

# THE OHIO UNION.

VOL. VIII.

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1854.

NO. 48.

## THE OHIO UNION.

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

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
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**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
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One column one year, 35.00  
Advertisements, to insure insertion, should be forwarded by Monday evening. The number of insertions should always be designated—otherwise the advertiser will be considered as an engagement for the next year, and so on year after year.

**JOHN PRINTING.**  
All kinds of Job Printing neatly executed, on the most liberal terms and most reasonable rates.

## Business Directory.

**JUDICIAL OFFICERS.**  
JAMES STEWART, Judge of Probate.  
A. L. CURTIS, Judge of Probate.  
JOHN SHERIDAN, Judge of Probate.  
ALEX. PORTER, Judge of Probate.

**CLERK OFFICERS.**  
ISAAC GATES, Auditor.  
JAMES W. HOYT, Treasurer.  
JOHN D. JONES, Recorder.  
ALEX. H. BIRD, Recorder.  
JOHN G. SMITH, Recorder.  
JOHN W. HARRIS, Recorder.  
GEORGE W. CONNELL, Recorder.  
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ALEX. H. BIRD, Recorder.  
DAVID BRITTE, Recorder.  
PATRICK KELLEY, Recorder.  
WILSON H. HODGSON, Recorder.

**SCHOOL EXAMINERS.**  
GEO. W. HILL, Ashland.  
O. W. SMITH, Ashland.  
J. McCORMICK, Ashland.  
**BOURGE OFFICERS.**  
JOHN W. McCOMBS, Mayor.  
WILLIAM RAYMOND, Alder.  
J. W. KIRBY, Alder.  
ALEX. DIANE, Alder.  
JAMES H. BIRNBAUM, Alder.  
ALEXANDER McCOMBS, Alder.  
M. H. McSPENCER, Alder.  
JACOB KLECHBAUM, Alder.

## HOTELS.

**HILL HOUSE.**  
This subscriber has leave to announce that he has opened a Hotel, in the "City House," directly opposite the Hamilton House, Main Street, Ashland, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No effort will be spared to minister to the comfort of all who may favor him with a call.  
Ashland, March 22nd, 1854.—H. H. HILL.

**EMPIRE HOUSE.**  
AKRON, O.  
G. RAYMOND, Proprietor.  
Akron, Jan. 15, 1854.—253 ft.

**AMERICAN HOUSE.**  
This subscriber has leave to announce that he has opened a Hotel, in the "City House," directly opposite the Hamilton House, Main Street, Ashland, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No effort will be spared to minister to the comfort of all who may favor him with a call.  
Ashland, Nov. 25, 1853.—DAVID RICE.

**FRANKLIN HOUSE.**  
HAVING leased the above named House for a term of years, the undersigned respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No pains will be spared to make comfortable all those who may favor him with a call.  
Ashland, Nov. 25, 1853.—WILLIAM ROBINSON.

**FULLER HOUSE.**  
JOSEPH DEYARMAN, having again taken the above House, will be pleased to receive all his old friends who may favor him with a call.  
Londonville, Nov. 25, 1853.—251 ft.

**LAWYERS.**  
COOPER & WATSON, GEORGE H. PARKER, Tiffin, Ohio.  
WATSON & PARKER, Ashland, Ohio.

**WATSON & PARKER.**  
Attys and Counselors at Law and Notary 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. 25, 1853.—251 ft.

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## Select Poetry.



### THE HAPPY FARMER.

Saw ye the farmer at his plow,  
As you were riding by,  
Or, wearing 'neath his hooded veil,  
When summer suns were high,  
And thought ye that his lot was hard,  
And did you thank your God,  
That you and yours were not condemned  
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home,  
When garden, field and tree,  
Crown'd with the golden sheaves,  
His barn and granary,  
His healthy children gaily sport,  
And all about him lay  
Or proudly and with vigorous arm,  
His task as best they may.

The dog gambols his master's joy,  
And guards the loaded wagon,  
The fatherly people play their wile,  
And lead their youngling train,  
Perchance the hoary grandeur's eye  
The glowing scene surveys,  
And breathes a blessing on his race,  
Or greets his evening Praise.

The harvest giver is a friend—  
The Maker of the soil—  
And e'er the Mother, gives them bread,  
And e'er the patient toil,  
Come join them round their wintry hearth,  
Their heartiest pleasure see,  
And you can better judge how best  
The farmer's life may be.

### THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild catcatchers leap in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hark! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far-off bell, ring on,  
The horns of Blücher faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;  
Blow, bugle, answer echoes: Dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill, or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and more.  
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer: Dying, dying, dying.

## Miscellaneous.

### NAPOLION'S MERCY.

Napoleon was conversing with Josephine, when one of his officers entered and announced a young woman from Lyons. "What is her business with me?" "Some petition," answered De Merville, the officer. "Show her into our presence," said Napoleon.

The officer soon re-appeared with a lady leaning on his arm, whose face, as much as could be scanned through the thick folds of a veil, was very beautiful. She trembled as she approached the door. "Mademoiselle," whispered her guide kindly pressing her hand, "take courage, but answer promptly every question the Emperor proposes; he detests hesitation."

And then she entered the spacious apartment, he bowed and retired. The trembling girl, perceiving Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot herself and her timidity; she thought only of another. Throwing herself at the feet of Napoleon she exclaimed in a voice choked with emotion, "Mercy, sire! I sue for mercy, and pardon!" She could articulate no more.

Josephine stepped from her partial concealment, and then approaching the ground, contributed more by her sympathizing words of encouragement to restore the courage of the young petitioner, than even the Emperor by his gracious manner as he bade her arise. "Your petition, Mademoiselle," said he.

Henriette Armond (for that was her name) looked impudently at the Emperor and exclaimed: "Ah, sire, I ask pardon for Louis Delamarre, who is condemned to be shot to-morrow! Oh grant him your royal pardon!"

A cloud gathered on the brow of Napoleon as he interrupted her with—"A deserter, Mademoiselle; he has twice deserted. No, he must be made an example for the rest of the regiment."

"But the causes of desertion?" cried Henriette, in agony; "was he compelled to join the army against his will?" "What are the causes of his desertion?" interrupted Napoleon. "Two weeks since," answered Henriette, "he received news that his only remaining parent, a mother, six years his mother, and longed day and night to behold her again. Louis knew that relief from his post was impossible. His mind was filled with one thought—that she might close her eyes forever, and while resting on a son she loved so fondly."

the officers of justice and dragged him. O, must he die! Mercy, sire, I beseech you!" "Mademoiselle," said Napoleon, apparently softened, "this was the second offense; name the first—you omitted that."

"It was," said she, hesitating and doling—"it was that he heard I was to marry Conrad Ferant, whom I detest as much as he does," answered Henriette, with naivete.

"Are you his sister, that he feels so great an interest in your fate?" asked the Emperor. "O, no, sire," said Henriette, her lovely cheeks assuming a still deeper hue of the rose, "I am only his cousin."

"Ah, sire," said Henriette, "recollect the anguish of his widowed mother, when she reflects that the affection of her son for her, is the cause of his death. What," she continued, "can I do to save him?" and the poor girl, forgetting the presence of royalty, burst into tears. "The kind-hearted Josephine glanced at the Emperor with eyes expressive of sympathy and pity. She noticed the workings of his face, and felt at once it was uncertain whether Louis Delamarre was to be shot the next morning."

Napoleon approached the weeping girl—she hastily looked up and dried her tears. "Mademoiselle," said he, "would you give your life for his? Would you die could Louis Delamarre be restored to his liberty and his mother?" Henriette started back deadly pale, looked at the Emperor for a moment, then turning away she buried her face in her hands.

After a silence of some minutes, Henriette looked up an air of fixed determination rested upon her face. "I am willing," she said, in a low voice. Napoleon looked at her in surprise, as if he had not anticipated to receive an answer to his proposal. "I will see you again," said he, "in the meantime accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct."

As soon as the door was closed upon the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window, against which Josephine was leaning, and said, "I see how it is. Louis Delamarre is the lover of this young girl. True to woman's nature, she has braved difficulty and danger to beg for his release."

"How strong must be the love she bears for him," said the Emperor. "Ah!" returned he, "I have a mind to subject this love to a severe test. Much I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless, I will see."

"Sure," cried Josephine, "you are not serious; Louis certainly can be pardoned without the death of Henriette." Napoleon drew her near the window, and they conversed in a low voice. Henriette stood alone in a magnificent apartment. Hours passed unobserved, as intensely was she absorbed in rereading a small folded paper was tightly grasped in her small hand. On it were traced the following words: "A deserter is condemned by the laws of the army to suffer death. If you wish Delamarre restored to liberty, the means are in your power. Ere day dawn he may be on his way to join his mother, whom he so much loves."

"Ah!" murmured Henriette, "do I not love him too?" Pressing her hands upon her heart, as if to still his tumultuous beating, she paced the apartment. The door opened and the Chevalier de Merville entered. He passed over the articulated "Mademoiselle," replied Henriette; "my decision is made."

De Merville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her with reverence as well as admiration, as she stood with the high resolve impressed on her beautiful brow. "Follow me, Mademoiselle," said he. They traversed long corridors and numerous suits of superb apartments, and descending a staircase, quickly reached an outer court communicating with the guard house. Entering this, Henriette was ushered by her guide into a small apartment, where she was soon left to herself.

On a chair was hung the uniform of the regiment to which Louis belonged. On a table lay a large plumed cap. Henriette comprehended all in a moment. Quickly habiting herself in uniform, she stood before the mirror, and gazing up at her beautiful brown tresses in a kind of rapt, placed the cap on her head. She almost uttered a cry of joy at the success of her transformation. She knew she was to be led to the fatal ground at the morning's dawn. The bullet which would have struck Louis to the heart, was to be the messenger of death to her own; but she shrunk not back. Love triumphed over the timid woman's nature. "Louis' mother will bless me in her heart," she whispered. "Louis himself will never forget me. And often has he sworn that he loved me better than all else besides." Drawing a lock of raven hair from her bosom, she passed it to her lips and breathed a prayer to heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of foot-marches awoke Henriette. She started up, grasped the band of hair, awaiting the summons. The door opened and two soldiers entered, repeating the name of Louis Delamarre; they suddenly led her forth to die. The soldiers whose halberds were to pierce the heart of Louis had taken their stand and only awaited the word of command from the Emperor who was stationed at the window, commanding a view of the whole scene. "Oh," cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drape from the views below—"O, sire, I can endure it no longer; it seems too much like a dreadful reality. Mark the devoted girl! No shinking back! See, she seems calmly awaiting the fearful onset."

"Stop!" cried the Emperor from the window, "Louis Delamarre is pardoned, I revoke his sentence." A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed the announcement.

Not one of them but loved and respected their comrade; the next moment, ere they could press round to congratulate the supposed Louis De Merville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henriette through the crowd, back to the cell from which she had emerged a few minutes before.

"Resume your dress again, Mademoiselle; lose no time; the Emperor wants to see you. I will return soon."

Henriette was like one in a dream, but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her whole soul; she felt the dawning of happiness break upon her heart. Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, De Merville re-appeared, and once again she trod the audience room of the Emperor. Lifting her eyes from the ground as the lofty door swung open, she beheld Louis. An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of both, as regardless of others, they rushed into each other's arms.

Napoleon stepped forward. "Louis Delamarre," said he, "you have just heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage. Do you love her as she deserves?" "I could die for her," proudly answered Louis.

"Well, well," cried the Emperor, "the severe test of one will suffice. So doubtful a son, and so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands. You Lieutenant-Louis Delamarre, are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valley, with Henriette as your bride."

"Here," said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, "here are one hundred louis d'ors as the marriage dowry. Henriette."

A charming blush suffused the cheek of the beautiful girl as she received the purse from the hands of the Empress. "Long live Napoleon!" exclaimed Louis with a heart too full of grateful emotion for further utterance, he took the hand of Henriette, and making a graceful obeisance, quitted the apartment.

The Frenchman and the Yankee.—A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig on a partnership. When killing time came, they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he should get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide it was to cut across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take the choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back, and the Frenchman asked: "Which piece will you have—ze piece wit the tail on him, or ze piece vat ain't got no tail on him?"

"The piece with the tail," shouted the Yankee instantly. "Den, sare, you take him, and I take ze other," said the Frenchman. Upon turning around, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth!

CURIOUS DINING HALL.—We see, in a London paper, that Prof. Owen was recently entertained at a dinner in the garden of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in the model of an Iguanodon. The animal in whose mould the dinner was given, was one of the former inhabitants of Sussex, several of his bones having been found near Hoxham. His dimensions have been kept strictly within the limits of anatomical knowledge. His length from the snout to the end of the tail was 35 feet; he was 12 high; the circumference of his body was 25 feet; and the girth of his fore-leg was 6 feet 6 inches. Twenty-one gentlemen dined comfortably within the interior of the creature, and Prof. Owen sat in his head as a substitute for brains.

The Iguanodon, it will be remembered, was a huge vegetarian monster, living upon the coarse, rank herbage of the epoch which witnessed his existence, when no human being existed on this fair globe.

PRETTY COOL.—A gentleman from the country, now stopping at one of our hotels, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the fair, &c. After a few minutes' conversation, the boarder drew his cigar case, saying: "Will you take a cigar, sir?" "Well, I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him; also the one which our boarder was smoking; for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the cigar in his mouth, and took a long pull, and then, as if he had been in the mouth of his friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, saying: "What an offering that man from the country runs about of as clever a fellow in the city as you are."

YOUNG AMERICA.—A little fellow about five years old ran across Vine street, near Sixth, yesterday, and in his course ran between the fore legs of a horse, which was rapidly passing along. Professor Edwards, who saw the occurrence, ran and snatched the boy, supposing he was injured in the attempt. But the boy, unharmed, merely ejaculated—"Let him keep his horse out of my way; what do I care?"—*Am. Gazette.*

Smart boy, that. There is hope for Young America.

One of the best double-puns we have ever heard, says the Yankee Blade, was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *Ann*-mated and *Ben*-nited," was the reply.

The enrolled militia of Massachusetts during the past year numbered 139,363, an increase of 10,763 over the previous year.

## DEATH-BED OF WASHINGTON.

Proceeding still farther on a very bad road, we came suddenly in view of the Potomac, and Mount Vernon, with its mansion house and smooth green lawn was before us. Having sent in our address, we received permission from the courteous branch of the family, who now hold the estate, to enter and survey the interior.

We were struck with its extreme simplicity, the lowliness of the walls and ceiling, and the bare floors which were waxed, not as with as carpeted.

Passing through the great hall, ornamented with pictures of English hunting scenes, we ascended the oaken stair case, with its carved and antique balustrade; we stood at the door—we pressed the handle—the room, and the bed where he died, were before us. Nothing in the lofty drama of his existence surpassed the grandeur of this final scene—the cold which he had taken from exposure, in overseeing some parts of his grounds, and which had resisted the earlier domestic remedies that were applied, advanced in the course of two short days into the frightful form of the disease of the throat, *laryngitis*. It became necessary for him to take to his bed. His valued friend, Dr. Craig, was instantly summoned, and assisted by the best medical skill of the surrounding country, exhausted all the means of his art, but without affording him relief. He patiently submitted, though in great distress, to the various remedies proposed; but it became evident, from the deep sleep which set upon the countenance of the medical gentlemen, that the case was hopeless;—advancing indignantly, the disease had fastened itself with deadly certainty. Looking with a perfect calmness upon the sobbing group around him, he said:—"Grieve not my friends; it is as I anticipated from the first; the debt which we all owe is now about to be paid—I am resigned to the event." Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring two wills from his executive, he directed one to be burnt, and placed the other in her hands, as his last will and testament, and then gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear, his secretary and relative, as to the adjustment of his business affairs. He soon after became greatly distracted; and as, in the paroxysms which became more frequent and violent, Mr. Lear, who was at his side, assisted him to turn, he, with kindness, but with difficulty, articulated, "I fear I give you much trouble, sir;—but perhaps it is a duty which we all owe one to another,—I trust that you may receive the same attention when you shall require it."

As the night waned, the fatal symptoms became more imminent;—his breath more labored and sufficing, and his voice soon failed him. Perceiving his end approaching, he straightened himself to his full length; he folded his own hands in the necessary attitude upon his chest—placing his finger upon the pulse of the left wrist, and thus calmly prepared, and watching his own dissolution, he awaited the summons of his Maker. The last faint hope of his friends had disappeared; Mrs. Washington, stupefied with grief, sat at the foot of the bed, her eyes fixed steadfastly upon him; Dr. Craig, in deep gloom, stood with his face buried in his hands at the fire; his faithful servant, Christopher, the tears uncontrolled, trickling down his face, on one side, took the last look of his dying master; while Mr. Lear, in speechless grief, with folded hands, bent over his pillow on the other.

Nought broke the stillness of his last moments, but the suppressed sobs of the affectionate servants collected on the staircase; the tick of the large clock in the hall, as it measured off, with painful distinctness, the last fleeting moments of his existence, and the low moan of the winter wind, as it swept through the leafless, snow-covered trees. The labored and weary spirit drew nearer to its goal; the blood languidly coursed slower and more slowly through its channels—the pulse halted, stopped—struggled—stopped—fluttered—the right hand slowly slid from the wrist, upon which its finger had been placed—it fell at his side—and the manly effigy of Washington was all that remained extended upon the death couch.—*N. F. Cor. and Eng.*

On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the brewer was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty, with a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies screamed, "hold me down!" Then, rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spurring like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death; a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

## Society.

### LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Let us love one another, not long may we stay,  
In this bleak world of sorrow, come drop with  
"in day,  
Some fade in their noon, and a few linger till eve,  
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one  
to grieve!

The fondest—the purest—the truest that met,  
Have still found the need to forgive and forget;  
Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourish decay,  
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy, though all be decayed,  
That seem to twine feebly through sunshine and shade;  
No leaves drop in autumn, still gaily they spread;  
Undimmed 'mid the blighted—the lonely—the dead.

Like the mistletoe that clings to the oak, not in part,  
But with leaves close around it, the roots in the heart;  
Ere it but to entwine it in the same dew,  
Or fall with the loved oak, and perish there too.

Then let us love one another 'mid sorrows the worst,  
Untried and fond as we loved at the first;  
Though the false wing of pleasure may change  
and forsake,  
And the bright urn of wealth into perjuries  
break.

There are some sweet affections which wealth  
cannot buy,  
That cling but still closer when sorrows are nigh;  
And yet remain with us, though all else pass  
away.

### THE TURNPIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.

It was during a panic some years since, that a gentleman, whom we shall now call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerk paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Mr. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co., but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his bankers to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was of all others, the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily, watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile turned to clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door was opened, and a stranger ushered in, who, after gazing a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him:—"You will pardon me, sir, for asking you rather a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point. I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"  
"Is it true?"  
"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you," and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in my hands."  
"Then may I ask you what is your business here?"  
"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"  
"Why do you ask that question?"  
"Because, if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

"You seem surprised; you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"  
"Perfectly."  
"Well then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was very often haunted with a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through and I opened the gate.—Do you recollect it, sir?"  
"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir, few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, for a few moments, and I shall have done."  
The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and so I considered myself in duty bound, I washed you a happy Christmas. Thank you, my lad," replied you—"thank you, and the same to you; and here is a trifle to make it so; and you'll throw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country and I lost sight of you.—Yearly, however, I have been gaining your present brought good fortune; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I can readily owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and here

brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is," and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson. "I will call again," and throwing down his hat, he immediately walked out of the room.

Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. "The firm did not require this sum; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London."

The £30,000 of the turnpike boy is now gone into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

## APOSTROPHE TO THE MEMORY OF BYRON.

GRACE GREENWOOD, on her late visit to Europe, of course, paid a visit to Newstead Abbey, in England, the well-known residence of Lord Byron. In speaking of the event she beautifully and touchingly alludes to the love of the poet, Miss Greenwood:

"Strangely sorrowful, almost agonizingly regretful, were the thoughts which swept over my mind, wave after wave, and shook my heart like a tempest, as I stood in the place where the young poet passed many hours in silent thought, it may be of lonely watchfulness."

I never before so deeply felt Byron's pining mournful was the story of Byron's first and only love. That Mary Chaworth returned the passion of her young poet lover, I have not a doubt; but, like the Montague and Capulet, the houses of Chaworth and Byron were feud. Mary had not the strength and youth of Juliet, and so they were parted—a separation by far more piteous for her, and more fatal to him than death itself, the full summer brightness of happy love. This, not Shakespeare's, was the truest tragedy. Might she not have redeemed even his wayward and erratic nature, by the divinity of a pure love and a steadfast faith? But it was not to be. Mary bestowed her hand upon a man of whom little can be said about that he ranked "among the most eminent sportsmen of the day,"—lived, it is said, to wild wars over the words which have linked her name in sorrowful immortality with her lover's, and died in broken heartedness, at last—while he, grown reckless, restless, and defiant, the very core of his heart turned to bitterness forgetting his God, and distrusting and despising his brother, swept on his glorious, shameful, sorrowful and sunny career till the shadows deepened, and the long night closed in.

The tablet raised to the memory of Byron, by his sister Augusta, is plain, and so to excellent taste. As I stood on the rude slab, in that dismal and mouldy old church, I was struck most painfully by the miserable