

The Primitive Republican.

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CAN BE CURED!!!
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PAIN-EXPELLER
IS SPECIFIC,
and cures all
tooth-ache,
and all other
dental troubles.
Editor & Proprietor.

F. G. BALDWIN,
OLD SERIES, VOL. IX NO. 24.

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POETRY.

Who Made the Little Flowers.

The Atheist in his garden stood,
At twilight's pensive hour,
As little daughter by his side,
Was gazing on a flower.

Oh, pick that blossom, Pa, for me,
The little prattler said,
It is the fairest one that blooms
Within the lowly bed.

The father plucked the chosen flower,
And gave it to the child—
With parted lips and sparkling eyes,
She seized the gift and smiled.

Oh, Pa—who made this pretty flower,
This little violet blue,
Who gave it such a fragrant smell,
And such a lively hue?

Change came o'er the father's brow:
His eyes grew strangely wild;
His thoughts within him had been stirred
By that sweet artless child.

The truth flashed on her father's mind—
The truth in all its power,
There is a God, my child," he said,
"He made that little flower."

For the Primitive Republican.

THREADS.

FROM THE LIFE-WOOL OF HAL HANKINS, ESQ.

CHAP. VII.

A True Story.

INDICATED, WITH THE BEST VIEWS OF THE AUTHOR, TO ALL YOUNG LADIES BELONGING TO THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE GRAHAM'S ARRIVAL, &c.

George Graham's arrival in the town where attraction lived, in the person of Helen Hampton, was gazetted from house to house, in an inconceivably short time, thanks to the gossiping women, and the leading men of the village—in which specimens of humanity even down abounds to abundance. Not, by means, that all women are given gossip, or all men to loafing. At least a few of every village community, may be innocent of these social evils. Let me say, that our statistics lessen the number of village gossips and loafers—particularly gossips—below the actual minimum; for have been as much pains to be accurate, as census-taker, and may therefore be relied on, as good authority, by all future writers of gossip biography. Any how, the of our hero's safe arrival, together with the object of his visit, was generally known in that one hour, after he had taken lodgings at the Bell Tavern, and that too, with the help of a newspaper notice. The fact that the sound of old Simon Sample's omer was not heard once, and that his wife with her ungathered dress might have been seen gliding from dwelling to dwelling like a Salem witch, during that time, will explain the rapidity with which news of so important an event gained circulation.

At a suitable time, George Graham, made debut in the parlor of Gen. Hampton. Helen had been posted up in all the important items pertaining to his history, and having the element of appreciation in common with all marrying persons, male and female, was perfectly sensible of the fact, that Mr. George Graham was one of the men, to catch whom, it was worth, at least a strong effort.

She therefore put herself, according to the advice of Mrs. Sukey Sample, on her best behavior. Her toilette had received particular attention. Water curls, and hair-catches were, at that period, in the full tide of their popularity, and upon that fair brow, might have been seen, a perfect community of closely adhering locks of hair, in the forms of circles, flat circles, and quarter circles, rather with other figures, not mentioned in text books of cosmetology. Her voice too, was modulated most precisely, while her head showed a variety of movements, with not unwisely adjusted balancings. And her eyes—how they talked of these? You should have heard George Graham, describe their over-coming him, in order to form any thing like a just estimate of the influence of those glances.

The evening passed, as George continued, in a vivacious manner. He was fascinated. Not until his eye rested on the glow of sunset,

that crowned a range of hills, fronting the window, where he sat, was he conscious of the lateness of the hour. He reluctantly departed, to his room.

The next day, and indeed for several days, he was a regular attendant upon Miss Helen, and was known to have visited every nice bit of woodland, and river scenery, in the neighborhood of the village, in the evening drives, he had taken, under the guidance of the fair one. During this blessed cooling season, whereof some of my readers, have personal memory, George was in raptures. He had taken occasion, once or twice, to speak in very slight disparagement of religion, in her presence, for the purpose of testing her estimate of her profession, and the result had been creditable to her valuation of it. Now, Mrs. Sukey Sample was one of your knowing old ladies, and among other items of information, she had managed to pick, was that of George Graham's preference for a woman of piety. How much the circumstance of her having communicated this to Helen, induced that very sensible person to suppose Mr. Graham's reflections on religion, to be mere past time, and therefore caused her to become its zealous advocate, is a matter about which, I am as yet in a state of complete ignorance. I have thought it possible though, that it might have contributed a moiety to her zeal; for we have it on good authority, that she was really zealous.

Things were going on swimmingly between the two equally smitten lovers, when a circumstance occurred, that completely changed the course of their "true love."

CHAPTER IV.

A TALK AT THE PARSONAGE.

"And you are determined on putting my young friend, Miss Hampton's piety to the test you say?"

"Yes sir, this day, and within one hour from the present moment too."

"But do you not fear the result? You must bear in mind the disposition to please the other sex, so natural to all young ladies. Miss Hampton's impression will be, that you desire her company, and when there is added to this, her own wishes, it may prove too strong a matter for her to resist."

"Well sir, I admit that in ordinary cases, I should expect the test to decide against me. But I am sufficiently deceived to believe her an extraordinary woman, and if I am mistaken, the sooner I make the discovery, the better for me."

"Well, my young friend would it not be well enough, to let the young lady's general demeanor, serve as a basis, on which, to build your judgment, without subjecting her to a test, where seven-tenths of our young people, if weighed in the balances, would be found wanting?"

"I think not sir—with all deference to your counsel; for you see it is a wife, from among the remaining three-tenths, that I am disposed to get possession of; and, although my merits, may not seem sufficient to warrant such exaction, I am unwilling to content myself, with anything short of it."

"In one respect, you are right; yet were I in your place, knowing as I do the worth of Miss Hampton, I would hesitate, before I hazarded so much, upon what I honestly tell you, I believe will prove a failure."

"If she fail, it must be so; for wild as I am, I hope some of these days to be a Christian. Every thing will depend on the woman I take, as my wife; and unless I can obtain some commanding evidence, that her piety is something more than a nominal connection with the church, I should be always doubting, and her counsel, however well meant, would be easily parried by me. The plan I have fallen on, I admit, will, in this day of compromises on the part of religious people, involve a principle of duty. Should she satisfy me that she has it; and after that give me, what I have some hope that I share—a place in her affections—then I shall be one of the happiest mortals, living; but should she too, like others have done, prefer the company of a marrying man to that of her God, I shall resign all pretension to her hand, and leave your pleasant town to-morrow. I feel that this must sound strangely to your ears, coming as it does, from one so irreligious as I am; yet it is my way of thinking, and from it, I cannot be dissuaded."

The above conversation was carried on, between George Graham, and Miss Hampton's Pastor. The following explanation, will serve as a key to it. George having learned that she was a member of one of the church divisions, called classes, ascertained the hour of meeting, and determined on a visit to Miss Hampton, at that particular hour, for the purpose of finding out, whether she would neglect a religious duty, and a church usage, for either politeness or pleasure, by remaining to entertain him in her father's parlor, or go to her class meeting. If the former, he was off; if the latter, he was determined to pass from an admirer, to a declared suitor.

I do not venture an opinion on the wisdom of his course. It was one, he felt it necessary to adopt, and I shall not quarrel with him about it. The business of Mr. Hankins, is to state the facts, as they occurred and leave his readers, to form their own conclusions, which he doubts not, will be varied enough.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

It was about the hour of Helen's class meeting, when George Graham left the par-

sonage. As a faithful chronicler, I would like exceeding much, to record his thoughts, as he bent his steps toward the dwelling of Gen. Hampton. But however much Mr. Hankins may be possessed of, in the way of knowledge, there are a few things in this world, which he does not know. He is wonderful in the guessing line however; and were he to try his hand in that decided Yankeeism, he might—accidentally miss the mark. So he prefers walking along silently with the eccentric suitor, to the place of his destination. We reach the door, and Mr. Graham rings. A servant invites him in. Just then, Miss Helen descends the stair-way, bonneted, gloved, &c. They meet in the long Hall. Mr. Graham bows, and Miss Hampton smiles with an ineffable grace. The colloquy beginneth, and runneth as follows:

Mr. Graham.—Good morning Miss Hampton!

Miss Hampton.—Am happy to see you this morning Mr. Graham—hope your spirits are in harmony with the beauty and the sunshine without!

Mr. Graham.—Ah my dear Miss Hampton, the brighter orb, shines within doors, in your father's dwelling; for its light has done more toward dispelling the gloom, than the brightness without!

George had been cultivated in that odious school of empty complimenting, so popular among the gallants of this generation.—Shame on him!

Miss Hampton.—Indeed Mr. Graham, if you continue your habit of flattery, I shall be at a loss, when to give you credit for seriousness. But walk in—you must excuse me, for forcing you to stand so long.

Mr. Graham.—If you please Miss Hampton, I will defer my visit, until the afternoon. I see you have donned your walking attire, for some pleasure, of which I desire not to deprive you.

Miss Hampton.—It is merely a class-meeting engagement, which I can easily dispense with, without any inconvenience whatever."

At this juncture of the interview, Helen passed her bonnet to her maid, and moved toward the parlor door. Poor maiden, thy dreams will soon vanish; for thou art out of the path of duty, and out of that, thou art never secure!

Mr. Graham.—Then it is a duty, the claims of which, are higher, than mere pleasure, and of course, I will not be necessary to its neglect. Allow me to postpone my call, until some hour this evening; for I feel that I shall be trespassing."

Ab George thou art an advocate against thyself, in thus resorting to a species of special pleading with Helen, to go to her meeting! I blame thee not though; for that queeny woman before thee is fascinating above most of her sex.

Miss Hampton.—I cannot hear of it Mr. Graham. See now, I have doffed bonnet and all, and even sent them away. Remember too that our village is favored with class meetings once a week, and it may be a great many moons, before we have the honor of a sojourn from you again. So now, give me credit for progress in your favorite branch—complimenting, and come in."

What could the poor man do, but enter? The fact is, Miss Helen Hampton, with all her average piety, was determined on a conquest of Mr. George Graham, and in attempting on that memorable evening, quite overdid things. In the first place, she had, in the estimation of the, to-be-caught, proven recalcitrant to her God, in the fact of her great willingness, to neglect one of the stated usages of her church, and in holding that neglect to be a thing of no importance. The test, was against her. And secondly, he thought her zeal for his company that morning, not exactly according, either to knowledge, or female propriety. The scape-grace, altho' very latitudinarian with his precious self, was exaction itself with the poor females. It is astonishing how the superb Helen Hampton depreciated in his esteem during the hour of absent mindedness on his part, and perfected loquacity on hers, which they passed together that morning.

George Graham was immovable in his resolution. He had got it ingrained in his mind, that the beautiful one, wanted that pure principle of steadily adhering to the right, which he thought essential to the one aspiring to the alliterative cognomen of Mrs. George Graham. So the next morning, found him, shaking the dust off his feet, and turning his back on the home of the disappointed Helen Hampton.

How Helen bore it—for the whole array of facts did go to her ears, thanks to her old friend, with the smooth-waisted dress, Mrs. Sukey Sample—may be inferred from a remark she made to old man Simon, at the door of his midday few mornings afterward, which was that, "indeed Mr. Graham, only saved himself a flat refusal, by failing to make application for my hand; for I wouldn't have him, if he was the last man on the face of the earth."

"Do you believe that, Mr. Hankins?"

Come, come, good reader! I am too old to be reciting a catechism, involving female voracity, through a newspaper! I rather think all things considered, she "ought not to have gone," to that class-meeting—perhaps!

Columbus, Miss., 1851.

Gold is an idle, whopped in all climates without a single word, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

The following extract from Garland's Life of John Randolph, recently published by the Appleton's, presents a very interesting account of the singular manner of death of this remarkable man, whose history is related in these volumes, with an attraction unequalled by that of any other American biographer.

He hurried on to Philadelphia, to be in time for the packet, that was about to sail from the Delaware, but he was to late; he was destined to take passage in a different boat, and to a land far different from that of his beloved England. It was Monday night when he reached the city, and the storm was very high. His friends found him on the deck of the steamboat, while Jonny was out hunting for a carriage. He was put into a wretched hack, the glasses all broken, and was driven from hotel to hotel in search of lodgings, and exposed all the time to the peltings of the storm. He at length drove to the City Hotel, kept by Mr. Edmund Badger. When Mr. Badger came out to meet him, he asked if he could have accommodations. Mr. Badger replied that he was crowded, but he would do the best he could for him. On hearing this he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Great God! I thank thee, I shall be among friends and shall be taken care of!"

Mr. Randolph was very ill. Dr. Joseph Parish, a Quaker physician, was sent for. As he entered the room, the patient said, "I am acquainted with you, sir, by character; I know you through Dr. Giles. He then told the doctor that he had attended several courses of lectures on anatomy, and described his symptoms with medical accuracy, declaring that he must die if he could not discharge the puriform matter."

"How long have you been sick, Mr. Randolph?"

"Don't ask me that question; I have been sick all my life; I have been affected with my present disease, however, for three years; it was greatly aggravated by my voyage to Russia. That killed me, sir; this Russian expedition has been a Putowa, a Bercina to me."

The doctor now felt his pulse.

"You can form no judgment by my pulse, it is so peculiar."

"You have been so long an invalid, Mr. Randolph, you must have acquired an accurate knowledge of the general course of practice adapted to your case."

"Certainly, sir; at forty a fool or a physician, you know."

"There are idiosyncrasies," said the doctor, "in many constitutions; I wish to ascertain what is peculiar about you."

"I have been an idiosyncrasy all my life. All the preparations of camphor injure me; as to ether it will blow me up; not so with opium, I can take opium like a Turk and have been in the habitual use of it, in one shape or other, for some time."

Before the doctor retired, Mr. Randolph's conversation became curiously diversified. He introduced the subject of the Quakers; complimented them, in his peculiar manner, for neatness, economy, order, comfort—in everything. "Right," said he, "in everything except politics—the're always twistical."

He then repeated a portion of the liturgy of the Episcopal Church, with apparent fervor. The following morning the doctor was sent for very early. He was called from bed; Mr. Randolph apologized very handsomely for disturbing him. Something was proposed for his relief, he pertinently and positively refused compliance. The doctor paused and addressed a few words to him; he apologized, and was as submissive as an infant. One evening a medical consultation was proposed; he promptly objected. "In a multitude of counsel," said he, "there is confusion; it leads to weakness and indiscretion; the patient may die while the doctors are staring at each other." Whenever Dr. Parish parted from him especially at night, he would receive the kindest acknowledgments, in the most affectionate tones: "God bless you, he does bless you, and he will bless you."

The night preceding his death, the doctor passed about two hours in his chamber. In plaintive tone, he said, "My poor John, sir, is worn down with fatigue, and has been compelled to go to bed. A most attentive substitute supplies his place, but neither he nor you, sir, are like John,—he knows where to place his hand on anything, in a large quantity of baggage prepared for European voyage." The patient was greatly distressed in breathing in consequence of difficult expecoration. He requested the doctor, at his next visit, to bring instruments for performing the operation of bronchotomy, for he could not live unless relieved. He then directed a certain newspaper to be brought to him. He put on his spectacles as he sat propped up in bed, and turned over the paper several times, and examined it carefully, then placing his finger on a part he had selected, handed it to the doctor, with a request that he would read it. It was headed "Cherokee." In the course of reading, the doctor came to the word "Omnipotence," and pronounced it with a full sound on the penultimate—Omnipotence.—Mr. Randolph checked him and pronounced the word according to Walker. The doctor attempted to give a reason for his pronunciation. "Pass on," was the quick reply.—The word impetus was then pronounced with the e long—"impetus." He was instantly corrected. The doctor hesitated in the criticism. "There can be no doubt of it, sir." An immediate acknowledgment of the reader, that he stood corrected, appeared to satisfy the critic, and the piece was concluded. The doctor observed that there was a great deal of ambiguity in the composition. He directly referred to the Mosaic account of creation, and repeated, "Let there be light and there was light." There is sublimity, Next morning (the day on which he died), Dr. Parish received an early and an urgent message to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant John, who was much affected at the sight of his dying master. The doctor remarked to him, "I have seen your master very low before, and he revived; and perhaps he will again." "John knows better than that, sir." He then looked at the doctor with great intensity, and said in an earnest and distinct manner, "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves whom I have manumitted and for whom I have made provision."

"I am rejoiced to hear such a declaration

from you, sir," replied the Doctor, and soon after proposed to leave him for a short time to attend to another patient. "You must not go," was the reply; "you cannot, you shall not leave me. John, take care that the Doctor does not leave the room." John soon locked the door, and reported, "Master, I have looked the door and put the key in my pocket—the Doctor can't go now."

He seemed excited and said, "If you do you need not return." The Doctor appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as he was only desirous of discharging his duty to another patient.—His manner instantly changed, and he said, "I retract that expression." Some time afterwards, turning an expressive look, he said again, "I retract that expression."

The Doctor now said that he understood the subject of his communication, and presumed the Will would explain itself fully.—He replied in his peculiar way, "No; you don't understand it; I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves. A Will may manumit them, but provision for their subsequent support, requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should continue with the party, and never lose sight of him until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John—you see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me; your patients must make allowance for your situation. John told me this morning—'master you are dying.'"

The Doctor spoke with entire candor, and replied that it was a matter of surprise that he had lasted so long. He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast-bottle; he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button-hole of his shirt-bosom—but to fix it buttoned, required a hole on the opposite side. "Get a knife," said he, "and cut one."

A napkin was called for, and placed by John over his breast. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed, "Remove! remove!" It was three repeated—the last time at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out—"Let me see the word." "There is none in the room, sir." "Write it down, then—let me see the word!" The doctor picked up one of his cards, "Randolph of Roanoke." "Shall I write it on this card?" "Yes, nothing more proper." The word *remove* was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed. It was so done and handed him again. He was extremely agitated.—"Remove! you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contracted to bring me to my present situation—but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ and hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word, which was accordingly done.—"What am I to do with the card?" inquired the doctor. "Put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead, look at it."

The doctor now introduced the subject of calling in some additional witnesses to his declarations, and suggested sending down stairs for Edmund Badger. He replied—"I have already communicated that to him."

The doctor then said—"With your concurrence, sir, I will send for two young physicians, who shall remain and never lose sight of you until you are dead; to whom you can make your declarations—my son, Dr. Isaac Parish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, a brother of Capt. West. He quickly asked—"Captain West of the packet?" "Yes, sir, the same." "Send for him—he is the man—I'll have him."

Before the door was unlocked, he pointed towards a bureau, and requested the doctor to take from it a remuneration for his services. To this the doctor promptly replied, that he would feel as though he were acting indecately to comply. He then waived the subject by saying—"in England it is always customary."

The witnesses were now sent for, and soon arrived. The dying man was propped up in bed with pillows, neatly crept. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had blankets over his head and shoulders, and he directed John to place his hat on, over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head. With a countenance full of sorrow, John stood close by the side of his dying master. The four witnesses, Edmund Badger, Francis West, Isaac Parish and Joseph Parish, were placed in a semi-circle, in full view.—He rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body, to his last effort. "His whole soul," says Dr. Parish, "seemed concentrated in the act. His eyes flashed feeling and intelligence. Pointing towards us with his long index finger, he addressed us—"

"I confirm all the directions in my Will, respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support." And then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his open hand, on the shoulder of his favorite John, and added these words:—"Especially for this man." He then asked each of the witnesses whether they understood what Mr. Randolph had said in regard to the laws of Virginia, on the subject of manumission, and then appealed to the dying man to know whether he had stated it correctly. "Yes," said he, and gracefully waving his hand as a token of dismissal, he added—"the young gentlemen will remain with me."

The scene was now changed. Having disposed of that subject most deeply impressed on his heart, his keen, penetrating eye lost its expression, his powerful mind gave way, and his fading imagination began to wander amid scenes and with friends that he had left behind. In two hours the spirit took its flight—all that was mortal of John Randolph of Roanoke, was hushed in death.

His remains were taken to Virginia and buried at Roanoke, not far from the mansion in which he lived, and in the midst of "that boundless continuity of shade," where he spent so many hours of anguish and of solitude. He sleeps quietly now—the squirrel may gambol in the boughs above, the partridge may whistle in the long grass that waves over that solitary grave, and none shall disturb or make them afraid.

But by far not least an object, if it is pursued to be abandoned at the first difficulty, will be so carefully maintained to the last.

Bits too good to be Lost.

(FROM PAPERS YOU MAY NOT HAVE SEEN.)

PICTURE OF A FAMILY.—[The most famous family of England, for its benevolence and active goodness, is that of the GURNEYS, of whom Elizabeth Fry, the female Apostle, was one. In a notice of the Memoirs of this sainted and beloved Quakeress, which we find in the *Melodist Quarterly*, occurs a passage which thus describes, in its home, the family of which she was one:—]

Home Journal.

"In August, 1800, she married Joseph Fry, a member of the Society of Friends, and a merchant in extensive business in London, and she at once removed to a capacious house in St. Mildred's Court, where her husband, as junior partner, resided.

Before following her to her new dwelling and her altered life, we will linger at Earlham Hall, and look upon that group of brothers and sisters that made it illustrious.—Would that some gossiping pen had traced for us its angles and quadrangles; its dining and drawing rooms; its nooks and corners, with the minutest that Southey has the house of his grandmother.—We should have felt more at home in this Earlham family—the 'new constellation,' for which Wilberforce wanted 'a name that would include all that was to be esteemed, loved, respected, coveted.' There was Joseph John Gurney, so well known for his appeals for the oppressed, for his unwearied philanthropy; and Rachel, the joint owner with Elizabeth of the light closet and the little set of tea-things—the beautiful, lively, warm-hearted girl—the generous, self-sacrificing woman. There, too, was Louisa, better known as Mrs. Samuel Hoare, who wrote Hints on Education, and some other works, a was said to be the most talented of the family; and John, remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the fascination of his manner, and when refined by affliction, for his lovely Christian character; and Priscilla, the youngest, and perhaps the most gifted—in the expression of the lovely face, her delicate complexion, the exquisite neatness and simplicity of her dress, her skill in the use of the pencil and the needle—in all this she was the very woman; and to this she added a very superior mind, and powers of eloquence, which dormant as they would have been in the possession of most women, were in her developed in no ordinary degree, as she spoke in the character of minister among Friends, with a clearness of perception, with a power and pathos, which ranked her, in the estimation of competent judges, among the first orators of the day."

The Memoirs of Mrs. Fry were written by her two daughters, and fill two octavo volumes of five hundred pages each; and those who can recognize and love one of the most angelical characters which Heaven has granted for an example to the world, should read these records of the earth, life of an angel. We wish we had more room for more of the generalizing summary of the *Review*, but we clip a passage or two:—

"Elizabeth Fry was born in the year 1780, of an ancient family in Norfolk. For four generations her ancestors had been Quakers, and her family was allied to the Barclays, Henrys, and other leading Quaker families in the kingdom. Till she was five years of age, Mr. Gurney, her father, resided at Norwich, and in the summer at the pretty little village of Brampton.

Mrs. Fry's career was a unique one. The circumstances by which she was surrounded made her way plain through many obstacles. Her position as a Quaker minister gave her a self-reliance, a calm bearing, a habit of speaking in large assemblies, which stood her in good stead when kings and queens were her auditors, and when exposed to the gaze and curiosity of mixed multitudes. Her Quaker costume at once proclaimed her as not belonging to the world's people, or subject to the world's law, and it prepared the way for the utterance of plain truths and peculiar views. Topics which would have seemed to require an introduction 'to cars polite,' came naturally from the lips of the fair Quakeress; and her garb, which commanded respect and made fishermen and sailors, no less than courtiers, at the royal board. During the greater part of her life, she had a home open to every claim of hospitality, and ample means for her abundant charities. When these became more limited, and her own resources more limited, the purses of her brothers and cousins were placed at her disposal.

Those who like glimpses of royalty will follow with interest the dignified Quakeress into the crimson and gold drawing-room of the Tuileries, where she and the interesting Duchess of Orleans, then in her early widowhood, sat with bibles in their hands, conversing on affliction and its supports, and consolations. Again she was seated at dinner, and on another occasion, at a handsome luncheon, with the King and Queen of Denmark, in their beautiful country palace, conversing freely with her royal friends on the state of their prisons, and of the persecuted Baptists, and pleading with them for prison reform and religious toleration. At Minden, we see her in the morning, walking on the bad pavements of the street with a poor old friend, who wore a knitted cap close to her head, and taking tea in the evening at the palace, with the Prince and Princesses of a German Court. But the most interesting of these royal interviews was that at the castle of the Countess of Roden, in the beautiful mountains of Silesia. Thro' her and her brother, Joseph Gurney, addressed an assembly, composed of the king, queen, and royal family of Prussia, and the poor Tyrolese—the exiles of the Zillertal, for whom the kings kindness had provided pretty little Swiss cottages among these mountains of the Reichenberg.

Elizabeth Fry, though brought into so public an arena, was essentially womanly. Her home life bears inspection—her character does not suffer from a near view. Order and system pervaded her arrangements and expenditures; consideration marked her treatment of servants. She had a peculiar love for little children, a great delight in their beautiful faces and forms, the gentlest touch, and the most soothing ways with them. She was an unwearied and skillful nurse, maintaining a table so carefully maintained to the last.

ily wants of the sick, a holy calm of demeanor, that enabled her, in her full-toned, musical voice, to breathe words of lofty hope to the dying, and of triumph even over death and the grave."

Getting an Invitation.

It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him.—"I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant that he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "there is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds."

"Out came the master.

"What is that, sir? Can you save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again."

"Oh pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, the conversation was resumed.

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray, let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."

"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear that you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."