

Ashland Union.

A Weekly Family Newspaper—Devoted to Light Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

C. W. BUSHNELL, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.]

"THE UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

[OFFICE OVER T. C. BUSHNELL'S STORE.]

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NO. 48.

Poetry.

The Boat Horn.

BY W. M. D. BUTLER.

O, boatman wind that horn again
For never didst the listening ear
Upon the lambent boom bear
So wild, so sweet, so soft a strain—
What though thy notes are sad and low,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft, in boyhood's joyous day,
I've listened on the lapping hours,
By wild Ohio's brink of shores.
While some lone boatman, from the deck,
Poured his soft numbers to that tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck,
The boat where all his fortune's riel
Delighted nature drank the sound,
Enchanted—Echo bore it round,
To whistles soft, and softer still,
From hill to plain, and plain to hill,
Till 'twas the thoughtless frolic boy,
Elate with hope, and wild with joy,
Who gambol'd by the river side
And sported with the fretting tide,
Felt something new pervade his breast,
Chafed his lip, and softer still,
Bends o'er the flood his eager ear,
To catch the sounds of joy and cheer—
Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why
The tear of rapture fills his eye.
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, simple and low,
As when he was a child, so sweetly fell,
Brought every sense to feeling spell?
There is a tide of magic given
To all on earth—its fountain Heaven—
Beginning with the dewy flower,
Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bow,
—Hing creation's order through—
With lovelier manner brighter hue—
That tide is sympathy!
Gives life its hues of joy and we,
Music, the master spirit that can move
Its waves to woe, or tell them into love:
Can cheer the sinking sailor 'mid the wave,
And bid the soldier rest for the grave;
Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,
And elevate his soul to claim his God!
Then, boatman, wind that horn again!
Though much of sorrow mark its strain;
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What do thy woe-ful numbers mean?
Tears are around memory's sacred feast,
And rapture of her chosen guest.

Miscellaneous.

NO GLOOM AT HOME.

Above all things, there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting selfishness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large, black shapes, like funeral pall, over the happy young spirits gathered there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. Of faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures, greater and purer than these?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares as he winds around the narrow street and beholds the soft light illumining his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless—perhaps, and the December gales buffet with the worn skirts of his old overcoat, and snatches, with a rude hand and wailing cry, at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an angry so desperate that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed; and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain-beat caused by a too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal, which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear, and the tones are so soft and glad, that hope, like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

"Ach is lifted, and the smiling face of his wife—gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed she stoops in to kiss his cheek just as he comes in. He sits and prettily before she comes out. He eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why he forgets all the trials of that long, long day as he holds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rub herself and her household, Christianly—oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy; that sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for tomorrow's cares?

A LAUGHABLE PREDICAMENT.

In December, 18—, we were traveling through one of the New England towns in an old fashioned stage coach with a friend whose powers of making fun from the slightest cause were manifest from any passing object he chose to attack. It was midnight, and as we approached the village of B—, he espied a mansion on top of a small sugar loaf hill, close by the road. When we arrived opposite, he asked the driver to stop a few moments; the request was cheerfully complied with, although we were almost freezing; but what trick he had in view none could guess.

The fanny gentleman marched directly up to the front door of the mansion and knocked with his cane loud enough to wake up all the inmates. Immediately a window sash was raised and out popped a red night cap containing the head of the proprietor, which in alarm exclaimed:

"Wait—what's the matter? What's wanted at this time of night?"

"Pardon me, sir, this intrusion; but I have a communication to make to you personally," as the stage in waiting impatiently for me, please hurry down to the door for one moment's interview."

The old gentleman's red night cap, with its owner in a garment curtailed of its fine proportions, was almost immediately at the door, politely bowing to the fanny stranger, who again apologized for disturbing his slumber, and thus exposing him to the chilly winds of a December night.

"My dear sir," interrupted Mr. Night cap, "don't mention it, but pardon me for appearing before you in the plight in which you see me."

"You are certainly very excusable, and especially so as my great haste has prompted this courteous response to my call upon you."

"Be pleased to step into the house, as I notice some ladies in the coach are attracted by my appearance."

"Never mind them, dear sir. Your finely located mansion has arrested the attention of us all—it makes a truly beautiful appearance in the bright moonlight. Speaking of the moon, brings to my mind the question which has so recently agitated the scientific world, and in which you have been interested, viz: Is this luminary inhabited, or is it not inhabited. The telescopic—"

"Excuse my interrupting you, but allow me to get a cloak for I am now almost frozen and—"

"Ten thousand pardons dear friend, but the stage is waiting for me and I must lose no time, for all things in the world, Time, that!"

"Allow me to remind you, sir, that you desired to make a communication to me, I am now ready to receive it."

"Ah me! How unkindly I am of duty incumbent upon me, and which has been so long protracted, I must really acknowledge."

"Oblige me, sir, by coming directly to the communication you wish to make."

"You must really excuse me, sir, for my seeming prolixity, but the importance of the communication I wish to make to you will prove that great principle of—"

"But what is it you wish to say to me?"

"Certainly, sir, I am coming to the point, but your unseemly interruptions materially retard me in the necessary expectations. You must certainly be aware, sir, that in the communication of momentous information a certain degree of circumlocution is actually necessary. Now, sir, as an instance, the principle of hydraulics—"

"To the d—l with your hydraulics! If you have any communication to make to me, make it."

"Well, sir, the communication is, that the passengers in the coach, for whom I have the honor to be spokesman, have unanimously arrived at the conclusion, after a deliberate discussion of the merits and demerits of the case, that it is possible for you to drain your cellar in four different directions."

"You infernal scoundrel!" shrieked the astonished and infuriated proprietor; "I'll teach you a tick worth a dozen of this," and he seized the fanny gentleman's case which he commenced a hurried retreat for the coach—the red night cap and the abbreviated white garment after him as fast as two aprangled shanks could carry them.

"The fanny gentleman gained on his pursuer, and in full speed up which was at once—raged countenance, an adjoining hill, with the commentary gentleman, in a curtailed garment, flustering in the breeze, in cold pursuit, but whose hot impressions against us all were enough to stifle the mind of a live yankee."

A portable mill for grinding and bolting flour, occupying twenty-one by four feet, has been got up in the East, and sells for five hundred dollars. It turns out a barrel of flour in two anticlimax.

THE METHODIST "BISHOP" ROBERTS.

In after years his extreme diffidence became a subdued modesty, not interfering with his ordinary duties, but deterring him from novel or experimental plans, however hopeful, and leading often to ludicrous mistakes among those who did not know him. When stopping in his travels among strangers, he usually assumed no other pretensions than those of a private Christian; and frequently it was not till the family worship declared his spirit and talents, that his ministerial character was supposed. Under such circumstances he had sometimes attended class meeting with his host, and received warm and pointed exhortations from zealous class leaders. On returning to the West, after a General Conference, he once applied at the house of a Methodist family to which he had been recommended for entertainment. He was, as usual, humble in dress, and dusty and weary. The family taking him to be a rustic traveler, permitted him to put up and feed his horse, and take his seat in the sitting-room. Supper was over and no one took the trouble to inquire if he had taken any on the way. The preacher of the circuit was stopping at the same house—he was young, frivolous and foppish—and spent the evening in gay conversation with the daughters of the family, alluding occasionally and contemptuously to the "old man," who sat silently in the corner. The good bishop, after sitting a long time, with no other attention than these allusions, respectfully requested to be shown to bed. The chamber was over the sitting-room, and while upon his knees praying with paternal feeling for the faithless young preacher, he still heard the gay jest and raucous laugh. At last the family retired without domestic worship. The young preacher slept in the same room with the bishop. He laid down without a prayer.

"Well, old man," said he, as he got into bed, "are you asleep yet?"

"I am not, sir," replied the bishop. "Where have you come from?"

"From east of the mountains, eh—what place?"

"Baltimore, sir."

"Baltimore, eh—the seat of our General Conference—did you hear any thing about it? We expect Bishop Roberts to stop here on his way home."

"Yes, sir," replied the bishop, humbly; "it ended before I left."

"Did you ever see Bishop Roberts?"

"Yes, sir, often; we left Baltimore together."

"You left Baltimore together?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name, my old friend?"

"Roberts, sir."

"Roberts! Roberts! Excuse me, sir, are you related to the Bishop?"

"They usually call me Bishop Roberts, sir."

"Bishop Roberts! Bishop Roberts! are you Bishop Roberts, sir?" said the young man, leaping out of bed, and trembling with agitation.

Embarrassed and confounded, he implored the good man's pardon, insisted upon calling up the family, and seemed willing to do anything to redeem himself. The bishop gave him an affectionate admonition, which he promised with tears never to forget; acknowledging, at the same time, that he had backlaid in heart, and deeply lamenting his folly and his spiritual declension. The venerable and compassionate man knew the frivolity of youth; he gave much paternal advice and prayed with him. He would not allow the family to be called, though he had eaten nothing since breakfast. The next morning, after praying again with the spirit broken young preacher, he left before the family had risen, that he might save them a mortifying explanation.

The circumstance was a salutary lesson to the young itinerant; at the next session of the Conference he was called upon by the bishop a renewed man; he wept again as he acknowledged his error, and has become a useful and eminent minister. Bishop Roberts often alluded to the incident, but through a commendable kindness, would never tell the name of the young preacher.—National Magazine.

FRIDAY FALLON.—The Jackson (Michigan) Citizen says that on Sunday noon last, as the Christians of that village were celebrating the Baptismal Ordinance, near Milwaukee Street Bridge, that structure, which was densely covered with spectators, fell as a crash, precipitating a host of lookers-on, men, women and children, a distance of seven feet, into the river. The confusion and splashing was tremendous for a few moments, but the water being only from two to five feet deep, there was no fatality attached to the accident, though they were many more immersions than anticipated.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

Extract from a lecture delivered in Philadelphia, by I. I. Hayes, Surgeon of Kane's Arctic Expedition.

The Esquimaux dog is, without exception, the most villainous beast I have ever seen—indeed I doubt very much whether they are a dog at all, but only a reclaimed wolf. They have not a bark like a dog, but a most wolfish howl, and are thoroughly savage in all their propensities. Their masters keep them in subjection by constant intimidation, and will not dare feed them without being armed with a whip or stick.

They will not hesitate to attack any person who may be within their power, and instances are not unfrequent of their having devoured children and decrepit women.

They are about the size of an ordinary cur, strongly built, covered with thick fur, instead of hair, and are the only animal used by the natives in their wandering from place to place over the ice.

In my own person I can testify to their wolfish habits. I was on an errand to an Esquimaux hut, and was detained by a heavy snow storm two days. The dogs belonging to the settlement were tied outside, and had not been fed during the time, and were in consequence becoming rather savage. I was out at a little distance from the hut, prospecting the weather, when I observed their masters unloosing them. Mistaking the beasts, I made direct for the hut, and just as I was about to stoop down to enter the passage I heard rather an alarming howl at my heels, and looking around saw the whole hungry pack, with their lantern looking jaws wide open ready for a breakfast at my expense. I soon saw that the upright position was the only safe one; so making a sudden spring I drove them back for an instant. But they were not so easily frightened. Coming on again, they completely surrounded me, and now I really thought my time had come, and that to be drawn and more than quartered was my certain doom. One of the rascals had already hold me, but thanks to my thick bear skin dress he did no harm. Fortunately for me at this juncture, I discovered a whip partially buried in the snow at about ten feet distance from me, and you may be sure I made the best spring I could for it, landing beyond a huge grizzly fellow that seemed to particularly relish my troubles.

These dogs have wonderful respect for a whip, no doubt from habits of association, so that with this little instrument I had little difficulty in ridding myself of the pack, and as they went off, they exhibited by their snarling and snapping, evident disappointment.

HUDSON SCENERY.

We give below a very pretty passage, from the letter of a correspondent, descriptive of some of the grand scenery along the Rhine of America.—"Wonder is that old veteran, Butler Hill. The more appropriate title of Storm King has been bestowed upon it by the Poet of Idewild; but Butler Hill it is, and Butler Hill it will remain. From its summit a wide, extended view may be obtained. At our feet the Hudson expands into a broad, simple bay, whose smooth bosom rears the motionless vessels. The bay itself seems not like common water. Indeed, were it not for white-winged vessels, one might think it a portion of Heaven's blue canopy, enclosed, like a beautiful picture, by the everlasting hills around. The pretty Moodna creek steals out from the western shore to join its waters with the mighty river; and from its northern verge jets out the thickly wooded eminence of Plum Point, its dark green foliage standing in fine relief to the surrounding water. In the distance, the white buildings of Newburgh glitter in the secondary sun. The lofty Beacon Hills, from whose summits flashed the watchfires of the revolution, lie on our right, with Breakneck and Ball Hill (Mount Taurus) following in their train. Here the river contracts its boundaries, and flows in a winding course, amid scenes of beauty and grandeur, world-famous. Southward, there meets the eye an endless succession of hills and mountains—among which, directly opposite Undercliff, rises old Cronest, the view embraces rolling plains, diversified with occasional forests, and at a seeming stone's-throw from where we sit, nestles the pretty village of Canterbury, peeping out from among the trees. To the Northward, the blue peaks of the Catskill rear their cloud-like forms in the air, and shut in the landscape like a frame. The silence is unbroken, save by the rush of the iron horse along the track, or the occasional dash of the paddle-wheels of a passing steambot. Such is a faint picture of a very small portion of the Highland scenery upon the Hudson."

HOW THE IRISHMAN CONVERTED THE JEW.

A "rals hard sinner," a native of the Emerald Isle, went to confession the other day to his parish priest, and so shocked the clergyman with a recital of his sins, that he exclaimed—"My son, did you ever do a good deed in your life? I did," said Pat; "I converted a Jew once." "How was that?" inquired the confessor. "You see," said Pat, "the long-nosed, porked sitting, murdering, blaggard fell overboard, and I put after his carcass in a boat. I sased him by the top-top just as he was going down the second time, and pulled his head above the surface, and says I, 'If I save you, will you be a Christian?' 'I won't,' says he; and with that I deposited his head about three feet under water again. Pulled him up once more, and put the question a-new. 'Will you be a Christian?' to which he again answered 'No,' gruffly. I gave him another dip and brought him up puffing like a popoise. 'Will you be a Christian now?' says I. 'Ye-es,' says he, and his teeth chattering for all the world like a monkey that had burned his toes. 'Well,' says I, 'you are now converted, and you'd better die in the faith; and so saying I held him under until his spirit had departed.'

HONESTY AND TRUST.

The following pleasant anecdote is from 'Glances and Glimpses,' a new book by Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, who was once a teacher in Boston.

A cousin of mine in Charlestown, having passed away, it became proper that I should attend her funeral. It was school afternoon; I did not dismiss the scholars, and, as they disliked a monitor I hit upon the following plan of leaving them. I placed in the chair the large old fashioned slate (it had been my father's) wrote on it the name of the scholars in the order in which they sat; arranged the needlework and reading—for I always had some interesting work read aloud by some elder pupil every afternoon—and then said, 'Now, children, when the clock strikes five, leave your seats orderly, go to my chair, and place on the slate by each of your names a writ for good behavior, and a cross for bad. When I return, I shall anxiously look at the slate, and in the morning, when you are assembled, I will read the list aloud that every thing may be confirmed. But I trust in you!' On my return I visited the school room, and found but one cross on the slate; and that where I least expected it, appended to the name of a beautiful, open, bright brave child; who then promised much for the world—the fact of her having rich parents being her greatest drawback. She was the last child in the school I should have thought capable of any misconduct. Well the next morning came; the list was read it proved truthful; but when I came to this name, I said, 'My dear child you must explain; why is this?' what did you do? 'Looking up to me with those soulful eyes, and speaking with a soulful tone, which ever made her an object of sacred interest, she replied, 'I laughed aloud. 'I laughed more than once; I couldn't help it because a slate was keeping school!'

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture says:

"I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good luck and bad luck. There are men who supposing providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in poverty to a wretched old age the misfortune of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others.

"One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in fishing when he should have been in the office. Another with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck with his hot temper, which provoked all his employees to leave him. Another with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and contented at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lost their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculation; by trusting fraudulent men,—and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the trim of his hat turned up, his cork knocked in, I know he has had luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a trippler."

ABOUT LUCK.

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Variety.

Myself and Polly Carter.

Bright is the tint of Autumn leaf
When first the fall frost nips it;
Smart is red pepper and cider mixed,
To the mouth which gently sips it:
But bet, later far than Autumn leaf,
Than Cayenne pepper smatter,
Is the pride of my heart—my own true love—
My gentle Polly Carter.

I loved her when a little girl,
And loved her more when older,
And never once shall I forget,
When first my love I told her:
She blushed, and sighed, and turned her head,
(Her eyes were filled with water)
I took her hand with my own,
And whispered—"Polly Carter!"

She only blushed a deeper red,
And sweeter looked than ever;
My heart it seemed to run a race
With my old "patent" lover.
I told her that I loved her well,
And that I never would barter
For aught on earth, however priced,
The love of Polly Carter.

I told her that I had a farm—
Well tilled was every acre—
And that I had a snug farm house
To which I longed to take her;
And told her that unless she'd go,
For life I'd be a martyr
To Cupid's cause, and break my heart
For gentle Polly Carter.

She turned, and oh how sweet she smiled
And said she loved me dearly:
Then what cared I for aught beside?
It was quite best or nearly.
The "old folks" said I might be wed,
And ne'er did I feel smarter;
Than when the parson made us one—
Myself and Polly Carter.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY K. MARVEL.

Last evening we were walking leisurely along. The music of the choir in three churches came floating out in the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one; and that one, it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

It was sweet old "Corinth" they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose-color of life was blanching; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church; and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon, who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded "application," and "exhortation," and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was "Corinth."

It is years—no dare not think how many—since then, and "the prayers of David, the son of Jesse," are ended, and the choir are scattered and gone—the girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang soprano, and the boys, and both mothers; and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing "Corinth" still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the "leader," and to our young ears their tones were the "very soul of music." That column bears still their pencilled names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183—, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits like a summer's cloud.

Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tunes have died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet re-union of song that shall take place by-and-by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery and hearts never grow old. Then also that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more.

A SMART BOY.—At a school examination previous to the holidays, the master determined to give a finishing stroke to show off the proficiency of the scholars, as well as to give the parents and visitors a touch of his quality, as a superior professor of penmanship shows the copperplate style. Propounding and expounding the questions to his dear scholars, he concludes—not very grammatically, you will say—with this grand question and key to the art of writing:—"What's the three first requisites to penmanship?" A shock headed and auburn genius, with a decided love to the vermillion, burning to be distinguished as a prize-holder, shrieked out, "Easiness, legibility, and despatchiveness!" "Who's that?" says the professor. "I, Bill Vickers." Old Mr. Vickers, who was present, with a pair of pride at the achievements of his son Billy, exclaimed, "Well, Billy, after that you must go to college and learn algebra."

LADY LAMB'S PASSION FOR BYRON.

Several women were in love with Byron, but none so violently as Lady Caroline Lamb. She absolutely besided him. He showed me the first letter he received from her, in which she assured him that, if he was in any want of money, "all her jewels were at his service." They frequently had quarrels; and more than once, in coming home, I found C. walking in the garden, and waiting for me, to beg that I would reconcile them. When she met Byron at a party she would always, if possible, return home from it in his carriage, and accompanied by him. I recollect particularly their returning to town together from Holland House. But such was the insanity of her passion for Byron, that, sometimes, when not invited to a party where he was to be, she would wait for him in the street till it was over! One night, after a great party at Devonshire House, to which Lady Caroline had not been invited, I saw her—yes, saw her—talking to Byron, with half of her body thrust into the carriage which he had just entered. In spite of all this absurdity, my firm belief is that there was nothing criminal between them. Byron, at last, was sick of her. When their intimacy was at an end, and while she was living in the country, she burned, very solemnly, on a sort of funeral pile, transcripts of all the letters which she had received from Byron, and a copy of a miniature (his portrait) which he had presented by Byron, and several girls from the neighborhood, whom she had dressed in white garments, dancing round the pile, and singing a song which she had written for the occasion, "Burn, fire, burn," etc. She was mad; and her family allowed her to do whatever she chose.—Roger's Table Talk.

DEATH—BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following waif, floated on the sea of reading, we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:

"Men seldom think of the event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a brother hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of man appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the foot-steps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies:—'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'

A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN!—The following passage is from the pen of Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia:—"A whole family in heaven—who can describe their everlasting joy? No one is absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter, are away. In the world below they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they assembled together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walked hand in hand, and as a family, they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. No one to wander away into temptation. No one to sink into the arms of death. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant in his infinite mercy that every family may be thus united."

PERSUADING.

Lawyers are constantly in the enjoyment of fun. A trial hardly ever gets through without eliciting some stroke of wit—some grotesque or humorous idea, or absurd use of language that will keep the bar in pleasant humor "till the next one comes along." Oftener than any other class, witnesses—either very sharp or wifflily stupid—furnish the sport. A high legal functionary in this State tells about a cross-examination which he conducted once, which run somewhat after this fashion:—
Lawyer.—You said Smith and Simons were engaged just outside of the grocery-door, toward the heel of the light; now tell the Court and jury what you were doing at that particular juncture yourself.
Witness.—Me? I was persuading Johnson that he was doing of a wrong thing, but he wouldn't listen to me.
Lawyer.—What was it he was doing?
Witness.—Well, he hit me by the coat-collar.
Lawyer.—Anything else? Come, let's have it all out.
Witness.—Oh, yes. He hit me by the collar with one hand, and was passing en-cumbrances on my head with a great big stick in 'tother.

There is a town at the head of Lake Superior called Hiawatha.

A LONG NOSE.

"Old Uncle Hector was famous for having the largest nose in all Cape Fear region. He could not help that, though, but unfortunately his habits gave it a bright rosy color, which, with its size, made it a natural and artificial curiosity. One night he retired to rest after indulging pretty freely all the evening, and waking up in the course of the night with a raging thirst, he rose and set off for something to drink. It being dark and for fear he would pitch against the door of his room, which was usually left standing open, he groped along, took the door directly between his hands, and received the edge of it full tilt against the end of his nose. It knocked him over backwards, and he screamed out with an oath and agony:

"Well, I always knew I had a big nose, but I never thought it was longer than my arm before!"

Men seldom think of the event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a brother hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of man appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the foot-steps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies:—'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'

A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN!—The following passage is from the pen of Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia:—"A whole family in heaven—who can describe their everlasting joy? No one is absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter, are away. In the world below they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they assembled together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walked hand in hand, and as a family, they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. No one to wander away into temptation. No one to sink into the arms of death. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant in his infinite mercy that every family may be thus united."

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