Monongalia Mirror.

A Family Newspaper---Independent of Party Politics or Religious Sects. Devoted to News, Literature, Agriculture and Morality.

S. SIEGFRIED, Editor and Proprietor: SIEGFRIED, Jun., Assistant Editor.

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POETRY.

A FAIR OFFER.

"Claude Halero" sends us the following "declaration :"—

I think that I'll get married!
For I am growing old;
Too long alone I've tarried
In this bleak world, and cold.
'Tis all so drear and lonely,
Without a constant friend;
So I will choose one, only,
Whose love shall never end.

Yes! yes! I will get married:
I'll seek a gentle wife,
And smoothly we'll be carried
Adown the stream of life!
We'll glide, fondly forgiving
Each other's erring way,
And love as long as living,
And, loving, pass away!

I'll have a child, in gladness
To climb upon my knee,
And when I'm sick with sadness,
To prattle unto me!
Yes, children! who will love me,
And cheer when weak and wan,
And drop a tear above above me,
And praise me when I'm gone.

We'll have a little dwelling,
In some dim, shady nook,
Where song-birds' notes are swelling
Beside a purling brook!
We'll have a flower garden,
Blooming in perpetual May,
And I will be the warden
To keep all cares away.

What though my head is sprinkled
With coming winter's snow!
What though my brow is wrinkled,
It can catch affection's glow!
What though this form is meagre,—
A throbbing heart is there,
And hopes, bright, young and eager,
Within its depth I bear!

Then where's the gentle maiden
I'll choose me for a wife!
Who'll bring a heart love-laden,
To share my pleasant life!
Once loving eyes were beaming
'Neath many a glorious brow!
Alas! I have been dreaming—
Who? who would wed ME now?

THE LAZY BOY.

The lazy lad! and what's his name?
I should not like to tell!
But don't you think it is a shame
That he can't read or spell?

He'd rather swing upon the gate,
Or paddle in the brook,
Than take his pencil or his slate,
Or try to con his book.

There, see, he's lounging down the street,
His hat without a rim;
He rather drags than lifts his feet—
His face unwashed and grim.

He's lolling now against a post,—
But if you've seen him once,
You'll know the lad amongst a host,
For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's name,
I do not choose to tell;
But this you'll know—it is the same
As he who does not blush for shame,
That he don't read or spell.

The Time for Closet Prayer.

Morn is the time to pray,
Before the cares of day
Steal on the hours;
Just when the saffron hue
Tinges the eastern blue,
Sprangling the early dew
On fragrant flowers.

Noon is the time to pray,
'Mid busy scenes of day
We need it more.
'Tis then the Heavenly Dove
May test our blighted love;
His snowy pinions move;
And from us soar.

Eve is the time to pray,
Just when the tints of day
Die in the west,
When violets sweetly weep,
And weary zephyrs sleep
Upon the weary deep,
In quiet rest.

How sweet is closet prayer!
We breathe the balmly air
Of Heaven's clime,
Dews from celestial flowers
And odoriferous bowers,
Fall on us in these hours
Of holy time.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

The *Dutchman* tells a good story of one Abel Jones, Postmaster at Chickasaw Bend, on the Mississippi river—but like many stories in that paper it is spun out rather too long. It appears that Abel was a Vermonter, fond of cash and used to hard work. He was a bachelor of some forty years—had located in the Mississippi valley as a schoolmaster—and being the only learned man in the diggings, he was soon made County Clerk and Postmaster, to which occupation he had added the attractions of a country store. There was a good many desperate rogues and horse-thieves in Abel's neighborhood at the time of which we write, and Abel himself was so *scary* that he always kept his negro 'Sime' to sleep in the store with him. Sime was a dreadful strong black fellow, and with him and a loaded revolver, Abel felt secure from midnight robbers. One night Abel shut his store as usual at nine o'clock. He had not quite finished the business of the day, and so he left the front door on the jar, though the blinds were all put up and fastened. While he was sorting some letters to be despatched by that night's mail, he saw a man, an ugly looking man—a tall, tough, and troublesome looking fellow—enter his doorway, close the door behind him, and look carefully around. Abel raised his head and eyes, and stared at the man while his two hands rested upon letters on one side, and money and accounts on the other.

"Good even'n," rather mechanically than otherwise, said Abel.

"Good evening," was the response, in a very sonorous tone of voice of the stranger. Abel moved not a muscle, nor did the tall, gaunt stranger.—Like two strange, stray animals, two *tommys* in a garret, Abel and the stranger gazed at each other.

"What's up?" says the stranger, advancing a step towards Abel.

"What's up?" Abel repeats.

"Yes," says the stranger, "what are you fingering there?"

To this *very* suspicious query Abel answered not, nor did he move, for a fearful fancy seemed to have woven itself about his muscular and mental faculties, and the powers of volition were negatived in his generally clear and concise way of thinking and acting. Perhaps the more the postmaster looked at the stranger through the nebulous atmosphere intervening between them, the more the startled fancy worked her mysterious wonders in the imagination, and so that now nothing short of being Lafitte, Murrill, the d—l himself, or Doctor Faustus, was then before him!

"I see what you are at!" says the stranger.

"Eh?" tremulously responds the Postmaster.

"Don't you move a peg!"

"I don't—don't intend to, sir!" was the reply.

"What are you at, eh?"

"At?"

"Yes, fellow, I again ask what are you at?"

"Who—who are you?" says Abel.

"I'll show you!"

"You will?"

"Yes, pretty soon, too. Now, drop and clear!" says the stranger, resorting to his side-pocket, from which he drew a revolver.

These high words spoken in an angry tone, waked up Simon, the negro, who, after a more than common hard day's work, lay asleep behind the door, partially concealed from immediate view by 'gunny bags,' a sack of wool, &c.

"Gor-e!" says the negro opening his peepers and speaking in the lowest possible strain, "wha-what's dis?"

"Drop and clear, or you are a dead man!" says the redoubtable stranger, raising the *tubular* instrument to a disagreeable level with poor Abel's valuable organ, the knowledge box.

"In the name of heaven, who are you?" said Abel Jones.

"I'll soon show you," proceeded the stranger.

"What?"

"That I have been watching you."

"Oh!" inwardly groaned Abel.

"And have now got you safe, you old villain!" says the stranger.

"Take—take my money!" gasped the P. M. in despair.

"Your money?"

"Yes, but don't commit murder!" says Abel, pushing the money, letters and accounts over the counter towards the advancing stranger.

"You villain!" shouts the stranger, "do you know me?"

"I does!" bawls the negro, close in the stranger's rear.

"Ah, confederate!" exclaims the startled stranger.

"*Bim! whang!*" Take that shot anyhow," bawls Sime, levelling a gallon molasses jug and contents at the stranger, just as he came quartering around. The jug was 'squashed' by the force of the blow, and down went the stranger.

"Now clar yu'self, massa, for da's more ob 'em I 'spec!"

And with one bound over the counter, and other intervening barricades, Abel Jones left the store in double quick time, the negro at his heels yelling like a legion of devils, affrighting the whole settlement. To the tavern master and man pitched. There Abel fell into the big arm-chair, speechless. Sime was sort of able to give a clue to the case, and upon summoning a posse, the landlord started for the store, where they found the prostrate stranger covered with molasses, which he firmly believed to be blood, and himself a dead man.

"My God, it's the mail agent!" says the landlord.

So it was. He was on the route ferreting parties who were robbing the mails, by hook or crook along that route, and upon entering the store and perceiving Abel in the corner mussing over the letters and money, the agent thought he had found the thief!

This story soon got round the country, and Abel's store was thronged with customers. He sold more blue ruin during the succeeding month than he had disposed of in a year before. Abel calculated the profits made off that night's work as fully equal to a thousand dollars.

The Heroine of the Kanawha.

Marauding parties of Indians were often seen in the valley of Kanawha, and the Virginians doubted not their intention of making a desperate effort to dislodge them from this favorite hunting ground. A runner was sent from Capt. Arbuckle, at Point Pleasant, to Capt. Clendenin the commander of the garrison, with information that a hundred or more Indian warriors had been seen the day previous crossing the Ohio at Raccoon Island some ten miles below. It was to attack them at Charleston or at Big Levels, in Greenbrier county. All the inhabitants around were immediately gathered into the fort.

At this crisis the terrible fact was announced that their ammunition was nearly exhausted. It was determined to send immediately to Camp Union, now Lewisburg, for a supply; but few men could be spared from the fort, and none were willing to encounter with a small party, the perils of a hundred miles journey, through a trackless forest. Mrs. Baily heard of the difficulty, and instantly offered her services, saying she would go alone. Her acquaintance with the country, and fearless spirit, were well known and the commander of the garrison at last yielded to her solicitation. A good horse was furnished her, with a stock of jerked venison and johnny-cake, and she started towards Greenbrier, armed with a rifle, etc., and resolutely overcoming every obstacle in the ruggedness of the way through the woods, the mountains she had to cross, and the rivers to swim, undaunted by the perils threatened from the wild beasts and straggling parties of Indians, she reached Camp Union in safety, delivered her orders, being provided with a horse fully laden as well as her own, and set forward on her return.

She used to relate how her trail was followed for hours together by wolves watching for an opportunity to attack her horse. When night set in she was compelled to make large fires to keep the wild beasts at bay. To protect herself in slumber from the danger of rattle-snakes and copper-heads which infested the wilderness, she had to construct a bedstead every night, by driving into the ground four forked sticks to serve as bed rails and slats, and overlay them with a quantity of green boughs, the leaves serving as a musquito bar. Thus she would sleep amid the howling of the wolves, the screaming of panthers and the buzzing of troublesome insects: at break of day replacing the loads on her horses, and resuming her journey, her simple breakfast being eaten on horseback. She arrived in safety with her supplies at the fort.

The More Rum the more Coffins.

The Life Boat (Boston) says:—One of our citizens who was a coffin maker by trade, and who at the last city election had been all day distributing votes for Dr. Smith, upon learning that he was defeated, consoled himself by saying, "Well, let them vote for Seaver—the more rum the more coffins I shall make."

☞ The New York Times advises young men to keep away from that city. It says that nineteen-twentieths of the young men who go there to seek their fortunes, not only drag out an existence of poverty, but become miserable vagabonds.

MEMORY WHILE DROWNING.

One of the most singular features in Psychology, is the fact which is perfectly notorious, that the faculty of memory acquires an activity and tenacity, in the case of persons about being drowned, which it never exhibits under ordinary circumstances. An accident occurred some weeks since at New York, which threw a number of persons into the North River. Among others were Mr. ———, and his sister; the first named, editor of a weekly paper, in Philadelphia. They were both finally saved. Mr. ——— describes the sensation while under the water, and in a drowning condition to be pleasant but peculiar. It seemed to him that every event in his life crowded in his mind at once. He was sensible of what was occurring, and expected to drown, but seemed only to regret that such an interesting 'item' as his sensations would make, should be lost.

In noticing this statement in an exchange, I am reminded of an incident which, dissimilar as it is to the one just narated, in its general features had the same remarkable awakening of the memory, which such cases sometimes exhibit. I can vouch for the truth of what follows, as well as testify to vivid recollections in my own case, when exposed to the hazards of drowning, *reproducing* in a few moments the events of my entire past life.

Some years since, A held a bond of B. for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. At its maturity he found that he had put it away so carefully that he was unable to find it. Every search was fruitless. He only knew it had not been paid or traded away. In this dilemma he called on B., related the circumstance of its disappearance, and proposed giving him a receipt as an offset to the bond, or an indemnifying bond against its collection, if ever found.—To his great surprise, B. not only refused to accept the terms of meeting the difficulty, but positively denied owing him anything, and strongly intimated the presence of fraudulent design on the part of A. Without legal proof, and therefore without redress, he had to endure both the loss of his money, and the suspicion of a dishonorable intention in urging the claim. Several years past away without any change in the nature of the case, or its facts as above given, when one afternoon while bathing in the James River, A., either from inability to swim, or cramp or some other cause, was discovered to be drowning. He had sunk and risen several times, and was floating away under the water, when he was seized and drawn to the shore.—The usual remedies were applied to resuscitate him, and though there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for some days. On the first return of strength to walk he left his bed, went to his book-case, took a book, opened it, and handed his long lost bond to a friend who was present. He then informed him that when drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, in a moment, there stood out distinctly before his mind as a picture, *every act of his life*, from the hour of childhood to the hour of sinking beneath the water, and among them the circumstance of his putting the bond in a book, the book itself, and the place in which he had put it in the book case. It is needless to say that he recovered 'his own with usury.'

There is no doubt that this remarkable quickening of memory results from the process which in such cases is going on—the extinguishment of life. It is somewhat analogous to the breaking in of the light of another world, which in so many well attested cases of death-bead scenes, enables the departing spirit, even before it has absolutely left its clay tenement to behold and exult in the glories of the future state. Is it not a fair inference, that when the soul shakes off the clogs and incumbrances of the body, it will possess capacities for enjoyment, of which, on earth it was unsusceptible.

As regards the memory, it will be observed by most persons, how readily in life we forget that which we do not desire to remember, and in this way, get rid of much unhappiness. *Can we do this, after death?* This is an important practical question.

WALKING TABLES.—The Philadelphia *Mercury* is informed by Mrs. Melinda Shackles, that her two mahogany tables have been made to walk by spiritualism. They beat the common locomotive tables set in motion by the Foxite machinery—for they walked out of the house, "clean off" to a second-hand furniture store. Mrs. S. and her jolly red-nosed husband vouch for the fact and produce a five-gallon demijohn full of first rate spirits to confirm her report. In this case, the spirits did not come to fetch away the tables, but the tables went for the spirits.

A CHAPTER ON CLERGYMEN.

Oh, walk in, Mr, Jones, walk in; a minister's time isn't of much account. He ought to expect to be always ready to see his parishioners. What's the use of having a minister, if you can't use him? Never mind scattering his thoughts to the four winds, just as he gets them glowingly concentrated on some sublime subject; that's a trifle. He's been through college, *hasn't he?* Then he ought to know a thing or two; and be able to take up the thread of his argument where he laid it down; else where's the almighty difference between him and a layman? If he can't make a practical use of his Greek and Latin Theology, he had better strip off his black coat, *unshake* his "right hand of fellowship," and throw up his commission. Take a seat, Mr. Jones; talk to him about your crops; make him plough over a dozen imaginary fields with you; he ought to be able to make a quick transit from "predestination" to potatoes. Why, just think of the man's salary—*and you helping to pay it!* Nebuchadnezzar! havn't you hired him, soul and body? He don't belong to himself at all, except when he's asleep. Mind and give him a little wholesome advice before you leave; inquire how many pounds of tea he uses per week, and ask him *how he came to* be so unclerical as to take a ride on horseback the other day; and how much the hostler charged him for the animal, and whether he went on a gallop or a canter, or an orthodox trot? Let him know, very decidedly, that ministers are not expected to have nerves, or headaches, or side-aches, or heart-aches. If they get weary writing (which they've no business to,) let them go down cellar and chop up some wood. As to relaxation suggestive of beautiful thought which a gallop on a fleet horse through the country might furnish, where the sweet air fans the aching temples caressingly, where fields of golden grain wave in the glad sunlight, where the blended beauty of sky and sea and rock and river, and hill and valley, send a thrill of pleasure through every inlet of the soul—pshaw! that's all transcendental nonsense, fit only for green boarding school girls and silly scribling women,—a minister ought to be above such things, and have a heart as tough as the doctrine of election. He ought to be a regular theological sledge-hammer, always sharpened up, and ready to do execution without any unnecessary glitter, That's it!

Fact is Mr. Jones (between you and I and the vestry door,) it is lucky there are some philanthropic laymen like yourself who are willing to look after these ministers. It's the most generous in you, because we are all aware it's a thing you don't take the *slightest pleasure* in doing(?) You may not get your reward for it in this world but if you don't in the next, I shall make up my mind, that Lucifer is remiss in his duty.—*Olive Branch.*

FANNY FERN.

STURM'S REFLECTIONS

ON THE PERMANENCY OF CORPOREAL BEINGS.

Nothing perishes in Nature. From the beginning of the world to the present period, not a single atom has been annihilated. The first groves produced by the power of God were clothed with rich verdure and beautiful leaves. Those withered and fell and ceased to be leaves; but the particles of which they were composed remained and were converted into dust, clay or earth. The matter, of which the first leaves and herbs were formed, still exists, and has lost none of its essential parts; and the constituent part of the plants which now flourish, will exist while the world shall endure. It is true the wood which we burn ceases to be wood, but its particles do not cease to exist, being dispersed into ashes, soot and smoke. And though nature is subject to constant changes, everything that is decomposed is regenerated, and nothing finally perishes.

We must not always judge from appearances. When revolutions and convulsions agitate the face of nature, we are induced to believe that many beings are totally destroyed; but this is an error. They are only differently modified and become the materials which enter into the composition of other beings. The water which exhales in steam and vapor is not lost, it only leaves one place to increase in another. Thus, what from want of information we regard as being entirely destroyed, has only undergone a change of parts, and the world, considered in the whole, is now what it was in the first day of its being, though many of its component parts have experienced very considerable alterations. These considerations may induce us to reflect upon the revolution our bodies must undergo in the grave: though they will entirely dissolve into dust, they will not be annihilated, but their component parts will continue to exist.

The conviction of this truth may fortify us against the fear of the grave and dread of corruption, whilst it will strengthen our belief in the resurrection. Why, then, shall my heart sink at the thought of the grave, or my mind suffer from the terror of annihilation? What is deposited in the tomb is not the only possession we have worthy of our regard and solicitude; it is merely the earthly tabernacle which returns to its native dust, whilst the soul is incorruptible and endures for ever.

From the continual duration of corporeal particles we may rationally conclude that the soul also is immortal. Seeing that none of our earthly parts can be annihilated, can we suppose that our souls should be the only created thing which shall perish?—Impossible! Sooner would the whole material world sink into annihilation, than one soul, which has been redeemed by Christ Jesus should perish.

The Massacre of the Vaudois.

This is one of the most fearful episodes in the history of human crime:—It was perpetrated against the peasant inhabitants of the Canton of Vaud by the Pope's Legate Cantaneo. The tragedy is thus related in a work just published:

"The Vaudois, feeling that they could not resist a force twenty times greater than their own, abandoned their poor habitations, placed their old people and children in their rustic carts, with their domestic utensils, and such provisions as they could collect, and driving their herds before them, and singing canticles, retired to the rugged slopes of Mont Pelvomx. This part of the Alps, which has since been named the Visol Brianconnais, rises more than 6000 feet above the level of the valley. A third of the way up there is an immense cavern, called Aigue Froide or Ailtrede, from the cold springs nourished by the snows which are found there. A sort of platform, accessible only over fearful precipices extends at the mouth of the cavern, the majestic vault of which, after subsiding into a narrow passage, expands once more into an immense hall of irregular form. Such was the asylum which the Vaudois had selected. They placed at the extremity of the grotto the women, children, and old men; the cattle and sheep occupied the lateral cavities of the rock; and the able bodied men posted themselves towards the mouth of the cavern, which, after having first barricaded with large rocks the path that led to the grotto, they had walled up with similar materials. Cataneo states, in his Memoirs, that they had with them provisions for more than two years. All their precautions thus taken, they deemed they had nothing to fear; but in reality they had to fear this very confidence in mere human precautions.

Cataneo had with him a daring and experienced leader, named La Palud.—This captain, seeing the impossibility of forcing the entrenchments of the grotto on the side by which the Vandois had reached it, led his own men back into the valley; then, with all the ropes he could collect, he ascended Mont Pelvoix, and, making his way to the precipice overhanging the entrance to the cavern, descended, by means of the ropes, to the platform. Nothing could have been more easy than for the Vandois either to have cut the ropes, or to have slain each soldier before he reached the ground, and then hurled them into the abyss; but a panic of terror seized the unhappy besieged. Some who rushed out from the cavern, precipitated themselves down the rocks; those who assayed resistance, were slaughtered by La Palud, who, then not venturing to involve his men in the depths of the cavern, piled up all the wood he could collect at the entrance, and setting fire to it, those who attempted to issue forth, were either destroyed by the flames, or by the sword of the enemy, while those who remained within, were stifled by the smoke. When the cavern was afterwards examined, there were found in it 400 infants, suffocated in their cradles, or in the arms of their dead mothers.—Altogether, there perished in the cavern more than 3000 Vaudois—including the entire population of Val Louise. Cataneo distributed the property of these unfortunates among the vagabonds who accompanied, him and never again did the Vaudois Church raise its head in those blood stained valleys."

THEY SAY.—Whenever any body comes to you with a story concerning somebody or anything, and prefaces it with the stereotyped phrase, '*they say*' you may rest assured that nine times out of ten, that report or story is a lie. When the author of a report must be suppressed, there is something wrong in Denmark. No story, true in all its parts, need be prefaced with 'they say'. Let those who know it report it boldly, or keep it an entire secret. We could bring some illustrations of this subject did we deem it at all necessary. No doubt every man will readily apply it to himself.—*Pitts. Dispatch.*

SERENADING A YOUNG LADY.

A friend of one of our cotemporararies tells the following:

In my young days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended that my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared delighted, but more particularly so was a young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed it was beautiful, delightful, &c. I of course was highly delighted, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night.

I started the next night, in company with several young friends, and arrived as I supposed, at the lady's residence, but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike on "the last Rose of Summer." I struck up, but the window remained closed, and the boys began to smile.

"Oh," said I, "that's nothing,—it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air."

I next struck up 'Old Robin Gray.' Still the window remained closed.—The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more, boys," said I, "and she must come." I struck up again, "My love is like the red, red rose."—Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug. Let us sing "Home, sweet home," and if that don't bring her, I'll give it up."

We struck up and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys, I knew we could fetch her."

But, instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night-cap and dressing gown.

"Friend," said he, "thee was singing of thy home and, if I recollect aright, thee said there was no place like home, and, if that is true, why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here—thee, nor any of thy company. Farewell."

It is scarcely necessary to add that we went home.

HONESTY IN BUSINESS.

Two brethren were riding in a wagon one day; the conversation turned on the manner of doing business.

"Brother?" said one, "if we would succeed in store-keeping we cannot be strictly upright in every little thing.—It is impossible. We could not live."

"It is contrary to religion not to be upright," replied the other. "Honesty is as much a part of religion as prayer, or reading the Bible. A man may pray and read the Bible, and yet if he be not strictly an honest man, he cannot be a religious one."

"I don't know about that; we must live,—that is my doctrine."

"But you pretend to be a religious man, don't you? You are a professor as well as I am."

"But we must live. I shall break down in my store if I do not shave a little."

"And you will be more likely to break down if you do. I tell you, my brother, honesty is not only a part of religion, but is the best policy too; and I will venture to say, the man who is honest will succeed better in store than the one who is not. The man who is unjust, even in little things, is a dishonest man, and an irreligious man; and the day of judgment will convince him of it fearfully."

The above conversation, in substance, took place in one of the counties of the State of New York. The store keeper did business in a village near which they were riding. Since that time he has failed in his business, and has been obliged to leave the village.

I wish every merchant, every storekeeper, would lay this truth to heart: "A man who is not strictly an honest man cannot be a religious man." T. C.

—*Chris. Adv. & Jour.*

Arithmetic of Heaven.—Daniel Webster had too much sense to reject a doctrine of the Bible, because he could not understand it. Being asked by a Unitarian gentleman, as he was coming out of an Episcopal Church in Boston, whether he believed three and one to be the same thing, he replied in a manner perfectly characteristic, as it properly disposes of the real difficulty of the Trinity; "Sir, I believe you and I do not understand the arithmetic of heaven."