Miscellaneous.

From the New-Englander.

Tom Toperly.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGSHALL.

Tom Toperly was the veriest sot in all the town. He had been a great many things besides a toper, but he had always been a toper,—that is, as long as he had been at all, or, at least, since he was ten years of age, which period, at the date of our biography, was distant about fifteen of earth's revolutions around its orbit.

Tom had derived his patronymic from an ancestry which, probably, at some ancient era, had won the significant appellation for exploits in the line that had made him famous.

Tom had been leniently "passed through" all the Temperance Orders and Societies that had sprung up in his neighborhood, and he had come out as much of a sot as he went in,—and more so, if allowance was not made for lapse of time.

Tom had always been a bachelor, perhaps because he had never been sober long enough to seek out a wife, and, perchance, because he was so much of a locomotive demijohn that no woman could have been found foolish enough to "link her fate with his."

Tom had arrived at an era in his "eventful life" when he was too shiftless to work even for gin, his *favorite* beverage, and there began to be talk about that the poor-house would have to shelter him, when, one night, he miraculously disappeared. He was so well known about town, that everybody missed him, and there was general inquiry as to his mysterious fate, but no tidings came.

It was on the fifth day after his elopement when Tom "turned up" on the steps of a tavern, about ten miles removed from the town of his nativity. He was penniless and the landlord had turned him out doors. He was as sober as ever he had been in his life. A man in a rough farmer's coat saw him, and tapping him on the shoulder, said—

"What are you doing here, my man?"

"Waitin' for some fellow to ask me to drink. Maybe you're the chap," was Tom's answer.

The rough-looking man smiled, and replied—

"You look as if you had taken drink enough in your life."

"I'm orful dry. Havn't had a drop to-day, 'pon honor," resumed Tom, with a woful face, as he smacked his lips and drew his dirty coat-cuff across his mouth.

"If I will find you as much as you can drink, will you go with me?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes, and stay with you," answered Tom, "till the stock is out,"—springing with some show of agility to his feet.

"Get into my wagon, then," said the gentleman.

"With pleasure, sir," said Tom, as he clambered into a farmer's wagon before the tavern.

Tom was driven five miles into the country, and was set down in a farm-yard abounding with fowls and cattle.

"This is our home," said his new friend.

Tom thought it a queer place for him to get "as much as he could drink," but did not venture a remark. The gentleman led the way to a handsome stone house, gave Tom a seat in the porch, and ordered a boy to bring a pail of water. It was cool and limpid.

"Help yourself," said the gentleman. "It is good, and you will stay with me a good while before you drink the spring dry."

Tom thought his friend very facetious.—He chuckled a little, and ventured to say, "But the licker."

"What liquor?" returned the gentleman, as if he was astonished. "There is none about my premises."

"But you told me if I went with you, I should have all I could drink."

"So you shall—the spring never gets dry, and the dairy is large."

"I'm not used to it."

"I know that *well*," returned the farmer, "but mean you shall be. Come, we'll not dispute now; supper is ready."

Tom was not unwilling to eat a good supper, and, as the night was coming on, and he wanted a place to lay his head, he didn't dare to scold about the trick that had been played upon him.

When he was ready to go to bed, the gentleman conducted him to a neat room, and, bidding him good night, locked the door.—In the morning, Tom found himself a prisoner.

"This is a man-trap, sure," he cried furiously, and kicked against the door.

"What is all this noise?" said a voice on the outside.

"I want to come out," said Tom.

"You are my prisoner," said the farmer, for it was he who had answered Tom's summons. "I can keep you here as long as I please, but, if you will promise not to go off of the farm for three months, you shall be well fed and cared for. I only want your word for security."

"I'll do it," cried Tom, eagerly, arguing to himself that if only his word was taken the bonds that held him would not be very powerful, although, at the same time, he felt a degree of pride to think the farmer manifested so much confidence in his integrity.—He naturally thought the whole affair a queer one.

In a day or two, Tom saw that the farmer's only object was to do him a good service, by taking from him his love of gin. The good nature to which appeals had been made by the farmer would not allow him to be ungrateful, and, for six months, Tom worked on the farm a sober man. Then the farmer trusted him to go to the nearest town. He came back at the appointed time, sober. He had learned to work, and was useful.

At the end of twelve months from the night of his imprisonment, the farmer said to him—"I am going to take a ride to-day, Thomas. You will go with me."

At the town where the farmer met Tom, he conducted him to a shop, and had him "rigged out" in a handsome suit of clothes, and then paid him, in addition, fair wages for all the work he had performed. Tom's amazement at this proceeding we would not attempt to describe, but it did not abate in the least when the farmer said—

"Now you will go with me to the town where you were known as a sot. I shall call you Mr. Brown."

"Why, sir?" ventured Tom, his eyes full of tears.

"You will see, when we get there, but you must be a stranger to everybody," returned the farmer.

"Anything you say, sir," replied Tom more deeply amazed than he had yet been.

Arrived at the village, Mr. Brown was introduced to the principal citizens. The farmer was generally known and much respected. Mr. Brown was well dressed and made a fine appearance. He was invited with the farmer to dine with a magistrate, a man before whom he had often been arraigned as a drunkard vagrant. Had he been suddenly transported to the Moon, to Venus, or to Mars, he had not been more decidedly astonished. He knew nearly everybody—why did nobody know him? Because Mr. Brown was no more like Tom Toperly, than a well-dressed, temperate man is anywhere like a ragged, bloated street-drunkard.

At dinner, looking at the magistrate, said the farmer,—

"I believe it is about a year since a poor drunken wretch, well named Tom Toperly, disappeared from the village. Has there ever been any tidings of him?"

"Not a word," said the magistrate. "It is strange; Tom was a good fellow, but he would do nothing but drink gin: when he could, he begged it, and he would never work only to get money to buy it."

During this speech, Mr. Brown's face passed through a multitude of singular expressions. The farmer, watching him, replied to the magistrate,—

"He was at my house after he left here, as fond of drink as ever."

"I'll warrant it," returned the magistrate. "I've no doubt he died like a beast in some ditch."

Mr. Brown could endure it no longer.—Jumping up, and, to the consternation of the magistrate, nearly throwing the table over, he cried,—

"No, he didn't! Here he is! I'm Tom Toperly! Don't 'Mr. Brown' me any more. You kicked and cuffed me about in this town and was goin' to send me to the work-house, and called me nothing but 'drunken Tom,' but this farmer made me think I was something of a man; and now I ain't ragged and dirty and bloated, but I've got good clothes to wear, and money in my pocket, and know how to earn more, and you have taken me for a gentleman."

"Glad of it, Tom—glad of it, Tom!—We're having temperance meetings, and you shall give us a speech—tell 'em your story, Tom. You *are* a gentleman, and you shall stay in my house as long as you're in town," exclaimed the magistrate, shaking him by the hand till his shoulder ached.

"Make a man think he is somebody, if you have to lock him up to do it; that's the way to reform him, say I," cried Tom. "The farmer's confidence in my simple word, that nobody would trust, made a man of me."

Tom told his story to all his old "chums," got a number of them to follow his example, went back home with the farmer, in due course of time became his son-in-law, and died, leaving a number of children, who though they inherited the unpromising name of Toperly, have ever been soberly.

Cincinnati, July, 1850.

WHAT A WESTERN LADY SAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—A lady correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from London, gives a very interesting account of the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person. Our American ladies may be interested in what one of their country-women, a fair Missourian, says of the Queen. The lady correspondent represents her as "too small in stature, but she has a pleasing face, and was dressed magnificently, and she is remarkably easy, graceful, and dignified in her movements. Her speech was written on foolscap, which she rested on her hand, as she read sitting. She is a beautiful reader. Her enunciation was slow and distinct, her manner was calm, dignified, and self-possessed. To republican eyes, it was a strange sight to see a body of men, standing grouped before a lady to receive orders, and it sounded strangely to hear her say, "My Lords and Gentlemen, I have the satisfaction to release you from the duties of a laborious session." But she said it with wonderful grace and dignity, as well as authority. Her speech was short; every word of it was heard distinctly by every one present."

THE UPAS TREE.—A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from on board the United States Steamship Plymouth, at Borneo, in the East Indies, says:

"Below Bruni is a real Upas tree. It is spoken of in Keppel's work. I send you a twig. It is a magnificent tree, about two feet or more in diameter, and rising sixty feet without a branch; there it spreads with a dense green foliage. The trunk is smooth, of a dirty silvery color. Upon wounding it, a milky secretion exudes rapidly. I collected some for our cabinet. This is mixed with other juices, and used as a poison for arrows. Except when taken internally, or thrown into the circulation through a wound, I believe it is perfectly harmless. If it were not so, I should suffer, for you know how susceptible I am to vegetable poisons. I tried to get enough for a cane for you, but could not.—The only way we obtained the leaves was by shooting our guns into the lofty branches.—The leaves, however, are some curiosity; for I doubt if there are any others in the U. S."

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.—A thousand times, says the Macclesfield *Courier*, have we heard this question and answer. Two gentlemen meet—"What's the news?" says one. "Nothing but what you see in the papers." They pass on about their business. Has it ever been noticed that among the thousand benefits of a newspaper, not the least is, that it does away with tittle-tattle, gossip, street-yarn, foolish exaggerations, scandal, and news-mongering, which once took up so much of the time of those who were always hearing or telling some new thing. One real evil of social life is thus ended. The man rises in the morning, looks over the paper, is satisfied that he knows all that is worth knowing of the passing history of the world. He has nothing to tell and nothing to hear further. He does not spend his time in giving information which his neighbor knows as well as himself. He is not annoyed in the midst of his business or pleasures by the recital of affairs in which he takes no interest. The same with women. Curiosity is gratified without the loss of time. The scandal of the day has not employed a hundred busy, meddling tongues in its circulation and exaggerations. Conversation takes a higher tone. Principles of morals and taste are discussed; the new poem, the last book, the magazine, or the review, becomes the subject of conversation. Even in the minor matters of life, society owes a large debt to the newspaper.

They all Belong to Me.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There are riches without measure
Scattered thickly o'er the land,
There are heaps and heaps of treasure,
Bright, beautiful, and grand;
There are forests, there are mountains,
There are meadows, there are rills,
Forming everlasting fountains
In the bosoms of the hills;
There are birds, and there are flowers,
The fairest things that be—
And these great and joyous dowers,
Oh! "they all belong to me."

There are golden acres bending
In the light of harvest rays,
There are garland branches bending
With the breath of June's sweet days;
There are pasture grasses blowing
In the dewy moorland shade,
There are herds of cattle lowing
In the midst of bloom and blade;
There are noble elms that quiver,
As the gale comes full and free,
There are alders by the river,
And "they all belong to me."

I care not who may reckon
The wheat piled up in sacks,
Nor who has power to beckon
The woodman with his axe:
I care not who holds leases
Of the unpland or the dell,
Nor who may count the fleeces
When the flocks are fit to sell,
While there's beauty none can barter
By the greensward and the tree;
Claim who will by seal or charter,
Yet "they all belong to me."

There's the thick and dingled cover
Where the hare and pheasant play,
There are sheets of rosy clover,
There are hedges crowned with May,
There are vines, all dark and gushing,
There are orchards ripe and red,
There are herds of wild deer crushing
The heath-bells as they tread.
And ye, who count in money
The value these may be,
Your hives but hold my honey,
For "they all belong to me."

Ye cannot shut the tree in,
Ye cannot hide the hills,
Ye cannot wall the sea in,
Ye cannot choke the rills;
The corn will only nestle
In the broad arms of the sky,
The clover crop must wrestle
With the common wind or die.
And while these stores of treasure
Are spread where I may see,
By God's high, bounteous pleasure,
"They all belong to me."

What care I for the profit
The stricken stem may yield,
I have the shadow of it
While upright in the field?
What reck I of the riches
The mill-stream gathers fast,
While I bask in shady niches
And see the brook go past?
What reck I, who has title
To the wildest lands that be?
They are mine, without requital,
God gave them all to me.

Oh! privilege and blessing
To find I ever own,
What great ones, in possessing,
Imagine theirs alone!
Oh! glory to the Maker
Who gave such boon to hold,
Who made me free partaker
Where others buy with gold!
For while the woods and mountains
Stand up where I can see,
While God unlocks the fountains,
"They all belong to me!"

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop be shifted daily.—If, after it had twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine around each other. Dubamal placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plum upwards to the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth round, and again and again this was repeated until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its effort to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the roots is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the root will ascend to reach it.

TO KEEP A STOVE AS BRIGHT AS A COACH BODY BY TWO APPLICATIONS A YEAR. Make a weak alum water, and mix your 'British Lustro' with it; put two spoons full to a gill of alum water, let the stove be cold, brush with the mixture, then take a dry brush and dry lustre, and rub the stove till it is perfectly dry. Should any part, before polishing, become so dry as to look gray moisten it with a wet brush, and proceed as before.

Temperance Anecdote.

Holden's Dollar Magazine tells the following:

A small temperance society had been started in a community very much under the control of a rich distiller commonly called "Bill Myers." This man had several sons who had become drunkards on the facilities afforded by their education at home. The whole family was arrayed against the movement, and threatened to break up any meeting called to promote the object.—Learning this, Mr. Hunt went to a neighboring district for temperance volunteers for that particular occasion. He then gave out word for a meeting, and, at the time, found his friends and enemies about equal in numbers. This fact prevented any outbreak, but could not prevent noise.

Mr. Hunt mounted his platform, and, by a few sharp anecdotes and witty sayings, soon silenced all noise except the sturdy "Bill Myers." The old Dutchman kept crying out, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go." To every shot which seemed ready to demolish him, the old fellow presented the shield "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go."

At last Mr. Hunt stopped and addressed the imperturbable German. "Look here, Bill Myers, you say that money makes the mare go, do you?"

"Yes, dat ish just what I say, Mishter Hunt."

"Well, Bill Myers, you own and work a distillery, don't you? inquired Mr. Hunt.

"Dat ish none of your business, Mishter Hunt. But, den, I ish not ashamed of it. I has got a still, and work it, too."

"And you say, 'Money makes the mare go;' do you mean by that, that I have come here to get the money of these people?"

"Yes, Mishter Hunt, dat ish just what I mean."

"Very well; you work a distillery to make money, and I lecture on temperance to make money, and, as you say, 'Money makes the mare go,' Bill Myers, bring out you *mare*, and I'll bring out mine, and we'll show them together."

By this time the whole assembly was in a titter of delight, and even Myers's followers could not repress their merriment at the evident embarrassment of their oracle. In the meantime, we must premise that Mr. Hunt knew a large number of the drunkards present, and among them the sons of Myers himself.

"Bill Myers, who is that holding himself up by that tree?" inquired Mr. Hunt, pointing to a young man so drunk that he could not stand alone.

The old man started, as if stung by an adder, but was obliged to reply: "Dat ish my son; but what of dat, Mishter Hunt?"

"Good deal of that, Bill Myers, for I guess that son *has been riding your mare*, and *got thrown, too!*"

Here there was a perfect uproar from all parts of the assembly, and, as soon as order was restored, Mr. Hunt proceeded, as he pointed to another son:

"Bill Myers, who is that, staggering about as if his legs were as weak as potato vines after frost?"

"Well, I suppose dat is my son, too," replied the old man, with a crest-fallen look.

"He has been riding your mare, too, and got a tumble!"

At this point the old man put up both hands in an imploring manner, and exclaimed: "Now, Mishter Hunt, if you won't say any more, I will be still."

This announcement was received with a roar of applause and laughter, and, from that moment, Mr. Hunt had all the ground to himself.

☞ Miss Frederika Bremer has been poetizing for the first time, in English, thus:—

To James R. Lowell,

WITH A GOLD PEN.

A gold pen is a little thing—
But in thy poet-hand
It will take life, it will take wing,
Become a magic wand,
More powerful, more wonderful
Than Alchemy of old;
It can make minds all beautiful,
And change all things to gold.

Death of an Æronaut.

The papers received by the steamer Niagara record the death of Lieutenant Gale, the æronaut, as follows:

The Bordeaux journals, which arrived this morning, announce the death of Lieutenant Gale, the æronaut. On Sunday he made an ascent with the "Royal Cremorne" balloon, on the back of a pony, from the Hippodrome of Vincennes, at Bordeaux. It was the first time that Mr. Gale had ever made such an ascension, and his pony had only a few days before been broken in. At first the little animal displayed great repugnance at being lifted from his feet, but he gradually got accustomed to it, and on Sunday allowed himself to be carried off by the balloon with the greatest composure. As there was some delay in filling the balloon with gas, the pony, gaily saddled and bridled, was paraded round the Hippodrome, and was regarded with extraordinary curiosity by the spectators. An immense multitude assembled to see the ascent. The local journals say that the town was completely deserted, and that the adjacent villages sent their contingents.

When Mr. Gale was seen to ascend rapidly into the air, seated on his pony, with the bridle in one hand and saluting the public with the other, there was a sort of shudder of fear in the vast gathering. The pony was perfectly calm, with his legs hanging and his neck bent; but he made no movement. The descent of Mr. Gale, which took place at a short distance from Bordeaux proved fatal to him. When the horse had been released from his slings, the peasants who held the ropes of the balloon, misunderstanding the directions given by the æronaut, let go, and the balloon having still sufficient gas in it to give an ascensional force, after losing the weight of the horse, rose suddenly, and the anchor, which held by a tree, being loosened by the sudden motion, the shock upset the car. Mr. Gale, however, clung to the ropes, and was fortunately able to pull the string of the valve, to cause a further escape of the gas. The ascent of the balloon was then checked, and it was thought, in consequence, at Bordeaux, that he had succeeded in climbing up into the car. This, however, was not the case, as the next day the balloon was discovered lying on the ground, some miles from the spot where the pony was liberated, and on further search being made, the dead body of Lieut. Gale was found in a wood, with his limbs all broken. He has left a wife and eight children.

AGENTS FOR THE BUGLE.

OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and I. Johnson
Columbiana—Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs—Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro'—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield—John Wetmore.
Lowellville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.
Selma—Joseph A. Dugdale.
Springboro'—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson.
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.
Rundysburgh—Alex. Glenn.
Farmington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna—Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Malta—Wm. Cope.
Richfield—Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.
Lodi—Dr. Sill.
Chester ✕ Roads—Adam Sanders.
Painesville—F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.
Granger—L. Hill.
Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.
Andover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore,
Achortown—A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine—Simon Sheets.
Granger—L. S. Spees.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh—Benj. Bowne.
Newberry; J. M. Morris.

INDIANA.

Winchester—Clarkson Pucket,
Economy—Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn—John L. Michener.

Western Anti-Slavery Fair.

In the prosecution of every reform, it has been found necessary to employ subordinate means for the accomplishment of the desired end; and amongst these, none have proved more efficient than well-conducted Fairs. The pecuniary results are but a small part of the advantages arising therefrom, though they are often by no means unimportant. Various motives bring together multitudes to attend them, of those opposed to the objects in view, as well as friends to the cause; and thus rare opportunities are afforded for a full, free social discussion of the desired reform, as well as for public addresses in its behalf.

With these facts in view, we the undersigned women of Ohio have concluded to hold an Annual Fair in the town of Salem to promote the cause of Anti-Slavery. Every thing in the political world seems to point out the necessity for renewed and untiring exertion in this most holy cause. The distinctions of Whig and Democrat are forgotten in the all-absorbing struggle for the extension of Slavery, and to all appearances the South will obtain every thing she asks. We believe a large part of the People of the North are in favor of Freedom, and that many members of the present Congress were elected with the expectation that they would firmly oppose any extension of the curse of Slavery; but some have proved to be voluntary recreants to their trust, and some have been frightened into submission to the Slave-Power. Let us then dedicate ourselves anew to the Cause of the Slave. Let us keep up agitation until the people shall as one man rise up and demand Universal Emancipation or Exemption from participation in the sin of holding our fellow-beings in bondage. Many of us can do but little. Yet let us not hold back on that account. Some of us are mothers, and though few of us can go forth and speak publicly in behalf of the stricken bondman, we may yet, by contributing our pittance in this way, by mingling with our neighbours, and pleading as our maternal feelings shall dictate for the stricken mother in the South, and instilling into the minds of those committed to our care an undying abhorrence of Injustice and Wrong, like the drops of rain, which, singly are unnoticed and insignificant, by uniting, change and invigorate the aspect of the whole world.

We propose holding a Fair, commencing the 31st of December, and continuing through the following day; and we would earnestly invite all persons, without respect to party or creed, to lend their aid by sending such contributions as they can make or procure. The funds arising therefrom to be devoted to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth, through the agency of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

SALLIE B. GOVE,	M. A. W. JOHNSON,
RACHEL TRESCOTT,	JANE TRESCOTT,
MARIA T. SHAW,	LYDIA SHARP,
LAURA BARNABY,	SARAH N. MCMILLAN,
ANN PEARSON,	M. T. HARRIS,
MARGARET HISE,	MARY HARRIS,
MARY ALFRED,	RUTH ANNA TRESCOTT,
ELIZABETH DICKINSON,	MARY HALLOWAY.
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Anatomy and Physiology.

I wish to remind those persons who have made application for admittance to my Course of Medical Instruction at Marlboro, that the class will be formed the first Monday in October, and it is desirable that all those who contemplate attending the present season should commence, if possible, at that time. I have increased facilities for illustrating the subjects, in their various branches, having just imported some fine French Apparatus, by which many of the most difficult portions of the science are rendered much more simple and comprehensible.

K. G. THOMAS.

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