

THE OHIO UNION.

VOL. VIII.

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1853.

NO. 27.

THE OHIO UNION.

The Union is published every Wednesday morning in the town of Ashland, Ashland county, Ohio.

BY J. SHERIDAN.
Office on Main Street, over Robert McManis's Store.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
The Union will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of two dollars per annum, if payment be made before the expiration of the year. The *Dollars and Fifty Cents*, will invariably be charged, if payment be deferred till after the expiration of the year. Three dollars per annum, if payment be made before the expiration of the year. The *Dollars and Fifty Cents*, will invariably be charged, if payment be deferred till after the expiration of the year. Three dollars per annum, if payment be made before the expiration of the year. The *Dollars and Fifty Cents*, will invariably be charged, if payment be deferred till after the expiration of the year.

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All kinds of Job Printing neatly executed, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

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JOHN SHERIDAN,..... CLERK OF COURT.
ALEX. PORTER,..... PROSECUTOR ATTORNEY.
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HOTELS.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.

THE undersigned returns her thanks to the public for the liberal patronage extended to her in this building, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. MARGARET MCULTY.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.

HAVING moved to the new building, I have the pleasure to announce to my friends and the public that I have removed to the new building, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. MARGARET MCULTY.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853.

FULLER HOUSE.

JOSEPH DEVAUXAN, having again taken the Ashland House, will be prepared to accommodate all his old friends who may favor him with a call. LONDONVILLE, Nov. 23, 1853.

LAWYERS.

HOLMES W. KELLOGG, | WILLIAM B. ALLISON.
KELLOGG & ALLISON,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery;
WILL attend to all professional business entrusted to their care, in this and adjoining counties.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853.

JAMES W. SMITH, | JAMES RIDEN.
SMITH & SLOAN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law;
OFFICE over Empire Store of J. H. Squire. Business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853.

H. R. JOHNSON, | THOS. J. HENRY, | ALEX. PORTER.
JOHNSON, HENRY & PORTER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law and Sol'rs in Chancery;
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in this and adjoining counties. Office in the room lately occupied by the County Treasurer.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853.

JOHN S. FULTON, | JOHN H. MOORE.
FULTON & MCCORMICK,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law;
OFFICE on Main Street, over the Grocery Store of J. & R. Freer, Ashland, Ashland County, Ohio.
November 23, 1853.

COOPER S. WATSON, | GEORGE H. PARKER.
WATSON & PARKER,
Attys and Counsellors at Law and Sol'rs in Chancery;
HAVING formed a partnership, will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care in this and adjoining counties. Office in the room lately occupied by the County Treasurer.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853.

THOMAS J. HULL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Justice of the Peace,
Londonville, Ashland County, Ohio.
November 23, 1853.

PHYSICIANS.

J. W. KINNAMAN, M. D.,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery;
MAY be consulted at his residence on Main Street, Ashland, Ashland County, Ohio.
November 23, 1853.

DR. J. P. SMITH,
Botanic and Hydropathic Physician;
HAVING permanently established himself in Ashland, Ohio, on North Street, near the corner of the old Bank Building, he would just say to the citizens and inhabitants of the surrounding country, that he holds himself in readiness at all times to attend to all business connected with his profession.
Nov. 23, 1853.

DR. THOMAS HAYES,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery;
SARANAH, Ashland County, Ohio. Also, Just-ice of the Peace and Notary Public.
November 23, 1853.

MECHANICS, &c.

WILLIAM HALSTON,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, Post Office Ashland, Ohio, Gold and Silver, and a choice variety of Jewellery kept constantly on hand.
November 23, 1853.

NEW JEWELRY STORE,
I. R. GODFELLOW has opened, in the new room 2 doors east of W. R. Johnson's store, on Main Street, a watch and jewelry establishment, where he will offer every article usually kept in such establishments, at very low rates.
Among his stock may be found,
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
Ladies Gold Bracelets, Gold, Enamelled, Cluster and Knot, Pear Drops, Hoops and Rings. Gold Rings, Lockets, Pencils, Cut Pins, Safety Pins, Keys, pure silver, German Silver and Plated Spoons; Butter Knives, Hair and Sugar Shovels, Spectacles and Cases of all kinds; Knives, Needles, Pens and Holders, Pen Holders, Dressing and Pocket Combs, Eye Glasses and Goggles, Compasses, Clocks, Accordions, &c., &c.
June 8, 1853-1854.

Save your Ashes!
ASHES wanted by the subscriber, at his Ashery in Ashland, for which the highest market price will be paid in goods.
T. C. BUSINELL,
October 26, 1853.

Select Poetry.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no breeze, however soft deflected,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewell to the dying,
And maddening to the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But often times celestial benedictions,
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seems to us but dim funeral tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead, the child of our affliction—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great teacher's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk in her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, the 'unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Miscellaneous.

AN EVENING WITH JASMIN.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

I had heard of Jasmin, the barber-pot of Agen, years ago; and had read her works too, which is more than every one can say. I had also had always a great curiosity to see him, and was therefore very glad to receive an invitation to a "soiree chez Madame la Marquise de B—" where "Jasmin's" *trouvaux* (will be there) were the magnetic words which were to attract the great world. He was to read some of his published poems—his *Papillotes*, or *Curl-papers*, with their literal translation in French; for Jasmin writes in the Gascon dialect, the old *Lingue d'Oc* of the troubadours—which is a kind of mixture of French and Italian, only that it is more sonorous, rich and masculine, than either; as noble and stately as the Spanish, with more grace and more tenderness. Accordingly at a little past nine, I presented myself at the hotel of Madame la Marquise, whose *salons*, even at this early hour, I found filled to overflowing with many of the old nobility of France. As she herself expressed it; "It was a *St. Germain's* night!" High-sounding names were there—pages of history every one of them—and intellect and beauty; all assembled to do honor to the head-dresser of a small provincial town on the Garonne, who wrote in Patois, and wore no gloves; practical illustration of the honor paid in France to intellect, and of the affectionate kind of social democracy which is so beautiful there. Indeed, among very many virtues in French society, none so mutually improving, and none more *Christian*, than the kindly intercourse almost equality, of all ranks of society, and the comparatively little importance attached to wealth or condition where there is intellect and power.

At half-past nine, precisely, a short, stout dark-haired man, with large, bright eyes, and a mobile, animated face—his button-hole decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and an enormous ring on the fore-finger of a not very clean hand—made his way through the rich attire and stately wealth of jewels, to a small table placed in one corner of the large room, whereon were books—his own *Curl-papers*—a carafe of fresh water, two candles, and a vase of flowers. The ladies ranged themselves in a series of brilliant semicircles before him; the men blocked up the doorways, and peered over each other's shoulders; he waved his hands, like the leader of an orchestra indicating a subdued movement, and a general silence sealed all those fresh, noisy lips, like a sudden sleep falling on a grove of perennials. One haughty little brunette, not long from her convent, giggled audibly; but Jasmin's eye transfixed her, and the poor child sat rebuked and dumb. Satisfied now, the hero of the evening again waved his hands, gave a preliminary cough, tossed back his hair, suddenly "struck an attitude," and began his poem. The lion roared, and roared in real earnest.

He read first a piece which contained nothing very particular, excepting an appeal for help towards the building of a church. The church had been built and endowed years ago, but by the manner in which Jasmin read his poem, you might have believed it a case of the most urgent present distress. He clasped his hands, he looked up to heaven, he half knelt in the fervor of his beseeching application, tears started into his eyes, and his voice shook with emotion, and then he laughed joyously like a child, looking round for

applause, as he repeated lines or phrases that pleased him, crying, "How charming!—how graceful!—how beautiful!—magnificent!—what a phrase!" at every moment. Though I recognized the poem as one published just ten years ago, yet I fancied that the most have transferred its application; and that, in all probability, a church was now waiting to be built, for which he had adapted his former appeal—he was so urgent, so passionate, so earnest in his manner. But I was mistaken, and so were many others, whose hands I saw in their pockets—silver, and in one instance a piece of gold, and in another two sous, shining between their fingers. It was simply the warmth of his imagination that affected him. He now read the *Gascon* version; and, to my amazement, at every word where he had clasped his hands together in the *Gascon*; where he had looked up to before, he looked up to have looked again; where he had concentrated all his fingers in one point on his forehead, he concentrated them in just the same point again; where he had thrust his hand into his waistcoat before, he did so once more; the tears gushed where they had gushed before, and irradiated his face. Excepting for the sound of the syllables, *Gascon* and French were the same in the stereotyped emotions they called up. And this not only to-night, but every night wherein he gives his readings, without the slightest variation in a single particular. Those in the salon who had seen him before, assured me that not a glance, a smile, a gesture, was changed. Once hear Jasmin read a certain poem, and ten years afterwards you have precisely the same "effects." A strange kind of enthusiasm, to say the least of it, which can survive the duplicate repetitions of years, and come out as fresh as when new born.

I was, however, unwilling to judge the poet either hastily or by hearsay—in both cases, necessarily unjust—and therefore I waited for his second display.

"Ladies, prepare your pocket-handkerchiefs," he cried after a moment's pause. "I am going to make you all weep. You have not pocket-handkerchiefs except with you—they are too thin. See, I have brought two *foulards*."

A young bride suggested that Madame la Marquise should send round a salver with a supply of this necessary article. Jasmin looked enchanted, and exclaimed: "Tres bien! tres bien! charmant! many times. But the hint was not adopted."

It must be distinctly understood that all Jasmin said and did was with the most perfect good faith and unbroken gravity.

He began his poem without the supplemental handkerchiefs. It was *La Semaine d'un Fil*—The Week of a Son—which a foot-note tells us is "historical, the circumstance having recently occurred in our part of the country." The poem is divided into three parts. In the first young boy and girl, Abel and Jessie, kneeling in the moonlight before a cross by the wayside, pray to the *Sainte Vierge* to cure their father.

"Mother of God, Virgin compassionate, send down thine angel, and cure our sick father. Our mother will become happy again; and we, *virgelle Mere*—Little Virgin Mother—we will love thee yet more if we can."

The Virgin hears the prayer, for a woman, still young, opening the door of a dark house, cries: "Poor little ones, death has left us. The poison of the fever is counteracted; your father's life is saved. Come, little lambs, pray to God with me!"

Then they all three pray by the side of an old four-post bed—literally, "entre quatre colonnes d'un vieux lit en serge"—where sleeps the good father Hilaire, formerly a brave soldier, but now a mason's servant. This ends the first part.

The second part opens with a brief description of morning, where the sun shines through the glass casement "mended with paper." Abel glides into his father's room, who commands him to go to the house of his preceptor to-day, to learn to read and write; for Abel, "more pretty than strong," is to be *homme de lettres*, as his little arms would fail him if he were to handle the rough stones of his father's trade. And here Jasmin caressed his own arm, and made as if it were a baby's, smiling and speaking in a *mignon* voice, wagging his head roguishly. Father and son embraced each other four times, and for four days all goes "a *Vallée*." But on the fourth Sunday, a brutal command that "the father returns to his work tomorrow, else his place shall be given to another," casts dismay and consternation among them all. Hilaire declares that he is cured, rises from his bed, and prostrate through weakness. It will take a week yet to re-establish him. A flash of lightning darts through the soul of Abel. He dries his tears, assumes the air of a man, strength is in his little arms, a blush is on his face, "behold him as he goes out, and behold him as he enters the house of the brutal master of the masons." When he returns no longer sorrowful; "honey was in his mouth, and his eyes were smiling."

"My father, repose; gain strength and courage; thou hast the whole week. Then thou mayst labor. Some one who loves thee will do thy work for thee, and thou shalt still keep thy place!"

The third part—"Behold our Abel, who works no longer at the desk, but in the work-shop." In the evening, become again a *petit monsieur*, he, the better to deceive his father, speaks of papers and writings, "and with a wink replies to the writings of his mother" ("Et d'un clin d'œil répond aux clins d'yeux de sa mere"). Three days pass thus; the fourth, Friday, the sick man pined leaves his house at mid-day. "But, fatal Friday, God has made the day for sorrow!"

The father goes to the workplace.—Through the hour for luncheon has not yet arrived, yet no one is seen up above; and

O, good God! what a crowd of people at the foot of the building! Masters, workmen, neighbors, all are there assembled in haste and tumult. A workman has fallen. Hilaire presses forward, to see Abel lie bleeding on the ground. The poor child dies, murmuring, "Master, I have not been able to finish the work, but in the name of my poor mother, for one day wanting, do not replace my father!" The place was preserved for Hilaire; his wages even were doubled—too late. One morning trouble closed his eyelids; and the good father, stiff in death, went to take another place—in the tomb by the side of his son.

The incident is in itself so touching, and part of the poem is so beautifully written, that we cannot find it in our heart to say how Jasmin wept and sobbed, both in French and Gascon; how he buried his face in his hands, and took a peculiar intonation at exactly the same place in each rendering; how the same smile and the same agony became wonderful rather than inspiring, when repeated so faithfully; and how much more like nature the most elaborate acting than like nature it appeared. There were some men who wept, and many women who cried. "Cherchez! tout a fait charmant!" but without weeping; and the lady of the house was very grateful, and the ecclesiastics smooth and patronizing. And Jasmin sat like an enthroned demigod, and quaffed his nectar and soiffed his ambrosia, smiling benignly.

It was all very amusing to a proud, stiff, reserved "Britisher" like myself; for how gray-headed men with stars and ribbons, could cry at Jasmin's reading, and how Jasmin, himself a *man*, could sob, and wipe his eyes, and weep so violently, and display such excessive emotion, surpassed my understanding, probably clouded by the chill atmosphere of the fogs in which every Frenchman believes we live. They were like a number of children set free from school playing at human life. But I saw they all thought me as cold as stone and as hard as iron; they looked it. For I did not cry like the rest; and though I was more attentive to the poet than many of them were, yet I knew it was a critical rather than a responsive attention, and, as such, would naturally be expressed in my countenance.

The third poem which the *coiffeur*, now calmed and smiling, read, was *Ma Vierge*—"My Vine." This is an exceedingly graceful poem, perhaps as graceful and perfect as anything Jasmin has done.—Lacking true simplicity, while to all appearance the very soul of it—in reality totally destitute of such simplicity as is expressed by unconsciousness, but fresh and hearty, and with a certain youthfulness of feeling that gives it a great charm—a charm lost when Jasmin reads; for then the strained smile, the exceeding self-satisfaction, the consciousness of *naïveté* and simplicity, spoil the whole thing, and it is a mere false air as the paint and one feels a want of harmony somewhere, and one chafes at the nature which parades itself so boastfully, and calls to all the world; "See how charming I am!"

The subject of *My Vine* is very simple. It is an epistle to Madame Louis Veil at Paris, setting forth the pleasures of a small piece of ground which Jasmin has bought at Agen; a piece of ground long desired, and now bought with the money gained by his poems, and christened a *Papillote*! His description of his fruit trees, his birds, his flowers, his vines, all warm with sun, sparkling, bright and luscious, is about the best specimen of this kind of writing we have seen anywhere. It is a living picture; you see the fruit glowering in the sun, the fruit which Madame Louis Veil is "to pluck from the branch," after "taking off her shining gloves," and "plant in it her white teeth."

"Like you you will almost drink it (the peach) without taking off its fine skin, from the skin to the almond it melts in the mouth—it is honey!"

The poem ends with a confession on the part of the poet of sundry robberies committed in this same place when a lad, of apple-trees broken, hedges forced, and vine-ladders scaled, winding up with these words: "Madame, you see I turn towards the past without a blush; will you? What I have robbed I return, and return it with usury. I have no door for my vine; two thorns bar its threshold; when by the hole I see the nose of marauders, instead of arming myself with a cane, I turn away and go, so that they may return. He who robbed when young, in his old age allows himself to be robbed." An amiable sentiment, sure to be popular among the rising generation of Agen!

This was the last thing the poet read, and then his social ovation began. Ladies surrounded him, and men admired him; a ring was presented, and a pretty speech spoken by a pretty mouth accompanied the presentation; and the man of the people was flattered out of all proportion by the brave, haughty old *noblesse*. To do Jasmin justice, although naturally enough spoiled by the absurd amount of adulation he has met with, he has not been vain cold-hearted or worldly. He is vain, vain as a petted child, but true and loyal to his caste. He is still the man of the people, content to be so, and not seeking to disguise or belie his profession. In fact, he always dwells on his past more or less, and never misses an opportunity to remind his audience that he is but a plebeian after all. He wears a white apron, and frizzes his hair to this day when at Agen; and, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, member of academies and institutes without number, feted, praised, flattered beyond anything we can imagine in England, crowned by the king and the then heir of the throne with gilt and silver crowns, decked with flowers and oak-leaves, and all conceivable species of coronets, he does not ape the gentleman, but clips, curls, and chatters as simply as heretofore, and as professional as this for his friend, cannot be a bad man; but still the *coiffeur*. And there is no little merit in this steady attachment to his

native place, no little good sense in this adherence to his old profession. In the last, I acknowledge a great deal of that public consciousness which is in all he says and does; but pompous as his steadfastness may be, and conscious and displayed and egotistical, it is no farther and nobler than that weak form of vanity shown in a slavish imitation of the great and a cowardly shame of one's native state.

So that, on the whole, though not going the extreme lengths of his admirer, without speaking of him as "more than an artist—more than a poet," with Justin Daquoy, or as beyond the great men of antiquity, and equal to the inspired prophet, with Charles Nodder and others, yet we honor in him a true poet and a true man, brave, affectionate, mobile, loving, whose very faults are all amiable, and whose vanity takes the form of nature. And it is of the cold north can scarcely comprehend the childish passionateness and emotional unreserve of the more sensitive south, at least we can profoundly respect the good common to us all—the good which lies underneath that many-colored robe of manners which changes with every hamlet; the good which speaks from heart to heart, and quickens the pulses of the blood, whether shown in old Rome or Greece, or in our time and land; the good which binds us all as brothers, and makes but one family of universal man; and this good we gladly and lovingly recognize in Jasmin, and, while rallying him for his foibles, respectfully love him for his virtues, and tender him a hand of sympathy and admiration as a fine poet, a good citizen, and a true-hearted man.

The *Local of the New York Tribune* never penned a more agreeable paragraph than this—which he humorously calls "A Queer Process." It is quite evident, whatever the gentleman writer may be, that he is "up in the morning" in penning "telling" items:

It is curious to see the circulation of a great city commence in the morning—the great city that had roared till late in the night, there was a feeble pulse all night; the cars beat to and fro; a carriage now and then gave a flutter, but after all, had been a quiet hour. About a half a million of the people had been lying on a dead level; for four or five hours; some on pillows of down, and some on earthen stones, some beneath the silk counterpane, and some beneath the great blue quilt of heaven. Queer figures they make, in the mind's eye to be sure—400,000 folks, more or less, lying on their backs—lying on tiers and rows, five or six miles long—lying three or four deep. In the cellar—that is primitive formation!—then first floor, second, third, and so up to the great roof, three hundred thousand people sleeping—what a concert! Two hundred thousand people dreaming. Two hundred thousand people in red night-caps; one hundred thousand in white, and fifty thousand in trimmed with lace. Fifty thousand curls twisted up in papers, giving their owners an appearance of having made a pillow of curl-papers. Twenty thousand curls hanging over the backs of chairs or tossed upon tables. How gently Time touches such people; they never grow gray at all! Ten thousand people weeping, and now and then, one dying; dying in his sleep; dying in a dream! And then the getting up in ridiculous enough, though going to bed—should we say "retire" in these refined times?—is a solemn piece of business, whether people think of it or not. But the getting up, waking up, is fanny enough for a farce. It is a process, a species of gradualism. Here's one who has slept "like a top" for nine solid hours, and now he begins to wake; first it's a half-lurch and a long breath and a yawn; then an arm is thrust out, then a foot; the muscles are waking up. Next, the rattle of the early-wagons strikes his ear; hearing is 'coming to.' Then, his tongue moves uneasily; taste is returning. Last, his eyes open, one after the other—then half close, then open again, and the man's awake—awake all over—awake for all day. There's another, sound asleep this minute, and *this*, he shakes himself like a huge Newfoundland, spring up 'per-cussion' and the thing is done; the fellow hasn't a sleepy hair about him.

"Snowy quilts that have just risen and fallen with the soft boom beneath, begin to grow uneasy. The sweet sleepers are waking, so we'll draw the curtains and leave them to their toilette. Bundles of legs in dark, damp corners toss and tumble; there's nothing alive underneath."—Out it comes, more tags. Misery makes no toilette, and there are no curtains to draw."

LORD NELSON, when forced to see men whipped on board his ship, ascended to the deck precipitately, read rapidly and in an agitated voice, the rules of the service, and then cried, "Bostwain, do your duty." Often the man about to be flogged, cried—"Pardon, Admiral, pardon!" Lord Nelson would then look round at his officers; all keeping silence, he would say, "What! not one of you, gentlemen, not one of you has pity upon that man or upon my sufferings! untie the man," then he added, "my brave fellow, on the day of battle, remember me!"

It was very rare that a sailor thus rescued by his admiral, did not distinguish himself at a later period. One day a man was going to be whipped. It was a marine. A beautiful young girl sprang through the crowd of soldiers; she fell on her knees before Nelson, and seized his hand. "Pardon, your Honor, said she, pardon, he will never be guilty again!" "Your face," said the Admiral, "answers for his future good conduct. Untie that man; he who has such a beautiful creature as this for his friend, cannot be a bad man."—This marine became a Lieutenant.

Napoleon's Last Year.

About a year before his death a sudden change took place in the daily habits of Napoleon. His better angel had withdrawn from his ear and carried solace and contentment to his heart. He no longer secluded himself from the world. He went among his fellows as a man should mix with them, and as an emperor might. There is work going on in his garden.—The gardeners are very busy, especially the Chinese—an industrious race. Napoleon takes his place among them. He uses the spade with the rest, and the children of Count Bertrand are playing about him while he digs. Fowls trespass on the grounds, and make free with the favorite flower-bed. The imperial gardener sends for his gun, shoots the trespasser dead, and then proceeds with his work—superintending the raising of soil walks in another. Visions of the old time come across him while he labors, and he traces out on the ground of his little garden, plans and fieldworks for defensive operations, to the edification of his officers and attendants, who group about him as he explains his ideas. Day after day, for a brief but happy interval, the gardening continues.

Every man in the house has a spade in his hand, and Napoleon is very busy putting in seeds. He breakfasts in his garden, sends messages to the orderly officers for cars, shovels and spades, and when the orderly officer looks in late in the evening, he finds the great man still busy with his innocent and healthy occupation; and he sure he will be in good time next morning, in his daily report of the 6th of May, 1826.—General Bonaparte has got a large bell, which he rings, and immediately upon this signal all the servants turn out to work in the gardens." It is less than a year after this sentence was written, Napoleon died. Where he was first buried, and where he now lies, the world knows.—Had he maintained, during the whole of his six years' banishment, the dignified and simple bearing which he assumed for a few weeks in his little garden, Mr. Forster's book would not have been necessary, and there would not have been a sanctity in our recollections of the last days of the still immortal Napoleon.—*London Times*.

Bacon as a Philosopher.

With the mighty genius of Bacon, a new era commenced in the history of human progress, a new impulse was given; for he had discovered the secret of *practical* Philosophy. We cannot too highly appreciate the man. If ever a light shone through the dark mists of superstition, dispelling the clouds from the human mind, mitigating human sorrow—a Polar Star in the firmament of Truth, guiding life's weary way-mariner, that light—that star was Lord Bacon. He commenced with real life. Things seemed to him what they were; and he saw the theory to be, that every effort should be put forth, for the promotion of whatsoever tends to the present, and future welfare of man. From his own language we learn that he thought no object trifling, or unworthy the attention of the wisest and the best which tended to soften the asperities of life. Utility and progress were the corner stone of his system. And, therefore, the Baconian Philosophy was not like an idol. God, beautiful in structure, yet lifeless! but a living thing moving among men—a sort of tutelary Deity, pregnant with blessings for mankind;—regulating the thought and actions of men, and guiding the vast tide of human affairs in a safe and steadily progressing reform.

Don't INDULGE.—Hope is one of the most valuable blessings that nature has favored us with; and yet there is no young lady who more frequently leads us astray. The clerk that beats away his employer's money on the roulette, hopes to adjust matters by replacing it to-morrow night, with the proceeds of *eucre table*. Hope told Judge Forsyth if he forged a note, time would enable him to take it up, without any one being the wiser for it. Hope deceived him—time had other matters to attend to, when the document fell due. The consequence was, that the Judge, instead of taking up his note, had to flee to Europe to avoid being "taken up himself. Hope is a good friend, but one of the worst counsellors in the world. If you are in monetary troubles, close your ears against her voice as you would against a Siren—that is, if you do not wish to bring up among the practical geologists who serve the State at Sing Sing.

There are sixty or seventy thousand logs, worth a million dollars, on the west branch of the Penobscot, Me., which cannot be got down, in consequence of the want of water. There are also about 150 rails, making 20 cargoes, from five to ten miles above the city of Bangor, waiting for a freshet sufficient to bring them down. The demand for lumber is great, and cannot be supplied. What there is in market commands a high price. The exports of long lumber from Bangor this year stated at 2,000,000 feet; of short lumber 150,000.

How TO BE A MAN.—When Carlyle was asked by a young person to point out what course of reading he thought best to make him a man, he replied in his characteristic manner: "It is not by books alone, or by books chiefly that a man is in all points a man.—Study to do faithfully whatsoever things in your actual situation, then and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid down in your charge—that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many shagrin of it—all situations have many—and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that is your duty."

Be contented in your present situation, but do better if you can.

Youth's Department.

LITTLE BESSIE, OR MISS PRIM'S MODEL SCHOOL.

School is out! What stretching of limbs—what unfettering of tongues and heels; what tossing up of pinafores and primers; what visions of marbles, and hoops, and dolls, and apples, and candy, and gingerbread! How welcome the fresh air! How bright the sunshine; how tempting the glass play-ground! Ah, there's a drop of rain—there's another, and another; there's a thunder clap!—Just as school is out; how provoking! echo a score of voices; and the pointing little prisoners huddle together in the school-house porch; and console themselves by swapping jack-knives and humming-tops, and telling marvellous stories of gypsies and ginnies; while Miss Prim the dyspeptic teacher shakes her head and the ferule, and declares that the former will fly into fifty pieces; upon which some of the boys steal out of doors and amuse themselves by sounding the puddles with their shoes, while others slyly whistle the deck or draw caricatures after their slates, of Miss Prim's long nose.

Drip, drip—spatter, spatter! How the rain comes down, as if it could not help its prospect of "holding up."

Here come messengers from the anxious mothers, with India rubbers, extra tippets, and umbrellas, and a choice at the door for Squire Leno's little rosy daughter; and a wagon for the two Prince girls; and a stout Irish girl with a blanket and shawl to carry little lame Minnie May, sweet who is as fragile as a lily and just as And there's a servant man for the "miserable Pinkins"; the fat dance, with the embroidered jacket; whose father "owns the big Hotel, and wishes his son to have a seat all by himself."

Now they are all gone—all save little Bessie Bell, the new scholar—a little four-year-old, who is doing penance over it that corner for a misdemeanor.

Bessie's mother is a widow. She has known such bright, sunny days, in the shelter of a home, with a dear aunt to lean upon. Now, her sweet face is sad and care-worn, and when she speaks, her voice has a heart quiver in it; but nonetheless when she talks to you, you do not notice that her dress