

# The Ohio Democrat

## AND DOVER ADVERTISER.

HILL & MITCHENER.—PUBLISHERS.

CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, (OHIO) NOVEMBER 17, 1840.

VOLUME 2. NUMBER 65.

### MEMOIR'S TOKENS.

That name is still cherished  
Uodim'd 'mid the years  
That herald their birth time  
In sighs and in tears—  
Away from this fond heart  
No token has fled,  
From memory's keeping  
No wish has been sped.

As faithful and constant  
As doves to its mate,  
This heart has been changeless  
'Mid smiles and 'mid hate;  
No thought has been absent  
A truant from thee,  
Thy memory has suffered  
No rival with me.

I've gazed upon bright eyes  
In climes far away,  
As pure as the morning  
That coolly stray,  
I've listened to gay ones  
In wildness and glee,  
But what was that gladness  
When distant from thee?

Thy image is pictured  
Anew in each beam,  
That gladdens the flowing  
Of life's onward stream!  
No taint of deception  
Is there with its wing,  
But brighter the mist  
Around me that cling.

The world may deceive thee  
And bitter the blast,  
But calmer the morrow  
When all shall be past,  
The sun may be clouded  
And dark be thy days,  
But trust to the shining  
Of hope's cheering rays.

Then, heed not my worship'd,  
My love still is true,  
Through storm and in sunshine  
'Tis treasured in you,  
On life's troubled ocean  
The single bright star,  
That points to the haven  
Of bliss that's afar.

The following is the "composition" to which was awarded the gold medal, in the Graduating Class of Rutgers's Female Institute in Newark at its first commencement. The committee which awarded the prize, consisted of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen and Mr. Kinney, of Newark. Their report was not a little complimentary. Perhaps more through the eloquence of the reader (Mr. Kinney) than from any merit of its own, it drew deeply upon sensibilities of a very crowded audience.

### LAST DAY OF EVE.

It approached the evening twilight. The mother of mankind was pined by her descendants in front of her tent, reclining on a rude couch, the western wind fanned her pale cheek and played amid her gray locks. Near her sat her husband. Eve turned her eyes upon him with a look of sadness, yet of deep affection, and as she saw his wrinkled brow, bent form, and head of snowy whiteness, seemed to call to mind other days.

Inwardly she reproached herself. "Ah, not thus was I saw him, when first given to him by our God. Where has vanished that manly form—where is the elastic step—where the eye that beamed with brightness—where now the rich and mellow voice? Alas, how changed! And it was I, who tempted, who destroyed him—I the wife—the cherished companion—I bade him—out and now what is he, who but for me had known neither pain, nor sorrow, nor age.

"And what remains of her on whose beauty he then gazed with unassated delight? A trembling, wrinkled form, just sinking into the grave. "Where is now that paradise with its rich fruit—that balmy air which brought on every breath a tribute to each happy sense—those rays which warmed but never scorched? And sadder, sadder still, where now is that blissful intercourse with HIM, who made us rich in the happiness of living? His voice is no longer in our ears—driven from bliss—scenes so lovely; the earth cursed; sin, sorrow, and death, the inheritance of our children."

Our mother was overcome by the rush of recollections. Her eyes, long dry, found new fountains, and her aged form shook with deep emotion.

It may be that Adam had been indulging in musings not unlike to these, for he was startled as if from a reverie by the emotions of his wife. The old man, placed himself beside her. She laid her head on the bosom which had so often soothed its throbbings.

"What moves thee, Eve?"  
"Oh, my husband, how canst thou show kindness to her who has done all this! Thou wast young and knew only happiness, and all around was formed to delight our every sense; and I, who should have strengthened thy virtue, fell, and dragged thee with me, the partner of my sin, to this depth of ruin. And after a few years of toil and anxiety, we are about to lay these worn out frames in the dust."

"But for sin we had lived in perpetual youth, and feared no change. The threatened of death has worked slowly but surely, and now with us his work is nearly done."

"The first to sin, it was meet that I should first return to dust. Had the guilt and the curse been only mine, I might endure it. But see the now and I compare thee with what thou wast as it seems to me but yesterday."

"A few days will lay thee low. Let our children place us side by side in the cold earth. I know not why it is, yet it is, yet it seems to me there will be a comfort in our bodies dissolving of consciousness in the lifeless dust."

"Little of comfort is now left us in life, yet I cannot endure the thought that I shall utterly cease to be!"

"Adam, thou hast often given me words of consolation. Is there ought to cheer me, now I am to bid thee farewell?"

"Thou seest yonder sun—thou wilt again see him rise and set, he is bidding me a last adieu. Sense shall soon cease for ever, and no light shall again enter those eyes."

The old man wiped the tears which fell on the wrinkled brow of his partner. A sudden light was on his countenance as if a new lamb had been lit up in his soul. Eve saw it, and it brought to her a gleam of hope; she gazed on his face as if death had lent new powers to her faded vision.

"First of women," said Adam, "thou no pre-eminence in guilt—thou wert sinned—together we have borne the punishment."

"But there is redemption—there is hope. 'Whilist thinking of the fearful change which befallen to my heart that its partner was about to be taken away, a heavenly light beamed on

my thoughts & led me to understand the visions which have so often visited me on my couch.

"We shall not die—there is a costly ransom provided—we must sleep under the cold earth, but we shall rise again in the freshness of that youth which we first enjoyed; and purified from all sin, we shall walk in our Eden seven times more beautiful than when we first roved amidst its fruits and flowers. And there will be the thousands who, inheriting our evil nature, will have found a powerful Physician. And there will be that mighty Physician whose presence shall wake ten thousand harps to melody.

"This earth, too, so long, so grievously cursed for our sin, will come forth more purified from every stain, and in more than the beauty of its pristine youth."

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the grave; but we shall rise together with the glad shout of gratified jubilation; and with us millions of our posterity ransomed from the curse."

Adam passed, his eye fell on the face of his wife—a smile, as if he had seen the brightening of heaven's pale life, beamed on her face, and he turned to hear, and there she stood and there she was, which the truth of the revelation only shall disturb.

### THE BROKEN HEART.

"Her heart was broken."

From a shell grotto whose slope kissed the summer sea, where twining willows and laburnum were waving like a stately plume, issued a voice of such gentle sweetness, you might have thought a spirit's breath was on the air, murmuring soft music to the flower's bell. The young rose seemed to hang her blushing head, wet with the tears of morning, as she heard it, and the stately lily had a cheek more pale, while she who spoke looked like a patron saint.

"Again fair sun thou shinest in unclouded splendor! again are thy soft, bright beams glowing on the bosom of a cold, unfeeling world! 'Tis mid day; a thousand birds are on the wing, and nature looks her loveliest. Yesterday, too, was fair; but it hath passed away in to the great abyss of nothingness. And what will be to day? Another speck upon the memory of man; another atom on the scale of time. So travels on the world, with hope, fear, and sorrow in its train, urging to the same haven those clinging to a bright and smiling fortune; or others who would gladly lay down their load of life, and calmly sleep forever."

"My eye is dim; my cheek is worn with weeping; these feeble pulses feebly beat, so feebly, that the poor tide of life is almost chilled, and this deceptive hue of health, this mockery of bloom, is glowing from the heart's deceit. Kind ones would have me mingle with the world; share its delusive joys; be once again the victim of its hopes and fears; they wonder that I fly to solitude. Did they know all—oh! could they see—the tempest raging here! then would they learn a bitter truth; learn how slow and silently the heart can break!"

There she sat; but for the wild and restless eye, she looked of sculptured marble. The bright tint on her cheek had faded; and now what a white hand was pressed above her forehead, and severed the fair hair that sparkled in the sun like threads of purest gold. A tear had fallen unbidden from the straining eye, and rested on a faded flower within her bosom; the withered buds were a sad emblem of herself; once fresh and fair as she had been, but now forever blighted. A merry peal from the village bells burst forth, and seemed to shatter every feeble nerve. A gentle footstep stole along, and a fair girl, in childish glee broke heedlessly on her solitude.

"Come, arouse thee, my sweet sister! look cheerful, Helen! Know you not what day it is! The first of May. The guests are come, and you must be our chosen queen. Have I not wreathed the fairest flowers of spring; twined a chaplet of earth's loveliest for thy brow, and, hark ye, Helen, there are presents for us; May day presents! Mine is a scarf of blue, embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold; and such a wreath! the lotus and the lily clasped here and there with bands of orient pearl! And yours—what guess you Helen? Our cousin's picture, and a bridal chaplet; clusters of bronze blossom for your hair; but oh, the picture!"

"Is it like him Alice?"

"His living image; he himself has sent it."

It is a sweet delusion! Sometimes the simplest sound; the very stirring of a leaf upon the unfelt breeze, when the heart is feeding on its own deep store, will not awake a thousand fantasies? The loved, the lost of never to be forgotten years are once again before us; the grave is as a dream, and sorrow but a name. Joy, intense joy, is all the impassioned soul can cherish; the life blood glows upon the cheek, and heaven is beaming from the eye. A shadow passes o'er the sun, and the great heart throbs alone in its deep sanctuary, chilled and heavy, the lips are sealed by a sad, unbroken silence.

"Helen, you will be our queen! the festival hour is near, and he will come—who think you with him? His wife, his young, his beautiful wife! They say she is all loveliness; so good, so gentle, too; the sweet bright star of his idolatry; and Helen, dearest—"

"Alice, unloose my vest; it presses tightly. A drop of water, for the love

of mercy, or I die! There, I am better now; leave me. Haste to the ball, and I will join you. Speak not of me to the guests; I shall be well again. Go, go!" "Calm thyself, dear sister; thou art ill. I will not leave thee."

"Alice, I command, entreat, one minute's solitude." And she could never plead in vain; the fairy form of her young sister shrunk stealthily away; yet, glancing back at her see idolized, a thought flashed rapidly across her mind; a thought that never before had entered there; and then as if a dread of ill possessed her fancy, she hastened to the hall.

"So he is married then; they would not tell me of it. The random words of childhood were to break the spell. Come forth, thou cherished treasure! cherish on for this moment. The husband of another!—Can I hear that and live! Oh, never, never!"

The faded flower which he had given concealed a subtle poison; the work was of an instant! Hope had buoyed up against Conviction's choice, and yet she knew he never could be hers. He loved her with a brother's kindness; no more. The wild delusion past, what had she to do with life! Her love was such as woman feels, and that but once; it was a master chord, that struck on every fibre of her heart; a lengthening chain, whose every link was love. What marvel, then, a breath on a work so fair should sully all its brightness.

Her sinless soul, sinless but for that last sad act, has passed away so calmly you might have thought he slept. They buried her beneath that grotto's shade. A marble tomb erected to her memory, on which a figure kneels, the form of Pity with her torch inverted; a sickle and a severed rose bud o'er her head, an emblem of the one departed. The words engraven on the tomb are these—

"Peace for the broken hearted." Still in the memory of the old and young she lives, like a sweet dream, a shadow of the past stealing o'er the spirit with soft and sad remembrance.

From the Lady's Book.

### THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honor on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Capt. Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity. Two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was washed to them and his head was laid upon them as a preparation for beating out his brains with war clubs. Powhatan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude, with their blood stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting to prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties, prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck & shoulders declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gaped for breath, fearing that Powhatan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same every where; the war club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed; his heart softened, and as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead; he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty. Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love is not known. No favor was ever expected in return. "I ask nothing of Captain Smith," said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, "in recompense for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory."—Sketches of Virginia.

Upon the barren sand  
A single captive stood.  
Around him came with bow and brand,  
The red men of the wood.  
Like him of old, his doom he hears,  
Rock bound on ocean's rim—  
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,  
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,  
The savage war club swung—  
Her arms about him flung,  
Then shook the warriors of the shade,  
Like leaves on aspen-tomb,  
Subdued by that heroic maid  
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him" gasped the chief,  
'Tis your king's decree!  
He kissed away her tears of grief,  
And set the captive free.

'Tis over thus, when, in life's storm,  
Hope's star to man grows dim,  
An angel kneels in woman's form,  
And breathes a prayer for him.

"Unbind him" gasped the chief,  
'Tis your king's decree!  
He kissed away her tears of grief,  
And set the captive free.

'Tis over thus, when, in life's storm,  
Hope's star to man grows dim,  
An angel kneels in woman's form,  
And breathes a prayer for him.

"Unbind him" gasped the chief,  
'Tis your king's decree!  
He kissed away her tears of grief,  
And set the captive free.

'Tis over thus, when, in life's storm,  
Hope's star to man grows dim,  
An angel kneels in woman's form,  
And breathes a prayer for him.

### THE UNBELIEVER.

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, the glory and the beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of his finger, who steers and with aid above all—from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever, on whose intellect the light of reason never penetrated—who can gaze upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say, all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a dull and cheerless void. In him, mind—the godlike gift of intellect, is debased, destroyed; all is lost—a cheerless, chaotic labyrinth of hopeless. No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion—no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice! No fancied tones from the hearts of seraphim amuse the dull spirit of lethargy or allay the consuming fire of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate, and passion, prejudice and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect. I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the relation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above or around, or beneath him that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yes, while standing on the feet stool of Omnipotence, and gazing in the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his eyes to the light of reason, and denies the existence of a God.

### IMPALING ALIVE.

Fast descriptions in our language are more harrowing than the following picture of the infliction of one of the most terrible of human punishments. The sketch is taken from an article, in the October number of the London Metropolitan Magazine.

"Never, never shall I forget the bloody and brutal sight. The French army formed three sides of a square near the palm trees on the Desert side, and close to Alexandria; the open space was to allow the ingress of the Bedouin Arabs, who flocked in countless numbers to see their countryman die by the dreadful death of impalement. The drums beat to arms by daylight, and our ferocious guards urged our immediate march; we were then placed, with scowls, insults and curses, close around where the stake was intended to be planted immediately. The garrison had formed, on came the advanced guard, the prisoner, and the executioner bearing the stake. The misguided youth, clad in a loose brown frock, such as carters wear in England, and bareheaded, walked to the scene of his torments with a firm step, head elevated, and eyes expressive of a mind at peace, stored with undaunted courage; his guard now reversed arms, while the bands struck up a solemn dirge, and the youthful prisoner, for I do not think he had reached twenty-five years, was conducted into the centre of the guard; the slight covering was then removed, and a better proportioned, athletic youth never stripped; he was then forcibly thrown on his face, his hands and feet secured, and the stake, which was hard wood pointed, driven by the executioner along his backbone. A horrid yell of anguish announced the commencement of his sufferings. He was no enthusiast, and conceived his Koran advised him to be a murderer. Poor youth! he expiated such misconception by suffering torments that the ingenuity of the Indians could not rival. The wretched youth was then raised, and the stake placed in the socket of a shaft sunk deep in the sand, with his face and naked body turned to the sun, that fiercely glared upon him. Although protected by light clothing from his rays, I felt melting beneath its intense heat, greatly augmented by reflection from the white sand on which we stood. O God! it was a pitiable sight to see that manly form, in the image of his Maker, so borne up, the muscles and veins standing up like cords on his body, throat, and legs, while every nerve quivered with excessive anguish; but his face, that expressed manly courage and resignation, now flushed with agony; while the eyes, protruding from the sockets, looked up in supplication for aid, as he loudly invoked his prophet, intermingled with cries for water, water. To these dreadful heart-rending cries we were compelled to listen, and our sight was shocked by the unutterable agony that convulsed his body till the hour of noon, when we were marched back to our caravanary or prison—the crowd of Arabs driven out of the square—the troops dismissed to their quarters, leaving a strong guard round the victim of cruelty, who writhed upon his stake with undiminished power of suffering. That night I could not sleep, for his dreadful cries still rang in my ears. Again we had to march at daylight and circle around the stake, where the wretched youth still retained life, with power to utter hollow groans that nearly congealed my blood; but when my sight beheld the effect on his

manly form from that night of agonized sufferings, I closed my eyes, nor would I open them to be blasted by such a sight of horror. The eyes and lips had been torn away by the birds of prey, who, disturbed at their banquet on his body, still wheeled in circles above our heads, uttering loud discordant screams, while clouds of insects were eating him alive."

### SYMPATHY.

The duration of man's existence from the cradle to the tomb consists alternately of joys and sorrows, and were it not for the sympathy of his fellows, his joys would be almost worthless, and his sorrows more oppressive than he could bear.

During all ages he looks for, expects and needs some one to sympathize with him. In infantine years ere the lipping tongue can make known its desires, with what an expressive look will it watch for the smiles and caresses of a mother, and how quick will it shrink at the approach of a stranger.—In youth, that period of life that is mostly free from the anxieties of business, and the cares of mankind, even then how natural is it to seek for one who has a heart to sympathize with the loss of something held dear or at the disappointment of realizing an expected pleasure. In manhood, although the feelings may have become somewhat hardened by the vicissitudes of business, and he resemble the oak of the forest for his sturdiness, yet with what quick and hastening steps will he seek his home to spend the hours of domestic retirement in relating his present difficulties, and future prospects to the partner of his hopes and joys, and hide in his wife—one, whose ear is always open to hear, and whose heart is ever ready to sympathize with him. In old age, when the frame becomes weak and tremulous—the eye dim, and the mind burdened with remembrances of bygone days; even then, will he seek for some one to whom he can relate the story of his joys and sorrows in days of yore, and whom he knows will feel, and sympathize with him at the recital. At the last approach of death, although by the power of religion every fear may have been removed, and hope may be bright, yet who would not even then desire the presence of friends, and that the tear of sympathy and affection should flow at the utterance of the last, long farewell.

Were it not for sympathy, cold, sad, and cheerless, would be many a day, which with it is spent in comparative happiness; and that man who has not a tear to shed at the recital of another's wrong; an ear to listen to the complaints of the unfortunate; a hand to help the needy; a word of comfort to the distressed; or a heart to sympathize with his fellows, is surely unfit to dwell in a civilized community, and is a disgrace to the form of humanity fallen, even as it already is.

W. R. S.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.—The following anecdote of Sheridan's vicious eloquence is from the lips of one of the oldest surviving friends and followers of Fox, and himself a highly influential Whig of the old school. This gentleman and Sheridan had dined together at Bellamy's; and Sheridan having taken his allowance, gave his accustomed signal for a move. This signal consisted of the words "Now I shall go down and see what's doing in the House;" which in reality meant, "I have drunk enough; my share of the business is done, now do yours; call for the bill and pay it." On this occasion the usual course was pursued; and the bill having been settled by Sheridan's friend, the latter bearing that Sheridan was "up," felt curious to know what he could possibly be at, knowing the glorious state in which he had just departed. Accordingly he entered the house, and to his no small astonishment, found Sheridan in a fit of most fervent oratory, thundering forth the following well known passage.—"Give them a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a truckling Court; and let me have but an unfeeling press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

STRIPPING TO IT.—An Irishman from the boys, having to put a letter on board a vessel; arrived too late, for the barge had put off for the vessel with a full sail; the Irishman ran along the shore and kept up with the boat. As it was going to weather the point, they lowered sail; the fellow being nearly exhausted, gave up the chase, crying "arrah, honey! if you're going to strip to it, the devil himself can't catch you."

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

When we see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think we, in the friendship of the world. Whilst the asp of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave us naked walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

### RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

Notwithstanding all that is said about the poverty of Ireland, it will be found that she has within herself great resources. She has recently opened a new branch of trade, which is likely to be very profitable viz. the exportation of pyrites, or sulphur prepared from the iron copper mines. English papers state that the manufactures find it nearly as good as the Sicilian sulphur, and it can be furnished to them at a little more than one third of the price. The Irish mines are increasing in productive value. The copper mine of Knockmashon stands at the head. Its weekly produce as sold recently, amounts to \$24,000; the proceeds of the first week in September amounted to \$36,604. The principal lead mines are those of Aarburn, Armagh and Cairn.

### DOMESTIC SLAVERY IN TURKEY.

A very extraordinary demand has been made at Constantinople by the Russian Charge d'Affaires. He has required that all the Circassian slaves who have been recently imported should be delivered to him. The yesserdees, or slave merchants, were accordingly summoned to the Porte, where all of them declared that the ladies in question were their own relations—daughters, sisters, &c. they had not the least objection, however, to such of them as wished it being set at liberty. But liberty is a boon which those damsels are the least desirous of, their object being to get married here. The Russians were accordingly puzzled how to proceed.

### RUSSIAN DRUNKENNESS.

Bulwer Deveraux, tells us that Russian ladies, thank most gratefully the gentleman who honors them by making them drunk. We learn from late accounts that nearly a fourth part of the revenue of Russia is derived from the sale of spirits. This sale is kept entirely in the hands of the imperial government. The outspread wings of the Russian eagle are over the door of gin shops in every village throughout that vast empire. Mr. Pinkerton calculates, that "the enormous quantity of eighty-two millions of gallons of brandy alone are drunk every year by the peasantry of that empire."

### JOHN REEVE MORALISING.

John Reeve was accepted in the Kensington road by an elderly female, with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Fray sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, said, "No ma'am; but that is."

COLEBY CIBBER.—This actor was extremely haughty as a theatrical manager and very insolent to dramatists. When he rejected a play, if the author desired him to point out the particular parts of it which displeased him, he took a pinch of snuff and answered there is nothing in it to coerce my passions.

### WOMAN'S INGENUITY.

A Good One.—A very good widow lady, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day as she was receiving a half dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she perceived (Oh horror) two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man on the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop—went one of the cork.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the good lady, "there goes that bed-cord; it snapped yesterday just the same way,—I must have a new rope provided."

In a few moments pop—went another followed by a peculiar hiss of the escaping liquor. The rope would not do again but the good lady was not at a loss.

"Dear me," says she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there, Scat."

Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtains.

"Oh dear me," said she, "I had forgot, it's the yeast. Here, Prudence! come take away these bottles of yeast!"

A Texas editor says there are some folks who make a regular practice of borrowing his paper, and his general opinion of such people is simply this—They are messier than dirt, glier than flies, more contemptible than skunks, and fit only to associate with the Camanches who have neither honor, honesty, nor the fear of God before their eyes. All this they are for the paltry sum of a new paper subscription.—N. Y. Atlas.

"Do those dogs belong to you, or do you belong to the dogs?" asked a countryman of one of our dandy loafers walking up Beacon street with a couple of mastiffs behind him, the other day.

Boston Post.