

TERMS.

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THE WHIG REVELLE.

The old alarm rings round the land, And thrills in every heart, And gathers now a mighty band To play a mighty part: The smouldering fires again relume That led us through a night of gloom.

Where swelling Mississippi's tide Sweeps on his sullen way, Or smiling to his sunny bride, Flashes in joyous play, Brave Louisiana's sons still bear Our glorious standard proudly there.

Where cloud-throned Alleghany bends His misty locks to hear His thunder echo, as it sends That NAME so doubly dear, Through Pennsylvania's glad domain, Th' unbroken phalanx forms again.

The gray-haired "Hero," dark and sad, Within his Hermitage, Hears, with a sullen start, the shouts Of freedom round him rage, And feels, poor desolate old man! How joyless the career he ran.

From North to South, from East to West, Whig hearts are swelling high— Rekindle hope in every breast, And lights in every eye. The dark night fades—the morn appears— And breaks away the gloom of years.

Oh, noble hearts, your way far not, Nor linger on your fate! Be worthy your exalted lot— Worthy the name of CLAY! More have your deeds to make of war Than Bunker-Hill or Trafalgar!

Correspondence of the Missouri Republican. City of JEFFERSON, Mo., Sept. 22, 1843.

In the trial of Dr. Prefontaine for larceny of the money and property of Chaves, the history of the expedition commanded by John McDaniel was brought out. It appears that John McDaniel is an active energetic young man, of fine appearance and address, and well calculated for the predatory warfare that has been carried on between the Texans and Mexicans. Several years ago McDaniel was a merchant in Liberty, in Clay county, and there failed in business, and then removed to Texas and lived several years in that Republic. During last fall McDaniel returned to Liberty, and loomed about in the upper part of the State till spring. He made propositions to many persons in Clay and Jackson counties, and in the Platte country, to form a company to go to Texas and operate against the Mexicans, and held out the idea that he had a commission or authority from the Texan Government to raise a troop of volunteers for the army. During the winter he associated with the loungers and frequenters of groceries in Liberty; was a sociable, high fellow, and the companion of many who called themselves respectable. In last March, McDaniel and a few others started from Clay county. At the Missouri river they met Dr. Prefontaine, and went on to an appointed place of rendezvous, about 20 or 25 miles West of West Port, where they met with several others, so that the company then consisted of 15 men. A large number of persons who had promised to go with the company backed out on account of publications made respecting their expedition, in the Lexington Express and Liberty Banner, and a belief that it would be the impious duty of the troops at Fort Leavenworth to suppress and disperse a hostile expedition so notoriously fitted out in our Territory against a nation with whom we were at peace. At the place of rendezvous the company was formally organized. John McDaniel was chosen Captain, and Dr. Harris was elected Sergeant. The other members of the company were named as follows: Samuel O. Berry, Nathaniel Morton, Benj. F. Talbot, Wm. Harris, Dr. Joseph R. D. Prefontaine, John M. McCormick, William Mason, David McDaniel, Joseph Brown, Gallatin Searcy, Christopher Searcy, Schuyler Oldham and Thomas Towson.

From their place of rendezvous the band struck into the Santa Fe trace, and traveled along that route until they came near to the Council Grove, at which part of the route they met a Mexican runner on a mule, who could not speak English, but with whom John McDaniel held a conversation in the Spanish language. From the Mexican runner they learned that he was one of a small company of Mexicans, consisting of Antonio Jose Chaves, a Mexican trader,

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT"—JEFFERSON.

and five hands in his employment, who were on their way to the United States from Santa Fe. They learned from him that Chaves had a considerable amount of money and bullion, some beaver fur, and other articles. They were also informed that, in consequence of a want of grass in the prairies, at that season of the year, his horses and mules were nearly broken down and given out, and that this runner had been despatched to Independence to procure mules and other assistance, to aid in bringing in these Mexican traders. The Mexican runner was permitted to pass on towards the United States, and the band took the trace towards Santa Fe; but afterwards, John McDaniel proposed to take the Mexican as a prisoner, and urged as a reason that probably the United States' Dragoons would pursue the company to break up the expedition; and that if they should meet this Mexican, he would give them information as to their strength and progress, and thus be the cause of their capture; but that if they were to take him prisoner, and take him back two days' journey, it would enable them to get four days further on their journey before the runner could meet the dragoons. The proposition to take the Mexican was opposed by several of the company and voted down, but was afterwards renewed and carried into effect. He continued to travel with the company beyond the Council Grove, across the Little Arkansas, and several smaller streams; and after passing by a near way, or cut off, for some distance, they again fell into the main Santa Fe road about 130 miles West of the Council Grove, and found that a wagon had recently passed along the road towards the United States. They followed the wagon and soon overtook the Mexicans, who appeared much alarmed at their approach. The band rode up and called on the Mexicans to know if any of them could speak English, to which they replied in the negative. John McDaniel addressed them in the Spanish language and told them that he was a Texian officer, and required them to submit. No resistance was made by the Mexicans, and the Texan band took possession of them, their wagon and its contents, started back, left the road and went down a small stream a few miles and encamped for the night. They there unloaded the wagon, found money and bullion of the value of about \$5,000. On that night all the horses and mules made their escape and were not recovered. Next day they took the wagon to pieces, made a bridge of part of it, put the money, bullion, and fur on the four wheels of the wagon and dragged it a few miles down the creek. Next morning seven of the company determined to return to the United States. They were Dr. Harris, Wm. Harris, Nathaniel Morton, John McCormick, Dr. Prefontaine, Benj. F. Talbot and Samuel O. Berry. They each received \$500 as their share of the plunder, and started back to the United States on foot, and had no further connexion with the company. The remaining party afterwards retook their horses and went south about 25 or 30 miles and came to the Great Arkansas river. When it was first proposed to take possession of the wagon and property, several of the company objected to the proceeding, but were over ruled by McDaniel and others. The party who returned allege that they did so, because McDaniel and others intended to murder Chaves, and they objected to the act, and would not remain in a company where such a deed of violence was intended. Soon after they departed Chaves was taken out by McDaniel, Mason, and Brown and murdered. A considerable amount of money was found on his person, and a flask of gold dust was found in the baggage worth about \$2000. The company of Prefontaine hid the principal part of their money in the prairie, and straggled into Jackson county on foot. McDaniel and his party soon came in and scattered about in the upper counties. McDaniel got on board a steambot, having the furs and about \$3000 worth of bullion and money, and registered himself as a passenger for New Orleans. It so happened that a Santa Fe trader named Gentry was on board the boat, who had started from Santa Fe after Chaves, and who had seen where his wagon had left the road, and suspected that he was murdered. When he saw McDaniel he knew him, scrutinized his baggage, recognized the mark of Chaves on the furs. He gave information of these facts to the Captain of the boat, and an arrest was intended when the boat should arrive at Liberty Landing. These conferences were perceived by McDaniel and he left the boat, went to Liberty, deposited his money and bullion in the Clerk's office, and was arrested about an hour and a half afterwards, by a party from Independence. About the same time Mason was arrested at Independence Landing, put in irons and a chain fastened about his neck, and immediate death threatened, and he confessed the whole transaction, and is now used as a witness against the other offenders. After Prefontaine and his company came in, he took a man named Yokum, and privately returned to the place where they hid the money in the prairie, and stole the whole of it in violation of the law of honor among rogues. On their return he was arrested in the Indian Territory by a party of citizens who went out for the purpose. O. Berry, Harris, David McDaniel, McCormick, Morton, and Brown were taken soon afterwards. The two Searcys, Oldham, Talbot and Dr. Harris made their escape and have not been taken. Indictments for murder have been found against John McDaniel, David McDaniel, William Mason, Joseph Brown, Gallatin Searcy and Christopher Searcy.

Indictments for Larceny have been found against Prefontaine, two Harris, McCormick, Morton, Talbot, and O. Berry. The District Attorney has entered a nolle prosequi in the case of Mason who has become States' evidence. The cases of larceny will be tried at the present term; the indictments for murder will be continued till next spring. The four Mexicans who were in company with Chaves are here as witnesses; they appear to be Mexican Indians and speak no English. It is a matter of astonishment to all, that this company, after having committed so flagrant a crime, should have all returned to the United States, instead of going to Texas, where they would have been honored and rewarded for their murder and robbery of the Mexicans.

The trial of Morton, McCormick and Harris for larceny is going on. September 22d.—The Bankrupt Court adjourned some days ago. The jury in the case of Prefontaine have found him guilty, but sentence is not yet pronounced. A nolle prosequi has been entered as to Mason on the indictment for murder. Prefontaine was defended by Blannerhasset and Fitzgerald. Morton, McCormick and Harris who are now on trial, are defended by Messrs. Crockett, Holt, and Vaughan.—The band of McDaniel with the exception of Prefontaine were all young Kentuckians and many of them belonged to respectable families, and had previously sustained good characters. The Gov. has returned to the seat of his central authority.

THE AVENGER. OR THE JEWISH FATHER.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

"The last embrace of foes. When grappling in the fight, they fold Those arms that ne'er shall loose their hold, Friends meet to part, love laughs at faith, True foes once met—are joined till death." BYRON.

The splendor of chivalry never shone with greater lustre than during the reign of Cosmo, Duke of Medina. The knights who owed him allegiance, were among the most renowned in Christendom, and none excelled in chivalric spirit and grace of person, the young heir of the Dutchy, Julio de Montalvin. It was the day on which the Duke was celebrating the semi-centennial year of his reign, when the grateful rejoicings of his people were increased by the return of Count Julio, from conquest, at the head of a princely train—the knights and the retainers of his father. Shrilly rang the soul arousing trumpets! and the suburban mountains re-echoed back the sound, as if participating in the heart-felt rejoicings of a freed people, which arose, long, loud and heartily to heaven!

Between each pause, wild and thrilling melodies pealed out triumphantly, for the land had been oppressed and was free! banners waved their scutcheoned pride, and ladies' kerchiefs scattered perfume in the air. Bright eyes looked on heroes and many who had looked on death unmoved, amid the carnage of the battle-field, now quailed before a timid maiden's glance! As each gallant knight galloped by, at the head of his followers, the grateful people hailed him with acclamations, and invoked blessings on their deliverers. The pageant passed, and the crowd was sweeping towards the list, where the aged monarch in person intended to thank the victors, and hold a tourney, when a warrior rode by, unattended—his armor hacked and bruised, and in his hand he held a torn and soiled banner. Vainly had he been urged to take the precedence his valor merited, for when dismay had seized the ranks of Count Julio, he it was who turned the fortunes of the day, by his intrepid daring—few were the knights so reckless as to follow where he led, and he ever stood alone, apparently un-influenced by the example of others. Many thought his headstrong daring arose from despair, but the well-judging few discovered that though he held life at a cheap rate he manifested no disposition to sacrifice it rashly. He was apparently laboring under some poignant grief, but none could divine its source, as he shunned all intimacy with his brethren in arms, and passed by even the common terms of courtesy.

The list presented a glorious spectacle—glittering with the golden armor of mailed knights, and blazing with the beautiful of the land, decked in their proudest habiliments. The monarch was bowed down by the weight of years; age had exercised its withering influence over him, in all except his eye—his limbs were shrivelled, and his grey head shook with the palsy of time, but his eye was unquenched—that still was kingly. When he arose to address the assembled multitude, their repressed breathings were distinctly heard, arising like the softened murmur of the ocean, when the storm has sunk to rest, and the glad rays of the unclouded sun play brightly on the panting waters. His words were few but energetic; warriors were seen to weep, and women's tears fell fast, as the venerable old Duke thanked God for his country's deliverance!

At length all the knights who had distinguished themselves above their comrades were summoned by marshals before the throne and there the Duke, in token of his gratitude, swore by his knightly honor, that he would grant each one's request—even were it half of his Dukedom. Many a splendid fief, and many a lovely dame, did the good old Duke bestow that day on those whose valiancy had saved their country. Last of all, that lonely warrior in the battered armor and broken helm, presented himself before the throne; he offered a powerful contrast to the younger knights, whose breastplates of gold, silken scarfs, and ornaments sparkling with jewels, shone like the setting sun upon the towers of a Turkish minaret. He approached reverentially, and even with an air of timidity; the Duke arose, and taking him by the hand, bade him stand up. "Brave man," said he, "under God, thou hast been the means of delivering my people from oppression; gallant have been the deeds, and although thou bearest not blazoned on thy shield, the badge of knightly honor, still art thou of nature's nobility, thy deeds have ennobled thee; name thy reward, for glorious shall it be, worthy thy prowess and my dual name, that thy descendants may boast of thee, as their country's deliverer; we love thee, and would advance thee; speak!—what is thy wish?" "Sir Duke," replied the warrior in broken accents, and in a tone, as from the depths of a charnel house, "honors cannot descend from me to my posterity—I am the scathed trunk, which storms have stripped of all its branches—I therefore ask nought of thee, save a fresh steed, for mine own is nearly spent with toil; and a suit of armor. But I forewarn thee, noble Duke! for the use I shall make of these, will turn thy thanks to curses, and show I merit not favor from thee!" "Stranger," replied the Duke, "thy words are full of mystery, but thy boon is granted!" "I have yet another question," hastily rejoined the warrior, "may any knight in the world, whether he be King, Emperor, or Kaiser, refuse my challenge, consistently with honor?" "Of a certainty not," answered the Duke. "I pronounce thee noble, if thou wert not so before—Julio, my son, thy sword—kneel stranger at my throne—reverence thy God, serve thy country, be true to thy lady love, and arise a knight of the order of Medina, and Count Mareschal of our realm! Now thou art as match for the proudest hero in Christendom!" "Then," thundered forth the stranger, springing like lightning to his feet, with nervous haste, "I challenge thine own son, Count Julio, he whose sword is still in thine hand—the heir of thy dukedom—to mortal combat for life and death—as one who has been false to the honor of a knight, and to his oath—as a remorseless, treacherous villain!—the which I will prove, so God maintain me!" An awful silence reigned around—the young Count, who was standing at his father's side, appeared thunderstruck—the Duke himself was speechless with surprise, and the numerous armed retainers, partook of the general astonishment. Count Julio was the first who recovered himself, and thus broke silence:— "Stern libeller of knightly fame, I know thee not, and might refuse an unaccredited challenger, but my liege father has pronounced thee noble, and I accept the challenge—so keep me heaven as thou liest!" "Amen!" sternly ejaculated the stranger knight, and every one who heard the voice, trembled, for it seemed unearthly, so deep and dreadful was its tone. "Heaven judge thee right!" exclaimed the Duke, "to-morrow's dawn shall witness the combat; ourself will be the sponsor of our new created Mareschal, for such assertions against our son, must speedily be effaced or proven—the air which a true knight inhales, is polluted by such dreadful criminations!" On the following day, while darkness was yet struggling with the rising sun, thousands had assembled around the lists. At length the Duke and his nobles entered the arena; they were not greeted with the same joyous shouts they were accustomed to receive, for there was a panic terror which swayed the minds of the many—all were expecting some great or horrible event, and the few who hailed the good old Duke as he entered, shrank back in fright from the hollow sounds of their own voices! Hushed indeed was every tongue, when the challenger rode into the lists, in a complete suit of sable armor, mounted on a sable charger, whose tread seemed to shake

the solid arena. There was nothing of trickery about its rider—no curvettings nor prancings for the sake of display; compared with the gay and splendid dresses of the lovely dames, the dark knight seemed like a thunder cloud, huge, black and threatening—slowly floating along a bright summer sky—the prophet of desolation! Nothing could contrast more strongly than the behavior of the young Prince: he rode into the lists with an air of a graceful and practised cavalier; his bearing was gallant in the extreme. The crowd naturally loving display, burst into an involuntary shout of admiration: the dark knight sat unmoved!

After the necessary preparations had been concluded, the charge was sounded—the combats closed, and Count Julio sank down as though he had been a reed! Being however an experienced horseman and courageous knight, he disengaged himself from his fallen charger, and seized his battle axe from the saddle-bow—'twas in vain—the stranger knight aimed but one blow, and he fell lifeless to the ground—his brains were scattered around the lists!

Horror, and trembling speechlessness seized all present, but the conqueror turned from the scene, and with an air of dignity approached the throne: "You stand amazed, great Duke?" said he, "would to heaven the calamity could have been averted from your house! you now are childless, so am I—your happiness has ended with your son's life, and I, the author of his death, most sincerely mourn your bereavement!" "My son! my Julio!" groaned the unhappy Duke. "Hear me, great Cosmo, ere you pronounce the stranger. I also was once happy in a child, but now I wander, hopeless, homeless, and companionless! I had a daughter—but one, and she—oh God of Abraham! was fair as Jephtha's sacrifice—fair, good and excellent in mind! but she is dead,—this weapon drank the blood of an only daughter—my very vitality, I felt it so, for as my sword pierced her heart, 'God, heavens! who felt the greatest agony! Then kneeling o'er her prostrate form, while the murderous instrument was yet reeking in my hand—I made a vow—this day it is accomplished—its points now stained with the blood of her—seducer!" "Al! sayest thou so! the villain hath deserved his doom!" said the Duke, striving to subdue the father in the sovereign. "Rightly thou namest him," replied the stranger, "he—like a villain, lured her from her home—her happy home of infancy, from these fond, dotting arms, and from her mother's grave, and then, his guilty passion satiated, left her to perish in obscurity and want! But as a wounded bird will seek its parent nest, so did she drag her wasted form to the loved haunts of infancy—again I saw her—her pure frame desecrated—and she was sacrificed!—Sir Duke! I am of a despised race, but my ancestors were princes in Judea. I sought revenge upon your villain son—he bade his menials lash me from his palace steps! I felt the whip while he stood by in mockery! I then sought for the means of matching myself with him, and found them in thy service. He is dead—my daughter, my sacrificed Iola is avenged! Christians, I am a Jew, but am I not a man? I expect your vengeance!—take it, as I have done!"

The words became choked in his throat; he turned, and pointed with a laugh of horror to his victim, then tottered towards him, and fell lifeless on the body. They raised his visor—grey locks were beneath it, but his countenance still indicated the prime of life: grief had performed the work of time!

LITERARY GEMS.

FROM "SINA" BY FREDERICK BREMER.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

And now it is night! Sleep with its soft wing touches the eyes of men, and their souls dream themselves away into the land of wonders. The lawyer forgets his suits, the laborer the toils of the day, the man of the world the tedium of his festivities, the unfortunate the occasion of his tears; a lull through them, sweet blessing, rich sleep! But if thou findest eyes which cannot rest, which pain and care keep open and fixed till the very brain becomes unnumbered and the heart bleeds—then, go gentle sweet sleep and beseech thy pale brother to come, for he is the true physician.

Genius Short-lived.

Rare are they on earth who live out their whole life, and fully perfect their powers, so that they are able in continually better forms to bring forth the treasures which lie in their souls. They are the heroes of life's drama, the great geniuses of earth.

Human Happiness.

"Is the little happiness of an individual worth speaking of in infinite life? Human happiness! Hence with it! The greatest, the most virtuous, have worn crowns of thorns!"

Female Friendships.

It is charming when young damsels attach themselves to each other, live with one another, and play like the waves on the shore, like the wind with the young leaves. But beautiful is it when ladies with a noble character, confirmed by life, prove each other, and value each other, and form genuine friendships. Such bonds of friendship take place more frequently in life than is believed; and when I see two lady friends living under one roof, it does my heart good; for I know that there is found that which makes life pleasant, the days light and happy.

Fashionable Life.

To what shall I compare fashionable life, this rushing life of feast and splendor, of sport and laughter, out of which seriousness, tears, and sighs, are banished; this life which prevails in all great cities, which draws all into the vortex—to what shall I compare it? To the foam of life's flagon. It streams up from the inexhaustible fountains the foamy pearls whirl, and wink, and vanish; fresh ones rise to the surface; in the flagon's depth there lives a senseless hiss and bubble. One must drink the champagne in full draught, not sip it lightly. But it is always the same in the great tavern of the world. Many a noble life, many a happy fortune, goes down in this eddying element; but at the same time, many a sigh, many an agony, many a spasm of pain dissolves itself therein. Everything has its good—at least for the moment. "Drink! they fly, the foaming pearls—drops—drops!" Many men cannot exist out of this social element, although they now and then draw a deep breath, and sigh from their hearts—edifying strain—"How lovely is nature! How glorious the exercise of Christian duties! Without seriousness and repose there is no true joy to be found; man must live for heaven!" And after this tribute of feeling then fly to new pleasures and amusements, and dissipate themselves in all imaginable ways.

The Unhappy Wife's Refuge.

People assert often that where discontent prevails in a house the husband is the least unhappy; he can go forth, he can comfort himself, he has the world, so it is asserted. I do not think so. I am of opinion that the wife has or may have the better lot; I know that she has hard by the gates of the domestic hell a certain place of refuge—heaven! Thither Clara betook herself for escape; and amid the domestic storms, in an atmosphere of bitterness, beneath constant labors of body and soul, there she found peace. But if the people did but know how she prayed! Prayer is the key of the gate of heaven. It does not open it easily. It requires strength, indefatigable knocking, a firm, determined will; but is the door but once open—behold! then there is no further separation between thee and the Almighty; and the angels of the Lord ascend and descend to bring thee consolation and help. Thou who sufferest perhaps like Clara, yearnest for repose like her, O listen! Sip not lightly at the cup of salvation! Drink deep draughts from the well of redemption! Fill thyself with prayer, with faith and humility, and thou wilt have peace!

The Atmosphere of the Soul.

Every man is surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere, which shows better than any thing what spirit he is the child of. In accordance with this he works unconsciously or oppressively; beneficially or disquietingly; yes, even into inanimate things he breathes somewhat of his own atmosphere, and they become beautiful or not, according to the nature of the spirit which they serve. In worldly life there are so many storms, so many draughts—all doors and windows stand open—that their ethereal atmospheres are difficult of perception; yes, the world, or its plans—men—whirl so hastily round their suns—pleasure—that it is impossible for them to know and understand themselves. People are scarcely aware of each other, they hurry past one another, and greet each other as Venus! Mercury! Comet! Nebulas! (their number is Legion) Vesta! Pallas! etc. But that is all. At certain points of life, for instance in the family circle, in the chamber, in the sick-room, we recognise again the soul. Here has she her free atmosphere, and can demonstrate her most peculiar character.

But life has also voiceless geniuses. They think deeply, they feel most fervently; but they find no words to give back those divine images which their eye and ear daily drink in. They pass by without being understood; like silent shadows they hasten away. Let us look on them with pity and reverence, for they are the most unhappy among the children of the earth. But we know that an angel will hereafter loosen their tongues.

There are also beings who live only a moment; but to whom is given the blessed gift, through a deed or word, long to live in the memory of mankind. These also are rare on earth. Their life is rich, but short; a diaphanous sung in the temple of immortality.

And what indeed require we more for happiness than a lawful freedom, daily bread, a friend, and—now and then a refreshing thought, a light breath from the sphere of a higher life—a little listening to the conversation which the good and the wise from antiquity to the present time hold with each other—a little attention to the great drama of the world, and the words of the poets—yes, a little intercourse with the things which expand the breast and amend the heart, so that we do not shrink together too much into the little narrow self, into the impoverishment of mere housekeeping existence.

To what shall I compare fashionable life, this rushing life of feast and splendor, of sport and laughter, out of which seriousness, tears, and sighs, are banished; this life which prevails in all great cities, which draws all into the vortex—to what shall I compare it? To the foam of life's flagon. It streams up from the inexhaustible fountains the foamy pearls whirl, and wink, and vanish; fresh ones rise to the surface; in the flagon's depth there lives a senseless hiss and bubble. One must drink the champagne in full draught, not sip it lightly. But it is always the same in the great tavern of the world. Many a noble life, many a happy fortune, goes down in this eddying element; but at the same time, many a sigh, many an agony, many a spasm of pain dissolves itself therein. Everything has its good—at least for the moment. "Drink! they fly, the foaming pearls—drops—drops!" Many men cannot exist out of this social element, although they now and then draw a deep breath, and sigh from their hearts—edifying strain—"How lovely is nature! How glorious the exercise of Christian duties! Without seriousness and repose there is no true joy to be found; man must live for heaven!" And after this tribute of feeling then fly to new pleasures and amusements, and dissipate themselves in all imaginable ways.

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To what shall I compare fashionable life, this rushing life of feast and splendor, of sport and laughter, out of which seriousness, tears, and sighs, are banished; this life which prevails in all great cities, which draws all into the vortex—to what shall I compare it? To the foam of life's flagon. It streams up from the inexhaustible fountains the foamy pearls whirl, and wink, and vanish; fresh ones rise to the surface; in the flagon's depth there lives a senseless hiss and bubble. One must drink the champagne in full draught, not sip it lightly. But it is always the same in the great tavern of the world. Many a noble life, many a happy fortune, goes down in this eddying element; but at the same time, many a sigh, many an agony, many a spasm of pain dissolves itself therein. Everything has its good—at least for the moment. "Drink! they fly, the foaming pearls—drops—drops!" Many men cannot exist out of this social element, although they now and then draw a deep breath, and sigh from their hearts—edifying strain—"How lovely is nature! How glorious the exercise of Christian duties! Without seriousness and repose there is no true joy to be found; man must live for heaven!" And after this tribute of feeling then fly to new pleasures and amusements, and dissipate themselves in all imaginable ways.

The Unhappy Wife's Refuge.

People assert often that where discontent prevails in a house the husband is the least unhappy; he can go forth, he can comfort himself, he has the world, so it is asserted. I do not think so. I am of opinion that the wife has or may have the better lot; I know that she has hard by the gates of the domestic hell a certain place of refuge—heaven! Thither Clara betook herself for escape; and amid the domestic storms, in an atmosphere of bitterness, beneath constant labors of body and soul, there she found peace. But if the people did but know how she prayed! Prayer is the key of the gate of heaven. It does not open it easily. It requires strength, indefatigable knocking, a firm, determined will; but is the door but once open—behold! then there is no further separation between thee and the Almighty; and the angels of the Lord ascend and descend to bring thee consolation and help. Thou who sufferest perhaps like Clara, yearnest for repose like her, O listen! Sip not lightly at the cup of salvation! Drink deep draughts from the well of redemption! Fill thyself with prayer, with faith and humility, and thou wilt have peace!

The Atmosphere of the Soul.

Every man is surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere, which shows better than any thing what spirit he is the child of. In accordance with this he works unconsciously or oppressively; beneficially or disquietingly; yes, even into inanimate things he breathes somewhat of his own atmosphere, and they become beautiful or not, according to the nature of the spirit which they serve. In worldly life there are so many storms, so many draughts—all doors and windows stand open—that their ethereal atmospheres are difficult of perception; yes, the world, or its plans—men—whirl so hastily round their suns—pleasure—that it is impossible for them to know and understand themselves. People are scarcely aware of each other, they hurry past one another, and greet each other as Venus! Mercury! Comet! Nebulas! (their number is Legion) Vesta! Pallas! etc. But that is all. At certain points of life, for instance in the family circle, in the chamber, in the sick-room, we recognise again the soul. Here has she her free atmosphere, and can demonstrate her most peculiar character.

Human Happiness.

"Is the little happiness of an individual worth speaking of in infinite life? Human happiness! Hence with it! The greatest, the most virtuous, have worn crowns of thorns!"

But life has also voiceless geniuses. They think deeply, they feel most fervently; but they find no words to give back those divine images which their eye and ear daily drink in. They pass by without being understood; like silent shadows they hasten away. Let us look on them with pity and reverence, for they are the most unhappy among the children of the earth. But we know that an angel will hereafter loosen their tongues.

There are also beings who live only a moment; but to whom is given the blessed gift, through a deed or word, long to live in the memory of mankind. These also are rare on earth. Their life is rich, but short; a diaphanous sung in the temple of immortality.

Female Friendships.

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