

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—Duvivier.

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Original Moral Cate.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]
**THE
MARTIN FAMILY.**

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CHAPTER III.

[Continued from last week.]

Just as the rite ended, the door suddenly opened, and a middle-aged woman entered.—She fixed her eyes, for a moment, on the youth who still stood on the floor, with his thoughts raised to heaven. At a glance, she seemed to comprehend what had taken place; and, rushing forward, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming: "O, my son—my son! heaven hath heard thy mother's prayers."
"Yes, mother," said he, "rejoice with me. My thoughts bid me hither to-night; and I am now of thy faith and baptism."
For some time, little else was heard than the weeping of over-joyous hearts, mingled with many humble expressions of gratitude and praise.

A mother's prayers, in truth, had been heard. The son of Heli rejoices in hopes of a better life. Of his own accord, he had come to tell the man of God the story of his anxieties, and to receive the rite of baptism at his hands.

His mother's anxiety, after a time, had led her to follow his steps, as she had followed him with her prayers; and she had entered as related.

"It is meet," said Prytheus, "that thanks should be given;" and raising his eyes to heaven, and then closing them, they all knelt down—the mother by the side of her son, with her arms still around his neck.

Who can comprehend the depth and intensity of a mother's love! Neither the utmost deformity of person, nor loss of reason, nor the most reckless course of life can smother the mysterious tie that binds her to her offspring. Even the rottenness of the grave only serves to endear them to the soul, in the every-day and hour's remembrance of their living forms; nor do they cease in their fond recollections, till they lie in death by their side, and join them to the spirit world.

This love, in the case of a pious mother, while it searches out ways and means, and manifests itself in every conceivable and possible manner; yet, in nothing, perhaps, is it more apparent, than in their longing, restless desire to see them make choice of that "good part" which shall never be taken from them. This choice, sincerely and voluntarily made by a child, is more comfort to such a mother, than if the world had lavished its choicest honors upon them, or cast its millions at their feet.

Such consolation, in its greatest fullness, this widowed mother had at this moment; and as Prytheus gave his parting blessing, we can readily conceive with what heart-felt gratitude she clasped the hand of her boy, and returned quickly to the quiet of their home.

Nor will it be deemed a trespass, should we follow them a few moments, and look into their little private chamber.

They are both knelt down. The mother's arm is again around the neck of her son. The face of each is up-turned to heaven; and the rays of a purer and holier light than of earth seem to be shedding its radiance upon them. The mother's lips are moving in the earnest out-goings of her heart in gratitude to God, and in prayer for blessings upon herself and child.

Now they have quietly risen from their knees. The mother's countenance is still lustrous with the descending rays, while her boy is wiping the tears from his eyes.

"But come, my son," said she, "it is meet that heaven should be praised in song."

In a few moments, the old harp of Heli, which had accompanied him in his wanderings, and cheered his heart in many an hour of its sadness, was standing on the floor, and his son seated by it.

"Let our hearts go forth in praise," said she, "in the words Israel's sweetest singer—the Lord is my Shepherd—and presently his delicate fingers were softly touching its strings, and the little chamber was filled with the melodies of an air, which recalled the memories of by-gone days, and praised God in inspired verse.

When they came to the fourth verse—"Yea though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, yet will I fear no ill"—the sweet plaintive voice of the boy slightly faltered, and a big tear or two rolled over his cheek.—But when they had finished the Psalm, he returned, and repeated the verse alone—sung with a loud, clear voice, while a smile of joy played on his brightened features.

"Yes, my child," said the mother, "we must all walk through that valley."

"I should think it would be dark now, mother," said he, looking up pleasantly into her face.

"No, my child, a light from distant skies illumines it, and makes it quite cheerful and pleasant."
"And who walks with us there," he inquired.
"The Lord—the Shepherd of Israel," said she.
"Then," said he, "we should not fear any ill, mother."

CHAPTER IV.

Two-thirds of Rome is in ashes. Six thousand citizens are buried beneath the smoking ruins. Here and there through the burnt districts, solitary individuals, or the remnants of a family, are seen wandering about in inconsolable grief, or quarrying into the charred and blackened masses, in search of the remains of children or friends.

Along the dingy, smoky streets, crowds are pushing their way, wild and frantic, muttering suppressed curses upon themselves and rulers—while detachments of soldiers move along in gloomy, sullen silence.

The few remaining temples are still crowded with infatuated multitudes, seeking, by their numerous and costly offerings, to appease the anger of their Gods. Some are wildly beating their breasts, and lacerating their bodies; while women with disheveled hair and frantic gestures, are uttering the most doleful and piteous lamentations.

The Campus Martius, and the banks of the Tiber for miles on either side, present the most heart-rending and appalling spectacle. Thousands have assembled here with their families, and such of their effects as they had been able to preserve from the flames. Many are entirely destitute of either food or clothing. Parents are seated dejected and gloomy on the earth, while their children are fretting and crying around them. There is no sympathy, one for another. Each seems overwhelmed with the extent of his own losses, or the sufferings of himself and family.

So great a calamity, indeed, had seldom, if ever before, befallen a city. A few days ago, Rome stood in all her unrivalled splendor—with her magnificent temples, gorgeous palaces, immense amphitheatres, triumphal arches, and beautiful gardens—the wonder of the world, and the pride and boast of her nation. Now, the gay and voluptuous metropolis lies in ashes or blackened piles—while her two or three millions of inhabitants, in consternation and despair, gaze upon her ruins.

The country for miles around is filled with smoke, and the sun, shorn of its rays, has a blood-like appearance—thus increasing the superstitious fears of the people, and strengthening the popular excitement.

Directly over the city a dense black cloud of smoke has been hanging for several days. At length, vivid flashes of lightning are beginning to play along its shaggy edges, and now and then stream across its dark and portentous surface, followed by peals of loud and terrific thunder.

Such was the state of things in Rome, and the ominous aspect of the heavens, on the night to which the following incidents refer. As usual, when alone, Prytheus was seated, and his thoughts busied about the future. At present, however, he found it difficult to exclude altogether from his mind the scenes of distress and misery which lay that moment around him. He could not but think, and think, too, with an intense anguish of soul, of the desolations of his city, and the sorrows that were rending the hearts of thousands.

But though there was sadness in his countenance, yet there was nothing of despair. On the contrary, there was more of firmness in his features—such as betokens a resolution to brave all dangers, and endure all trials. And such a purpose, as one of a despised and persecuted sect, he had early formed—that come what might, he would be awed by no man's threats, perverted by no flatteries of the world, however seducing, from that sublime faith and those sacred principles, which, by the blessing of God, he had been led to embrace.

A few large drops of rain—precursors of the torrent about to be poured forth—were falling heavily on the sloped roof, and leafy vines which clustered thickly around his antique abode. Startled at this unusual noise, he had raised himself up erect in his seat, and was listening with an air of surprise, when Valens, pale, and almost breathless, hastily entered. His fears had caused him to walk rapidly, and never before had he visited his old friend with a heart so sad and depressed.

After a few hasty and incoherent salutations, they both sat for some time without speaking, too sorrowful, or each waiting, perhaps, on the other to break the sad and painful silence.

Sometimes, they were both gazing thoughtfully at the floor—then at one another—then, as if listening to the pouring, dashing torrents of rain, and the loud, startling peals of thunder which shook the earth, and made the old walls around them tremble.

"A greater storm than that threatens us—fires, more fearful than have laid our city in ashes, have been kindled;" at length said Valens, with a deep, heavy sigh.

Prytheus, ignorant of the doings without for the last few days, looked surprised at Valens, not being able to comprehend his meaning.

"The fires of persecution are kindled; and are the light of to-morrow the bodies of a

hundred Nazarenes will supply them with fuel!"—continued Valens.

"And may they be faithful witnesses," said Prytheus, hurriedly: "but what! hath the madness of the Emperor set against us?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Yes," said Valens, "and all who sacrifice at the altar of his Gods."

Prytheus made no reply, but looked at Valens, calm, and resigned.

"The Emperor's conduct," he continued, "during the conflagration roused the suspicions of the citizens. These suspicious gathered strength with the progress of the flames; and when the city lay in ashes before the eyes of the people, nothing could exceed their indignation and wrath. The Emperor was boldly charged with setting the city on fire, and being the author of all their miseries. The public feeling was soon at its highest pitch, and loudly demanded his condemnation and death."

"Why! what hath been our Emperor's conduct?" inquired Prytheus, astonished.

"Infatuated! wretched man!" exclaimed Valens, scarcely able to suppress his indignation: "while the flames raged and devoured, like some insatiate monster, the dwellings and families of the Roman people—he sat on the top of the Tower of Maecenas—and, playing upon his harp, sung the song of the burning of Troy, declaring that he wished the destruction of all things before his death."

"Nor doth their suspicions surprise me," said Prytheus.

"Nor me; nor any one in Rome," said Valens, "who knows the man and his acts."

"I fear he is capable of the most perfidious cruelty," said Prytheus.

"To be sure," said Valens, "only hear it! To excuse his conduct, and divert the wrath of his subjects from off himself, he hath laid the blame on us christians. With monster injustice he has succeeded, and even to-night, as I said, the flames are kindled for our death."

"The will of the Lord be done," said Prytheus, laying his hand on his breast, and raising his eyes to heaven.

Reader, be not incredulous. In this conversation, you have only been listening to the recital of a familiar and well authenticated fact of history. It is hard, I know, to believe any man capable of an act so black, detestable, and depraved—much less the Emperor of an illustrious nation.

But, alas! the days of Rome's virtue and glory were past. In the person of Augustus, the republican spirit of the people had been extinguished; and, lulled into security and intoxicated by the fascinations thrown around them by that artful and insidious tyrant, they were prepared to submit to any injustice, and wear the chains of slavery without complaint.

In his reign—though in some respects the most renowned and illustrious in the nation's history—the form of government was radically changed, a monarchy established, and the people fully prepared to bow their necks to the iron rule of the despot.

Unfortunately, his successors had none of those virtues that aim at making the best even of a despotism. Vicious and depraved, they were destitute of courage and magnanimity; and soon the Empire was shorn of all its ancient glory, and the people reduced to a state of the most abject vassalage.

In Nero, we have only a personification of their general character—though of all the monsters who rapidly succeeded to the throne, during the first few centuries of the christian era, he was, without doubt, the most detestable, cruel, and perfidious. As has been justly observed, "almost every act of his life was an outrageous, horrid crime. Not satisfied with putting to death many of the noblest citizens of Rome, he had murdered his wife and mother; and now, as if to outdo all his other crimes, he burns the metropolis of his empire, and charges it upon an innocent and harmless sect!"

And for what end? No other can possibly be conceived, than his antipathy to their faith, or his insatiable thirst for blood; and that he might have an opportunity of gratifying his horrid propensities, and witnessing new spectacles of suffering and death.

Only think of a feeble and harmless class of citizens, at the mercy of such a monster, and in the very midst, too, of outraged millions, who believed them guilty of a crime for which no atonement could be found but in their blood. Well, indeed, might a philosopher tremble, and an nobleman turn pale.

"Can such base injustice be endured?" said Valens, rising and walking hastily across the floor.

"They may destroy our bodies, but they cannot destroy our souls. There's an existence for them, beyond the wrath of Emperors, or the regrets and sorrows of the world. Such are the exalted teachings of our faith; and with such a faith, why should we shrink from death, or seek revenge upon our enemies?"

Valens made no reply; but stopping quickly, he stood for some minutes gazing fixedly at the floor, and then glancing his eyes upward a moment, he took his seat and buried his face in his hands.

It is a perfect tornado out-doors. The rain is whirling and dashing furiously upon the roof and against the old walls. The successive peals of thunder are frightfully audible above the wild roar of the watery elements.

Our two friends, for the present, are awed into silence, and are sitting

statues. Even the old lamp is trembling, and seems as if afraid to emit its wonted rays.

There are times when a man's thoughts are peculiarly his own, and when no one has a right to know them, or inquire after them.—And then there are times when the operations of the mind are so rapid as to leave no distinct or tangible idea behind them; or, so sudden and shifting are the scenes around us, that we have no distinct recollection of what has passed, or what our thoughts had been busy themselves about.

Hence it might be useless to make any inquiries as to the thoughts of Prytheus and Valens, just at this time; but if their minds were still and inactive as their bodies, they had few thoughts of anything—save, perhaps, the battling tempest.

Now, however, it has partly subsided. Its wildest fury has been spent, yet it is descending more gently, and is making only a pattering noise on the roof and vines. And then the voice of the thunder seems coming from a greater distance, while the lightnings are less frequent and vivid.

The old lamp, moreover, has quit its tremblings, and is shining more brilliant and steady; while our two friends have ventured to stir themselves up a little, and are making a few remarks about the violence of the storm, and its probable effects upon the smoking and smouldering ruins of the city.

But instantly their attention was arrested by a strange murmuring noise on the street.—They are listening with the most eager attention. On account, however, of the pattering rain, they can only occasionally hear it, and then very indistinctly. But, at last, they could not be mistaken. It was the confused noise of a multitude, mingled, now and then, with the cries and lamentations of men, women, and children.

Hastening to the door, and cautiously opening it a little, they could see through the overhanging vines a noisy rabble, mostly armed, and driving before them a number of persons whose cries and wailings could now be distinctly heard above the distant roar of the tempest.

"They're christians," said Valens.

"Yes—the work of death is begun," said Prytheus. They both returned and took their seats, the tears flowing down their cheeks.

All was again quiet on the street, when Valens rising, took Prytheus affectionately by the hand, saying: "the hour bids me return to my family."

"To-morrow night," said Prytheus, "we meet in the Catacombs."

[To be continued.]

The Slave Trade.

The following paragraphs are copied from a very recently published book, entitled "Captain Canal, or Twenty Years of an African Slave-Trade." They need no comment:

"I have no hesitation in saying that three-fourths of the slaves sent abroad from Africa, are the fruits of native wars, fomented by the avarice and temptation of our race. I can not exculpate any commercial nation from this sweeping censure. We stimulate the negro's passions by the introduction of wants and fancies never dreamed of by the simple natives, while slavery was an institution of domestic need and comfort alone. But what was once a luxury has now ripened into an absolute necessity; so that MAN, in truth, has become the Coin of Africa, the 'legal tender' of a brutal trade."

England, to-day, with all her philanthropy, sends, under the cross of Saint George, to convenient magazines of lawful commerce on the coast of Africa, her Birmingham muskets, Manchester cottons, and Liverpool lead, all of which are righteously swapped at Sierra Leone, Acia, and on the Gold Coast, for Spanish or Brazilian bills on London. Yet, what British merchant does not know the traffic on which those bills are founded, and for whose support his wares are purchased? France, with her *bonnet rouge* and fraternity, despatches her Rouen cottons, Marsailles brandies, flimsy taffetas, and indescribable variety of tinsel gawds. Philopie German demands a slice for her looking glasses and beads, while multitudes of our own worthy traders, who would hang a slaver as a pirate, when caught, do not hesitate to supply him *indirectly* with tobacco, powder, cotton, rum, and New England notions, in order to bait the trap in which he may be caught. It is the temptation of these things, I repeat, that feeds the slavemaking wars of Africa, and forms the human basis of those admirable bills of exchange."

If a native king lacks cloth, arms, powder, balls, tobacco, rum or salt, and does not trade personally with the factories on the beach, he employs one of a numerous class of brokers, who are skillful in their traffic as the jockeys of civilized lands, to effect the barter; and thus both British cottons and Yankee rum ascend the rivers from the second hands in which they have passed, while the slave *basis* approaches the coast to become the *ebony* basis of a bill of exchange!

QUESTION FOR A DEBATE.—Were the stars made to lead to death with secret and rate poetry guide callers on their lone intended nine locks?

An Irishman's Defence.

Michael Connelly has, for years, lived, like many of his poor countrymen at home—by his wits. Often before the magistrates for sheep stealing and similar offences he always escaped and now, to get rid of him he is before Baron Leroy and a jury for vagrancy. He addressed the court and the jury, on his own behalf, in Irish—for you'll never get a Galway man, witness or prisoner, to confess he understands English. The Judge begged any of the learned counsel who could, to translate the speech into English—which was done literally as follows:—"He submits," said the interpreter, "that what is alleged against him, proves his honesty. True he has been often tried, but never condemned. This is in his favor. May be, if your lordship and the jury had been tried as often, it's not in the box or on the bench, but in jail or over seas you would be this day. The oftener gold is molten in the furnace and purified in the fire the brighter it appears.—His case is like that of Jonah—for Mr. Loppell, (one of the magistrates,) is very much like a whale, and sought to devour him; but he escaped as did Jonah, and came out clean. He is accused of selling legs of mutton in the fairs and markets for 6d; (he stole the sheep—killed and skinned them in some bog or mountain glen—and then cut them up and sold them;) but this shows that with his industrious habits as a butcher, he joins good nature to the poor. He is ready to be tried for sheep-stealing; but he denies he can be sentenced as a vagrant." The judge left it to the jury, who unfortunately for poor Connelly, had not "a doubt, of which to give him the benefit." So he got three months leisure to concoct his next defence.

When Samuel Davies was president of Princeton College, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the Institution—George the Second had a curiosity to hear a preacher from "the wilds of America."

He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with the commanding eloquence of the preacher, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the church in such terms as these:—"He is a wonderful man! Why he, beats my bishops!"

Davies observing that the king was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and looking his majesty full in the face, gave him, in an emphatic tone the following rebuke:—"When the lion roareth, let the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence." The king instantly shrunk back in his seat and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas for the Institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers—"He is an honest man—an honest man."

A Bold Preacher.

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Beautiful Fable.

A gentleman who was arranging the walks around his residence, stumbled over a lump of earth, which had rolled from a newly unloaded heap of gravel. He kicked it aside, and bade the gardener's son remove it with other rubbish.

The boy carried the clod to a spot beneath the eaves of his father's cottage, where the rain fell upon it. Whether it contained seed, slip, or root, is not known; but ere long a beautiful vine sprang out of it, which shaded and adorned the cottage, and was annually loaded with grapes of the richest kind, which the gentleman was glad to buy at a high price of the gardener's son, who would by no means part with his vine.

The latent principles of a sublimer growth are lying in many a human clod, now quite valueless and unthoughtful to those who count themselves the elegant of the earth.

The clod would come to life and bear fruit high above their heads, if they were only given to a few drippings from the eaves—Lucy Larocon.

"BOLD AS A LION."—The following is one of the richest jokes of the season. A Southern buck, no way celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one evening, called his servant and said—

"How do I look, Caesar?"

"Plendid, massa, 'plendid!" replied Caesar, in ecstasy.

"Then you think I'll do, Caesar, eh?"—(Giving him a piece of silver.)

"Guy! massa," said ebony, delighted, "you look jis' as bold as a lion."

"What do you know about a lion? You never saw one, Caesar."

"Nebber see a lion, massa! Guy, I see Massa Peyton Jim ride one to mill mos ebry day."

"Yes, black fool! that's a donkey."

"An' help dat, massa—you look jis' like him!"

"Arrah, Teddy, an' wasn't your name Teddy O'Byrne, before you left old Ireland?"

"An' that it was, sure."

"Why then do you add the s, and call it Teddy O'Byrnes now?"

"Why, you spalpeen! haven't I been married since I came to Ameriky? and are ye so ignorant of grammatics that ye don't know that when one thing is added to another it becomes a plural?"

Quick on the Trigger.

"You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness and discipline."

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind, snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden start to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, the master shouted—

"Who done that?"

The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gun, sir."

"James Gun, what did you do that for?"

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault, that Tom Owen snapt him.

This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked—

"Did you snapt Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, murmured—

"Yes sir I snapt Gun, but I didn't know he was loaded."

A PRAYER WITH AN EXPLANATION.—Some time since there lived on the banks of the Kennebec river, not far above the point known as "Fiddler's Reach," an old gentleman, a retired shipmaster, who had quitted plowing the Ocean for the more tranquil employment of ploughing the sod. The old strapping boys, and as is usual with the youth of this region, the two eldest, on coming to the age in which boys take such ideas into their heads, applied to their father for his permission to their going to sea. The old man could not but consent, but nevertheless gave his sanction with many misgivings and much doubt. Being, however, of a pious turn of mind, and deacon of the village church, he concluded to place his trust in Providence and invoke its protection over the lives and fortunes of his boys.—Accordingly, at the next church meeting, he rose, and after imploring the divine mercy on behalf of his sons, he besought that their worldly goods might also be advanced. Let them, O! Lord! said he, succeed and thrive. Let them grow up and prosper! Let them grow up like the cedars! Like the cedars of Lebanon, O, Lord! Not those—little scrubby things down to Fiddler's Reach—the land in the neighborhood of this latter named locality being covered with a stunted growth of these articles, having suggested to the mind of the worthy deacon the fear of a mistake as to the requested altitude of his boys.

INSTEAD OF.—The landlady was what is termed a "general dealer," and, among other things, sold bread and whiskey. A customer entered her shop, and inquired if she had anything to eat and drink.

"To be sure," she replied, "I have got a thimbleful of the crature, my darling, that comes only to twopenny; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money!"

"Both twopenny?"

"Both the same as I am a Christian woman, and worth double the sum."

"I'll have the whiskey, if you please." She did so, and he drank it then rejoined, "It comes to twopenny my jewel; I'm not hungry—take back the loaf," tendering it.

"Yes honey but what pays for the whiskey?"

"Why the loaf, to be sure!"

"But you haven't paid for the loaf!"

"Why you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't eat?"

A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide the difficulty, who gave it against her; and from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape.

SALT YOUR CHIMNEYS.—In building a chimney, put a quantity of salt in the mortar with which the inner course of bricks are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: the salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture from the atmosphere every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp, falls down to the fire-place. This appears to be an English discovery. It is used with success in Canada.

HUSBANDRY.—A man with eleven daughters was complaining to a friend that he found it hard to live.

"You must husband your time," said the other, "and then you'll do well enough."

"I could do much better," was the reply, "if I could husband my daughters."

"How much can you pay us? What assets have you? What can you offer in the pound?" demanded the importunate creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Alas! gentlemen, all I really have is a donkey in the pound," replied the ruined clodpole.

Sheridan once wrote—"Women govern us—let us try to render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be."