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**Poetry.**  
**THE STARS.**  
BY GEORGE W. BROWN.  
Shining stars! what are they? I have asked  
They were blossoms on the Tree of Life,  
They hung back from the colored wings  
Of Archangel--that you like this,  
All their gorgeous blossoms of gems,  
From a bright banner waving on the earth  
From the fair wall of Heaven--and I have not  
And drank their glowing glory, till I felt  
Their flash electric trembling with the deep  
And strong vibration down the living wire  
Of ethereal passion--and my every pore  
Was beating high as if a spring were there  
To hurl me up, where I might over roam,  
Mid the unnumbered vastness of the sky,  
And dwell with those high stars, and see the light  
Pouring down upon the blessed earth, like dew  
From the bright urns of Naidis!

**Beautiful stars!**  
What are you? There is an hour of hours  
A faint, but heaven beneath you, like the Deep  
Beneath the glories of a midnight sea!  
And let your Eden tones be drifting now  
As on me like an element--in love,  
So wildly beautiful, I almost dream  
That you are there, the living hair of God,  
Over which the incense winds of Eden stray,  
And wake such bursts of music, that I feel  
As well might I walk down to the dim world  
To fashion dreams of Heaven! But on--peo--  
Notre high anthem--for your light has caught  
A portion of your purity and power,  
And sends but as a sweet and glorious tone  
Of wild star-music.

**Bleed, bleed things--**  
We are in Heaven and on Earth. My soul  
Over with the whirlwind's rush, can wander off  
To your immortal realms, but it must fall,  
Like your own rent Pleiad from its height,  
To dim its new caught glories in the dust--  
The earth is beautiful--I love  
Its wilderness of spring flowers, its bright clouds,  
The misty cry at mountains, and the dread  
Majesty of Ocean--for I've come  
Lits vision to my heart--but when I look  
On your unfolding loveliness, I feel  
Like a lost infant going to its home,  
And weep to die and come where you repose  
Upon your bosom--heaven, like parted souls  
On an eternity of blessedness.

## Miscellaneous.

### Extraordinary Courage.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

The following interesting story, respecting the conduct of a young Polish officer serving with the French army in Spain, is related by the Duchess d'Abrantes, in the 6th or last published volume of her memoirs--

When Murat was in Madrid, he had occasion to send some detachments to Junot in Lisbon. These detachments were of the utmost importance, and all the roads leading from Madrid to Portuguese territory were covered by guerrillas, or by regular troops commanded by officers who had acted an important part in the Spanish revolution, and who thus composed the army of Castanos. Murat mentioned the difficulty to Baron Stroganoff, the Russian Ambassador at the Court of Spain, who had remained at Madrid. It is well known that at the period here referred to, Russia was the "friend" rather than the ally of France. Baron Stroganoff told the Grand Duke of Berg, that he could suggest a plan for the transmission of the detachments--

"Admiral Siniavin," said the Baron, "is the son of Lisbon. Send me to one of your most intelligent of your Polish lieutenants. He shall put on Russian uniform, and I will give him despatches for the Admiral; you can give him your instructions verbally, and I will answer for it that all will be right, even though he should be taken twenty times between this and Lisbon. The insurgent army is so anxious to secure our neutrality to be the first to create a ground of rupture." Murat was delighted with the scheme. He requested the command-in-chief of the Polish troops, who I think was Kraskinski, to select for him a brave and intelligent young officer. Two days afterwards the Polish commander sent to the grand duke of a young man whom he declared would answer with his head. He was named Leckinski, and was only eighteen years of age.

The Grand Duke of Berg was not a little astonished to find the young officer manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake an enterprise of his ordinary peril, for in the event of his being discovered, his fate was certain--and that was death. Murat, however, he himself was, could not refrain from pointing out to Leckinski the danger of his being about to encounter. The young Pole smiled and said, "If your imperial highness will give me your orders, I will pledge myself to execute the mission. I thank my General for having selected me from my comrades, every one of whom was envious for the favor."

The grand duke assured well for the young man's courage and intelligence. He gave him his instructions. Baron Stroganoff supplied him with despatches to Admiral Siniavin. The young Pole was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

During the first two days he pursued his journey without molestation; but on the afternoon of the third day he was attacked by a party of Spanish troops, who unhorsed and disarmed him, and conducted him before the general commanding the military force of the district-- Luckily for the adventurous young Pole, that General was Castanos himself. Leckinski was perfectly aware that he was lost if suspected to be a Frenchman. Consequently, he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, and to speak only Russian and German, which language he could speak with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that would await him, should he be discovered. The horrible death of General Rene, who only a few weeks previously had perished in torture for no other offence than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude. Death itself may be braved, but to meet

it by a refinement of torture, is more than the bravest man can contemplate with indifference.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, addressing the Pole in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency, having been educated at Sorreze.

Leckinski looked steadily at his interrogator, made a sign, and replied in German, "I do not understand."

Castanos himself understood and spoke German; but apparently not wishing to take an active part in the business, he called one of the officers of his staff, by whom the examination was continued.

The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and in German, and kept himself cautiously on his guard against dropping a single word of French. He had no easy part to play, for in the little apartment in which the examination took place, he was pressed upon by a crowd of persons, all thirsting for his blood, and manifesting a ferocious eagerness that he might be found guilty--that is, declared to be a Frenchman.

This furious excitement was increased by a circumstance which threatened to involve the unfortunate young man in inextricable difficulty. An aid-de-camp of Castanos, (one of those fanatical patriots so numerous in the Spanish War) who from the moment of Leckinski's arrest had declared him to be a French spy, rushed into the room in which the examination was going on, holding by the arm a peasant dressed in a brown jacket and high crowned hat, surmounted by a red feather.

Having worked his way through the crowd, the officer placed the peasant before the Polish officer.

"Look at that man," said he, "and then inform us whether he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I would swear by his salvation," continued he, stamping his feet furiously on the ground.

The peasant for a few moments gazed at the young Pole steadfastly.

Then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed, "Es un Frances! Es un Frances!"

He then related that a few weeks previously he had been to Madrid to convey some hay, having, in common with all the inhabitants of his village, been required to carry forage to the barracks. "I know this man," continued the peasant, "he is the same to whom I delivered the forage and who gave me the receipt for it. I stood beside him for nearly an hour, and I know his face well. When I saw him arrive, I said to my comrades--'That is the French officer to whom I delivered my forage.'"

Castanos probably saw the truth; but he was a noble and generous enemy. It was not by wantonly shedding blood that he wished to cement the edifice of Spanish liberty. Castanos possibly perceived that the prisoner was not a Russian, but he dreaded the cruel treatment to which he would be exposed if he were discovered to be a Frenchman. He suggested that he should be allowed to continue his journey; but at this a hundred menacing voices were raised.

"But," asked Castanos, "would it be prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of a rupture with Russia, whose neutrality we have so earnestly solicited?"

"No," replied the officers; "but let it be proved that this man is really a Russian."

Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out and locked up in a miserable chamber, which resembled a dungeon in the most fearful days of the Inquisition.

At the moment of his arrest, Leckinski had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the door of his prison closed upon him, eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of nourishment. Add to this, the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered in the interval, and it cannot be matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion on a mattress which lay on the ground, in one corner of his prison.

trial, he was reconducted to his prison, to reflect at leisure on the horror of his situation.

"Gentleman," said General Castanos to his brother officers, "I am as fully sensible as you of the importance of preventing communication between the different French commanders at present in Spain, but in the position in which this officer stands, we cannot treat him as a spy on the mere assertion of a peasant. The man may be mistaken. He may be deceived by a resemblance, and in that case we should be murderers. That is not the character in which we ought to show ourselves."

It was a cheering relief to Leckinski to return to his prison. For nearly twelve hours he had before his eyes gibbets and mutilated bodies. Though his mind was haunted by horrid images and gloomy forebodings, he nevertheless fell into a profound sleep, for exhausted nature demanded repose. Amidst the dead silence in which all his senses were lulled the door was again softly opened, a female form approached his couch, and the same sweet voice which addressed him on the previous night, said in a half whisper--

"Rise and follow me--you are saved--your horse is waiting."

At the words "you are saved," Leckinski started up, and immediately recovering his presence of mind, he replied, as he had before done, in German by the question, "What do you say?"

On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castanos urged his immediate liberation, but his wish was again overruled.

Leckinski passed another miserable night. At daybreak next morning he was awakened by four men, one of whom was the peasant who alleged he had seen him at Madrid. They had come to conduct him before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castanos' staff. They addressed to him the most bitter menaces, but, firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand a word they said.

When arraigned before his judges, he inquired in German for his interpreter. The latter was brought in and the examination was commenced.

He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon? He replied by showing his despatches from the Russian Ambassador to Admiral Siniavin and his passport; but for the unfortunate encounter with the peasant, who had seen him at Madrid, these proofs would doubtless have been satisfactory. However, the young Pole adhered to the account he had first given of himself, and never prevaricated in his answers.

"Ask him," said the president of the committee "whether he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he says he is not Frenchman?"

The interpreter translated the question.

"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski; "I love and respect to noble character of the Spaniards; but I wish your nation and mine were both united."

"Colonel," said the interpreter, "the prisoner says he hates us, because we carry on warlike banditti; and he would like to see the whole nation united as one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow."

Whilst these words were uttered the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the expression of the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by the infidelity of his interpreter. He stood unmoved.

Leckinski was prepared for every trial, and was on his guard against the snare.

"Gentlemen," said Gen. Castanos, who was present at the examination; "it appears to me there is no ground of suspicion against the young man, and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey."

Accordingly, his arms and despatches were restored to him; and the brave young Pole thus triumphantly passed through a series of trials which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind. He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid, but Junot would not suffer him again to expose himself to the dangers he had so miraculously escaped.

### The Little Panper.

The day was gloomy and chill. At a freshly opened grave stood a delicate little girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovel-full of earth over all the child had left to life; "fretting won't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got some ship's cousins somewhere to take you, it's a tough world, this ere, I tell ye; I don't see how you're going to weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Miss Fetherbee's, she's got a power of children and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark it won't do you good." Allis obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to minutes to take another, and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three, about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange a-piece, and a stick of candy--each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.

Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself, pulling out at intervals, little handfuls of hair.

"Quiet that child! can't ye!" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge here. There, I declare you have put his eyes out of those long curls dangling around: come here, come here and have 'em cut off, they don't look proper for a charity child," (and she glanced at the short, stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.)

Allie's lip quivered, as she said-- "Mother used to love to brush them every morning; she said that they were like little dead sister's; please don't," said she beseechingly.

But I tell you I do please to cut em, so there's an end of that," said she, as the severed ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor; and for creation sake stop talking of 'em dead folks," and eat your breakfast, if you want it; I had forgot you hadn't any--there's some of the children's left; if you are hungry, it will go down, and if you ain't you can do without."

Poor Allie! The daintiest morsel wouldn't have gone down, her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out--"I must cry if you beat me for it--my heart pains me so bad."

"H-t-y-t-y-t-y! what's all this?" said a broad faced rosy milkman as he sat his shining can on the kitchen table; "what's all this, Mrs. Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry."

Who is she? pointing at Allie, "and what's the matter with her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck, that's all," said the lady with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded; nothing on earth to do but to tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and make the beds, and tidy the kitchen, and go on a few errands; ungrateful little baggage!"

Jimmy's heart was as big as his farm; (and that covers considerable ground), glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skillfully--"That child is going to be sick, Mrs. Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides she's too young to be of much use to you; you'd better let me take her."

"Well, I should 'nt wonder if you was all right," said the frightened woman; "she's been trouble enough already; I'll give her a quiet claim."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jimmy, with a bright good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jimmy, as he put one arm around her, to steady her fragile figure, as they rattled over the stony pavement. "We shall soon be out of this smoky old city. (Consarn it!) I always feel as if I was poisoned every time I come into town; and then we'll see what sweet hay fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you--you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you come to live with old Jebbel?"

"From my mother's grave," said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jimmy, wiping away a tear with his coat sleeve. "Well, never mind; I wish I hadn't asked you; I'm always running my head again a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow? or ride on top a hay cart? or go a berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples? and peaches as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair child? have you had your head shaved?"

"Mrs. Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old sarpint! I wish I'd come a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns were playing with? Well never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him, "you don't need 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass more than is good for you."

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I raised you?"

"Look here, Betsey? I do see this child! The earth is fresh on her mother's grave. She has neither kith nor kin. I've brought her from that old skin-bint of Fetherbee's, and here she is; if you like her it's well and good, and if you don't she'll stay here just the same; but I know you will," said he coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm around her capacious waist; "and now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; for mind you, I'll have no white slaves on my farm!"

How sweetly Allie's tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavender sheets. A tear lingered on her cheek, but her birth was not of sorrow. Jimmy pointed it out to his wife, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey," said he, "harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips."--*Ohio Branch.*

### Lament of the Sucked In One.

BY E. D. SLATER.

I wedded her--Oh! ere that knot was tied,  
Why did France paint her cheeks so high?  
My bosom swelled with too much earthly pride,  
The tints on the future, were somewhat too light.

The weight I tho't she had, rose in my mind,  
Like dough, when mixed with Habbitt's yeast  
Bank-stocks, and country-seats rose up behind,  
Big piles of brick, to first rate tenants leased.

She told me of the farms that she possessed,  
The tall stone house on a busy street;  
I dreamed myself as too highly blest,  
When she would deign to raise me from her feet.

My vaulting hope sprang, that time, all too high,  
Fancy, too bright, too glorious pictures drew;  
All of her wealth I might put in my eye,  
And see as clear as now I do.

I heeded not that she had more than twice  
The years that age had printed on my brow,  
I cared not for the cheek as cold as ice,  
That lacked the redness of a youthful glow.

I might, perhaps, endure her hideous eyes,  
Dull as they are, ex: reasonless and cold,  
Ut oh! 'tis hard to dream of such a prize,  
And wake to find myself so sweetly sold.

Well, be it so--tho' such a draught as this,  
Tastes somewhat bitter to my fallen lip--  
I'll dream, at least, that I've found wedded bliss,  
And say, with Meese and Syk-ey, "let 'er rip."

Resigned as a horse-post, I will meet my fate,  
The tied to a mummy, shrivelled up and dry;  
I will console me in my wretched state,  
To think that women sometime's deign to die.

### A Visit to the Ugly Man.

BY SIMON SUGGS.

As we stepped over the low fence I heard the hum of a spinning-wheel, and in another moment one of the sweetest, rosiest faces I ever beheld looked out at the door. It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty daughter of the Ugly Man! Saluting us modestly, she asked us in--and to be seated--and resumed her work. There were few more pretty girls than Lucy. In her moist blue eyes, was a blended expression of mirthfulness and something more tender, that went into your heart, without ever asking leave. Clad in a homespun frock, coarse, but tasteful in its colors and adjustment--and oh! how brilliantly spotless--her fingers tipped with the blue of the indigo tub--her little feet in buckskin moccasins--she plied her task industriously; now with an arch toss, shaking into place her rich auburn hair, and now, with a bound forward gracefully catching the thread that had slipped from her fingers. Sweet-voiced, and with Lucy Wallis, as she stood at her wheel, spinning two threads, one of cotton on her spindle, and the other of gossip, with my excellent and loquacious friend Dick McCoy.

"Plague take the girl! She has made me forget her ugly father! Mr. Wallis and his 'old woman' were from home when we got there--having been on a visit to a sick neighbor--but in half an hour they returned."

"That they come," said Dick, as he heard voices outside the cabin, "sent yourself, and don't be scared!" Then looked at Lucy.

"You've never seen daddy, squire, have you?" she asked, slightly coloring and pouting.

"Never have--always had a curiosity"--but the wounded expression of the girl stopped me, and in another moment the Ugly Man was before me.

"Truly had McCoy said 'nothing on the breathing year'--he can catch him!" His face had the appearance of a recently healed blister spot. His prominent eyes seemed ready to drop from his face, and were almost guiltless of lids. Red, red, and red was the all-prevailing color of his countenance--even his eyes partook of it. His mouth ruby red, looked as if it had been very lately kicked by a roughly shod mule, after having been originally made by gouging a hole in his face with a nail grab. The *tout ensemble* was horribly, unspeakably ugly!

"So you have come to see the Ugly Man, have you, Squire? I've heard of you before. You're the man who took the centers of this county last time. I was in Georjey then. Well, you're mighty welcome. Old 'oman, fly round, get something for the squire and Dick to eat. Lucy, aint you got no fresh eggs?"

got the 'eggs,' and between them they got an excellent supper. The purity of the tablecloth, the excellence of the coffee, and the freshness of the eggs, not to mention Lucy's good looks, were more than a set off against the ugliness of Billy; so that Dick and I continued to eat quite heartily, to the evident gratification of our hospitable, though ugly entertainer.

Supper over, old Billy drew out his large soap stone pipe, and filling it, and lighting, he placed it in his mouth. After a whiff or two he began--

"It's no use arguing the matter--I'm the ugliest man now on top of dirt. Thor's narry nuther like me! I'm a crowd by myself--I alters was. The first I knew of it, tho', was when I was about ten years old. I went down to the spring branch one mornin', to wash my face, and as I looked in the water, I seen the shadow of my face! That's the last time I've seen my countenance--I daresn't shut my eyes when I go 'bout water."

"Don't you use a glass when you shave?" I inquired.

"Class! Thunder! What glass could stand it!--'twould burst it if it were an inch thick. Glass!--pish!"

Lucy told her father he was 'too bad,' and that he 'knew it was no such thing,' and the old man told her she was a 'sassy wench,' and to 'hold her tongue.'

"Yes," he continued, "it's so; I haven't seen my face in forty years, but I know how it looks. Well, when I grew up, I tho't it would be hard to find a woman that'd be willin' to take me, ugly as I was--"

"Oh, you was not uncommon had favored when you was a young man."--

"Uncommon! I tell you when I was ten years old, a fly wouldn't light on my face--and it can't be much wus now! Set up, and let me tell the squire my experience."

"It's no use," put in Lucy, "to be running one's own self down, that way daddy! Tain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunder and lightning, Lucy, you'll have me as handsome as John Bozeman, your sweetheart."

As he said this, old Bill looked at me and succeeded in covering the ball of his left eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.

"Well, hard as I tho't it 'ud be to get a wife, fast ting I knowed, I had Sally, here, and she is or was as purty as any on em."

Old Mrs. Wallis knit away, and coughed slightly.

"However, she never kissed me afore we was married, and it was a long time arter afore she did. The way of it was we had an old one-horned cow, mighty ornery lookin', old as the North star, and poor as a black snake. One day I went out to the lot!"

"Daddy, I wouldn't tell that," said Lucy in the most persuasive tones.

"Blamed if I don't tho'--it's he e truth, and you don't keep still, I'll send for Bozeman to hold you quiet in the corner."

Lucy pouted a little and was silent.

"Yes, I went out to the lot, and there, squire as life, was my old 'oman, swung to the cow, and the old thing flyin' round and cuttin' up all sorts of shimes! See I what the deuce are you up to, old 'oman? And with that she let go and told me she was tryin' to practice kissin' old Chery, and she tho't arter that she could make up her mind to kiss me!"

"Old man, you made that! I've heard you tell that afore--but you made it," said the old lady.

"Well, well! I told her, squire, see I, come down to it now!--shet your eyes--hold your breath!--and upon that she bussed me so, you might have heard it a quarter, and sence that, nobody I as had better kissin' than me! Now, that was my first experience about bein' ugly arter I was grown, and twant so bad either!"

"The next time my ugly features came into play was in Mobile; was you ever there? Greatest place in a green yearth: steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furrin' and brick houses--that's the place! I went down on a flatboat from Wetunkly, with old John Todd. We had a first rate time of it 'till we got most to Mobile, and then the steamboat would run so close to us, that the slushin' would pritty nigh capsize us. They done it for devilment. How old John cursed! but it done no good. At last, see I, I'll try 'em of 'em, my strength in cussin', I'll make 'em ashamed! So the next one came alone, cawt'rin' and smortin' like it was gwine right into us, and did pass in twenty foot! I ris up on a cotton bag, and sez to the crowd--which there was a almighty one on the guards of the boat--see I, 'you infernal racket makin' snortin' sons of--'"

Just for your mouth that way you sez he.

"I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I'll be cused if I didn't die whole of 'em would go into fits--they yelled, and whooped like a gang of wolves. Fin'ly, one of 'em sez, 'don't make fut of the unfortunat; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Let's make up a puss for him!' They all throwed in and made up five dollars; the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me, 'Whar did you find yourself arter the explosion?'"

"In a flat-boat, sez I."

"How far from the Franklin?" sez he.

"Why, sez I, 'I never seen her, as I can guess, it must have been, nigh on to three hundred and twenty-five miles!' You ought to see the gang center. As they left, sez one, 'It's him. It's the ugly man of all!'"

### Always Begin Right.

We once knew an old Friend who had but one piece of advice to young beginners: it was, "If the'll only begin right, all will go well." We have often thought that there was more in the recommendation than even the good Quaker saw, for there is scarcely any thing to be done in life to which the adage, "begin right," will not apply. Success is but a synonym for beginning right.

Who, for example, is the healthiest, the early riser or the sluggard? It is the man who begins the day right, by leaving his bed with the sun, and inhaling the fresh air of the morning, not the one who remains till eight or nine o'clock in a close chamber, sleeping dull, stupefying sleep. Who gets through his days' work the easiest? The early riser, 'The man of business, who is at his store soonest, is always best prepared for the customers of the day, and often, indeed, has sold many a bill before his laggard neighbors are about. Sir Walter Scott used to have half his day's writing finished before breakfast. A shrewd observer has said 'at a late riser consumes the day in trying to recover the hours he lost in the morning. Mind and body are both frazzled early in the day. The lawyer should think the minister study, the author write, the valetudinarian walk or ride, and the mechanic or farmer be at work as early as possible.

Nor is this all. The great bulk of enterprises that fall over their ruin to not having begun right. A business is undertaken without sufficient capital, connection or knowledge. It ends unfavorably. Why? Because it was not begun right. A young professional man, whose probationary period of study has been spent in pleasure rather than in hard reading, complains that he cannot succeed. Why, again? Because he has not begun right either! A stock company blows up. Still why? Ten to one, the means employed are not adequate to the end, or else it was started with inefficient officers, and in either case it was not begun right. Two young housekeepers break up in their gay establishment, the lady going home, perhaps, to her father's, taking her husband with her. Why? 'They did not begin right, for they commenced on too large a scale, forgetting that the expenses of a family increase every year, and that in no event, is it safe for a man to live up to his income. An inventor starts a manufactory, in which his improvements in machinery are brought into play; but after while he finds himself insolvent; his factory is sold; another reaps where he has sown. Why? Alas! like too many others, he has undertaken more than he has means to carry through; he did not begin right; and his ruin was the consequence.

But above all things, life should be begun right. Young men rarely know how much their conduct, during the first few years, affect their subsequent success. It is not only that older persons, in the same business, form their opinions of them at this time, but that every beginner acquires, during these years, habits for good or ill, which color his life's whole future career. We have seen some of the ablest young men, with every advantage of fortune and friends, sow the seeds of ruin and early death, by indulging too freely in the first year of manhood. We have seen some others, with less capacity, and without any backing but industry and energy, rise gradually to fortune and influence. Franklin is a familiar illustration of what a man can do who begins right. If he had been too proud to eat rolls in the street when he was a poor boy, he never would have been Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France.

Always begin right! Survey the whole ground before you commence any undertaking, and you will be prepared to go forward successfully. Neglect this, however, and you are almost sure to fail. In other words, begin right. A good commencement is half the battle. A false step is almost certain to defeat. **BEGIN RIGHT!**

THE CLAY MONUMENT.--It is said that there will be a noble monument erected to the memory of Henry Clay, in Kentucky the State of his adoption. In Ohio there has been subscribed by two citizens of the State, \$1,000 each, and \$500 by a citizen of Mississippi, who refused to give his name. Fayette County, Kentucky, has subscribed \$15,000, Bourbon \$5,000; Franklin more than this sum, and others in proportion. Other States have subscribed liberally.