doubtful whether to fly, or stay and die with her husband. Gaston seeing her hesitation, again called frantically to her to escape, before the Indians were upon them. She now attempted to push off, but she had remained a minute too long—her bow and arrow were seized by the Indians, and she was quickly retreated to the other end, and faced about, despair patent in every lineament of her face. The Indian involuntarily stopped to gaze upon the beautiful being before him. That pause was fatal to him. Kate's self-possession instantaneous returned, and as the savage sprang towards her she levelled her husband's pistol and fired. The bullet entered the savage's brain; he fell over the side of the boat and disappeared beneath the bubbling waters; while instantly seizing the oar which had dropped from her hand on the direction of the opposite shore, and began to stem the rapid current.

During the few seconds that had thus elapsed, the canoe had shot below the place where her husband struggled with the remaining Indians; and she was now out of hearing of the combatants. Standing erect in the boat, her long hair hanging loosely on her uncovered neck, her white dress moving gently to the soft breeze, and her little bark avoiding the many rocks jutting their heads above the rushing waters, it gave to the beholder an idea of some fairy skiff, kept up, and guided by the superior power of its mistress. Steadily she moved on, until near the middle of the river, she heard a splash, followed by a voice, some distance behind her. At first she thought it another Indian in pursuit, but soon the chilling thought was dispelled. Her own name, breathed in accents that had often thrilled her to the soul, was heard, sounding a thousand times more sweetly than ever on her ear. She quickly turned the head of her boat, and although she could not propel it against the stream, she kept it stationary, until Gaston, who had overcome his pursuers, reached it. His great exertions in the unequal struggle on the bank, his efforts to reach the boat, and the loss of blood from a deep cut in his arm, had left him so little of the powers of life, that he fainted a few moments after he had regained his wife. Kate knew the peril of permitting the boat to float with the current, and with all that courage and coolness which woman possess in times of danger, she did not stop to weep over him, but again seizing the oar, directed her bark to the opposite bank. Guided by the careful hand of love, how could the fragile skiff be lost, even amid the rushing whirlpools it had to pass. They safely reached the bank, and Gaston having returned to consciousness, supported by the arm of his wife, slowly wended his way to his farm.

Their anxiety, however, was for some time, almost intolerable to learn the fate of their friends whom they had left on the other side of the river. Whether the Indians had triumphed completely, whether a snowfall stand had been made by any of those they pursued, or whether all had been alike murdered by the relentless savages, were unknown to Kate and Gaston, and filled their minds with uneasy fears. While, however, they were thus in doubt as to the fate of their friends, a hurried footstep was heard approaching, and Mr. Lee, the next moment, was in his daughter's arms. With about half of his visitors, he had escaped, and in a few days, rallying around them their remaining border neighbors, they succeeded, finally, in driving the hostile savages from their vicinity.

If any one will visit the hospitable mansion of the present proprietor of the estate, which has descended from our Kate, they may hear her story with increased interest, from the lips of some of her fair descendants; and upon taking a view of the place, where she crossed amid such perils, they will not be surprised to learn that the circumstance should have given to it the name of the "MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE."

## Miscellaneous.

### THE NIGHT OF LOVE.

The night and my soul has come,  
The overhauling night!  
Like his! returning to his home,  
From where he fled,  
My love returns into my nest,  
And vainly tells my aching breast  
To be at rest.

No star of promise in the sky—  
No moon inspiring star  
Of hope or better destiny  
Gleams from above—  
My love must keep within its nest  
The night is dark, and it were best  
To be at rest.

The moon of faith in clouds has set;  
No hope—no study to forget,  
Learn not to love—  
My love must keep within its nest;  
Too sacred for a maiden's jest.  
Thus let it rest.

The night and my soul has come,  
The moonless night;  
My life hereafter has little room  
For my love's delight—  
My love will die within its nest  
Of solitude; but it were best  
To die at rest.

**ROVING IN DEBT.**—Of what a frightful progeny of ill and woe, is debt the parent. Some one most forcibly remarks, that if the young could but know the fatal misery they are entailing upon themselves the very moment they accept a pecuniary credit, to which they are not entitled by their actually existing necessities, how would they start back and pause in the career! How pale would they turn. How would they tremble and clasp their hands in agony at the frightful abyss which yawns before them?

Debt has been well said to be the mother of envy and of crime. It turns the very fountain of all our joys and embitters life to its very source. Hence we see so many unhappy families, so many venal presses, so many marketable politicians. Debt may be a very small matter in the beginning, but it has a giant's growth and acquires a giant's strength. When we create the monster we make our master, who hunts us at all hours, and strikes his blinded whip constantly in our sight. Keep out of Debt! Buy nothing because it is cheap, on a credit—pay-day will come, and come perhaps at a time when you are illly prepared for it. Keep these shackles off your limbs—this burden from your shoulders. No slave has a task-master so severe as the thing called DEBT.

**HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.**—In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice."

Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

Treat every one with respect and civility—"Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot."

"Heaven help those who help themselves." If you implicitly follow these precepts, nothing will hinder you from accumulating.

**A FABLE BY CHARLES LAMB.**—My dear children, said an old rat to his young ones, "the infirmities of age are pressing so heavily upon me, that I have determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance, in a narrow and lonely hole which I have lately discovered; but let me not interfere with your enjoyments. Youth is the season for pleasure; be happy, therefore, and only obey my last injunction, never come near me in my retreat. God bless you all!" Deeply affected, smothering sobs, and wiping his paternal eyes with his tail, the old rat withdrew, and was seen no more for several days, when his youngest daughter, moved rather with filial affection than by the curiosity which has been attributed to the sex, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole, made by his own teeth, in an enormous Cheshire cheese!

**HERMAN FLAG.**—There is now in Alexandria, Va., the first flag taken during the Revolution by Gen. Washington from the Hessians at Trenton. It is composed of silk, beautifully embroidered in needlework—the crown appears prominent, and the date 1776 on the front. Also, the identical flag surrendered at Yorktown. It was the flag of the seventh regiment, and now bears this inscription: "The surrender of Lord Cornwallis, being the crowning glory of the complete success of the American arms." The flag is of rich silk, well perforated with bullet holes. General Washington's body guard flag is also there—silk, with the motto, "Conquer or die."

**LOVE LETTER.**—Dear Julia—You say your love will surmount all obstacles. Most so, then, adored one, on Christmas Day, on the summit of Mount Blanc—C. LEBLANC.

## Printers.

Printers, it is said, die at an early age. This is doubtless caused by the noxious effluvia rising from the types, the want of exercise, constant employment, and the late hours to which their work is prolonged. There is no other class of human beings whose privileges are so few, whose labor is so continuous, whose wages are so inadequate, as printers. If a "type" be a man of family, he is deprived of the privilege of enjoying his society at all times, because his hours of leisure are so few that they must be spent to recruit his exhausted energies, and prepare him for the renewal of his toils. Poor fellow! he knows nothing of sociability, and is shut out from the world as a convict in a prison cell. Truly he is in the world, yet knows not of it. Toil, toil, toil, by night and by day, is his fate, until premature old age ends his existence. For the advancement of science, morality, and virtue, the chords of his heart are sounded one by one, and when his race is run, and time to him is no more, he goes down to the grave unwept for and unknown, though his existence has been sacrificed for the benefit of his race.

When we hear mechanics crying out against oppression, and demanding certain hours for labor and for rest, we cannot but reflect upon this situation of our own craft; how every moment of their lives is forced into service to earn a bare subsistence, how uncomplainingly they devote themselves to the good of that same public, who wear them as a loose garment, to be donned when convenient, and doffed when no longer needed.

Printers are universally poor men, and for two reasons. The first is—they rarely ever receive a fair compensation for their services. And the second is—that enticed to continual suffering, privation and toil, their purse strings are ever untied to the bidding of charity, and the hard earned "dimes" are freely distributed for the relief of their fellow men. Thus it is that they live poor and die poor, and if a suitable reward does not await them after death, sad indeed, must be the beginning, the existence and the end of poor "types."—*Pittsburgh Express.*

**SACREDNESS OF TEARS.**—Dr. Johnson observes, "There is a sacredness in tears." They are not a mark of weakness, but of power—speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unexpressed love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly to the stricken one, weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps! Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Soothe not the stern heart of manhood in sometimes melted to tears—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see the tears of affection. They are pointed tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I never could die in peace.

**ADVICE TO BOYS.**—Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap-dogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken pox, thrush, mumps and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and delve, and economize, and die, and your husband will marry again, take what you have saved and dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire board, and—but what's the use of talking? I warrant every one of you'll try it the first chance you get, there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow.

No lady who has the least respect for her husband, will encourage in herself a habit of expending disproportionate to her means. She will not anticipate at first the evils of such a course; but we never knew a mechanic or trader harassed by small debts, who did not eventually find his factory or place of business unpleasant, thus plunging deeper into difficulty. With his loss of ambition comes a natural descent in the scale of comfortable life; and she who contrary to her own impression of right, took the luxury which she felt her husband could not afford, may be responsible for all the consequent evils which beset her life. Small incidents afford occasions of profitable remark, and we have embraced this one as not overstepping the bounds of propriety.—*Newark Mercury.*

**ADVICE TO BOYS.**—You are made to be kind and generous. If there is a boy at school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign to him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

**BEAUTIFUL COMPARISONS.**—In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Savage Landor, is the following passage: "The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and thus insensibly are we as years close around us, detached from our tenacity to life by the general pressure of recorded sorrows."

**A MAN WHO COULD HELP HIMSELF.**—A writer in the Christian Witness says of the late Bishop Griswold, that not one man in a thousand ever gave so little trouble to his friends.—What he could do for himself he allowed none to do for him. He was a hewer of wood and drawer of water, made his own fire, polished his own boots, carried his valise, and did his own errands.

## Useful and Curious.

### The Wonders of the Microscope.

The recent astonishing discoveries of Ehrenberg, a Prussian naturalist, have given a new aspect to this department of animated nature, even in a geographical point of view. He has described seven hundred and twenty-two living species which swarm almost everywhere, even in the midst of living and healthy animals in countless numbers. Formerly they were thought to be the most simple of all animals in their organization; to be in fact little more than particles of matter endowed with vitality; but he has discovered in their mouths, teeth, stomachs, muscles, nerves, glands, eyes, and organs of reproduction. Some of the smallest animalcules are not more than the twenty-four thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the thickness of the skin of their stomachs not more than the fifty millionth part of an inch. In their mode of reproduction they are ravenous, voracious, and gemiparous. An individual of the Hydrata senta increase in ten days to one million; on the eleventh day to four millions, and on the twelfth day to sixteen millions. In another case, Ehrenberg says that one individual is capable of becoming in four days one hundred and seventy billions! Leuwenhoeek calculated that one billion animalcules such as occur in common water, would not altogether make a mass so large as a grain of sand. Ehrenberg estimates that five hundred millions of them do actually sometimes exist in a single drop of water. In the Alps there is sometimes found a snow red color; and it has been recently ascertained by Mr. Shuttleworth that the coloring matter is composed chiefly of infusoria, with some plants of the tribe of Algae. And what is most singular is, that when the snow had been melted for a short time, so as to become a little warmer than the freezing point, the animals die, because they cannot endure so much heat! A specimen of meteoric paper which fell from the sky in Courland in 1806, has been examined by Ehrenberg, and found to consist of conferva and Infusoria. Of the latter he found twenty-nine species. Surprising as these facts are, it will perhaps seem still more incredible that the skeletons of these animals should be found in a fossil state, and actually constitute nearly the whole mass of soil and rocks, several feet in thickness, and extending over areas of many acres. Yet this, too, has been ascertained by the same acute Prussian naturalist.

### How to Select Flour.

1. Look at its color; if it is white, with a slight yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it.

2. Examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky.

3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad.

4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy.

These modes are given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the quality of the "staff of life."

**THE GREAT ARTEMISIAN WELL IN PARS.**—This extraordinary well is bored in the centre of the Cour of Abattoir, goes 1,700 feet in the bowels of the earth, and the column of water, nine inches in diameter, rises in a copper tube 112 feet above the surface. From this elevation it descends by means of another tube to the ground, and is conducted to the reservoir at the Pantheon, whence it is distributed for the use of the inhabitants. The temperature of the water is constantly 80° Fahrenheit. It holds several salts in solution, among the rest iron—which colors glass submitted to its action—and is highly charged with carbonic acid gas. This is the deepest well yet bored, and the facts connected with it serve to explore the old doctrine that such wells were mere examples of a jet of water having its head on some mountain or high table land passing under ground and springing through the outlet up to the height of its head. The supply of water from this well, is 3,400,000 gallons in 24 hours.

**TO GET RID OF HOUSE ANTS.**—The best way to get rid of ants is to set a quantity of cracked walnuts, or shell-barks, on plates, and put them in a closet where the ants congregate. They are very fond of these, and will collect in them in myriads. When they have collected in them, make a general *este-de-fe*, by turning out and sets together into the fire, and then replace the plates with fresh nuts. After they have become so thinned off as to cease collecting on plates, powder some gun camphor and put it in the holes and crevices, whereupon the remainder will speedily vanish. It may help the process of getting them to assemble on the shell-barks, to remove all edibles out of their way for a time.

Now that fly-time is coming, we may be doing a favor (or spoiling somebody's wall) by inserting the following: A traveller remarks that the butcher shops at Geneva are all open, and although immense numbers of flies may be seen on the outside walls, not one comes in. This is caused by the inner walls being rubbed over with laurel oil, which is an effective preventive against the intrusion of these troublesome insects. The Courier de Havre, in alluding to this fact, states that no fly will enter a room in which a wreath of laurel leaves has been hung up.

**TO CLEAN SILK.**—Pare and slice three washed Irish potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and add an equal quantity of pure alcohol. Sprinkle the silk on the right side, and when half dry, iron on the wrong side.—The lightest colored silk may be cleaned and brightened by this process; also cloth, velvet or erse.