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AND

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Poetry.

[For the Chronicle.]

STANZA.

BY L.

A host of phantoms by us walk
Unseen in busy day;
At night they crowd around our beds
And drive our sleep away.

Many thorns they in our pillows plant
And armed with serpent fangs,
They pierce our hearts that ne'er can writhe
With sharper, fiercer pangs.

They's ghosts of our unkept resolves
And broken promises;
The good, temptation triumphed o'er,
With self indulgencies.

The reckless and unguarded words,
From careless lips that fell;
The bitter thoughts that our bosoms stirred
Unchecked left there to dwell.

The weary hearts we have not cheered
Because our own were sad;
The moments passed in selfish ease
Should have made others glad.

The wrongs we have not tried to check,
Because our faith was weak;
The warning voice we did not raise
Because we feared to speak.

These phantoms still disturb our rest,
And haunt each quiet hour;
But welcome be they if they bring,
Future restraining power.

Self accusation and remorse,
Keep jealous watch and sure,
Lest selfish passion claim the heart,
That should be nobly pure.

[From the Ohio State Journal.]

THE SNOW-FALL.

BY WM. F. PORTER.

The Snow floats down the quiet air
Like some loved thought adown the brain
And robes the dreary uplands bare
In mantlets soft as angels wear.
So pure and white, without a stain.

It falleth silently around,
Disturbing not your sweet repose,
Till, waking from your sleep profound,
You seem within enchanted ground,
For all without with beauty glows.

The fays have decked with snow-flakes white
Each bush, and tree, and drooping vine,
And brown-tops glitter in the light,
As on some pleasant summer night
I've seen the lake's still surface shine.

Down where the woodland monarchs stand,
Within the dim old forest aisles,
They're strewn around with lavish hand
Fantastic Snow-wreaths wild and grand,
And barricaded the defiles.

And where yon cliff projects above—
While crouching shadows hide below;
There, nestling like a white winged dove,
A cottage lays in the leafless grove,
Half hidden by the sparkling Snow.

And where the trees are drooping o'er,
And listening to the singing rill,
They've piled the Snow-banks on the shore,
And walled the stream, whose stifled roar
Is echoed from the rocky hill.

I never viewed a scene more fair,
Than this which I am gazing o'er;
The earth, the sky, the very air
Seems filled with beauty every where,
As though 't were done by fairy power.

Yet this wild beauty soon will fade,
Like our bright earthly joys, away;
And only in some friendly shade
Where no bright sunbeams dare invade,
Will the pure Snow-wreaths long delay.

Aurora, Ohio, January, 1855.

Choice Miscellany.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

I was at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables d'hote*, I established myself at a hotel in the Judenstrasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Muller, master of the establishment, did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness reigned throughout the house. One might pass through the servants' room, and even through the kitchens, without meeting with anything by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a bookcase, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as puctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, thought it were but ten minutes, he was served apart in an adjoining room, that the comforts of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table d'hote* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantry; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well-executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Muller, in which benevolence was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Muller assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed upon her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Muller was a type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonized with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood; such was Ellen Muller.

A councellor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Muller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travelers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Muller, a man of extensive acquirements, and great good sense, took part, with a choice of expressions and elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity and the piety of the German character seem to mingle. The conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his association, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth, and a young student named Werter, were particularly sensible to the charm of Ellen and her merit. In the Baron, a middle aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagernesss which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of strong passion. It is between the age of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life character is completely formed; and as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was a little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in mute ecstacy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The baron brought Mr. Muller tickets for concerts and theatres. Often at the dessert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wines, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry, and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the baron, or gracefully thanked the student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of naratives of adventure, and thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished through time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a person capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented us to a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg and whom business was to detain some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Muller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew answered in monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus:—Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Mr. Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth, every body was silent. This apparent deference proceeded as much perhaps from a desire to discover his weak points, as from politeness towards the new comer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discourse logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudice; at the first word spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations; it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband.

Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Malthus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man; nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was internally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leant over towards me and said in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied, "and what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; she soon recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed.

Then, to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever heard in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.

Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm and exclaimed "I thank you!"

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down at the farther end of the drawing room very pensively.

Mrs. Muller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen she merely said in a low voice:

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make music."

"With your mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."

Mrs. Muller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motives of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, "One meets with people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon the change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Muller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendency over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction, but as soon as he relapsed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a systematic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well."

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; the left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed this disturbance in its harmony to have been the result of an accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had an opportunity of appreciating all the right-mindedness, generosity and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In the presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self-love suffered cruelly to see preferred to him a lame merchant, with a fine voice. He sometimes attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of the retorts, that the laughs were never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party were assembled, Werter appproached Mr. Muller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Muller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," she said, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides, he is very young," added Mrs. Muller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," quoth the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Malthus who had observed all that had passed, rested his two hands upon his stick, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," he said, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor and his embarassment which, at that age, is not unbecoming, proves, in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof, of merit," interrupted the councellor, "I know one man who would not hesitate."

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Muller, with ill concealed curiosity.

"Myself madam," replied the councellor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissylable "*myself*," appeared lengthened by the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus thus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting.—Her countenance naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the Baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured in a feeble voice:

"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Muller, my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Muller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose *denouement* remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y.," said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you feel the effect of example?"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr. Mathus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter reentered the room, pale and downcast, as a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was a profound silence, which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to be so. At last Mr. Muller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me——"

He paused, and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Muller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer, who had been represented to me as extremely skillful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

"One day I went to my lawyer to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide.—All that day, I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree, climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals. I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached.

It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression on me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins on the condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage ring, at the sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position.

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Muller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have a little," he said, "to add to your naration; the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise. Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Muller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was extraordinarily agitated; tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you!" he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with surprise and happiness, and placing it in that of the Jew—

"Sir," said he addressing himself to me, "you have seen the world, and you are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

Educational.

THE SPELLING REFORM.

The late meeting of the Ohio Phonetic Association at Cincinnati has shown that the Phonetic Reform is fast gaining ground. President Andrews, of Kenyon College, was chosen President of the Association for the coming year, and his high appreciation of the work is manifested by the following letter of acceptance written by him. The *Type of the Times*, published in Cincinnati, by Longley Bros. in which the letter appears has now for some years ably supported the Phonetic movement and in a good specimen of a first class Phonetic weekly newspaper, which should be in the hands of every friend of Education and of Progress. The letter is addressed to Mr. Royce, the State agent of the Association, who is well known to many of the teachers and educational boards o this County.

"GAMIER, JAN. 12 1855.

"FRIEND ROYCE:—Your favor of the 31st ult. came duly to hand.

I was much surprised at the unexpected announcement that I had been elected President of the Ohio Phonetic Association. I would very much have preferred that some more active and deserving friend of the cause had been elected to that position.

As it is however, I very cheerfully accept the unexpected honor.

The more I reflect upon the cause in which you are so self-denyingly engaged, the more am I convinced of its importance, and of its ultimate triumph. I think the time has fully come, when Phonetic print should be introduced into all the primary schools of the State.

Truly Yours, LORIN ANDREWS."

VALUE OF A MANUSCRIPT.—The original manuscript of Gray's Elegy was lately sold at auction in London. There was really "a scene" in the auction room. Imagine a stranger entering in the midst of a sale of some rusty-looking old books. The auctioneer produces two small half-sheets of paper, torn and mutilated. He calls it "a most interesting article," and apoligizes for its condition. Pickering bids ten pounds! Boyd, Foss, Hohun, Holloway, and some few amateurs, quietly remark—twelve, fifteen, twenty-five, thirty, and so on, till there is a pause at sixty-three pounds! The hammer strikes. "Hold!" says Mr. Foss. "It is mine," says the amateur. "No, I bid sixty-five in time." "Then I bid seventy." "Seventy-five," says Mr. Foss; and fives are repeated again, until the two bits of paper are knocked down, amid a great cheer, to Payne & Foss, for one hundred pounds sterling! On the bits of paper are written the first draft of Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, by Thomas Gray, including five verses which were omitted in publication, and with the poets interlineations,—certainly an "interesting article"—several persons supposed it would call for a ten pound note, perhaps even twenty. A single volume, with "W. Shakspeare" on the fly-leaf, produced, sixty years ago, a hundred guineas; but probably, with that exception, no mere autograph, and no single sheet of paper, ever produced the sum of five hundred dollars.

A mean looking chap limped into a tinner's shop the other day, with one knee tied up, and inquired,—"Do you mend pans?" "Yes," replied the foreman. "Well, then," said the inquirer, "I wish you would be so kind as to mend my kneepan."

BARNUM, in his lecture on the philosophy of humbug, illustrated one of his grand divisions by referring to our minister to Spain. He said SOULE was a humbug of the sky-rocket order, *in breeches*. The example seemed so appropriate that it brought down the house.

"Do you go in for the Maine Liquor Law?" "Why, partly *yes* and partly *no*—I goes for the *liquor* but not for the *law*."

A grocer's wife having in a passion thrown an inkstand at her husband and spattered him all over with the black liquid, some atrocious wretch declared that she had been engaged at the battle of *Ink-her man*.

THE last conundrum reads as follows: "What is the most difficult operation in surgery? Ans. Taking the *jaw* out of a woman." Lit'clous!

NOT A DROP MORE 'THOUT IT'S SWEETENED.

It is astonishing how firmly certain words and phrases become incorporated in our vernacular, by the chance telling of an anecdote, or anything of that sort. A very common metaphorical expression is contained in the words, "*getting the hang*. It is of universal application and convenience, and became popular from the day of its "first appearance" in the New Orleans *Picayune* ten years ago, as the nub of a story of a Western gambler on a steamboat who refused to refund certain moneys fraudulently obtained, although made fast to a piston rod of machinery and compelled, every second, alternately to plunge forward and jump backward, to prevent in the one case his head being jerked off, and in the other, his brains being dashed out, by the regular, powerful stroke. "Let me alone; I'm jest *getting the hang* of the machinery," he exclaimed, when it was demanded, "Won't you pay back *now*?"—And so in law, politics, religion and morals, science and art, the American people have been GETTING THE HANG, ever since.

"*Not a drop more, 'thout it's sweetened*," is a household phrase in a part of Georgia and Alabama. A man declines with it, to renew a game of cards at which he has been unsuccessful; a rustic expresses, by the elegant periphasis, his determination to drop the acquaintance of some cruel beauty; the little politician vows, in these terms, to abstain, in future, from some particular course which has proved unprofitable; and so on, through a thousand phases and cases of commonplace life, it answers its purpose of a playful, but decided negation or declension for the party using it. In fact, it is a rather liberal rendering of the Shakspearian "*No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me*—though used mostly by those who never read Shakspeare.

We believe that our friend, Col. K. L. Haralson, formerly of Georgia, entitled to the credit of the story out out of which grew the expression. He tells it about thus:

Twenty years ago, it was the custom in North Western Georgia, as indeed it was throughout the South-West, for dry goods dealers to keep a barrel of "sperrets" in the back room, and to "treat" liberal customers to a glass whenever desired. Fillens & Dewberry were such dealers in one of the small towns of the region indicated; and they had for a customer a clever, rollicking, old fellow named Joe Denny, who drank whisky in preference to water, *always*, and whose wife was "flesh of his flesh," in that particular. The old couple would come to town, trade quite freely, and quite as freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have named.

On one occasion, both the old man and old woman continued their potations inordinately; and as Fillens observed his goods went better the drunker the old woman, he pressed her to drink. At last she refused, unless "he would sweeten it with a little store sugar." The amiable shop-keeper indulged her, and when the old people started home late in the evening, the old man could barely mount his horse, and the gude wife had actually to be lifed and placed on the pillion behind him. Happily she leaned *one* way, and her husband the other; so the gravitating point was between them—and as she clung to him instinctively, they passed out of the village safely. Before reaching their home, however, they had to cross a small creek, and when their horse stopped in it to drink, the old lady having reached unconsciousness, released her hold, and quietly lapsed into the stream below. Occupied with his own thoughts, the old man did not perceive his loss, but jogged slowly homeward.—Arriving there, his children inquired anxiously for "mammy," but the old man could only say that she *had* been "on the *critter* and the *critter* hadn't *kicked up nary time*, so he couldn't say whar she might be!"—and threw himself, stupid, on a bed. Girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling *mammy!* MAM-MEE! as they went; but of course no *mammy* responded. When they arrived at the creek, the oldest girl shouted, "yonder she is, a-sittin' down in the creek!" And there she was comfortably seated in the water, which came up nearly to her mouth. As she swayed back and forth, now yielding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now resisting it with some success, the muddy fluid would wet her lips, and each time it did so, she would faintly exclaim with a grim effort to smile:

"*Not a drop more, Mr. Fillens, 'thout it's sweetened!*"

And it is to this romantic little incident in the life of the venerable MRS. Joe Denny, that we are indebted for one of our most popular colloquial phrases.

To live is a gift; to die is a debt. This life is only a prelude to eternity.—*Sentinel.*

For the Farmer.

WOOL GROWING AND THE TARIFF.

Notwithstanding the low price of wool for the past year, it seems that the manufacture of woolen goods in this country is in a very depressed condition, and most if not all of the manufactories of broadcloths are now suspended, owning to the reduced prices of cloths, caused by the depression of wages in Europe, and the very large importations of woolen goods into this country the past season.

Political economists are busying themselves to devise measures for the relief of our woolen manufactures, and to protect wool growers from these flucuations of prices, that are so injurious to any branch of production as well as manufacture. How this can best be done, is a question that seems to admit of as many different answers as there are different classes of politicians. The advocate of free trade says, allow the manufacturer to import foreign wool free of duty, as it will enable them to compete with the foreign manufacturers, and place their business on a firm basis, so as to create a steady and fair demand for our domestic wools. The advocate for "protection," on the other hand, says, increase the tariff on woolen good as well as wool imported from abroad, and thereby directly foster American wool growing as well as manufacturing.

We shall not attempt to discuss either of these propositions, as it would lead to a wider range of controversy than our columns would admit. We can only say, as is well known, that the tendency of our government and the principal government of Europe, is towards free trade, although we believe that the majority of our wool growers and woolen manufacturers have contended that their interests would be promoted by the opposite system.

We notice, however, that Judge Erwin, an extensive wool grower of Western Pennsylvania, has recently addressed a letter to a wool dealer in New York, in favor of the repeal of all duties on foreign wools, and stating that he has advised the Representatives of his district in Congress, to vote in favor of such repeal. The following extract contains the substance of his argument:

"If the manufacturer receives a moderate protection by a duty on the foreign fabric, and is not burthened by a tax on the raw material, we may reasonably hope that American energy and perseverance will enable him to compete successfully with his foreign wool. This result will necessarily create a steady demand for wool; and as increased success shall enlarge manufacturing operations, we may hope that the increased demand will enhance the price. Flunctuations will be less frequent, and the certain—though it may be moderate—profit, will satisfy the wool grower, and caused him to persevere in a business which he is now so often tempted to adandon."

The district in which the writer of this letter lives, is one of the largest wool growing regions in the country, and such an expression from a leading cultivator of the staple—one too, who has hitherto favored the duty on foreign wool—is of some importance to the trade. Its effect will probably be to accomplish the removal of the duty.

THE AMERICAN HERD BOOK

We have received from L. F. Allen, Esq., a prospectus for a second volume of the American Herd Book, which he proposes to publish in a short time, if the "Short Horn breeders come forward in sufficient numbers to patronize the work, by furnishing pedigrees of their stock, and subscribing for the book to a sufficient extent to warrant the expense of its publication." Mr. A. has been induced to make this proposition, by the earnest solicitations of owners and breeders of Short Horns at the Springfield Cattle Show and elsewhere; but having lost money by the publication of the first volume, (in 1846,) he is not disposed to undertake a second, without such a guarantee of "material aid" as will at least save him from pecuniary loss. We regret that we did not receive his circular in time to give it a full insertion in this paper. His terms are: a recording fee of 50 cents for each animal whose pedigree is inserted, to be remitted in advance with the pedigees, and $5 per copy for the book. Those wishing to insert pedigees or subscribe for the work, are requested to notify Mr. Allen by letter, addressed to Black Rock, N. Y., previous to the 1st of March next.

A Lady of experience contends that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect, a kiss on the cheek, that the donor is impressed with the beauty of the kissed one; but a kiss imprinted on the lips shows love.